

1810

MAY

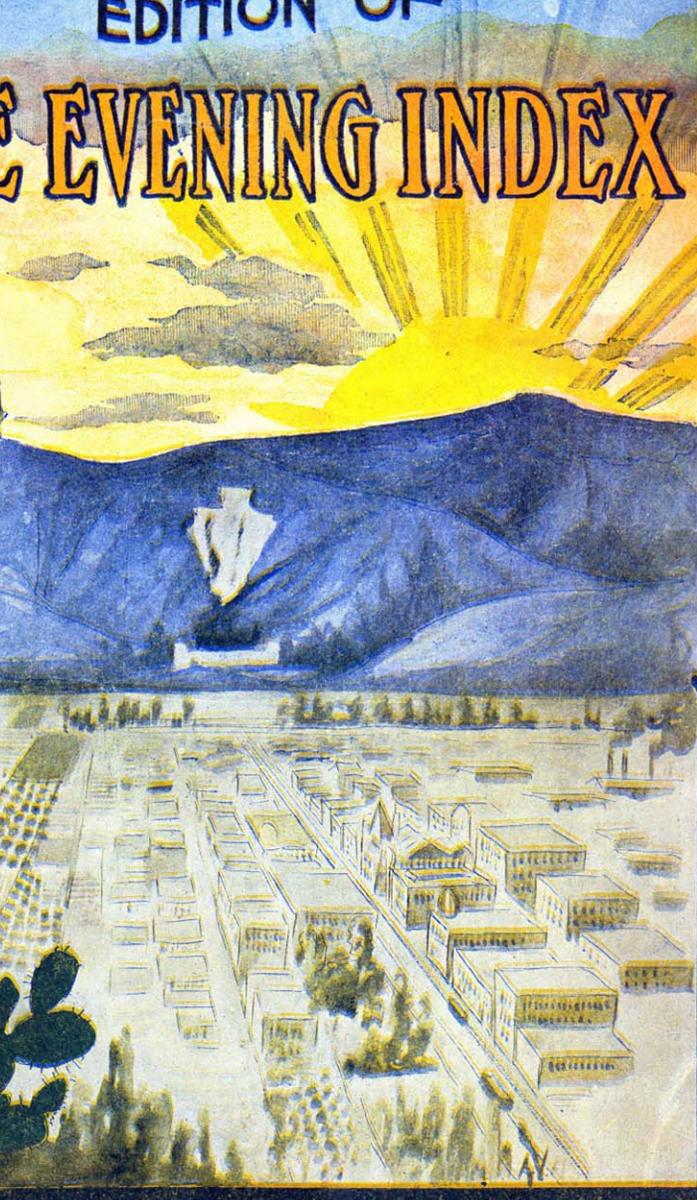
1910

FROM DESERT LAND  
TO FAIRY LAND

SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY  
CENTENNIAL

EDITION OF

THE EVENING INDEX



**This publication is a re-print of a special edition of *The Evening Index*.**

**It was originally printed in June, 1910 for the Celebration of the  
San Bernardino Valley Centennial.**

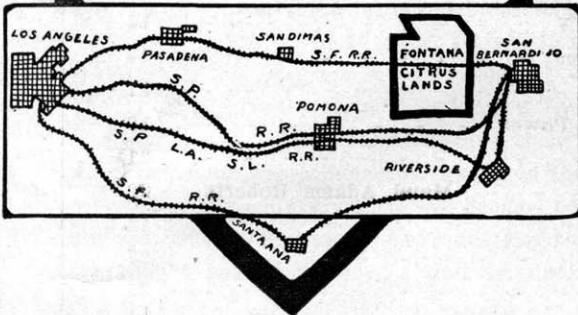
**It has been re-printed for the**

***City of San Bernardino Historical & Pioneer Society***

**Compiled by Steven Shaw – January, 2007**

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SAN BERNARDINO VALLEY CENTENNIAL  
EDITION OF  
**THE EVENING INDEX**

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1910

Foreword of Appreciation



HE passing into history of a century of progress is an event that should not be lightly considered or noticed, and in presenting to the people of San Bernardino County and to the world at large, as faithfully as pen and camera can portray, the record of a century of progress in this beautiful Valley of Plenty, one of the most favored spots on God's green footstool, we believe The Evening Index can feel justly proud of its efforts.

The final issuance of this volume has been delayed much longer than was anticipated when the work was commenced, owing to the demands for space and representation from different sections of the county, but it was deemed better to delay the work and make it complete than to slight it in any manner or leave out any section of San Bernardino County that desired to be represented. It would have been almost criminal otherwise.

And right here we want to express our appreciation to the men of this city and particularly the surrounding towns who by their liberal subscriptions to its space have made this volume possible.

Our appreciation is also due to the men of the Index force, who have labored unceasingly day and night for the past two months in preparing and executing this stupendous work.

And it was no light task either, as will be seen by a glance at the figures. To print this volume of 128 pages and cover—12,500 copies, required over 100,000 sheets of 24x36 inch calendared book paper—over 10,000 pounds. It required over 200,000 impressions of the Index's new Whitlock press, besides 37,500 impressions more for the colored cover. And we might mention here in passing that all the work of this edition, including printing the colored cover pages, but excepting making the cuts, was done in the Index office, and we are just a little proud of it. Never before in the history of this city has such a work been attempted, as it can only be done by superior skilled workmen and in a printing office equipped with the very latest and best in the printer's art, as is The Evening Index establishment.

There are more things to admire in the San Bernardino Valley now than there were a hundred, fifty, twenty, or even five years ago, and the future, if we judge it by the past, especially the more recent years, has things in store for us who are here to enjoy them, that we little dream of at the present time.

The events of the world and the development of its resources are moving more rapidly each year, and we, the favored ones of earth, by reason of our dwelling in this Paradise, should and will avail ourselves of the opportunities that lie at our doors.

And now we commend to you, dear reader, the study of this volume, and in it the study of the richest and greatest valley in this broad country of ours. Read of its resources and opportunities, read about the men who have made the past century's history and who have helped make the San Bernardino Valley what it is today.

If you are not a resident, read it carefully and thoughtfully and take what you find herein recorded as truth. Come and investigate for yourself, for when you do you will quickly conclude to avail yourself of some of the many opportunities here to be had, and thus add one more family to the contented residents who will fill this Valley of Plenty during the next few years with double or treble its present population.

*W. B. Conger*  
Publisher.



MISS LENA JOHNSON  
INDIAN PRINCESS



MISS ROSE AGUIRRE  
SPANISH GEUVENADORA

# From Desert Land to Fairy Land

1810 ————— THE CONQUEST OF THE VALLEY OF PLENTY ————— 1910

By WALTER V. WOELKE

**S**PRING had passed. The vanguard of summer was sweeping over the floor of the valley, curing the tips of the plentiful grass, imparting a tinge of yellow to the folds of the green velvet spread over the plain by the winter's showers.

Like a wall of purple mist, a wall gigantic, colossal, the mountains rose abruptly out of the plain, the towering pines on their crest sharply outlined against the luminous sky, the rosy glow of the setting sun hovering on their snowy peaks. Over green valley, purple wall and glowing peak the massed hosts of the clouds, like legions of angels hurrying to the west, spread its roseate pinions to the glory of the dying day.

Unconscious of the peace that covered hill and vale, unmindful of the changing hues and tints wrought silently by the master hand on sky and heights, a brown maid, daughter of mountain and desert, was standing upon a rock in the purple wall, gazing intently into the valley at her feet. Frowning, her falcon eyes followed the slow progress of a cavalcade led by a white man whose spare frame was enveloped in the ample brown folds of the gown worn by the disciples of Saint Francis. Behind the leader the keen eyes of the silent watcher discerned a troop of brown figures driving cattle and sheep, leading horses loaded high with the equipment of the proselyting expedition. Unwaveringly the eyes followed the slow moving group until the leader halted at a commanding eminence in the plain, at the foot of a slope out of which poured the crystal water of an undying spring. From her vantage point on high the daughter of the doomed race saw the white man kneel down with bowed head, saw his brown companions follow the leader's example, but she did not hear the fervent prayer of Padre Dumetz to Saint Bernard of Sienna, into whose hands the leader commended the fate of the little band of neophytes and whose name he applied to the silent, mountain-rimmed

valley of which he was about to take possession. Only when night crept out of the valley's floor, rising until it had swallowed the highest peak, only when out in the center of the plain the red glow of a fire winked at her like the sinister eye of a giant, only then did the daughter of the doomed race give up her lonely vigil.

On the twentieth day of May, one hundred years ago, the Guachamas, the peace-loving, indolent inhabitants of the "Valley of Plenty," on the day of San Bernardino de Sienna, welcomed the ambassador of the Mission San Gabriel, the first white man to erect a building in the shadow of the Arrowhead, the mighty symbol pointing from the grim mountain side into the smiling paradise. A strategic position did the good padre choose for his chapel. On the slope of a hill he built, close to the place where never-failing springs sent their water through moist meadows, "cieneegas," into the flashing creek. To the north the site commanded an unrestricted view of El Cajon, the entrance to the pass leading through the mountain wall into the country of the martial desert and mountain Indians, the white dome of Mount San Antonio standing guard over the cleft. To the east, where a meandering strip of brilliant white sand, marking the course of the trout-filled river, slashed the green plain, the site faced the twin peaks of Mounts San Bernardino and San Gorgonio in their wintry, sleepy snow cap. To the south the chapel looked across the valley to the naked brown hills swelling into the crest of the Coast Range, over the shoulder of which peeked Mount San Jacinto, a white cloud on the way to the turbulent Rio Colorado. Only to the west, whence the disciple of St. Francis had come, no barrier intervened between the peaceful vale and the tempered trade winds of the Peaceful Sea.

For two years the maid of the mountain tribe watched the doings of the valley Indians from her rocky perch. About the chapel she saw her kin learn the use of the cumbersome plow, saw the blade tear into the virgin soil, saw the sowers rejoice at the bountiful crops yielded forth by the "Valley of Plenty."

For two years the bell tolled at sunrise and sunset, calling the dusky believers to prayer and to work in the new fields under the guidance of Hipolito, the devout red pupil of the padres left in charge of the outpost. Two years the idyl in the vale of abundance lasted, then the temblors came, shook the earth and aroused the superstitious fear of the Guachamas who fell upon the mission's branch, massacred the brown missionaries and razed the chapel, as an offering to the enraged gods. But they did

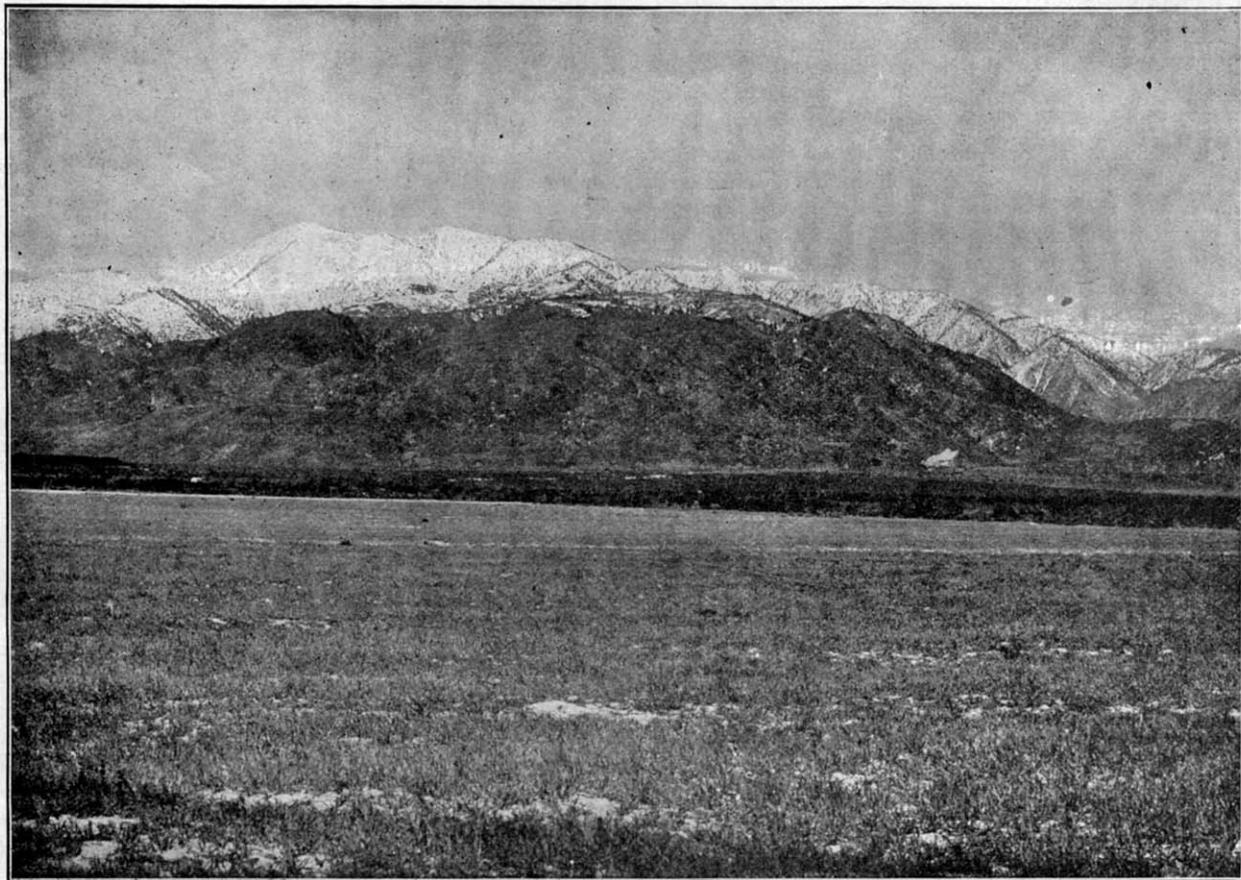


not destroy the fields. They had learned that the soil was a store house of meals to be had for little work, an unfailling source of grain and fruit, and though they drove out the strangers, the Indians remembered the strangers' art and practised it.

A century has elapsed since Hipolito, the padres' faithful pupil, guided the first plow over the unbroken surface of the San Bernardino valley, over the smiling

learning. No farming or fruit-growing district in the United States supports as many families as does the San Bernardino Valley. Europe only approaches the "Land of Plenty" in this respect, but the standard of living is as far above European standards as the peak of San Gorgonio rises above the valley's floor.

Three times the silent watcher from the pine-clad rocks saw the buildings of the padres attacked and left in ruins



Valley of San Bernardino, Guarded by Mt. San Antonio

plain that supplied the wants of a weak, wandering tribe. Today, at the close of the century, the valley supports more people to the square mile than any other district of the same size in the nation. While the ancient states of Virginia, New York, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, into which settlers had been pouring for nigh onto two centuries, were able to wage a war with Great Britain, in 1812, the San Bernardino Valley was a solitude guarded by towering mountains, untilled, unpeopled, save for the feeble efforts of a handful of Indians. And yet, within a century, this far-away spot surpassed in density of population, in the high character of its people, in wealth and in progress any area on the Atlantic Coast three times its age. Where deer grazed in droves in 1810, there rises in 1910 a city of 15,000, the hub of the valley around which, on the high benches along the foothills, cluster a dozen cities and towns rivaling in beauty and attractiveness the far-famed ancient towns of Italy and Spain. Where, a hundred years ago, tolled the lonely bell of the mission chapel, today rises the chorus of an hundred churches, of scores of schools, academies and seats of

before the white man gained a permanent foothold in the valley. But the irrigation ditch, the first zanja conveying the water of Mill Creek to the fields and orchards, survived all adversities. When the Piutes swooped down El Cajon into the rich valley, when the Serranos descended from the heights surrounding the plain, when the indolent Guahamas revolted and went on the war path, they might estroy buildings, goods, kill and steal cattle and sheep, steep their hands in red human blood, but the life-giving zanja survived every raid, every misfortune. When the wide-brimmed sombrero and the jangling spurs of the Mexicans succeeded the cassock, cowl and hood of the Franciscans, the zanja was there to prove to them the wealth lying in the soil, to be had for the taking. They saw, with eyes open, but they heeded not. Instead of lifting the treasure, they were content with the easy profits from the hide and tallow of the cattle, with the wool of the sheep eking out a precarious existence from the cured grass on the hillsides. Like the feudal lords on their domains, the hard-riding sons of Old Spain lived on their princely grants, taking toll of the herds produced

without efforts, ever watched by the steady eyes of the daughter of the mountain and desert from her eagle's nest under the pines.

A third of a century the idyl of the Franciscan padres lasted in the Valley of San Bernardino. After lingering on for a decade, it came to an end when, in 1843, the Mission Indians had to give up the lands around the first California settlements and were dispersed to the four winds. As they passed away, there was a stirring in the womb of the green valley. Beneath the sod the hidden wealth, weary of waiting, cried for deliverance.

It did not have to wait long. Already the vanguard of the northern race was looking about, measuring the valley's wealth from snow-clad peak to pine-capped crest, from the heavy scented brush of the foothills to the banks of the leaping brooks traversing it, and these forerunners of the mighty human tide were finding the valley exceedingly good to the eye. Slowly they gained a foothold, buying of the grants of the Spanish liege lords here and there, marrying the olive-skinned, black-eyed señoritas, digging their clanging spurs into the dry soil and shrewdly estimating the value of the countless herds. But the dam that held back the tide of northern men did not break until the rattlesnake flag came down and the Stars and Stripes were thrown to the western breeze by the conquerors, until the dawn of the days of gold broke over the Sierras.

The yellow hues of the dry grass were swallowed by the grey expanse of sagebrush, the brooks, weary of the long summer, were singing in a tired undertone, the snow had retreated to the farthest heights of the craggy summits, the golden sun was filling the valley with a warm, autumnal haze, the pinon nuts were ripe, the squirrel and quail were fat when the Indian maid for the last time took up her tragic vigil on the edge of the abyss. No friar with cassock and cross did she see. Under her sad eyes a group of bearded, dusty men, long rifles over their shoulders, approaching El Cajon, surrounding a heavy wagon that creaked slowly up the sandy wash of the creek, up and up with heart-broken labor, at a snail's pace, but ever up over the broken trail, indomitable, courageous, unafraid of panting desert and human foe lying in wait for them. The remnant of the Mormon battalion sent to aid in the conquest of California never faltered until the pass had been gained, until a route through the mountain fastnesses suitable for teams had been laid out. Then they vanished, only to return three years later, in force, after one of the most remarkable marches across the waterless, pitiless desert recorded in the annals of history. In the center of the undulating

plain they laid out a town, and they laid it out well, with broad streets and spacious walks, streets at the end of which appeared a picture of towering mountains in a frame of living green, streets flanked by lots of ample dimensions. With the key of the mountain water they unlocked the store house of the valley's wealth and began to lift it out of the fertile soil. When they left four years later, in obedience to a summons from Salt Lake City, they left a foundation broad, strong and firm.

Despite the example of the Mormon pioneers, cactus, grass cured on the stem, lean cattle and woolly sheep for many years remained the chief products of the valley, with the grain area increasing from year to year and the orchards lagging far behind. Only when the steel highway reached Colton in 1875, when the first transcontinental train puffed through the valley six years later, the real metamorphosis, the systematic lifting of the treasure began, accelerated by the coming of the California Southern railway, the forerunner of the Santa Fe in 1883.

Climb to the rocky eminence whence a century ago the daughter of the mountains watched the hooded friar lead his dusky band into the Vale of Abundance, through the green plain broken only by the silver threads of sparkling brooks, a plain empty save for the occasional huts of the natives, filled

with the solitude of the wilderness. Let your eye sweep over the same valley today, after a hundred years have passed over it, into the void of time. Even the odor that rolls up to the heights borne on the wings of the warm wind has changed. Instead of the spicy, penetrating scent of the sage, heavy waves of languid, powerfully sweet perfume, the breath of the golden apples of the Hesperides, break against the foothills, fill the valley from end to end in blossom time, surge to and fro as the breezes of the night shift from point to point, powerful, sweet, languid. The "candle of the Lord," the tall, waxy-white yucca, still lifts its pointed mass of blossoms high above the gray bush cover of the hot hillsides, but in the valley the dark green masses of orange trees, with golden globes and white stars gleaming out of the foliage, have filled the benches and slopes, crawled into the foothills and covered the floor with a tapestry slashed and criss-crossed by the yellow roads. Along the trail up El Cajon where sixty years ago the vanguard of the Mormons fought its weary, footsore way, heavy trains in endless procession thunder past; where the coyote once lifted up his mournful voice, the whistle of the locomotive reverberates from the hills.

The silver threads of the mountain brooks no longer traverse the valley's floor. Tamed and subdued in the



Handsome, Modern Structures Now Adorn the Streets  
of San Bernardino

mountains, the water pours upon the thirsty soil in a thousand rills, through innumerable ditches and flumes, the daughters of the padres' first zanja.

From the rocky eminence of the Indian maid the cities and towns, the farm and ranch houses are invisible. Dark masses of trees mark the site of cities, masses of trees pierced here and there by tower or spire, surrounded by smaller patches of tall, ragged, blue-black eucalyptus, avenues of light green pepper trees radiating out from them, somber cypresses guarding the approach to the houses, white roses climbing to their very tip to tone down the solemn dignity of the staid conifers.

Only upon the mountains the soft, silent wings of the century have left no mark, wrought no changes. Today as of yore their ethereal blue mass stands coldly outlined against the sky before the sun rises behind the twin peaks to the east; as of yore, so today the same daily miracle is wrought as the sun swings to the west and throws the golden stream of its radiance against the glowing, rosy summits, as the purple haze of the evening mist blots out all details of canyon and slope, transforming the mighty masses into towering, gigantic, luminous walls of lavender and blue that rise abrupt, sheer, out of the black velvet of the orange groves.

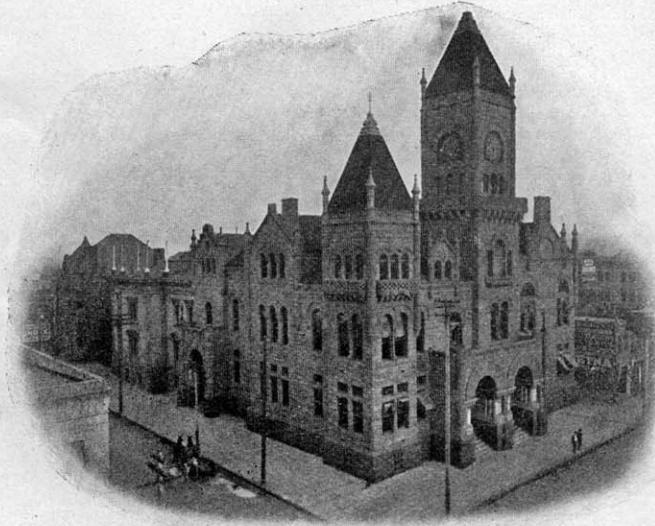
Stand upon the rocky eminence at night. No longer the

lonely camp fire of the wanderer in the wilderness blinks red through the darkness. Myriads of stars twinkle eternally in the deep, blue firmament above, and myriads of stars twinkle on the black floor of the valley, twinkle from bench to bench, from foothill to foothill, in massed heaps like the Milky Way, in clusters like the constellations above, twinkle singly and in long straight lines, stars born of the leaping brooks in the mountains.

Seventy-five years the Valley of Plenty lay fallow save for the roaming herds and the struggling patches of green produced by the pioneers. Responding to the magic touch of the steel rail it changed its aspect overnight. Today no spot on the wide earth can boast of greater opulence, of greater wealth more evenly divided among multitudes of contented homes and small farms, or more healthful, milder climate and more fertile soil, of greater beauty of surroundings, of better prospects, of more progressive inhabitants than the San Bernardino Valley. No swollen fortunes have sprung from its soil in a day, but each acre has richly rewarded the work of body and brain bestowed upon it by the owner. The Valley of Plenty jealously guards its treasure, giving it forth only when the seeker travels the road of earnest endeavor at the hand of intelligent, well-directed effort. Yea, even today as of yore it is the Vale of Abundance, but only to him

who has forgotten the word manana, who has left behind the spirit of siesta, who is not afraid of moving his muscles and stirring his gray matter. To him the San Bernardino Valley offers opportunities as great as those found by the pioneers.

Gone are the days of the indolent, gentle Indians; no longer the bells of Politana ring out the Angelus; only in history do the hooded cassocked padres still have being; the vaquero with his clanging spurs and panting mount has ridden out of the valley; the Spanish grandees, the olive-skinned senoritas in black and red velvet are but a memory; the bearded Mormons, the argonauts and their ox teams, the hordes of the reckless seekers after the yellow metal, they all have traveled to the Great Beyond. Each one in turn left his impress upon the Valley of San Bernardino, each one helped to lay the foundation of the commonwealth. They bullded well. Today the San Ber-



San Bernardino County Court House

nardino Valley marches at the head of the nation's procession of tillers of the soil. On its cultivated area it supports more people and more prosperous homes than any other area of equal size, and this cultivated area exports more products of the soil than any other district of similar size in the country. Nowhere else in the nation are the methods of cultivation, of handling, shipping and selling the product of the soil as advanced as they are in the San Ber-

nardino Valley. Nowhere else is the average intelligence of the producers as high as it is in the heart of the Golden State's orange belt.

These accomplishments of a hundred years are results to be proud of, results that should spur the present generation to still greater efforts to keep the lead and increase it. A great future lies before the valley and its communities, but the promises the future holds out cannot be changed into accomplished results without hard work, both physical and mental. To judge from the performance of the past, these efforts will not be lacking, and the future looks as rosy as the glowing snow peaks in the rays of the setting sun.

## A Sierra Nevada Epic

Carved and colored by one great Master Hand,  
The famed Sierras of Nevada grandly stand  
Near old Mojave desert, barren sands,  
And rose-clad California's fertile lands;  
Snow-crowned, yet ever sun-kissed lift they high  
Their hoary summits 'gainst the azure sky.  
For untold aeons, since the world was new, they slept,  
Yet silent vigils in an untrod realm have kept.

# Streams of Gold in the Valley of Plenty

**Y**OU cannot cure the tenderfoot tourist from cursing the rain that disturbs his outing plans. When he has paid his hundred dollars or so for railroad and Pullman fares and rolls down the Cajon or through San Geronimo pass into the land of his dreams, he is exceedingly wroth

when the sun does not shine in winter from early morning until late at night. He has paid his money to get into Climate with the capital C and no amount of argument will convince the tenderfoot that some rain now and then is necessary to sustain the luxurious growth all about him. Just as well you might try to cure the verdant sightseer of the ancient habit of consuming luscious ripe olives straight off the tree, of tapping the olive tree for its oil or of planting the seeds of Washington navel oranges. He does not know any better, but if he stays—and most of them do stay sooner or later—he learns rapidly, and one of the first lessons hammered home into his cranium is the fact that rain water, despised, loathed and unappreciated in the east, has astounding value in the west.

In the irrigated West four factors enter into the determination of the land values of a certain district. The basic factor, of course, is the fertility of the land. In the arable portions of San Bernardino county beds of vegetable mold have been penetrated at a depth of 150 feet below the surface, an indication of the vast food supply that may be drawn upon by cultivated plants. The other three factors determining the value of land are water, climate and marketing facilities. The 40,000 acres of orange groves, the equally large

number of deciduous orchards, of olives and vineyards, of berry patches and vegetable ranches testify to the growing power of the climate. When transportation facilities are mentioned, the San Bernardino Valley proudly points to the fact that there is scarcely a square mile in its limits not reached by the main line or a branch of the



There Are Many Sources of Underground Water Supply. Here Are Shown a Flowing Well on a Dairy Farm and An Artesian Spouter Justly the Pride of the City Water Commissioners.

three transcontinental railroads centering in the valley, with a network of modern, up-to-date trolley lines intersecting and crossing the numerous steam tracks in every direction. And when the water question is raised, the San Bernardinan leads the inquirer to a hole in the ground a thousand feet deep, out of which spout three million gallons of the precious fluid every 24 hours, perhaps the largest artesian well in the West, a well that is the property of the city of San Bernardino and can be duplicated and triplicated without trouble.

#### PROSPERITY MEASURED BY WATER SUPPLY

Throughout the arid West development is limited by the amount of available water that can be used for irrigation purposes. Land, good fertile land, there is in plenty, but the water does not go around. Therefore the region that has the greater supply of water has the greater future, the other factors being equal. Of course, the so-called dry-farming has been practised in the San Bernardino Valley from the time Padre Dumetz guided the first plow through the virgin soil, and today many square miles of fertile land furnish good crops of barley and hay with no other moisture except the showers that fall in winter and spring, but compared with the yield of an irrigated acre the crop of the dry-farmed field is insignificant. The natural rainfall will produce a profit of not more than \$8 to \$10 per acre, while irrigation will boost the average yield per acre to \$150 or more, rising as high as \$1000 per acre in a season under especially favorable circumstances. Five acres intensively cultivated with the aid of irrigation will easily support a family in the San Bernardino Valley. If everyone of the six million fertile acres in the valley could be irrigated, a population of at least two million people would make a comfortable living in the district.

The irrigation of six million acres is, of course, not to be thought of. The available water supply falls far short of this figure. At present approximately 60,000 acres are under the ditch in San Bernardino county, most of the irrigated area lying in the San Bernardino Valley. Practically every drop of water used for irrigation comes from the mountain range to the north and east of the valley, nine permanent streams carrying the moisture from the crest to the plain below. Besides supplying the artificial rain for the San Bernardino Valley acres in the summer, these mountains also keep alive immense areas of orchards in Riverside and Orange counties.

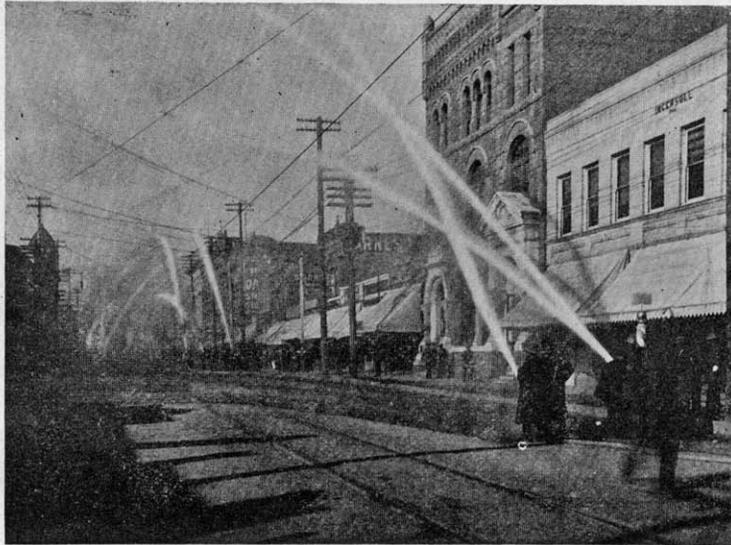
The San Bernardino Valley, however, has not only the first whack at the water as it comes out of the hills, but the valley also owns the largest natural underground

reservoir in the southern part of California, an artesian basin lying beneath thousands of acres of the valley's surface. These nine perennial streams and the artesian basin a basin with such an abundance of water that its contents burst forth out of the ground in a mighty stream and form a large brook, Warm creek, constitute the greatest asset of the San Bernardino Valley.

#### HOARDING THE LIQUID GOLD

What use has the Valley of Plenty made of this asset? Has it squandered and wasted it, or has it husbanded its resources of liquid gold?

Irrigation in the United States was born in the San Bernardino Valley when the mission fathers a hundred years ago, with the aid of the docile Indians, built the first irrigation ditch or zanja in the country, conducting the water of Mill creek to the site of the settlement between what is today San Bernardino and Redlands. It was a crude affair, this first zanja, a wide and shallow ditch, a furrow that absorbed and evaporated as much water as it delivered at the fields. When the water was not needed for irrigation, it was allowed to run to waste, there being a plentiful supply and a small demand for the moisture. Today irrigation is practised in a different manner in the San Bernardino Valley. Flumes and ditches conduct the water without the loss of a drop to the fields



Fires Do Not Get much of a Start in San Bernardino

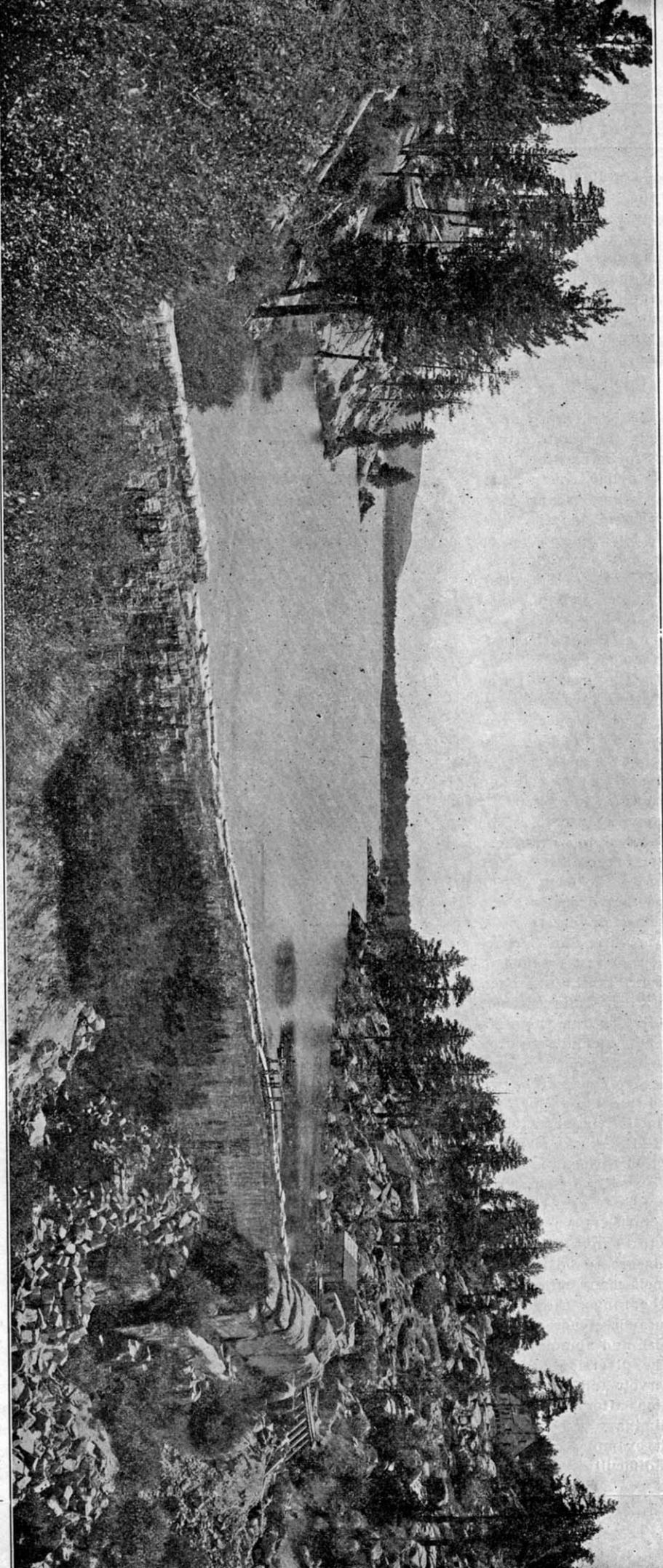
and orchards; instead of flooding the ground, the water is distributed over the soil in deep furrows and after every irrigation the ground is thoroughly cultivated and broken up in order to prevent the evaporation of the water fed into the thirsty soil. In such a scientific, economical manner is the water spread over the ground that an acre of citrus fruit in the San Bernardino Valley producing annually ten tons of fruit requires but one-fifth of the quantity of water used in Wyoming to make an acre produce a ton and a half of grain, even though the climate in the San Bernardino Valley is drier and hotter than in Wyoming. In other words, the same quantity of water renders five times more service in the San Bernardino Valley than in Wyoming and a dozen other arid states. By this parsimony in the application of water, coupled with frequent cultivation, the area that can be irrigated with the available water supply is not only increased many times, but the results are better. By sparse application of water the soil is kept in the pink of condition all the time and the quality of the crop is improved. If the advanced irrigation methods practised in the San Bernardino Valley were applied throughout the land of the ditch in the West, the cultivated area under irrigation could be increased five times without adding a drop to the water supply as it exists.

## EVENING INDEX

Though the San Bernardino Valley is the mother of irrigation in the United States, though in this valley the application of water to the soil has become an exact science, though the half score mountain streams rushing down the precipitous south slope of the range have become veritable streams of gold, their water commanding higher prices than the water of any stream on the globe, the limit of development has by no means been reached. Two storage projects under construction will furnish water enough for at least 20,000 additional irrigated acres, and since one acre under the ditch in the San Bernardino will support one person in comfort, an additional population of at least 20,000 will find sustenance upon the completion of these two projects alone.

Less than 25 years ago the slope of the heights in the southeastern part of the valley overlooking the approach to San Geronio pass were inhabited solely by a handful of bleating sheep nibbling the sparse grass in the shade of the sagebrush patches and between the clumps of cactus. Today thousands of acres of orange groves worth at least \$1000 per acre cover the same slope. A beautiful city of 12,000 is nestling among the orchards; the white palaces of millionaires are rising out of tropical foliage, and rose-covered cottages testify to the rewards of manual work. And all this magic transformation, brought about in the short span of a quarter century, was caused by the building of a comparatively small dam across the narrow mouth of a wide valley far up in the mountains. The

**Dam of the Bear Valley Reservoir, Capacity 100,000,000,000 Gallons. One of the Most Notable Water Systems in the World. Now Being Enlarged.**



roots of Redlands and its far-famed orange groves lie in the Bear Valley reservoir, in the tranquil lake a mile above the city. Bear Lake is both mother and father of city and orchards. Today workers are busy building a new dam twice the height of the present structure, a dam that will more than double the capacity of the reservoir, that will store enough water not only to insure abundance of moisture for present needs in dry seasons, but also to supply many additional acres and homes. And every acre added to the irrigated area of the valley will redound directly to the benefit of the city of San Bernardino. Every additional carload of fruit shipped out, every new carload of goods shipped in to supply the wants of the new settler means more work for San Bernardino, every new dollar coming into the valley means more purchases in the valley's business center. No matter where the water goes in the valley, San Bernardino will benefit, as will every other social and business center about the nucleus.

To the east, between the towering peaks of San Bernardino and San Gorgonio, the deep cleft of the Santa Ana river and its tributaries reaches far into the heart of the range, enabling the irrigators to drain the water out of the heights clear to the edge of the slope that drops into the shimmering desert. To the north of San Bernardino the crest extends in a solid wall, unbroken for many miles, sheer, precipitous from the pine-fringed summit to the base resting on the level plain, with no cleft through which to conduct the water resources of the vast north slope into the valley. Consequently only those streams, rising on the short slope were available for irrigation, while the creeks of the chains and canyons to the north emptied themselves into the sands of the Mojave desert, but a small portion of the water being put to work. The old order is changing. The entire Mojave river and its tributaries, Deep creek, Holcomb creek and Crab creek, are to change their course from north to south, their floods are to be stored in vast reservoirs and through tunnels many miles long, tunnels that pierce the heart of the range, they are to flow into the valley, calling thousands of acres into new life, a veritable torrent of wealth and abundance.

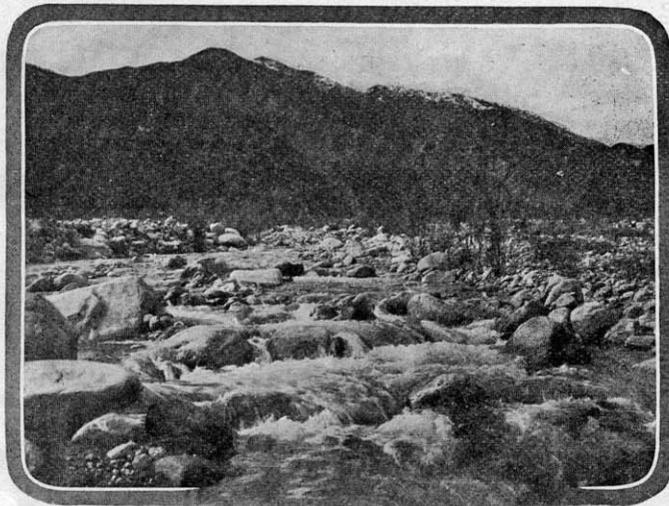
The diversion and storage works of the Arrowhead Reservoir and Power Company now rapidly nearing completion after nearly two decades of the most careful preliminary steps, are among the most solid and well built examples of hydraulic construction in the world. The difficulties to be overcome were immense. If water

as applied to the soil of the San Bernardino Valley did not produce such wonderfully large and valuable crops, it would not have paid to undertake the work. The harnessing of the Gunnison River in Colorado, the driving of a tunnel through a mountain chain in order to divert the Gunnison water from the narrow canyon of the Gunnison into the wide and arable valley of the Uncompahgre, attracted world-wide attention. Lift your eyes to the crest of the mountains in the north, where, on a somewhat smaller scale, the Gunnison feat is being exceeded. Instead of turning the water of one river through one chain, the engineers in the San Bernardino mountains have to divert three streams, build seven miles of tunnels through two intervening ranges to force

the water at right angles from its original direction into two storage reservoirs which, in turn, are separated from the valley to be irrigated by another towering chain through which a tunnel ten miles in length has to be driven in order to deliver the stream at the orchards. Besides these series of tunnels 8 and 10 miles long, respectively, a third tunnel system has been built to connect the storage reservoir in Grass Valley with the main lake in Little Bear Valley. Nothing short of a cataclysm will be able to disturb the flow of water through its tunnels in the living rock when the work is completed. Rain, snow, wind, frost, landslides, falling trees and bounding rocks, nothing will be able to stop the current flowing through

the heart of the chain. A dam 200 feet high, 20 feet wide at the top and 880 feet long, with a concrete core wall clear down to bed rock, will form the main reservoir in Little Bear Valley covering 883 acres and attaining a depth of 160 feet. An amount of water equal to 61,000 acre-feet will be stored in the reservoir, and at least 20,000 dry acres will be brought to the highest state of productiveness by means of the stream that will spring from its rocky portal close to the symbol of the Arrowhead on the precipice. Besides the new ditches the stream will fill, on its descent of a mile the water will actuate the turbines in two large power plants, adding still more current to the already large supply of cheap electricity available in the San Bernardino Valley.

The name and the wealth of Jas. N. Gamble, the Cincinnati soap millionaire and president of the company building the works, is guarantee for the pushing of the construction work to an early completion, while the business and technical experiences of Victor C. Smith,



Headwaters of Lytle Creek, One of the Sources of the City's Water Supply

the vice-president, gives a bond for the quality of the work done.

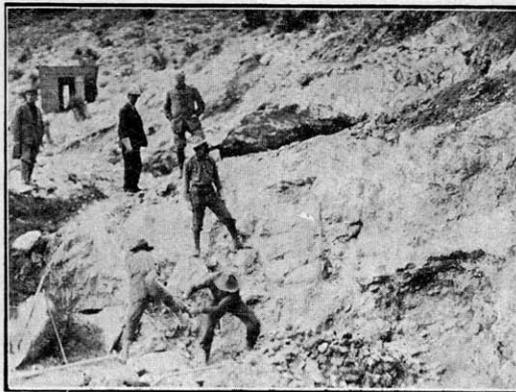
Though there are said to be persons who can get along without water year after year, the average human being needs aplenty of the life-giving moisture. Water for irrigation purposes is important, but still more important is water to drink, to wash and to cook. Los Angeles is going 250 miles and spending thirty millions to acquire a supply large enough for three times its present population. San Bernardino already has enough water for four times its number of inhabitants and can get more as soon as it is needed, without going away from land it already owns. One gusher, one artesian well

1000 feet deep, is sufficiently strong in its flow to give every man, woman and child in the city 200 gallons a day to consume, without counting the water from other city wells and from the one-twelfth portion of perennial Lytle creek owned by the city. Whenever the eternal water question comes up for discussion, San Bernardino County can boast of having the best-watered valley of Southern California in its borders, a valley that feeds the ditches of two other counties, and the city of San Bernardino can boast of having the best, amplest and most reliable system of municipal water works in the Golden State, both points deserving much cogitation on the part of the man who seeks a home in the arid West.

## Precious Gems of San Bernardino County

**T**HE extreme portion of Southern California, consisting of San Bernardino, Riverside and San Diego County, has of late years acquired distinction as a unique corner of the earth. For a decade or more world-celebrated travelers, men of letters and persons eminent in the various walks of life, have united in praise of its unequalled climate, its unusual scenic attractions and rare economic possibilities, a land of incomparable fertility, abounding in fruit and flowers, grain and fat beeves, a veritable Canaan in America.

Although these mountain ranges have been familiar to mining men for over thirty years, few of them possessed the art and knowledge of searching for gems as these crystalized forms seem to have been regarded as an unknown field of effort, but of late years men possessed of the knowledge have come into the field and have added another pearl to this country's claim of unmatched possessions, in the production of the precious stones which are found in brilliant array, these blossoms of the inorganic world. Here are found Beryl, bright as the sun, and the lovely Hyacinth in dazzling sheens and Topaz of varied hues, as exquisite in color as the famed jewels in the temple of Hercules. Here is the home of the wonderful Tourmaline family, with its soft yet varied hues. Then in close company are the Zircons that flame like fire and an occasional Sapphire and Spinel Ruby, also the Turquoise with its heavenly blue. In addition to these historically famous stones, is a new gem, distinct unto this region, the Kunzite, found nowhere else except in the vicinity of Pala, San Diego county. Each of these above mentioned gems seems to have selected a certain corner or nook of this genial South Land as it's favorite abiding place. For instance, the Tourmaline at Mesa Grande, Hyacinth at Das Cabezos, Opals at Hinkley, Kunzite at Pala. Few people not already closely associated with the mining world have kept pace with the ever rapid increasing industry, but few of the Southern California towns are not already possessed of from one to ten Lapidary establishments. It is also an interesting bit of news and one that is at times lost sight of that Southern California has been awarded the Gold Medal and Grand Prize for it's gem displays at every exposition of any note since 1893. Following is a list of medals awarded: St.



The Busy Prospector Is Continually Scratching the Rocks for Gold and Gems

Louis, 1904; Buffalo, 1905; Portland, 1906; Jamestown, 1908; Seattle, 1909.

### Records Broken by San Bernardino

San Bernardino County is the largest county in the state and in the country, its area comprising 20,160 square miles.

The city of San Bernardino owns the largest artesian well in the country, flowing 3,000,000 gallons every 24 hours.

More, longer and heavier trains carrying fresh fruit are made up and sent out of San Bernardino than out of any other shipping port in the world.

San Bernardino County, on its cultivated area, supports more persons per square mile than any other rural district in the country.

San Bernardino County makes a given quantity of water go farther and produce better results in irrigation than any other irrigated district in the country.

The city of San Bernardino has the best and largest water supply of any city of twice its size in the state.

# Where the Tall Pines Sway

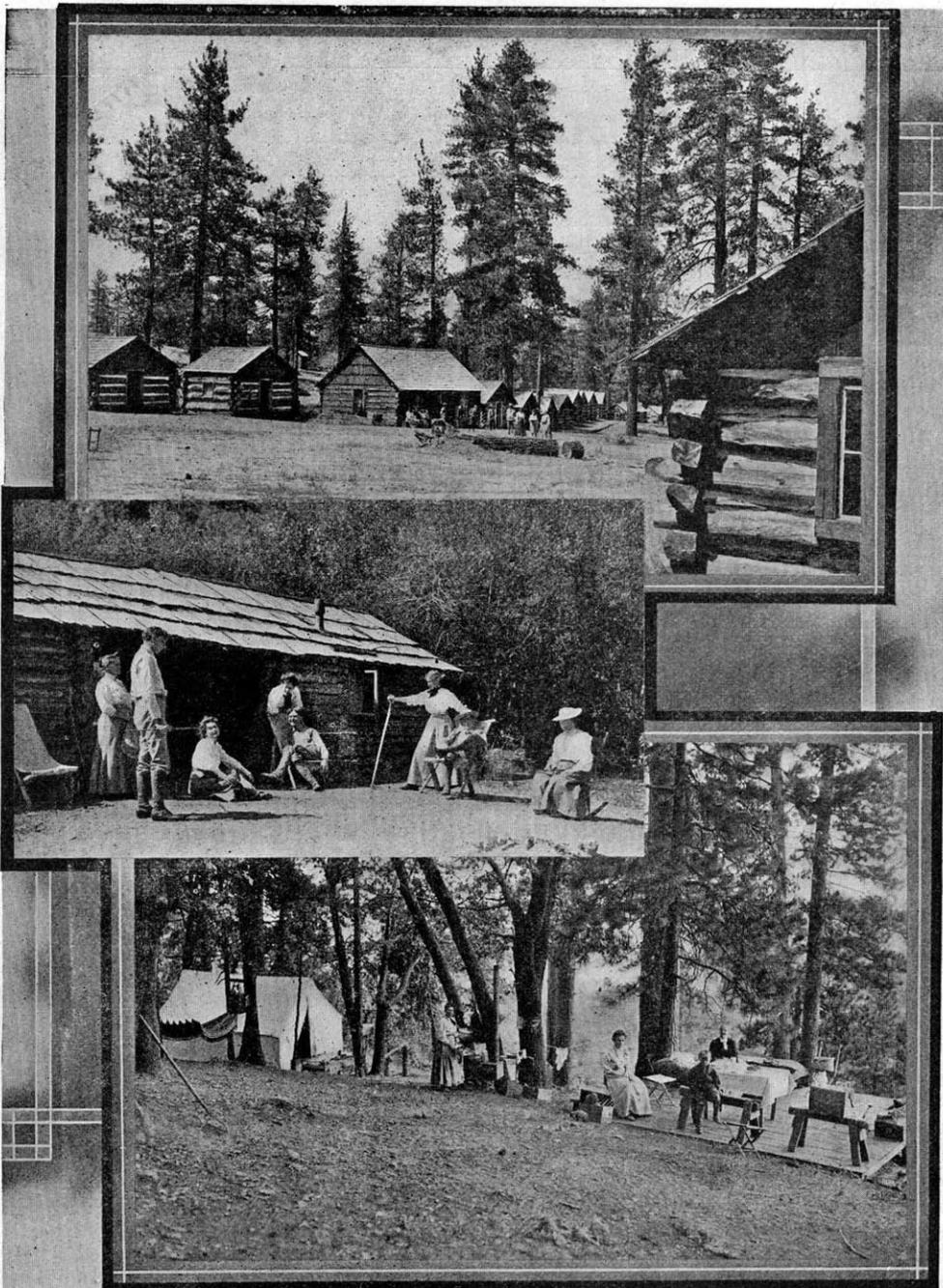
**S**AN Bernardino is not a summer resort. Though its summer, in many respects, is superior to the article handed out in Eastern and Middle-Western resorts, California has the pick of a dozen different varieties of weather to choose from, and therefore San Bernardino

must be content to get along without the summer boarder's cash. But if the city of San Bernardino cannot attract summer visitors the San Bernardino mountains, a mile above the streets, do attract them in ever-increasing numbers. Under the pines that line the crest new resorts are springing up, the older ones are growing and the day is not far distant when the entire summit, from Skyland clear over to Fredalba, will be one of the biggest and most attractive summer resorts in the country.

The San Bernardino mountains are not rugged and precipitous like the Rockies; they are not austere, overpowering like the Sierra Nevada of which they are, so to speak, the tail, and a friendly tail at that. Theirs is a singular beauty, a charm born of desert on one side and of orange groves on the other, a charm composed of sweeping views of surpassing grandeur, of the murmur of the pines, of laughing waters and velvet night skies, of the peace spread by the golden haze of the setting sun over the heights, of the purple shadows filling the chasms and lurking under the pines. Even in the depths of winter when the cracking of the snow-laden limbs reverberates through the forest, the mountains are not menacing, for down below gleam the golden

balls of the oranges on dripping trees, palms rustle harshly in the warm breeze of the valley's floor and the green sheen of the sprouting grain on the broad acres sends the greeting of spring to the snow-bound sojourners of the crest.

Early in May, when the strawberry and the trout are



Cozily Ensconced Amid the Mountains Are Many Charming Resorts, Notably Bear Valley, at Seven Oaks, and Fredalba, Where Holiday Makers Combine the Acquisition of Pleasure and Health

ripening, the annual exodus for the heights begins. Where the yellow road cuts deep and sharp into the dark gray chaparral the travelers trek, on foot, on horse or mule back, behind the roguish, sadly contemplative burro or on top of four-horse wagons. Whether they use the natural means of locomotion or are pulled up by the power of gasoline, settled comfortably in deep cushions, the dancing stream sings the same song, growing dimmer as the yellow road rises out of the canyon bed and daringly hangs to the side of the cleft, leaving behind the willows and the alders, the sycamores and the wild walnut. But when it comes to seeing things, the wanderer has the advantage. He can stop as often as he pleases to look out over the vast checkerboard of the valley floor, to see the naked range on the far side of the valley, the purple walls of snow-capped San Antonio to the left, the tremendous shoulder and stubby-bearded

pine, bull pine, black pine, cedar and fir, they all are aristocrats, each one demanding his full share of elbow room and sunshine that he may develop straight and slender as becomes high-bred beings, tolerating no underbrush between except patches of gray buckthorns, thickets of light green manzanita, with masses of pink bells for blossoms, mahogany-colored bark smooth as velvet covering its tough limbs.

As the sun swings to the west and down to the sea, it lights the shiny candles on fir and pine, the bright green tips of the branches that stand out sharply against the dark background of the older foliage. And the golden flood that fills the spacious aisles between the gently swaying giants lights up the reddish bark that clothes their mighty trunks, lights it up until the landscape plays a color harmony in green and brown, with exquisite shadings and variations, the gray, blue and purple haze of the distant ranges and chains playing the bass accompaniment of nature's orchestra.

Peaceful and good-natured these mountains are even to him who penetrates far into their deep canyons and timber-studded uplands. Though it is reported that, in 1845, a party of Spanish vaqueros and American settlers in one day lassoed and dispatched twenty-two grizzly bears, investing the scene of the combat with the name of Big Bear Valley, though the bears in this vicinity used to be the terror of the early sheep herders, the bruins have all departed to the land where stingless honey flows eternally. Perhaps now and then, in the dead of night, the wierd



Cosy Rustic Structures for the Comfort of Mountain Rest Seekers.

face of Mount San Bernardino to the right, rise higher and higher as he rises, assume proportions titanic, enormous, heights undreamt of on the level floor below where the view is obstructed by the lesser peaks at the base of the giants.

Up and up the road winds, over broad mesas, through lanes of sagebrush and chaparral man high, up and up, flung against the precipitous wall in the zigzag curves of the whip's stinging end. At last the advance guard of the pine army on the crest flings wide its snarled arms, comes down the slope to meet the wanderer, invites him into its cool shade and spreads for him a smooth carpet of long, odorous needles. The brooks and rills, glad to meet the wanderer after the long separation, sings to him again, the hot, spicy scent of the chaparral and sage stays behind and the swaying conifers speak to him of the days gone by, of the scenes that passed in procession before them in the valleys a mile below.

Magnificent specimens are they, these pines that live on the heights. Five, six, seven feet in diameter, two hundred feet high and more, straight as arrows, crowned by storm-tossed, massive, gnarly-branches that shed needles and cones commensurate with their size, they do not crowd closely together. Sugar pine, yellow and white

scream of a mountain lion, a scream like unto the shriek of a woman by friends tormented, may cause the hair of the gunless sleeper to stand on end, but mountain lions are harmless unless attacked and hard pressed. The ghostly "Ooo-hoo" of the great horned owl will often come out of the darkness among the whispering crowns, from indefinable directions, causing a little shudder to travel down the backbone; yapping coyotes will sing their wild song to evening and morning star, but neither coyote nor owl will harm a hair on the sleeper's head. Unmindful of foes, the wanderer may strike at will through the open, park-like timber unencumbered by underbrush, without tent or gun so far as the elements and ferocious animals are concerned, unless the deer season is open or unless a mess of mountain quail is to eke out the provisions he is carrying. Let him rest for the night wherever the lengthening shadows overtake him, at any one of the trout-filled streams he will encounter. No harm will befall him. Let him rake together the pine needles by the armful in the lee of a sheltering tree prone upon the ground, let him top off his aromatic bed with boughs of the cedar, spread his blankets and close his eyes in sound security. If he chances to be on the bank of a stream, the voice of the

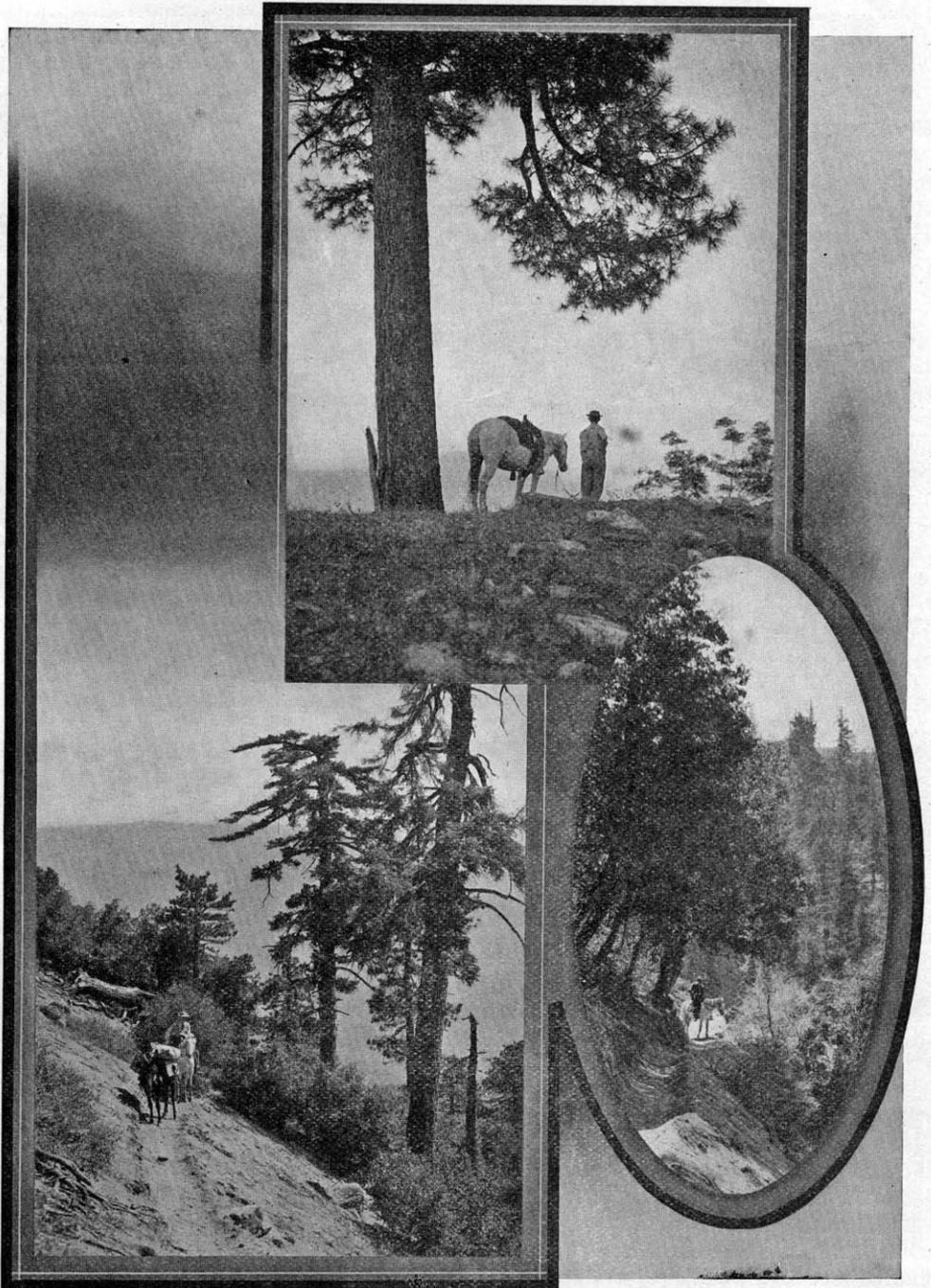
water will grow in volume as the silence of the night descends, grow and swell until it dominates the ear, fall calling to rapid and eddy whispering to fall. He will not fear the little denizens of the woods, the little brown mice, the furtive crawlers and gnawers that steal about him, unmindful of his presence until a sudden motion of the intruder sends them scampering away. Instead, he will listen to the swish of the soft night wind as it passes to and fro, touching a needle here and there as it would a tuning fork, setting it to singing in a still, small voice, that leads imperceptibly into the land of dreams.

Should the wanderer prefer to change the workaday order of things, should he prefer to rest by day and travel when the valley lies asleep, the mountains place no obstacle in the way of his desire. The moon as she rises out of the dust-laden air of the shimmering desert, a vast, unearthly disk, blood-red, sending into the black aisles of the forest cautiously searching, softly creeping rays of silvery gray will guide his feet along the narrow trail with less danger than threatens him whose shifting load makes him steer a zigzag course over smooth asphalt pavements.

Five hundred square miles of natural park the San Bernardino mountains contain, nearly a third of a million acres of timber land covered with the greatest variety and the finest specimen of conifers of any forest in the south land, a place where women and children can live in security and comfort, where the sportsman may fill his creel with brook trout and his pan with venison, quail and small game, where the summer girl can dance and flirt and the man-weary worker lose himself far from human habitations in silent canyons and green meadows set like emeralds in wreaths of swaying pines, where the patient burro steps aside to let the snorting motor

car pass on, where high and low are on an equal footing.

To the man able to support a gasoline engine on rubber-tired wheels the San Bernardino mountains offer an asylum supplied with all the comforts of civilization. In a dozen resorts he may stable his car and live as he would at home, fill his lungs with the ozone of the mountains and watch the days slip by. To the man who passes the door of the garage with averted nose, the mountain resorts offer accommodations suited to his wants, and to him who carries his own pans and pots supply depots minister with goods brought fresh from the valley almost every day.



The Mountain Trails of San Bernardino Wander Amid Scenes of Beauty, Wide Expanses of Tree-clad Slopes Where the Air is Redolent With the Balm of the Woods

# Mysterious Symbol of the Arrowhead



ORGEOUSLY emblazoned on the dark wall of the mountains to the north, half way between El Cajon and San Gorgonio pass, between the titanic heights of San Antonio and San Bernardino, stands the Mystery of the Valley, the gigantic arrowhead painted by the master hand of nature in light tints upon a dark background, a likeness as startlingly similar to the cutting portion of the aborigines' chief weapon as it is inexplicable

by the reasoning process. From shank to tip the picture is perfect in every detail, down to the serrated, wavy edges on the sides and to the roughly hewn surface of the center. The immediate cause of the immense symbol, an emblem 1375 feet from end to end and 450 feet wide, is easily discovered by an examination of the soil. Over the entire extent of the arrowhead the soil consists of disintegrating light gray granite and white quartz supporting seven acres of white sage and light green weeds, surrounded on all sides by the dark-green foliage of greasewood and chaparral. But how did it happen that the soil in this area differs so sharply from its surroundings? Why is there not an imperceptible melting of the quartz and the light granite into the dark rock? What power was the basic cause of this startling phenomenon? Hundreds of thousands of travelers, viewing the symbol of the vanished native race high on the mountain side, have asked that question. Except for conjectures, for thin hypotheses, it has remained unanswered except by the lore of the Indian tribes that once roamed over vale and hill.

It is to be expected that a race low in culture and given to superstitious fears to an extent unknown in enlightened communities, should attribute the mighty symbol to the combat of the natural forces with which they were most familiar. Throughout the arid West sustained drought was the worst foe to the Indians, the most feared visitation of the evil powers. When the rains did not come, when the parched plain refused to grant sustenance to man or beast, when the mountain streams dwindled and vanished, when the game disappeared out of the valley into the cooler mountains with their never failing supply of moisture that did not reach the valley, then the natives attributed their distress to the hot breath of the Evil One, to be placated by sacrifices and offerings that he might go away and allow the friendly gods to send the life-giving rain.

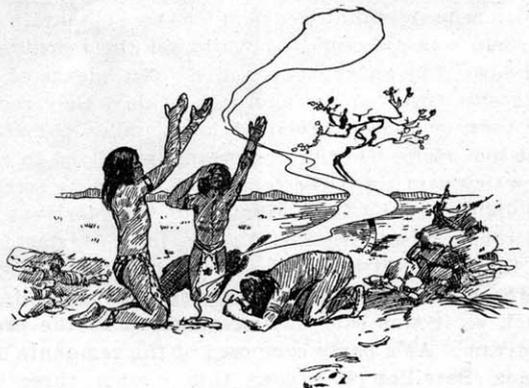
In the conflict of the natural forces the most poetic of the legends describing the birth of the Arrowhead had its origin. According to this legend, the tribe of the Guachamas, the inhabitants of the "Valley of Plenty," made arrogant and selfish by the abundance of food and game about them, forgot to render the homage due to the Great Father, the giver of water, soil and game. For many summers the Great Father bore the ingratitude of his children in silence. But his patience came to an end. Calling upon the spirit of the Sun, he sent

it down into the Valley upon a hot wind that blighted their vegetation, drank their streams and drove out their game until there was great wailing in the tribe.

Famine, pestilence, death and distress visited the valley until the Indians, seeing the heaps of bleached bones growing day by day, humbly prostrated themselves and offered to make any sacrifice to bring about the return of the Great Father's favor.

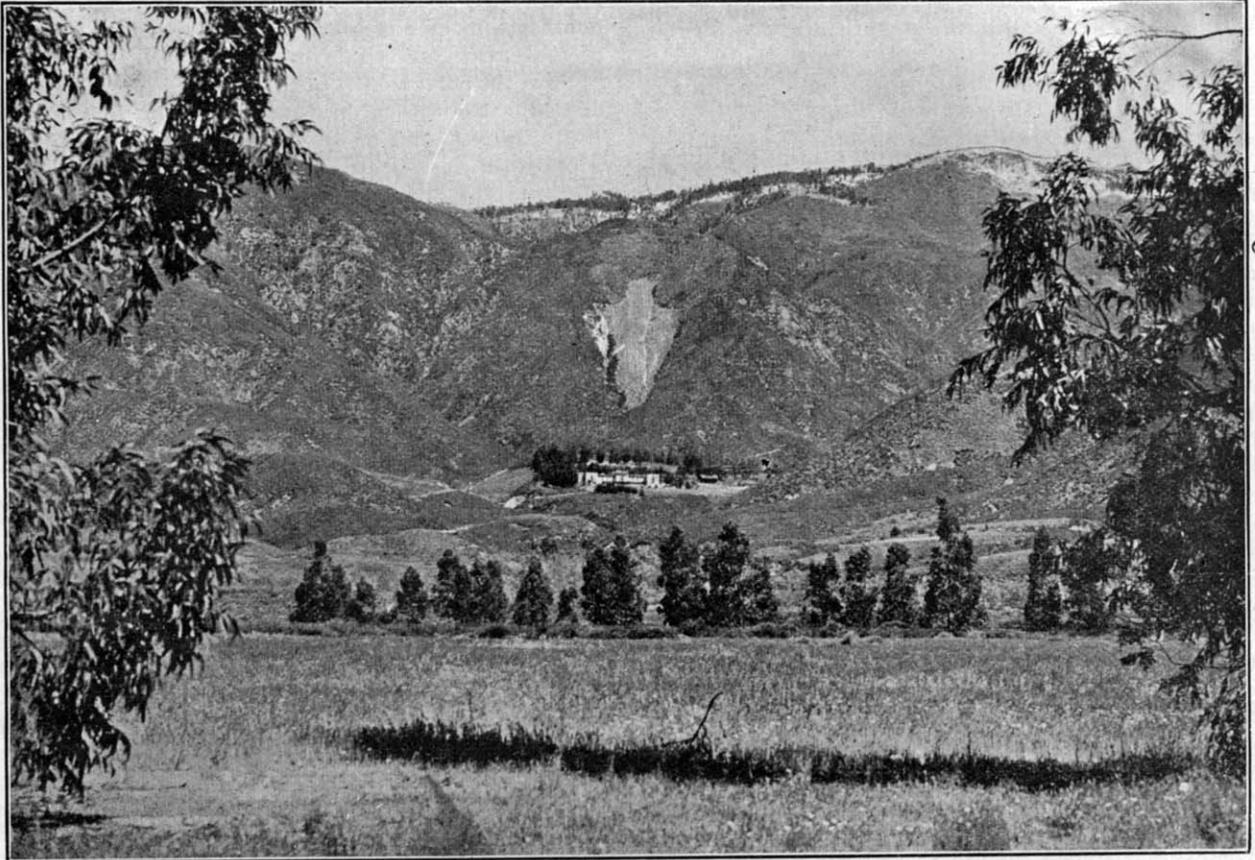
Now, the chief is alleged to have been father to an only daughter, Ne-wah-na, by name, maiden of the new moon—the fairest and most beloved of all tribeswomen. Finally, in answer to his last appeal, a voice floating from out the broad expanse of the skies bore this message: "Give Ne-wah-na as an offering to heaven." Silence fell upon the stricken Indians as their chief, rising above his devotions, slowly went to his wickiup. There he carefully wrapped his daughter in her richest robes, and adorning her with golden trinkets, obedient to the mysterious voice, led her forth, leaving her alone to meet the fiery wrath of the destroyer. When the sacrifice was completed, and Ne-wah-na was consumed, the heavens opened and immediately a white arrow of light shot out and struck down the heat of the monster; others followed, until finally one struck the mountain side and there left its mark. Then was the blessed rain poured from above, the water once again cooling the parched earth and running in the empty beds of the streams. The heat monster writhed in agony under the copious, cooling downpour, until the earth opened to swallow him. As it closed again, streams of boiling water bubbled from the rock crevices, and the famine and pestilence-smitten people, drinking deep of the steaming waters, and bathing in them, were healed. Thenceforth the humbled dwellers of the valley lived for generations in peace and plenty at the foot of the arrow-marked mountain.

Other legends explaining the origin of the Arrowhead have their sources in the ancient belief of all the wandering races of humanity that a supernatural power would give them a sign to guide them to new and better places of abode. The Cohauilas, once upon a time dwelling in the coast country of what is now San Luis Rey, have a legend of this character. Being harassed, attacked



and surprised constantly by their fiercer neighbors, these peace-loving Indians at last decided upon emigration, upon seeking a new place for their jacales and their herds. Impressive incantations and ceremonial songs of peace were performed under the direction of the chief medicine man. Now, being a gentle people, so the tale runs, they found special favor with the Great Spirit, by whom they were directed to travel westward, and instructed that they would be guided to their new home by a fiery arrow, for which they must be constantly

previous to the starting of the expedition from Salt Lake, the legend apparently was an afterthought manufactured for sentimental reason. Into the same category belongs the legend attributed to the Coahuilas, a tribe of inveterate gamblers who, when harrassed by the mischievous mountain spirit who delighted in hurling heavy rocks from his heights upon their huts, sent devastating floods down the mountain side, proposed to the Evil Spirit to play a game of cards for the possession of the valley. The Indians, chanting a good luck gamb-



Mt. of the Arrowhead—the Most Mysterious Mountain in the World

watching. Accordingly the tribe started upon the journey, and one moonless night, when the camp sentries had been posted with usual injunctions to be watchful, there appeared across the vault of heaven a blazing arrow, which took a course westward, settling upon the mountain, where the shaft was consumed in flame, but the head imbedded itself, clear-cut in the mountain side. The camp was aroused, and while yet the morning star hung jewel-like in the sky and a faint gleam of light in the east heralded the approach of day, they resumed their journey to the promised land, under the shadow of the mountain, where they located, and lived in peaceful contentment until the coming of the white settler.

A similar legend is attributed to the Mormons who, upon command of Brigham Young, in 1851 started out from Salt Lake City to settle at a place where a gigantic arrowhead stood sharply upon the mountainside, the symbol, so, it was said having appeared to the prophet in a dream. As a party composed of the remnants of the Mormon Battalion had seen this symbol three years

ling song, were fast winning, when the Evil One, becoming enraged, seized an ace of spades and dashed it against the mountain side with such angry force that the mountain opened, receiving him spluttering in its depths, and the sulphurous hot springs at the mountain's base bear evidence of his continued presence beneath the rocks.

## Churches

The religious denominations in San Bernardino are represented by the Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist South, Congregational, Christian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian Science, Spiritualists, German Lutheran, Seventh Day Adventists, Roman Catholic, Jewish and Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints.

# Harnessing the Leaping Brooks

**U**P IN the canyon of the Santa Ana river a steel pipe comes down the sheer mountain side. High up it runs, almost perpendicularly, entering into a building of concrete at its lower end. The pipe is not very large. It does not look imposing. Thousands have

passed it on the way with scarcely a look, not knowing that this steel tube is one of the most remarkable pipes in the world.

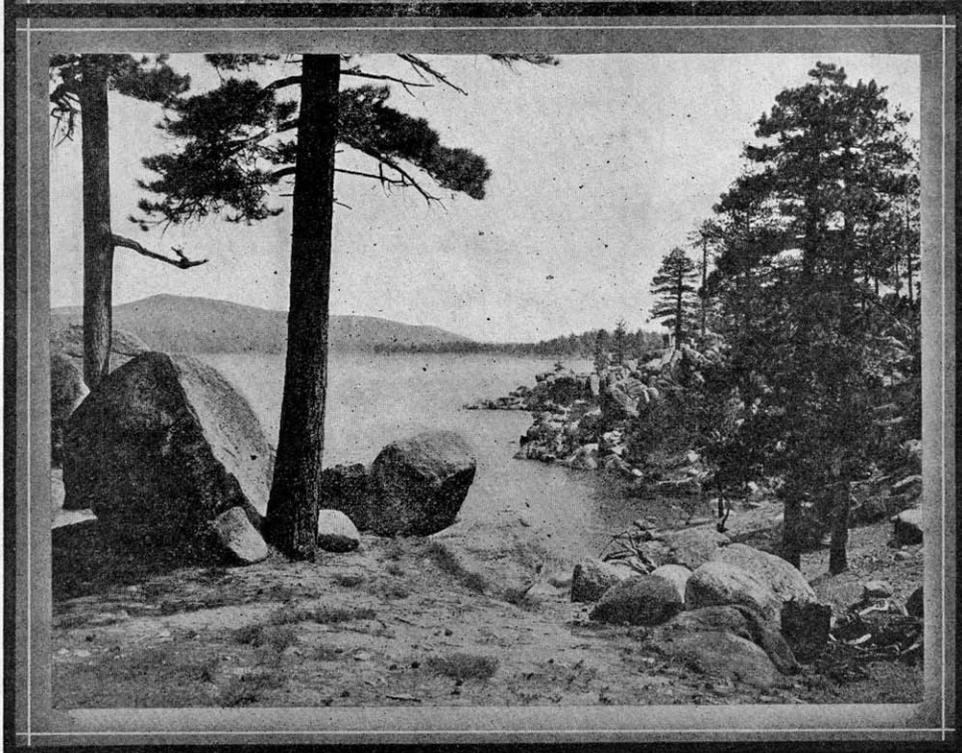
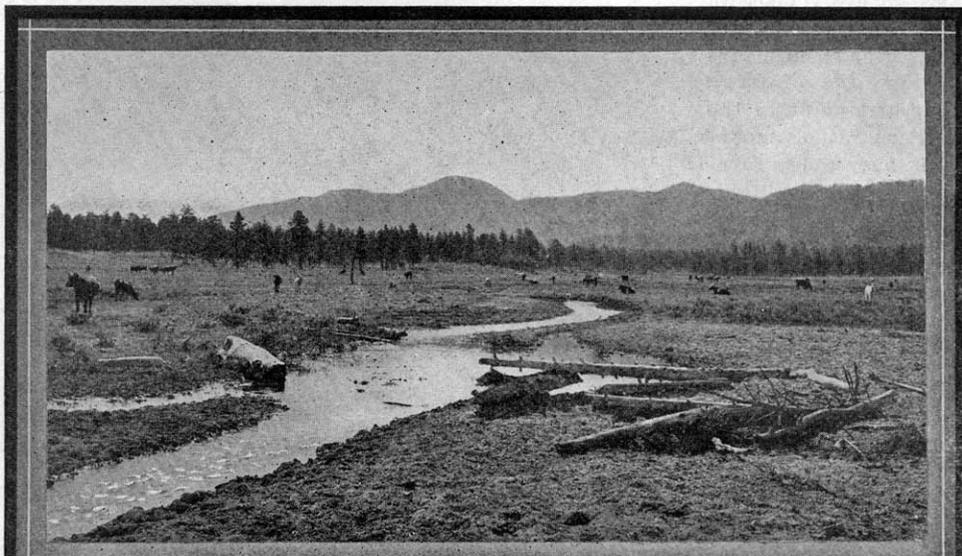
Suppose some unwary traveler, in a playful mood, should punch a small hole into that pipe, allowing a little jet of water to escape. Even if that hole were only half an inch in size the stream of water issuing from it would pick up the puncher and hurl him clear across the width of the canyon. Should he attempt to sever the jet of water with a sword, the insignificant stream would smash the sword the second it touched the water, and the wielder of the weapon would describe a few somersaults that would be a credit to any circus acrobat.

Against every square inch of the bottom of that pipe the column of water above exerts a pressure of 800 pounds, a pressure four times greater than the strain exerted by the steam of the mogul engines upon the boilers.

Until a few years ago that pipe standing 2000 feet high on end furnished the largest head of any water-power plant in the world. Only recently its head of 2000 feet has been exceeded by two plants, one in South America with a drop of 2200 feet and one back of Manitou in Colorado where the water falls 2100 feet before it hits the revolving blades of the turbine that trans-

mute the impetus of the roaring stream into the invisible force of the electric current.

The San Bernardino Valley, among its numerous other innovations that have shown the way for the rest of the country, is the mother of the development of electric power out of the mountain streams and of the long-



The Headwaters of Bear Creek in Bear Valley and the Bear Valley Lake, 3000 Feet Above the Valley, the Source of the Immense Water Power

distance transmission of the current. When the electricity generated by the first power plant on the Santa Ana river was first conducted to Los Angeles, a distance of 75 miles, the whole world, laymen and technological experts, watched the experiment with the greatest interest. Though mistakes, dissappointments and errors in this first long-distance transmission line were numerous, it proved that the transportation of electric current over long distances was feasible and profitable, and as a result of this experiment that broke the trail, water power plants sprang up in remote places all over the world. From the Himalaya to the Andes, from the Canadian

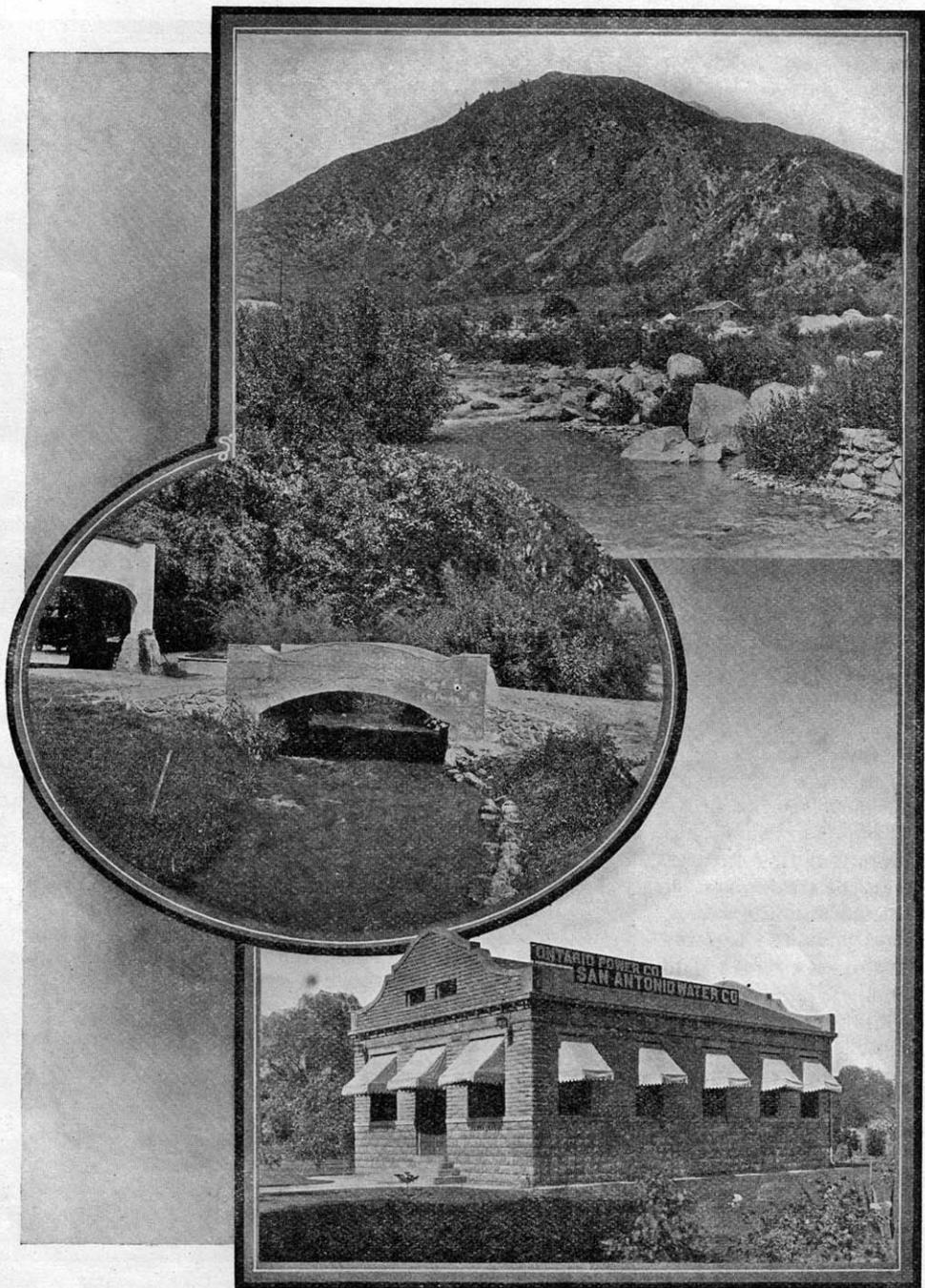
Rockies to the Mexican ranges, in every place in the world where water tumbles over steep mountain sides, the offspring of that first plant in the San Bernardino mountains is busy today turning out power that lightens the load of humanity. In the rocky solitudes everywhere the silent turbines are flying about their axis, the shrill notes of the dynamo tell of its labors and heavy copper strands follow the path of the released streams into the habitations of man, to illuminate the cities, move the traffic and turn the machines of the factories and shops.

The first water-power plant built in the Santa Ana canyon 25 years ago has had numerous children in the San Bernardino mountains. The San Bernardino Valley is now supplied with current from nearly a dozen plants generating more than 5000 horse power, more than the valley needs at present, the surplus going to Los Angeles. The Southern California Edison company utilizes the water of the Santa Ana river three times for the development of power and it is building a fourth plant on Bear creek, a tributary of the Santa Ana. Long tunnels have been drilled through projecting mountain sides, shortening the tortuous path of the streams and making possible the extreme heights from which the water is

dropped upon the turbine blades.

Two other plants of the same corporation are located on Mill creek and a fifth plant is using the water of Lytle creek. The Pacific Light and Power company operates one plant at Mentone and a smaller one at Highgrove while San Antonio creek furnishes a large amount of horse power for the San Antonio Power Company which furnishes current for Ontario and vicinity.

While the quantity of water used in the generation of electric current on the slopes of the mountains that rim the valley is relatively small, the lack in volume is compensated for by the extreme heads made possible



Ontario Furnishes a Striking Example of the Utilization of Water in Power Development as Well as Irrigation

by the steep, precipitous sides of the range down which the streams dash headlong. However, the current produced is at present more than sufficient to supply all the industries of the valley, all the homes and groves with all the current needed at rates below the prices paid for current in the East. Owing to the multiplicity of the power plants in the mountains there is little danger of a shortage. If one plant should be crippled temporarily by floods or storms, the others, all tied together on the line, could easily carry its load, and if the unforeseen should happen, if all of the plants should go out of commission at once, still the valley would not suffer. By simply throwing a few switches the enormous amount of power developed at the headwaters of Kern river and brought into Los Angeles would be available at a moment's notice, the supply being reinforced by the large auxiliary steam plants operated in Los Angeles as well as in the San Bernardino Valley.

Undoubtedly the growth of San Bernardino industrially will, within a few years, absorb

Power and Irrigating Ditch, Carrying Over 700 inches of Water.



all the surplus power at present going to Los Angeles and call for more, but no outside plants need be relied upon. Lying hidden in the rushing mountain streams at least enough power to double the present supply is available. The Lytle Creek Power Company has as yet made no use

of its power rights on the stream from which it derives its name. The Arrowhead Reservoir and Power Company, upon the completion of its system of reservoirs and mountain-piercing tunnels, will enter the market with a goodly supply. Bear creek offers more opportunities for power plants than have been used so far. On the north slope the water of Deep creek, Holcomb creek and of the Mojave river has not as yet assumed the burden it can bear. And when these sources have been developed to their full capacity without satisfying the future demand, thousands of kilowatt can be brought into the valley from outside after the Los Angeles municipal plants are in operation and supply as much power as is brought into Los Angeles today

from all sources. The Edison corporation, besides, has under construction additional units of its plants on the Kern river, thus precluding any possibility of a water-power shortage in Southern California and assuring the San Bernardino Valley the full measure of the strength possessed by its roaring brooks.

## San Bernardino's Supply of Climate

Climate is worth money. If good weather had no cash value property in California would sell for less than one-tenth of what it is bringing now. The San Bernardino Valley owns its fair slice of typical California climate. Blizzards, snow and ice are by no means unknown. In winter these Christmas gifts are in plain sight from the San Bernardino Valley, but several stories above the ground floor, on the crest of the range that shelters the valley. These Christmas gifts never flutter into the valley where the roses blossom at yuletide. The largest portion of the valley is absolutely free from destructive frosts, though in specially severe winters vegetation in exposed low places may be slightly nipped by the temperatures shortly before sunrise. Freezes like those that destroyed practically the entire orange industry in Florida are unknown.

Of course, three months in the summer the temperature is high. If it were not, the San Bernardino Valley would not and could not be the heart of the orange belt, but the high temperatures in the dry air do not sap the vitality and induce the lassitude followed by sunstroke. The lazy man has no excuse to quit work on account of the heat in the San Bernardino Valley,



San Bernardino High School on a Beautiful Residence Street.

even if the thermometer reaches 100 degrees. People with an aversion to labor are therefore warned to keep away.

# The Pageant of San Bernardino

By MAUD ADAMS ROBERTS

## CANTO I

In the hills of Politana,  
In the valley of Guamache,  
Where the grasses swayed and courtesied,

Where the Sun God light the tree tops,  
With the glow of fiery fingers—  
Stretching up behind the mountains,  
Gently beckoning to the Rain God  
Praying him to smile in kindness  
On the dry and thirsty land,

Where the bosom of the rich earth  
Nursed the seed pods into grain fields  
In the land of much contentment,

In the broad green vale of plenty;  
Dwelt a tribe of mighty warriors—  
Brave and fearless, fierce and strong,  
Rich in lands and gold and legends,  
Wrongsing no man, fearing none—

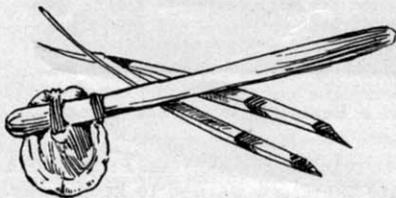
Dwelt a tribe of sleek limbed redmen,  
Straight as arrows—tall and agile,  
Skilled in all the arts of warfare,  
Learned in all the lore of hunting;  
Fierce in fights and unrelenting,  
Kind and gentle by the fireside—  
Lovers to their women always,

Roving wide and unmolested,  
Where the Sun God light the canyons;  
Where the Sun God warmed the sweet  
air,

Laden with the Flowers' perfume;  
Where the Rain God filled the stream-  
lets—

Happy home of shining fishes.  
In the valley of Guamache,  
Land of plenty and content.

High upon the highest hill top  
Stood the wigwam of the Chieftain;  
Made of deer skins, richly painted,  
Hung with trophies of the hunt,  
Pitched upon a point of vantage,  
Frowning down upon the tribesmen.  
Here the Chieftain dwelt in glory—  
Dwelt alone and ruled with firmness,  
Never maid had won his favor;  
Never love song thrilled his flute;  
Spent was all his youthful manhood  
By the fierce and bloody battles,  
For the firesides of his tribesmen,  
For the glory of Guamache,  
By the dreams of mighty conquest,  
By the pride of his great prowess,  
With his bow and sharp-tipped arrows,  
With the slung shot and the war club,  
He it was who shot the arrow,  
Straight across the sun-kissed valley;  
Aiming at the fleeing foemen  
Who had brought the curse of sickness.  
Shot the arrow tipped with magic  
Straight against the rock-ribbed moun-  
tain.



MAUD ADAMS ROBERTS

Pierced the caverns of the Fire God,  
Sent the healing waters gushing—  
Greatest Chief of all the nations,  
Loved and feared by all the tribes.  
Five score years his span was telling—  
Near a century he could count.

Now the old man, bent and grizzled,  
Leaned against the deer skin tepee,  
Seeing phantoms of the past years,  
Stalk before him in the dim light,  
Seeing dreams of shadowy creatures—  
Seeing downfall for his people,  
When his spirit had departed.  
Lo! He fell upon the green earth—  
Fell with face upon the damp earth,  
Fell with hands outstretched, implor-  
ing;

Fell with voice uplifted, praying;  
Fell with curses and with pleading—  
Mingled in an old man's raving,  
Cursings that no son succeeded  
To be Chieftain for his tribe,  
Pleading for his waiting people.

Down below the towering hill top  
Burned the watch-fires on their altars:

Rose the smoke from writhing victims,  
Offerings to the angry Gods.  
Rose the sound of drums and prayer  
flutes—

Praying for a younger leader;  
Praying for a God-sent Chieftain—  
Swayed by unexplained emotions,  
An awakening new to them.  
When the Sun God marked the dying  
Of the century before them,  
Well they knew their old Chief's spirit  
Would be wafted from among them,  
Would be carried on the soft breeze  
To the hunting grounds beyond them,  
And they prayed for new protection—  
For the Spirit they had heard of,  
For the Spirit of the legend  
That the dying year would bring.  
Straight before them stood the God  
plant,  
Marked the Century with its growth.  
High above them rose the flower  
stalk—  
Sacred plant in honor held—  
Watched the women for its flowering.  
Held the red-skinned papoose high.

With the bursting of its petals  
Their beloved Chief must die.

Rose the pale moon in the heavens—  
Rose to pause above them high,  
Rose to mark the centuries dying,  
In the middle of the sky.  
Fainter, fainter from the hill top,  
Came the Old Man's wavering cry.  
Hushed were all the beating tom-  
toms;  
Hushed the moans of sacrifice.  
Blanched the faces of the tribesmen,  
Shook with fear the trembling women,  
Paled the faces of the children,  
Open-eyed, with wonder awed.  
Lo! The mountains seemed to tremble!  
And the earth to rock and sway!  
And the Sun God burst in glory!  
Telling of a new-born day.  
And the Wind God rushed before them,  
In a pathway straight and long;  
Bearing thence their Chieftain's spirit  
With a wailing, wierd death song,  
And the flower stalk, tall and stately,  
Opened wide to meet the sun.  
With a century dead before them—  
A new century begun.  
And a music soft and soothing  
From within the flower stalk rose,  
And the new decade's bright morning  
Marked the old decade's night close.

\* \* \* \*

Now the legend had recounted  
How the century plant should blossom,  
How the old year's grave should open,  
And a new chief should come forth.

\* \* \* \*

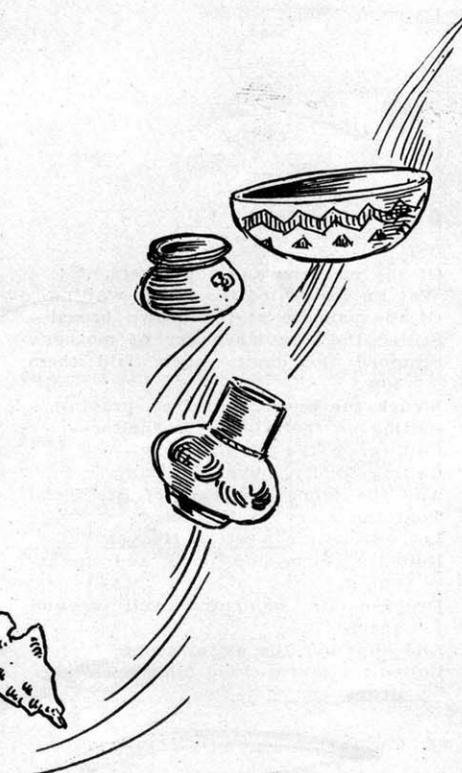
And the Sun God flamed above them,  
Sent his red rays far aslant,  
Touched the mountain tops with glory,  
Threw strange shadows on the ground;  
Touched the flower stalk with his  
magic,  
Sent forth sweet, melodious sound—  
And with one resplendent outburst  
Opened made the flower's heart;  
Sent a maiden forth to rule them—  
Sent a princess for their leader,  
Kind of heart and fair of feature,  
Willowy her form and wraith-like;  
Brown her jeweled arm and bare  
Bright-eyed, fairy-footed creature.  
Sent with gentleness to rule them,  
Sent with love to prove her power—  
Sent in wisdom's way to guide them,  
Sent with joy to fill the land  
With rare tales of future glory,  
With strange dreams of new life sent,  
To the valley of Guamache—  
Land of plenty and content.

Lo! Before them rose strange tribes-  
men—



Rose young braves, straight-limbed  
with beauty,  
Rose fair maidens decked with gay  
hues;

Like young birdlings light among  
them,  
Rose from rocks and trees and bushes—  
Rose and danced, and sang strange  
music  
Filled the valley with their love songs.  
Taught the mocking birds to sing,  
Danced with youth and joy and beauty  
Danced and sang and loved and  
mated—  
Rang the valley with the flute song,  
Bent the willows low to listen,  
Laughed the yellow mustard blossom.  
Opened wide the golden poppy,  
Decking all the plains and hillsides.  
Like a sea of sunlight shining,  
Rang the hills of Politana  
With a tale of new content—  
Filled the valley of Guamache  
With a new life Heaven-sent.



From the rough gray rocks retreating,  
Gazed the jealous-hearted tribesmen;  
Gazed upon their dying war-fires,  
Gazed upon the empty tent.  
The deserted deer skin tepee,  
Hung with trophies of the hunt.  
Long and earnest were the councils  
Of the old man set aside.  
Low and threatening were the mutter-  
ings,  
Of the women of the tribe.  
Well they knew their doom was  
settled,  
Marked the march of progress' feet.  
Angry-hearted, cruel-visaged,  
Sat them down to watch and wait.  
Sat them down like ancient Stoics—  
Silent, ready for their fate.  
At the empty tent before them,  
Gazed the old men, worn and bent.  
Last of all the early tribesmen,  
In the Valley of Content.

CANTO II

Over burning, sandy deserts—  
Over rocky beds of rivers,  
Over mountain peaks and canyons,



Threading San Gorgonia's way;  
Worn by days of toil and travel,  
Foot-sore, weary, plodding onward—  
Ever hopeful, ever faithful,  
Resting neither night nor day.  
Urged by holy heart desires,  
For the red man's soul's salvation,  
Came the grim Franciscan Friars.  
Holy Fathers sworn to works—  
Came the faithful band of heroes,  
Bold crusaders of the West.  
Came to plant the cross of Christians  
In the land of savage War Gods,  
Came to plant the faith of Jesus  
In the red man's wild abode;  
Came to offer free salvation,  
Came in friendship's sweet intent,  
To the valley of Guamache—  
Land of plenty and content.  
Smiled the season's Gods upon them—  
Smiled in greeting and in welcome,  
Bloomed the wild rose by the wayside,  
Soothed the path for sunburned feet.  
Sang the bluebird and the linnet,  
Sang of springtime love and wooing,  
Thrilled the redman's soul with long-  
ing—  
Thrilled his sense with pleasure sweet,  
Warmed his heart with fond desire.  
Love was stirring in his blood;  
Eager was he for the story;  
Wise the Fathers chose the hour,  
Tenderly and well he pleaded  
For the white man's friendly God.  
Told them how his Savior loved them;  
How he died for all mankind;  
How the white man's God was his  
God—  
How in patience he stood waiting  
To receive them in his tent,  
On the hills of Politana,  
Land of plenty and content.  
So the white man's God was their God—  
Learned they of his precious lore;  
Learned they of the white man's  
labor—  
Arts they never knew before.  
Moulded bricks of brown adobe,  
Moulded tiles of sunburned earth,  
BUILT the chapels and the cloisters,  
BUILT the stockade for the cattle,  
Stilled the war cries of Guamache,  
Lived in love and sweet content—  
In the land of Politana,  
Where the holy men were sent.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Sighed the night wind in the fir tree,  
Sighed the soft wind in the bluegum,  
Moaned the Wind God for his altars,  
By the White man's hand laid low,  
Raged the Sun God in his anger,  
Swept the valley with his hot breath,  
Burned the grasses on the hillside,  
Scorched the cornfield and the grain  
field,  
Drooped the yellow poppy blossoms,

Dried the sweet spring, drank its waters,  
 Hid the rivers in the sand,  
 Pointed with long, fiery fingers  
 To the Chapel on the hillside,  
 Blew his burning flaming nostrils,  
 Over Politana's land.  
 From the rocky, craggy mountains,  
 Gazed the warriors grim and aged;  
 Jealous-hearted, fierce old warriors,  
 Gazed upon the scene below them,  
 Saw the ashes of their war-fires—  
 Saw the cloisters on the hill top,  
 Saw the altars low in ruins;



Rose and danced their savage war dance,  
 Mixed the red paint, built new war fires,  
 Gathered round them, sat in council,  
 Watched the Sun God sink to rest.  
 Then arose one dauntless spirit,  
 Straightened out his aged limbs.  
 Stood erect, as gay young warrior,  
 Folded arms across his breast,  
 Lifted up his voice in protest:  
 "Warriors! Look! The Sun God's sinking,  
 Angry is his blood-red visage,  
 Vanished is the Rain God from us,  
 Dry and parched our fathers' lands—  
 Hot and fierce the Wind God rages,  
 Feel you not the hillside tremble?  
 See the Fire God boils the springs.  
 Slay the white man and his false God,  
 He it is has done these things.  
 See our empty wigwams standing,  
 Where is Politana's tent?  
 Once it marked the Chieftain's power  
 In the valley of content."

Jealous-hearted gazed the warriors,  
 On the rocky mountain standing,  
 Saw the tepee made of deer skins,  
 Hung with trophies of the hunt,  
 Where their Chieftain dwelt in glory—  
 Dwelt and ruled with mighty power—  
 Saw and stood in awful silence,

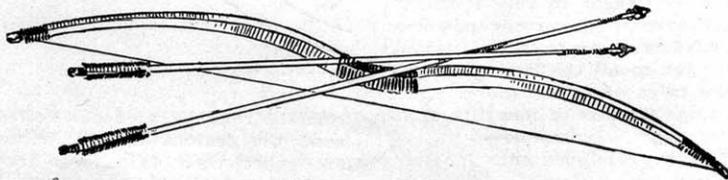


Grasped the tomahawk and war club,  
 Grasped the long bow and the arrows;  
 Waited breathless in the moonlight  
 For the mighty Spirit's calling—  
 Like an onward rush of waters  
 When the cloudburst fills the canyon—

Like the maddened roar of rivers  
 Racing forward to the sea.  
 No man leading, none commanding,  
 Shouting war songs, beating war drums,  
 Came the furious, jealous tribesmen—  
 Came the threatening murderous band  
 Bent on bloody dark destruction,  
 In Guamache's quiet land.

Tomahawk and war club brandished  
 Sent the red blood gushing outward,  
 Poisoned arrows stung the young hearts

Of the maidens and the lovers,  
 War knives stilled the feeble wailing  
 Of the papoose at the brown breast—  
 Stilled the anguished cry of mother's  
 Stamped the death mark, laid them low;  
 Struck the kneeling padres, praying,  
 Calling on their Lord for shelter—  
 Calling on the Virgin Mary—  
 Calling loudly, never doubting.  
 And the crimson stream of life blood  
 Told the story to the sea.  
 Lo! Across the western Heavens  
 Rolled a storm-cloud dark and threatening,  
 Dropped its mourning veil around them,  
 And shut out the awful scene.  
 Rolled the storm-cloud filled with tears—



Wept in torrents for the carnage,  
 Wept and wailed and beat the mountains.  
 Groaned in peals of awful thunder.  
 Mother Nature's voice protesting  
 At the slaughter of her children,  
 Reached them cool and moistened fingers,  
 Slacked their hot thirst—their fever-fanned—  
 Night shut out the slaughtered village  
 That had marked Guamache's land.

### CANTO III

Lonely sat the little Princess,  
 Never smiling, never singing,  
 Danced her braves and maids before her,

Vainly hoping to beguile her—  
 Lonely sat before the wigwam,  
 Gazing on the ruined mission;  
 Dreaming of the kind old padres—  
 Of the flocks and herds and vineyards:  
 Of the Neophytes departed  
 Who had meekly done her will;



Of the quiet of the cloisters  
 Perched on Politana's Hill.  
 Rose the round moon, pale and ghostly.  
 Telling of the harvest time,  
 Bare the meadows of the wheat sheaves,  
 Where the merry rompers gathered,  
 Stacking high the golden grain—  
 Nothing now but haunting shadows  
 On Guamache's sunburned plain.

Stole the tender little night breeze,  
 Kissed the brown-cheeked, sad-eyed maiden,  
 Stooped and kissed the barren hillside,  
 Flitted to the canyon's edge—  
 Kissed the rock-ribbed gray old mountains,  
 Shook the trees in dancing glee,  
 Whispered to the listening maiden:  
 "I've a secret, follow me.  
 Weep not, princess, joy is coming,  
 In Guamache's blood-stained sands  
 Sleeps a power grave and mighty—  
 Greater than the warrior bands."  
 Then he flew to tell the story  
 Over ocean's white-curved crest,  
 And it found a welcome lodgment  
 In old Spain's romantic breast,  
 Listened to the fickle night breeze,  
 Heard the story that it told:  
 "Every drop of Christian blood shed  
 Shall return in yellow gold."  
 Sailed away the venturesome Spaniard  
 To the land the rainbow spans—  
 To the vale of wealth and conquest  
 To Guamache's fairy land.

So every man belonged a dukedom—  
 For the generous-hearted King  
 Parcelled out the Friar's broad lands,  
 Gave the wealth of California,  
 Hills and vales and river sources,  
 With a free and lavish hand.  
 Spanish Dons looked out in hauteur  
 Over fertile broad domains;  
 Every hacienda sheltered  
 Blood as blue as royal Spain's  
 Dotted shores with Spanish galleons,  
 Bearing cattle, hides and gold.  
 Politana laughed in gladness,  
 Forgot the massacre's black shame—  
 Bent the knee to do him homage  
 When the Spanish Governor came.  
 Those were days of idle pleasure,  
 There was gold for every man.

There were bull-fights, cock-games,  
races,  
There were feasting, wine and women.  
Fine apparel, silk, and gold lace.  
Looked the soft-eyed senorita  
From beneath her rich mantilla,  
Coily beckoned with her glances  
To the anxious, kneeling swain.  
Lightly sang the seranata—



Gallant Spanish cavalier;  
Rang the music of the mandolin  
Telling love's sweet old refrain.  
Those were days of song and laughter,  
Free from sordid greed of gain—  
Happy days of Politana  
Ere the Yankee gringo came.

CANTO IV

Idle days and nights of pleasure  
In the land of Politana,  
Swiftly flew in golden seasons,  
Lands and herds, rich source of in-  
come,

Multiplied fiftyfold,  
Satisfied the lazy Spaniard  
And shut out the dream of gold.  
Dignified old snow-capped mountains,  
Crowned with stately fir and pine,  
Sphinx-like have you kept the story  
Of your hidden treasure mine.  
Through your passes rough and rocky  
Crept the romance of the West;  
The romance of the unknown ages—  
Nature's fabulous bequest;  
Crept across the sandy deserts,



Stole into the Zion City;  
Like a phantom did it seem.  
Knocked at chamber door at midnight,  
Made the prophet's wondrous dream—  
Rose old Brigham Young at daybreak  
Turned his keen gaze toward the west.  
Gathered round him were the faithful,  
Eager they to catch his words:  
"In a vision sent from Heaven  
Strange things are revealed to me,  
Where the sun sinks there's a moun-  
tain;  
Stamped upon its Western face  
Is a mighty pointed arrow,  
Placed upon it by some magic,

By a Chieftain brave and fearless,  
Shot across the sun-kissed valley,  
Aimed to slay a warlike foe.  
At its point are healing waters  
Where the red men sick and dying  
Bathe and gain new life and vigor.  
Rise and lead your sons and daugh-  
ters—  
Blaze the trail and find the land."  
Every follower of the prophet  
Started at his chief's command.  
Plodding onward through the summer  
Through the winter's cold and deep,

Onward pressed the brave pathfinders.  
Loyal-hearted, undismayed.  
Saw before them in the distance,  
Breaking through the mountain fast-  
ness,  
Leading to the promised land;  
Like a gateway into Heaven,  
Like a beacon light at sea,  
The open sesame to fortune—  
Cajon's welcome narrow pass.  
Shouted loud for joy the women,  
Found new heart the tired old men,  
Excelsior! the watchword sounded.



Dragged the weary nights and morn-  
ings,  
All unmarked the flight of time.  
Long and dangerous was the journey—  
Dark and drear the untried forest;  
Steep and high the bleak old moun-  
tains;  
All unbroken was the trail;  
Slow and cumbersome the oxen,

Songs of praise their voices sang,  
And the echoes far resounded  
Till Guamache's valley rang.  
These were men of brawn and muscle—  
Toilers of the field and sod,  
Seeking homes in faith and freedom,  
Law-abiding, fearing God.  
Rich rewards for all their hardships  
Came to them on every hand.  
Opened wide the hidden caverns,  
Poured forth piles of yellow gold.  
Gushed forth streams of buried waters  
To irrigate the thirsty land.  
Each man sought to help his neighbor,  
Built log cabins for their shelter,  
Built the stables for the cattle,  
Gathered round the great stone fire-  
place,  
Happy when the toil was over;  
Laughed and chatted with each other,  
Telling tales of rare adventure.  
In marriage gave their sons and  
daughters—  
Laid a loyal, firm foundation  
For a progeny of thrift.

Patiently their burdens bearing,  
Marched beside them like bold sol-  
diers—  
The intrepid pioneers.  
Rose before them grim, gaunt hunger,  
Like an awful haunting shadow,  
Bleaching bones upon the hot sands  
Marked the work its pang had done.  
Told the tale of slow starvation,  
Told the tale of parching thirst,  
Told the tale of savage red men  
In Death Valley's hollow basin.  
Rushing cloudbursts swelled the river.  
Desert winds the schooners swayed—

A hundred years in slow procession  
Marched before the little princess;  
Many moons have shone and darkened,  
Now, the Century is closing  
And her reign is almost done.  
Happy "Native Sons and Daughters"  
Listen to the thrilling story  
Of their old, gray-bearded grand-  
sires—  
Gay young beaux of '49.  
How they fought the savage Indians,  
Trapped the brown bear, killed the  
wild deer,  
Mined the gold, layed out the cities  
And subdued the bold frontier.  
Weary little Princess leaning  
'Gainst the faded open wigwam,

Soon the spell that holds you waiting  
Will encircle you no more.  
Gaze across the fertile valley  
With rich stores endowed by nature,  
See, she mixed her varied pigments  
To paint the rare and beautiful scene:  
Orange groves all green and golden,  
Bridal blossoms 'neath their leaves;  
Fruits that rival Eden's garden,

Toiling forefathers have sown.  
Like some little fairy creature  
All the world a dream before her—  
Longing for her banished people,  
Breathlessly she waits the ringing  
Of the century's midnight chime.  
Lo! The magic spell has fallen  
Over Politana's land.  
Hushed the night-bird-in the willows,

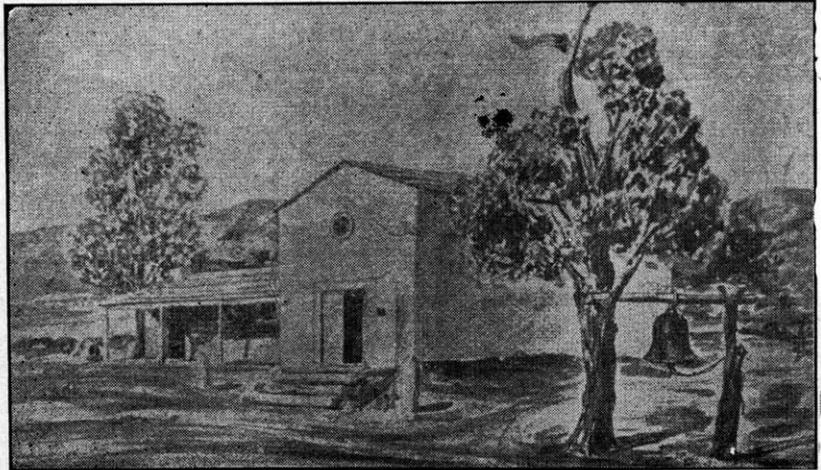
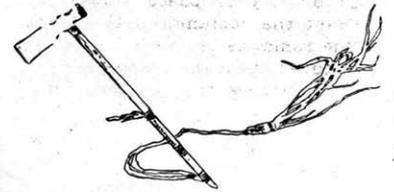
Opens wide its generous heart;  
Good-bye, loving little princess,  
It is time for us to part.  
See the red flame lights the heaven,  
Answering the Fire God's cry.  
Good-bye, loving little Princess,  
It is time for you to die.  
Tell the warriors, when you greet  
them,  
In the Hunting Grounds beyond us:



"We remember them but kindly."  
Outlined in the poet's eye  
Are their straight-limbed, brown-  
skinned figures,  
'Gainst the glowing western sky.  
Fleeing from the march of progress,  
We can see their flying feet.  
To the east we turn our faces  
The new Century to greet.  
Though your shadowy form has van-  
ished  
From the hills of Politana,  
We will meet you, little Princess,  
In the land of the "Manana."

Ripening in the summer sunshine.  
Lo! The Century Flower is fading—  
Night is settling o'er the land.  
Like some little fairy creature  
Sits the brown maid all alone.  
Sees the younger generation,  
Happy-hearted, careless children,  
Reap in luxury the harvest

Stilled his love-song to his mate;  
Every grass-blade, every insect,  
Lulled to silence—seems to wait.  
Ticks the great clock in the tower—  
Heaven's signals to repeat;  
See, it points the midnight hour;  
Tells the Century's retreat.  
Droops the tall flower stalk before us,



Old Mission Church, Agua Mansa, 1852

# San Bernardino Valley Centennial

## DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL CELEBRATION.

On Tuesday, May 17, amid such scenes of beauty as have never been equaled in the San Bernardino Valley, the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of its discovery was opened. Although now this celebration has gone, there will always cling in the memory of the thousands of persons who participated in its festivities the pleasant memories of this greatest of festivals. The beautiful panoramas and scenes will be reenacted in memory years after the celebration has become but a matter of history. Just as one hundred years have failed to blot from memory the fables and facts of how this valley came to be peopled, so 10 years hence what happened at this memorable festival will be reviewed in more ways than one.

There was no announcer needed when the hour of 3:30

by thousands of incandescent lights arranged so as to give the appearance of a vast canopy over the streets of the business section. Many had feared that the white lights would not give a pleasing effect and were most agreeably surprised when they ascertained their error.

The courthouse was outlined with lights as was also the Elks' clubhouse, the latter being done in colors and presenting without a doubt the prettiest illuminated building ever seen in this city.

### THE WIGWAM

On the beautifully scened stage which had been christened the "Wigwam" the history of the valley was given during the week in panorama. Each night there was



Wigwam Throne Scene, Showing Indian Princess and Her Court.

arrived to tell the thousands who had thronged on the streets of this city that the Centennial had opened. The spirit of unrest which always lurks somewhere in the human being on the eve of some gala occasion, had been crying for the opportunity to be let loose and from that moment King Mirth held sway.

On that afternoon the corral which was to be the scene of many pleasurable events during the course of the week opened its gates. On one hand the Indian had pitched his camp and had settled down to give demonstrations of his life and habits, on the other the gaudy streamers and loud criers attracted and entertained multitudes on amusement bent. Days before the opening of the celebration workmen whose business it is to decorate had been busily at work transforming the streets of San Bernardino into a veritable fairyland of color and beauty. Gaily colored flags of every nation floated from every portion of the business district; artistically decorated booths from which were dispensed every variety of ware had sprung up like mushrooms side by side along the thoroughfares and from stores and public buildings there drooped gay bunting and flags of all descriptions.

In the evening it was a pretty sight that was presented when the lights were turned on and the city illuminated

depicted some later period and each night the picture became more beautiful and more impressive.

Seventy-five hundred people sat or stood spellbound with admiration on the opening night as before them passed a most impressive and beautiful panorama of the trials and joys of those who first settled this valley one hundred years ago. One by one the scenes of early history unfolded themselves to the gaze of the wonder-struck throng.

Sitting crowded together on the big grand stand they heard the beautiful story of the reigning over the valley of the fairy princess as it was told in pantomime by hundreds of historically garbed young people who are now inhabiting the valley.

Even as the fairy princess of legend reigned over the destinies of her Indian subjects and brought them joy, health and peace, so, last night, Princess Lena, arising from the unfolding leaves of the century plant, came to bring the spirit of joy and to bid thousands of people to join in the pleasures for an entire week. From the moment that Princess Lena stepped forth in her charmingly becoming costume and surveyed the valley into which she had stepped until the midnight hour chimed on Saturday night, this city was under her sway.

Out from the forest which framed the magnificent stage setting came the first of all settlers, the Indian. Clad in their quaint costumes a band of red men bedecked in feathers and resplendent in gaudy war paint gave the dances their forefather used in the days when this valley was but one vast spread of uncultivated land.

And then the legend unfolded itself. The scenic forest suddenly became darkened. Lifting its head as with pride at its approaching birthday was the century plant. One by one flowering branches lighted up depicting the

in: The Christian came to the valley. Depicting this incident came troops of monks, padres and friars. At their head was an artistically costumed monk bearing the cross, for the cause of which these pioneers in the cause of Christianity suffered so many hardships. Chanting softly they came and suddenly burst into the inspiring words of "The Lord Is My Shepherd." Then came one of the most impressive features of the evening. With a sweep of his hand the leading padre announced in impressive tone, "I christen thee San Bernardino." Im-



Spanish Geuvenador, W. M. Parker, and Lady, Miss Rose Aguirre  
Pages Everett Cwing and Maurice Wood

blossoming of the plant, and as the topmost bloom bursted into brilliancy, the century plant opened, and out of it stepped the princess, and had the legendary princess been but half as fetching, attractive and winsome as was Princess Lena, it is small wonder that she dominated so completely all of her tribe.

It was a scene so impressive that there were few in the immense throng that completely filled the grand stand and which crowded into the streets who did not for a moment hold their breath.

In her costume she was alluring, captivating.

Soon, as the story runs, she found that she must pick a brave as her partner through life and there arrived out of the forest a sprightly array of braves all eagerly attempting to make themselves most attractive in the eye of the fairy princess. From these she choose one of the most stalwart and with coy coquetishness brought him to her feet.

Thus passed the legendary era and reality was ushered

mediately a big electric sign bearing that name in blazing letters burst into light. The picture was one to inspire emotion in the most unpatriotic and was greeted by the throng with a burst of applause.

The cross was then planted by the padres and the ceremony for the laying of the mission foundation gone through. This ceremony consisted in each member of the band placing a stone upon the other until a semblance of a foundation had been made.

The next feature was one of the tragical incidents. The Indians, unwilling to have the newcomers in their midst, drove them back, killing them, destroying their capilla, and making the scene once more beset in savagery.

One of the prettiest and most enjoyable features of the evening followed. Sixty tots clad to represent poppies and making an appearance so in keeping with the fairy-like atmosphere which floated through the panorama, came upon the stage and executed a series of dances so fetching as to bring forth great applause from the spec-



Spanish Geuvenador and Geuvenadora and Their Court

tators. The children danced excellently and showed evidences of thorough training.

Those composing the Princess' court were:

- |  |                 |                |
|--|-----------------|----------------|
| Indian Princess, Lena Johnson.                           |                 |                |
| Indian Chief, Jas. D. McGregor.                          |                 |                |
| Maids to Princess, Mrs. Kenneth McCrea, Mrs. Ben Buxton. |                 |                |
| Priestess, Mrs. J. S. Bright, Jr.                        |                 |                |
| Pages, Lyman Rich, Phillip Rolfe                         |                 |                |
| Lozie Ingersoll  | Nora Parker     | Geo. Clark     |
| Grace Kelly  | Hazel Clyde     | Winfield Scott |
| Lottie Clark   | John Ralphs     | Ray Dean       |
| Eunice Wyatt   | James Patterson | Ray Hoagland   |
| Blanche Reeves   | N. B. Haney     |                |
| Florence Haskell   | Geo. Kelly      |                |

The children participating in the poppy dance were:

**GIRLS**

- |                   |                  |                 |
|-------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Nellie Van Leuvan | Blanche Jones    | Madonna Todd    |
| Villa Abel        | Vivian Majors    | Hazel Poole     |
| Judith Chaffee    | Nellie Eikelman  | Bonnie Holmes   |
| Verna Herkelrath  | Retta Gunster    | Majorie Flagg   |
| Onetta Dresser    | Hilda Brison     | Vivian Perris   |
| Gladys Mespelt    | Elizabeth Sibley | Mildred Hott    |
| Leola Gunster     | Ida Jensen       | Mildred McKim   |
| Viola Squires     | Erica Vogt       | Alberta Flora   |
| Freda Woodruff    | Fern Wood        | Nina Hoffman    |
| Helen Daley       | Edwinia Reed     | Dorothy Rolfe   |
| Katherine Reed    | Mildred Finley   | Vivian Harrison |
| Gladys Flory      | Velma Cochran    |                 |

**BOYS**

- |                  |                 |                         |
|------------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| Frank Flory      | Raymond Snell   | John Rowe               |
| Harold Martin    | Beverly Towne   | Dana Dunton             |
| Derlin Kimberlin | Paul Zimmerman  | Donald Keir             |
| Clois Collins    | William Myzelle | Douglas Wagner          |
| Herbert Taylor   | Albert Eikelman | Stanley Scheuer         |
| Daniel Rigers    | James Morgan    | Lawrence H e n<br>nessy |
| Hobart Hanf      | Horace Hicks    | Harry Stocklader        |
| Abel Lauraine    | Fred Wood       | Carl Wagner             |
| Charles Hunt     | Burnie Dallas   |                         |
| Walter Van Dyke  | Cecil Wood      |                         |

The members of the Special Poppy Quartette were:  
 Leola Gunster Douglass Wagner Marjorie Flagg  
 Dana Dunton



Senorita Danseuse Monahan

The curtain of history rolled up on a new era Wednesday night at the Princess' Wigwam when for the second

time the forest covered stage was the scene of the historical pageant which, during the course of the week, depicted the various epochs in the history of the settling of the valley.

The brilliancy of the pageant has never been excelled in this city. On no occasion has anything more perfect, more resplendent, been seen here than the coming of the Spanish dons and their ladies.

Again the century plant opened and with the unfolding of its leaves the second night of pageantry began, Prin-

A loud demand from the audience resulted in the El Governador and his lady tripping forward and executing the dainty Lira de Ora.

Hardly had they seated themselves when a quartette of dancers went through the steps of La Papita. Dancing this were Senoritas Soule and Davis, Senors Gallon and Van Deursen. The dance is an exceedingly pretty one and was danced in a manner that brought loud cries of enthusiasm from the audience.

Thus in splendor and gaily the Spanish nobility arrived



The Poppy Girls Were One of the Prettiest Features of the Show

cess Lena ascended her throne and her braves went through the quaint antics of their ceremonial dance.

As they resumed their seats around the Princess, the soft lights beamed upon a scene of remarkable beauty: the Spaniard had come into the valley.

To the soft, dreamy Spanish airs the beautifully costumed senors and señoritas came. Then with a sudden burst into the swinging air of a Spanish dance, the El Governador, W. M. Parker, with his handsomely dressed lady, Miss Rosa Aguirre, came from out the forest scenery. The court, all members of which were garbed in a most attractive way, paid their respects to the El Governador and his lady. Then they took their places besides the princess and her court.

Then came one of the real treats of the week. With a snapping of castanets and the tapping of tambourines, the members of the court went through the steps of the beautiful Estudiantina. Never has any more pleasing picture been seen here than was this as they stepped with a grace that could scarcely be excelled by even the most graceful of the courtiers. The sparkling draperies and the shining, picturesque costuming showed to excellent effect during this dance.

and presented one of the most pleasing stage pictures imaginable.

Other entrancing dances followed. Mrs. C. W. Monahan, garbed in a costume that was one of the most gorgeous seen that evening, danced in a manner that would have made the most graceful of Spanish court ladies envious.

Thirty prettily costumed young women then danced through the wooded back ground and executed the Orange Girls' Serenade. This feature was greeted with considerable enthusiasm, and the young misses were certainly deserving of it.

The big surprise of the evening was saved until the last, however. Dressed in the typical western costumes, an aggregation of cowboys and cowgirls pranced on the stage and executed a number of western stunts during the course of their dance that caused even the hardened aggregation of rough riders from the Midway to sit up and take notice.

"Montana Ana" was the tune to which they hopped about and later sang. As a climax Miss Carrie Bennett, whose horsemanship and ability to wield a lasso has been one of the talks of the Centennial, came dashing

upon the stage and flung the lasso about the entire bunch of cowboys and then dragged them from the stage.

The opening night's pageant was repeated to a considerable extent and the Cocopah Indians from the corral went through their dances and the monks and padres portrayed the arrival into this valley of the early Christians and the naming of the valley.

They were assisted by the Shubert Club of Redlands.

Those in the court are the following:

Signora Van Duersen, Eddy, Barrows, Eckhardt, Davies, Vail, Cooley, Gardner.

On Thursday night came another change of scene. Civilization was ushered in: The civilization that cultivates the soil and populates a country. Before one of the largest crowds of the week, the pioneers of the valley made their entrance. Nothing more unique or realistic was seen on the stage and the thousands who witnessed the pageant burst into cheers and thunderous applause



The Banjo Girls Made the Young Men's Hearts Beat Faster

Geuvenador, W. M. Parker.

Attendant to Geuvenador, E. A. Maginnis.

Geuvenadora, Miss Rose Aguirre.

Maid of Honor to Geuvenadora, Milada Bulena.

Claire Soule, Clara Rumsey, Florence Kemp, Pauline Stiles, Mae Meyer, Mayme Seely, Coyla Davis, Burdette Melone, Bessie Knapp, Hazel Cochran, Sylvia Sloan.

Eugene Wilkerson, C. H. Rowland, H. F. Gallon, Herbert Weir, W. S. Wood, Howard Guthrie, Fred Crowley, Elmer Lyman, Joseph Whitlock, John Dophine, Charles Bates, Frank Curtin.

Pages, Everett Swing and Maurice Wood.

Those in the Orange Girls' dance:

Lela Lunceford, Lillian Slawson, Ella Robinson, Mae Jolley, Irene Boynton, Mary Ahler, Jean Thompson, Cecil Wells, Norma Vogt, Florence Rudell, Nora Kelly, Addie McElvaine, Carolyn Maddox, Adell Nobes, Helen Williams, Helen Reeves, Irene Humphrey, Une Falkenstein, Anna Donohue, Pansy Hancock, Beatrice Peck, Louise Landen, Mabel Thor, Ethel Nish, Lois York, Lina Towne, Marguerite Holdzkom.

Dancers—Signoritas Eddy, Barrows, Eckhardt, Bailey, Wallen, Cromley, Katz.

as these old people who were so greatly responsible for the upbuilding of the valley arrived. Many of these old timers, some crippled with age, others yet hale and hearty clambered on the stage and went through some of the simple yet stirring scenes of early days.

Following close behind came the typical emigrant wagon and from this piled another load of pioneers who immediately proceeded to construct a camp which was realistic in the extreme. The fire was lighted, the kettles put over and the work of cooking the meal for the party started. The ladies then began to occupy themselves busily. One procured from the wagon a wash-tub and started in to do the washing, another knitted, a third churned, while others occupied themselves by taking care of the children.

They soon branched from the work into the pastimes of the pioneers and to the tunes of an old fiddler they went through the Virginia reel in a manner that would lead one to believe that they were in their teens instead of being septogenarians and octogenarians. Then to the music of a mouth organ Mother Crandall executed an Irish jig that brought forth bursts of applause from the spectators.

Old-time songs were sung and nearing the end of their interesting stunt Louis Stone and Charles Cluster, two men who have seen a century of life were introduced to the audience. They were both more than 100 years old. Then the pioneers passed off the stage and the thousands knew that one of the most interesting features of the pageant had been seen.

The earlier history as seen at the first two nights of the pageant were repeated. A new feature was added to the program of Spanish dances. This was the rendering of the song "La Paloma" by Mrs. J. S. Wood, and it proved one of the enjoyable features of the evening as was evidenced by the applause that greeted her. She

responded to the encore. The cowboys and cowgirls completed the program.

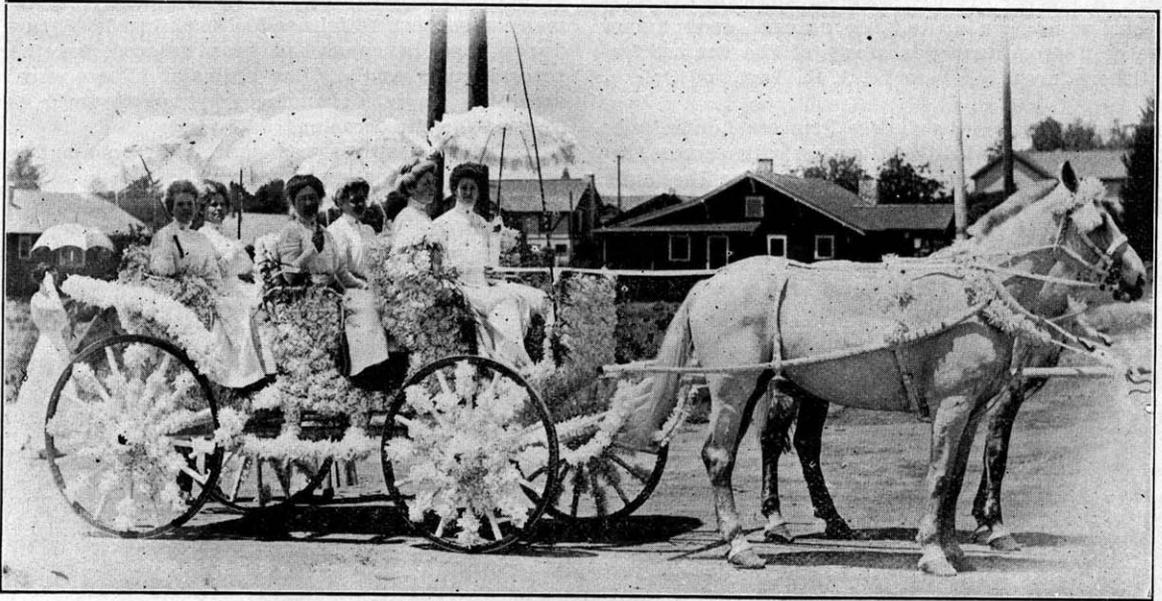
Following the presenting of the historic pantomime, the members of the Spanish court were the guests of the various attractions on the Corral.

One of the most brilliant features of the entire pageant and one that brought the history of this valley as portrayed by hundreds of persons at the Princess' wigwam down to the present date, was the dance of the Native Sons and Daughters Friday night. There has been nothing more charming, nothing more beautiful than the may pole dance executed by them.

The long tale, part fact, part fiction, had been slowly



Some of the Clever Poses of the Graceful Spanish Court



Rialto Ladies' Improvement Circle, First Prize

unwound during the course of the week and on Friday evening the story came to a close with the introduction of those now living, but who claim this as their native state. Their dance was a picture of beauty and won great applause from all sides.

A feature of the evening and a most impressive one was the climax of the dance; a beautiful rendition of the "Star Spangled Banner." During the evening another new feature was the recitation of an historic address by Mrs. Frank Keir.

The historical features from the coming of the Princess out of the century plant, through all the stages of history until the present time were again depicted and met with as great enthusiasm as ever.

Those participating in the Maypole dance were the following:

Miss Tillie Wolff, Miss Mary Post, Mrs. Elsie Hale, Miss Emma Easton, Miss Easton, Mrs. Ella Metzger, Mrs.

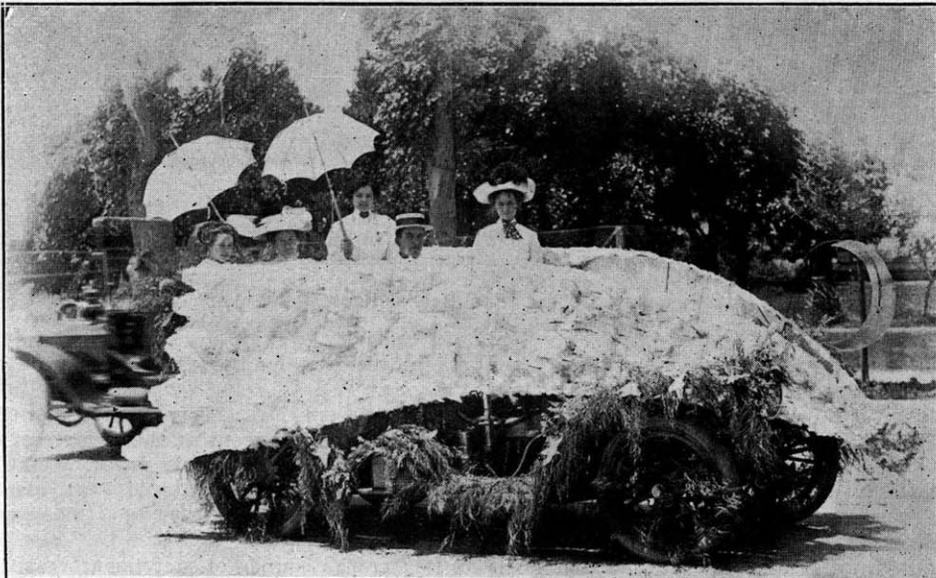
Gladys Boger, Mrs. Irene Hitchcock.

Messrs. Frank Keir, Jack Keir, William Guthrie, Therman Poppett, Carl Hanson, Howard Girard, Guy Bemis, Chester Easton, J. Mazo.

At the wigwam on the last night King Mirth reigned at the side of the charming Princess Lena. He took the scepter early in the evening and for several hours merriment and laughter held sway. Probably never in this city has there been anything on the order of the burlesque parade which took place across the wigwam stage and was reviewed by the Princess and her court.

The jollity of the wigwam was well in keeping with the spirit that seemed to pervade the atmosphere in every portion of the city.

The throngs which gathered in the streets and on the grand stand were the largest of the week, and every moment was one of mirth up to the time of the opening of the pageant proper. The burlesque performance pre-



Grover Cooley's Comet, Awarded First Prize in Floral Parade

ceded the opening of the historic pageant. Major O. P. Sloat was to a great extent responsible for the features of the burlesque parade, and his natural good humor could be seen prominently in many of the funniest features. Others in charge were Dr. J. G. Ham and Opie L. Warner.

Leading the parade was dainty Princess Louisa, who with "her" 310 pounds drove majestically across the stage in a pony cart drawn by two diminutive Shetlands. The "Princess" was larger than both of the horses put together, and the sight was one that provoked no small

But the act "de la superb" was the burlesque stock parade. Out from their recesses behind the woodshed, many unsuspecting felines had been lured. Almost every dog without a home had been secured, together with several goats and similar animals. These were driven across the stage by a number of youngsters who had been secured for the occasion.

All of the features were quite ridiculous and kept the mirth of the onlookers at top notch.

A most interesting and unexpected feature of the evening was the visit of the queens of former festivals held



Fourth Street School, San Bernardino High School

amount of laughter. "Princess Louise," the only real Indian princess in captivity, was none other than Louis Larsen. "She" tripped as lightly as "her" 300 pounds would allow, and showed how the valley should have been discovered.

Following the "Princess" was a crowd of young men from the Third battalion clad in war paint and feathers, who went through some Indian tactics that were nothing if not blood curdling. Around the native bonfires, made by burning red fire, they danced and howled and made sufficient noise to keep everybody within a mile or two awake.

in this city. They were presented to the Princess and were received by her and given seats of honor on the throne.

They were Mrs. Mary Stephenson Young and Miss Jessie Weimer, queens at the two street carnivals in this city, Miss Lola Sargeant, queen at the Festival of the Arrowhead and Miss Mildred Hott, also of this festival, held in this city two years ago. They were presented by Major O. P. Sloat.

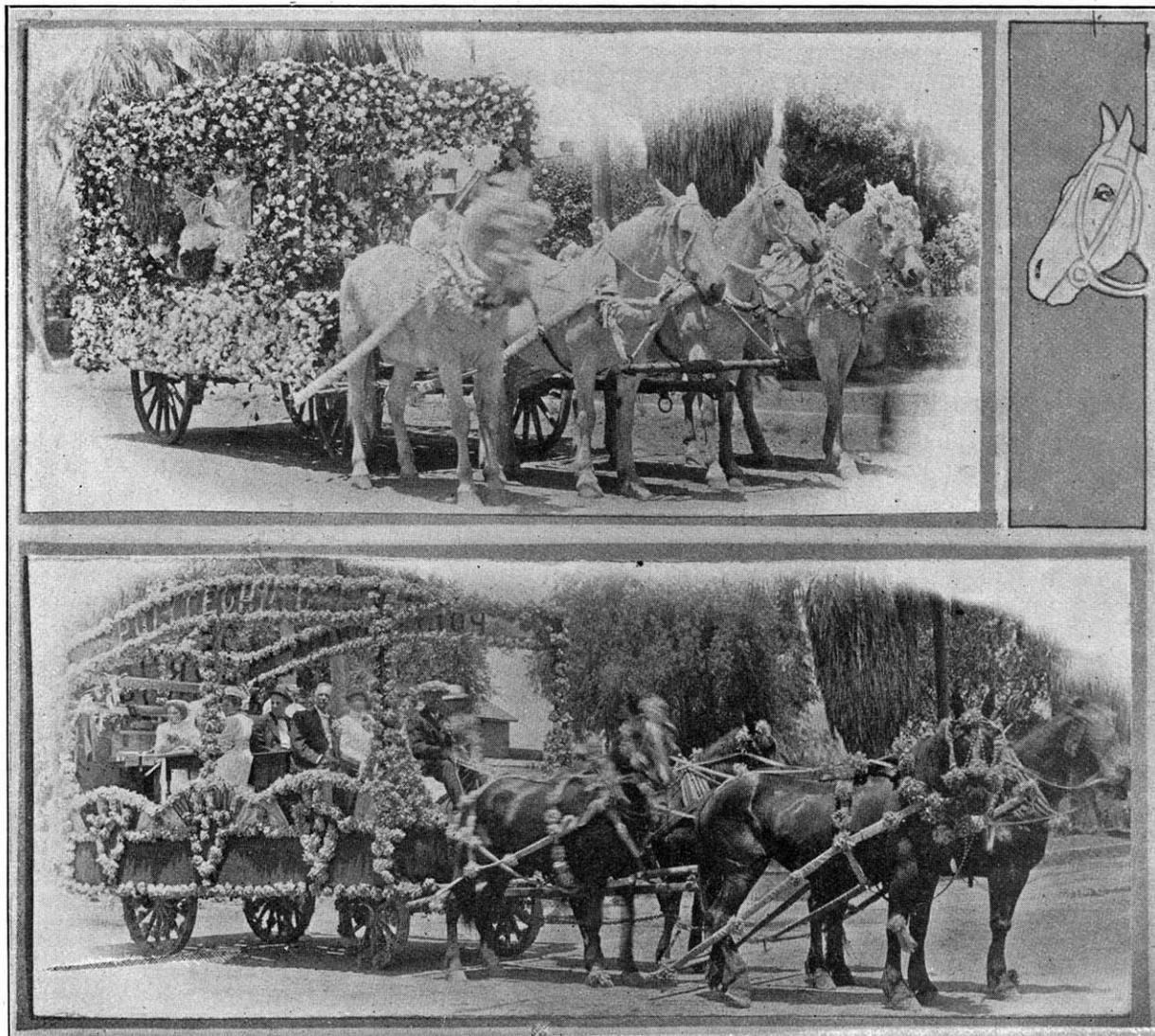
After the sounds of merriment ceased one by one the brilliant lights, signifying the blossoms of the century plant, died slowly away. The big plant seemed to breath

a sigh; then wrapped its arms about the body of the Princess, and the reign of the Princess Lena came to an end. It was with sorrow that the thousands on the grand stand and in the streets saw the last light flicker, and it was with a unanimous sigh that the last bow of the vanishing Princess was received. Even as the mythical princess had vanished, so the Princess Lena, who for nearly a week had reigned over a kingdom of cheerfulness, became merely a remembrance.

was a surprise even to those who had the parade in charge and on every side were heard the highest compliments.

The parade formed on Arrowhead avenue near Tenth street, moving down Arrowhead avenue to Third, thence south to Third street, west on Third to G, north on G to Fourth, east on Fourth to D, north on D, where they disbanded.

As the parade passed along the streets, almost every foot of the curbing being occupied by the sightseers, cheer



Polytechnic High School, School of 20 Years Ago

The entire pageant from beginning to end had been reviewed and the entire history of the valley had for the last time been depicted in pantomime.

#### WEDNESDAY'S HAPPENINGS

Each day brought forth some new and more unique and more beautiful event than the previous one.

On Wednesday morning one of the most magnificent pageants ever witnessed in this city took place in the shape of the floral parade.

The transition of a wilderness to a vale of beauty was exemplified in a most striking and pleasing manner when the floral parade was reviewed by thousands of appreciative persons gathered to witness the beautifully decorated vehicles as they wended their way through the streets of the city. The number and beauty of the entries

after cheer went up, the different floats being applauded by their friends and by the crowd in general. Particular commendation was rendered for the floats from the surrounding towns, which by entering them, have shown that the Centennial is not merely a local affair, but one in which the entire valley is interested.

#### THE PARADE

Grand Marshal John Poppett led the parade on a beautiful bay horse bearing around its neck a huge wreath of sweet peas and following close behind him was a platoon of the city police mounted on horses. The aides of Grand Marshal Poppett were distributed along the entire line, giving a military aspect to the parade.

The Escondido band, heading a marching section of Escondido boosters, arrived on a special train and came

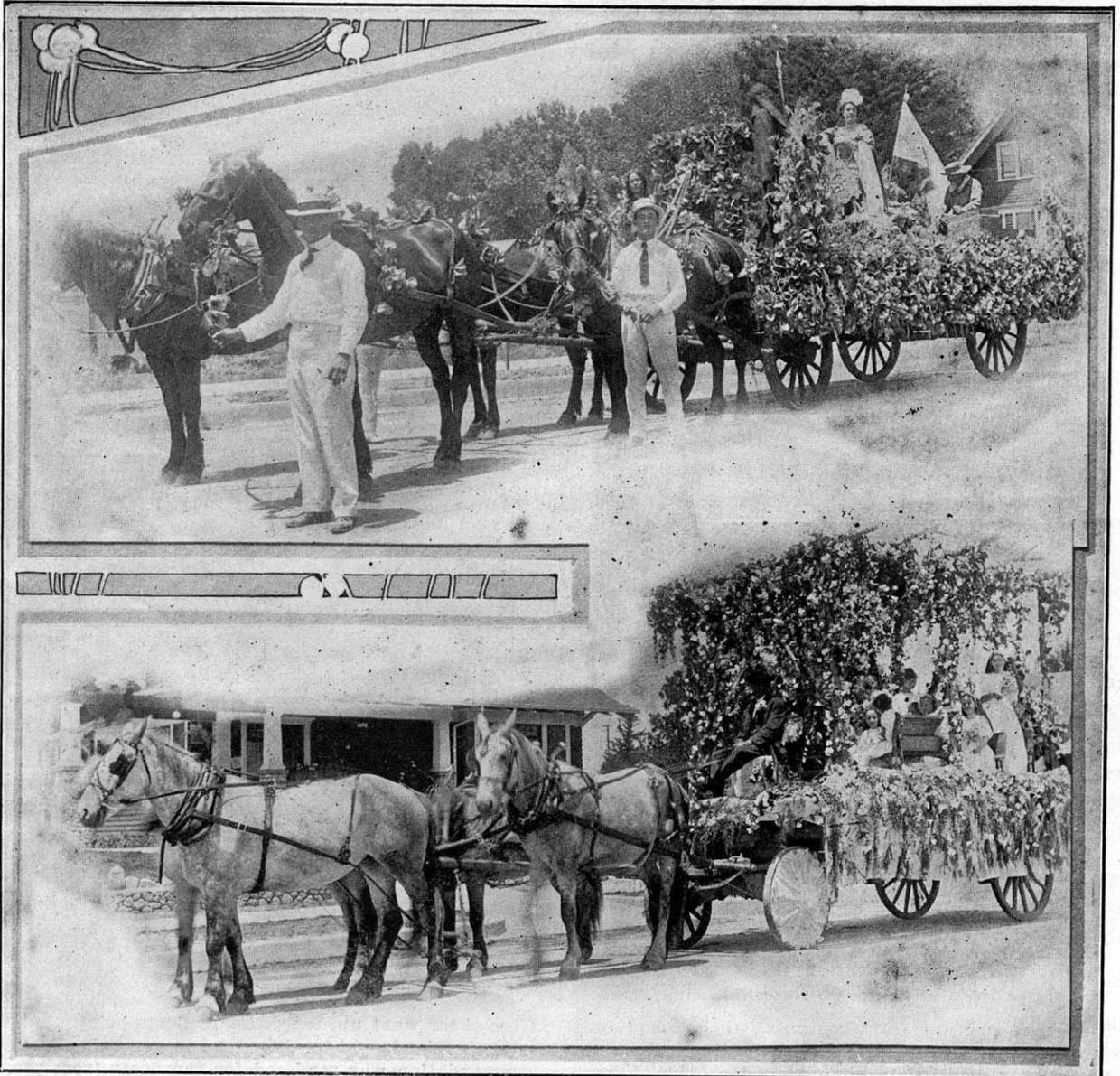
directly after the police. Then came the Indian band from the Ft. Mojave Indian school, followed by the officers of the Grand Army, Spanish War Veterans and Seventh Regiment, all mounted on beautiful chargers behind which was the Municipal band. Next came the Cocopah Indians from the Corral on foot gaily decked in bright colors and with their faces painted in true Indian style.

R. E. Swing, president of the men's general committee, and Mrs. E. D. Roberts, president of the women's

In the first was Miss Maude Cooley, Secretary of the Woman's Department; Mrs. F. B. Daley, chairman of the Capella committee; Mrs. Thomas Hadden, vice-president of the woman's department and Miss Eudora Allen, chairman of school floats.

The second was occupied by Mrs. W. H. Stiles, Mrs. J. S. Wood, Mrs. F. H. Magoffin, Mrs. R. C. Harbinson, Mrs. C. A. Lothrop and Mrs. E. H. Lyman. Their carriage was decorated in Spanish colors and the national colors.

Another was occupied by Mrs. A. L. Mespelt, Mrs. A.



Native Daughters of the Golden West Schools of 40 Years Ago

committee, occupied a carriage in which was placed the beautiful bouquet of red carnations which were afterwards presented by Miss Bennett for Mrs. E. D. Roberts and Mrs. Thomas Hadden to Princess Lena at the wigwam. Following came a carriage bearing the Centennial officers: Director-General Leonard, Vice-President Jos. Ingersoll, Treasurer S. H. Carson, and Chairman of the Finance Committee, George M. Cooley, behind which were three carriages filled with chairmen of the various committees and a tally-ho bearing the mayor and councilmen and members of the water commission.

M. Ham, Mrs. A. E. Perris, Mrs. S. H. Carson and Mrs. W. H. Hoagland, all members of the woman's executive committee.

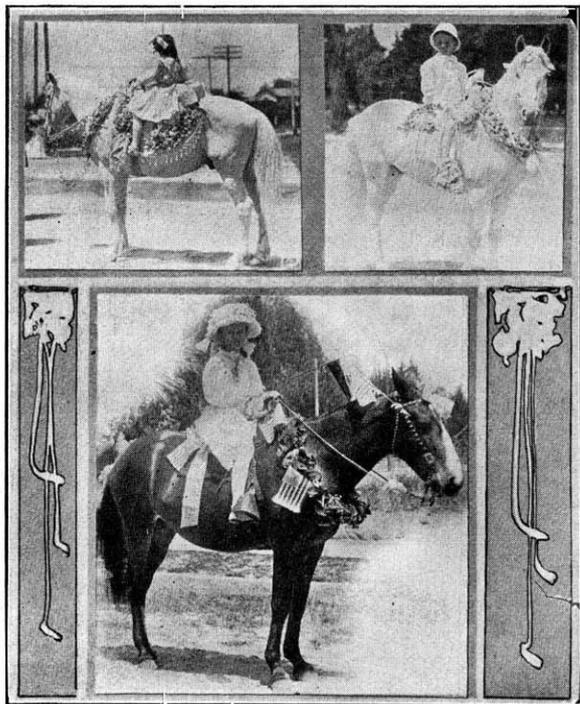
In a tally-ho following were the following city officials: Mayor W. S. McNabb, Councilmen Thomas Holmes, Frank Oweger, W. E. Irving, J. C. Cole, President A. G. Kendall of the water commission, F. T. Perris and M. D. Katy and L. R. Lothrop, street superintendent.

The individual exhibits headed by a section of cow-girls on horseback comprised the Fire Department float, Knights of Columbus float, Pioneers' float, Native Daugh-

ters' float, Knights and Ladies of Security float, the Catalina band, horseback riders, Ladies of the Maccabees float, the school floats, Arrowhead float, the decorated carriages and automobiles.

**BEAUTIFUL FLOATS**

Probably no handsomer floats were ever seen in any parade held in this city. Dozens of gorgeously decorated floats filed through the streets and brought applause



Juvenile Floral Parade.

- Miss Julia Serre, First Prize
- Master Lewis Haskel, First Prize
- Miss Grace Tilton, First Prize

and gasps of admiration from the throngs which had gathered three and four abreast along the parade lines.

The floats could well be termed a dazzling array of tastefully blended color, which to the onlooker presented an appearance most pleasing to the eye.

Hundreds of pretty young women, gaily dressed in the handsomest of costumes adorned these. No trouble or pains had been spared in getting them together.

The schools of the city had a most unique idea represented in their floats. The various schools each had a float representing the progress of schools from the early times to the present day.

**SCHOOL FLOATS**

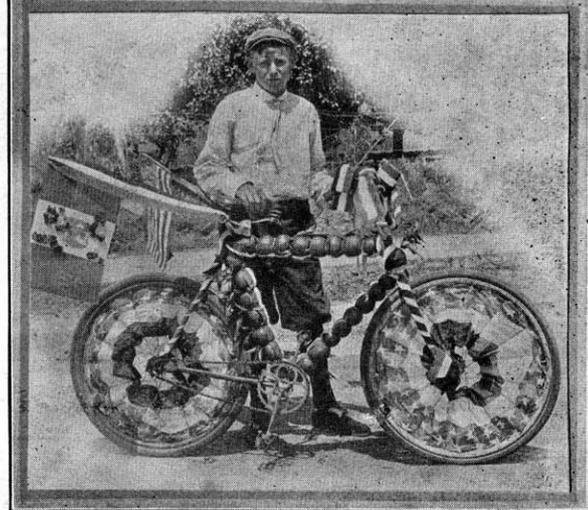
The first of the school floats represented the first school in the history of the city. It was indeed a beautifully arranged affair, representing an arbor of morning glories of various hues twined gracefully in a trellis work fence tastefully trimmed in white ribbons.

Beneath the arbor had been arranged old-fashioned benches such as were used in the early days.

A feature of the float was the fact that several of the school teachers of the early days were seated on it. These were: R. J. Curtis, W. J. Curtis, and Judge Goodcell. Others riding on the float were the Misses Dorothy Bryson, Ethel Sherlock, Elsie Sherlock, Stella Owenby, Ruth Smith, Irma Aldridge, Edna Preston, Blanch Preston and Norma Normile.

The next school float was one representing more recent date, that of 20 years ago. This was a very attractive affair, with a number of pretty little girls taking the part of Cupids with purple and pink wings. The float was decorated with pink paper roses and greenery. Those riding on it were Misses Katheleen Misner, Helen Brooks, Mildred Robidoux, Dorothy Reusch and Irene Hitchcock. Miss Winnifred Smith of the local schools also rode on the float.

The children of the Fourth street school also represented an early period. Their float had been handsomely decorated with imitation grapes on a white and green background. The purple coloring on the white background gave a very attractive effect. The school children were costumed as Indians and sat around a typical Indian camp where a wigwam had been pitched. Over the



First Prize, Adolphine Lawrence  
Marguerite Robertson,  
Arthur Lawrence,  
Eddie Brown, Prize Winning Bicycle

driver's seat a miniature grape arbor had been erected, from which a mission bell dangled.

Those on the float were Burk Johnson, Arthur Quirk, John Williams and Willie Bolling, all dressed as Indians.

Rene Wagner represented a monk and the Misses Marcellina Ybiana and Lorenza Escobia were in Spanish costume.

The Polytechnic float was representative of the various courses taught in that variety of school. Several attractive young women were engaged in typewriting, sewing, taking shorthand and cooking, while a number of boys were shown at the carpenter's bench. The young people on this float were Misses Florence Kemp, Helen

the members of the track team, tennis team and other athletic teams.

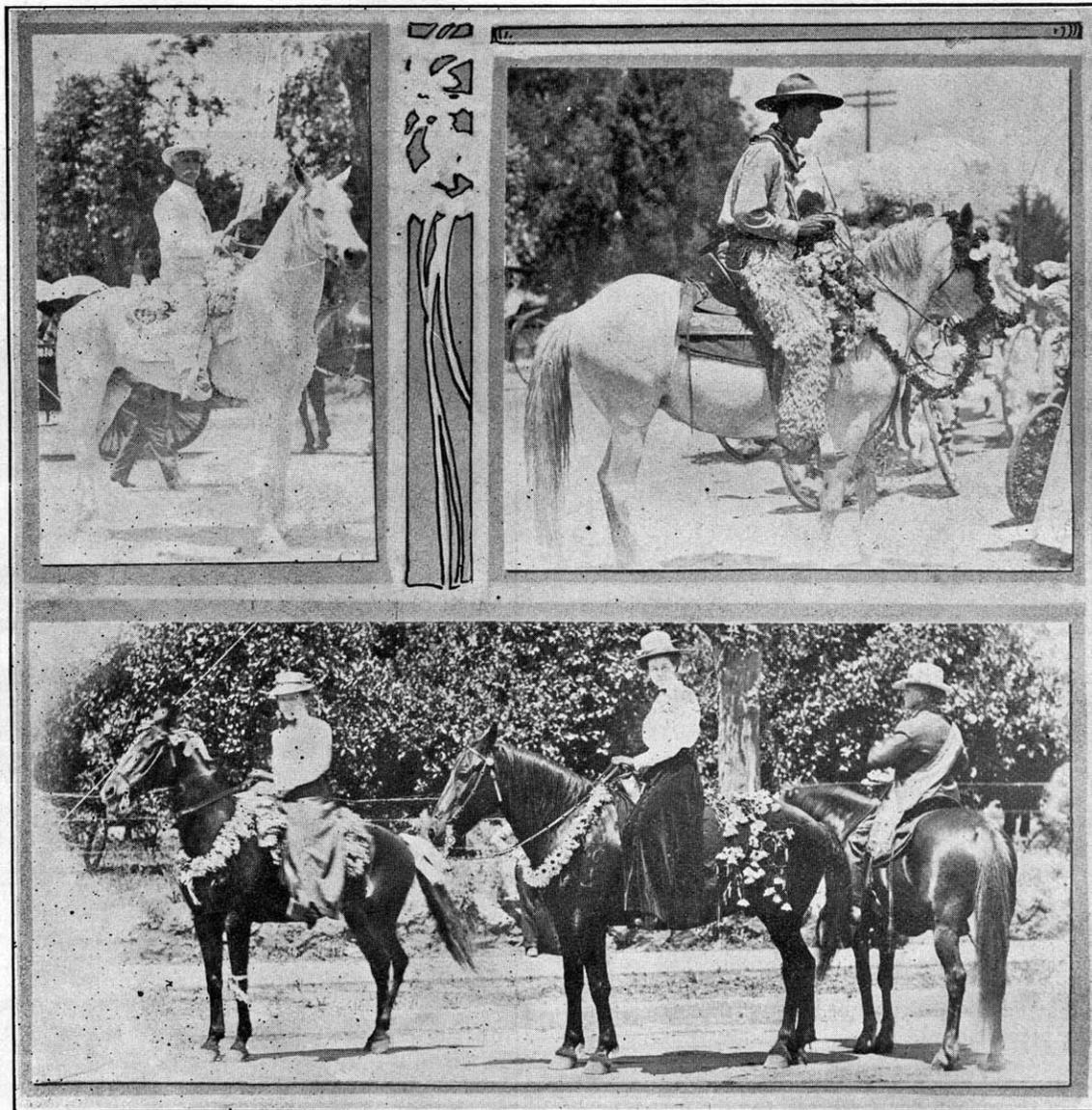
Above them were grouped a number of the attractive young women who attend that school.

Among those on the float were the following:

Misses Helen Reeves, Ida Lecren, Genevieve Thompson, Helen Williams, Lucile Marshall, Vida Samson, Clara Meyer, Vera McNabb, Lela Lankford, Mabel Wixom Genevieve Flag, Lucile Snyder.

Prof. N. A. Richardson,

Mr. C. C. Brown,



Decorated Horses Floral Parade

Mrs. G. Brazleton,

Mrs. M. G. Hale,

W. D. F. Allen,

Sloane, Grace Smith, Elizabeth Rosenberg, Alice Reed, Verrel Martin, Elizabeth Beamis, Hazel Byers, and Masters Frank Hunt, Claude Olewilder and Edward Sullivan. On the float also were Superintendent Beamer, Principal Wardrip, Miss Helen Sloane and Miss Florence Kemp.

The high school float was of pyramidal shape, and on it were a large number of the young people who are in attendance. On one side the baseball team was lined up in suit at the bottom of the pyramid, while on the other

Masters G. Morgan, J. McKee, H. Boone, G. Daley, L. Bellotone, R. Poole, F. Reives, C. Wise, C. Morgan, C. Williams, L. Huff, S. Hochstadt, H. Campbell, R. Nish, A. J. Hancock, W. James and H. Wood.

A most appropriate float was that of the Knights of Columbus.

A number of the lodge members dressed in the garb of monks were seated on the float, while others marched in the front, sides and rear. Those connected with this

float were Al Gabel, N. P. Geissel, L. C. Geissel, B. C. Sackstader, Frank Hunter, F. J. Knox, George Butler, S. J. Sullivan, J. Hennessy, M. J. Coughlin, W. Hewins, C. Peoples, J. J. Doyle, J. Freitas, Fred Rosenberg, T. Andendale, W. F. Cole, J. J. Naughton, and J. L. Gaertner.

The Knights and Ladies of Security had a prettily decorated float, representing their lodge emblem. A huge circle had been erected on which their motto, "Wisdom, Security and Protection," was painted. This float secured second prize.

Those on the float were Misses Edna Buie, Myrtle Aldridge, Carrie Stewart, Eva Garner and Mrs. Lester Godfrey and also C. C. Packer, Lester Godfrey, Frank Williams, J. B. Wagner, O. Mosby, L. Gregory, C. C. Parker, C. R. Verbaum, Ed. Greable and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mulligan.

**ARROWHEAD HOTEL**

Another attractive carriage was that of the Arrowhead hotel, occupied by a large number of the women guests of that resort. The coach in which they rode had been draped with painted arrowheads and other attractive decorations. Riding in the coach were Mesdames Seth Marshall, S. J. Schallert, C. H. Hamilton, Mrs. D. Hirsch, Mrs. E. J. Levy, M. C. Griffith, S. Meyer, E. J. Ling, E. J. Pflugst, J. Eigholz, C. Foster, B. G. Adams, C. H. Mearn and Misises B. Coulter, Anna Hirsch and L. Lacy.

**PIONEERS FLOAT**

The float of the Pioneer society was decorated with the flowers known to the early settlers who found this country in a rather wild state. Mustard blossoms, pepper branches and other varieties of greenery such as grew without the aid of a garden decorated the float. Several varieties of vegetable, signifying the gardening done by the early settlers, also aided in the decorations.

A feature of it was that an old gentleman 100 years old was a guest of the Pioneers and carried the Pioneer flag.

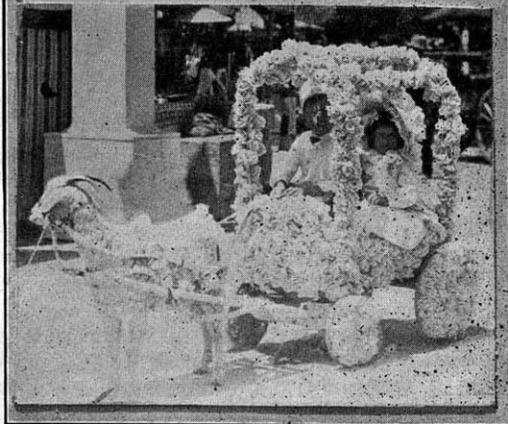
Those riding on the float were John Brown, Jr., W. F. Holcomb, George Miller, J. N. Corbett, Mesdames C. McIlvaine, Eva Case, T. Harrison, Nora Miller, Levina Hagan, A. Alexander, I. Crandall, S. Fabin and Joseph Brown. Also W. S. Tittle, H. Printz and Louis Stone, who was 100 years old last week.

A second feature of the Pioneer showing was a supply camp and wagon driven behind the regular float by J. E. Spencer.

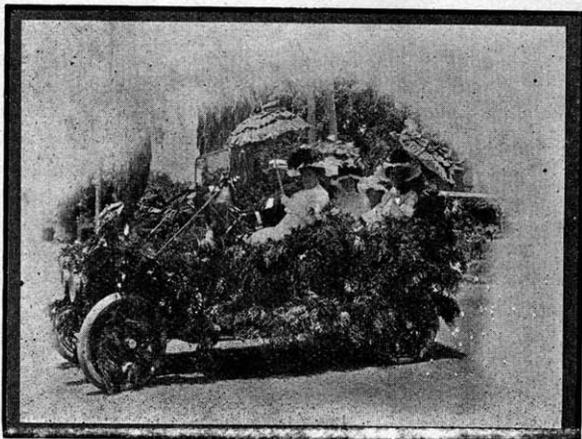
**NATIVE DAUGHTERS**

A representation of the Seal of State constituted the

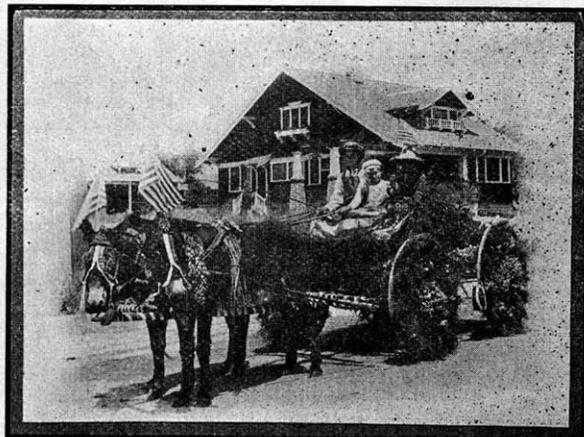
attractive float of the Native Daughters and made such a hit with the judges that it was awarded first prize. Miss Tillie Wolff formed the center of the picture garbed as Minerva while on the front portions were Miss May Weeks, dressed in Indian costume and W. A. Boren, garbed as a monk. In the rear was D. L. Woodward, manipulating a rocker such as was used by the miners in early days and Miss Lenora Hale. The decorations were paper California poppies.



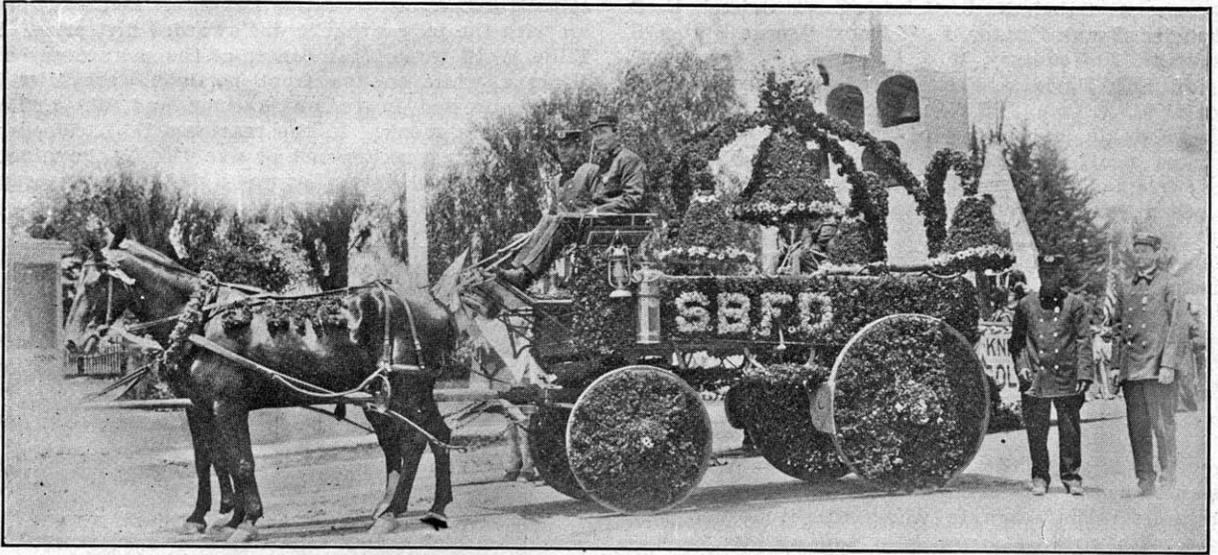
Miss Grace Holdzkom and Party  
Master Robert Hitchcock and Miss Drown



The H. M. Barton Machine in the Floral Parade.



Burro Team, First Prize, Ade Boys



San Bernardino Fire Department Hose Wagon Was Very Prettily Decorated

Marching at the head of the float were Frank Keir, J. R. Crandall, J. R. Mapstead and H. R. Girard.

#### MACCABEES

The Macabee float was handsomely decorated with banners of the lodge and was decorated in white and purple crepe paper and bunting. On the float were the Mrs. Scheeres, R. Henniger, J. P. Majors, R. Bilderaine, W. Schuster, J. Nish and Misses Katherine Bilderain, Margaret Fish, May McClure and Gertrude Nish, Verna Wilber, Sylvania Cadd, Stella Leffen and Edna Weeks.

H. M. Barton drove the prize winning automobile. With him rode Mrs. H. M. Barton, Mrs. W. R. Dowler, Mrs. T. W. Duckworth and Miss Edith Kellogg.

The car was decorated with Eucalyptus blossoms and from it streamers of yellow ribbon floated in the wind.

#### HIGHLAND AUTOMOBILE

Highland was represented by a gaily decorated automobile belonging to T. W. Frye in which were seated Miss Villa Nye, Miss Olive Hill, Miss Helen Frazer and Miss Blanche Wilkins. The young ladies were dressed in Scotch costumes and presented a pretty sight. The machine was driven by John Hozer.

The entire effect was one typically Scotch. On the sides of the car plaid cloth had been draped while all of those occupying it carried green umbrellas which harmonized with the Scotch colors. The idea was unique and made a picture that was not forgotten by those who saw the parade. Highlands certainly deserves much credit for the showing made.

#### REDLANDS ENTRY

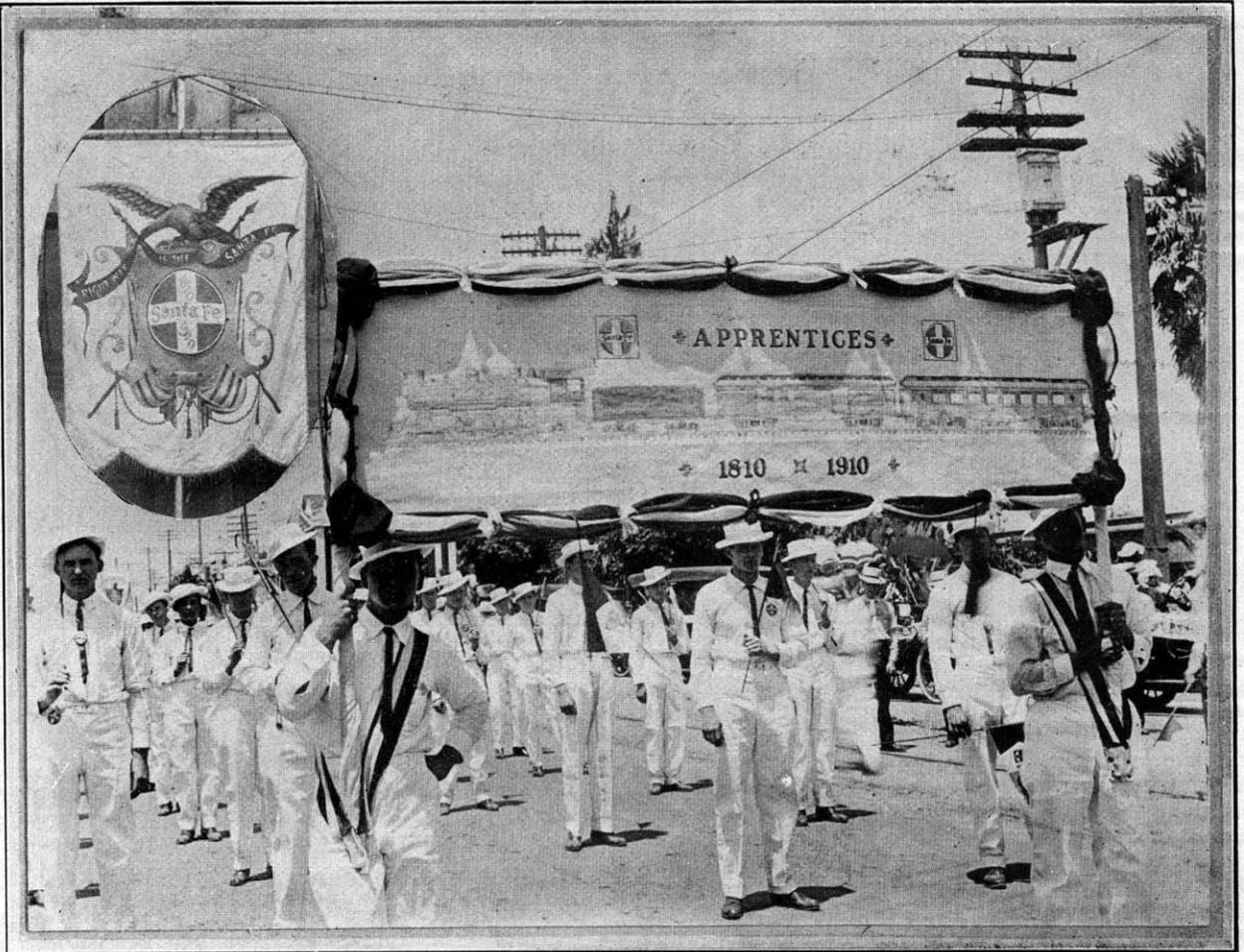
The entry from Redlands was based on historical relics peculiarly significant of the Centennial. The automobile was entered by Mrs. J. W. Davis in the tonneau stood J. H. Harley, representing St. Bernard de Sienna, after whom the valley is named. He bore aloft the banner of the saint obtained by Mrs. Davis on one of her visits to Europe. I. T. Harley represented a page. In addition to the banner bearing the sign of St. Bernard there was also the original shield and coat of arms of the patron saint.

This car attracted much attention, principally because of its appropriateness.

One of the prettiest entries in the parade was the automobile of George M. Cooley, driven by Damon Cooley



The Pioneers Made a Unique Showing



Santa Fe Apprentices

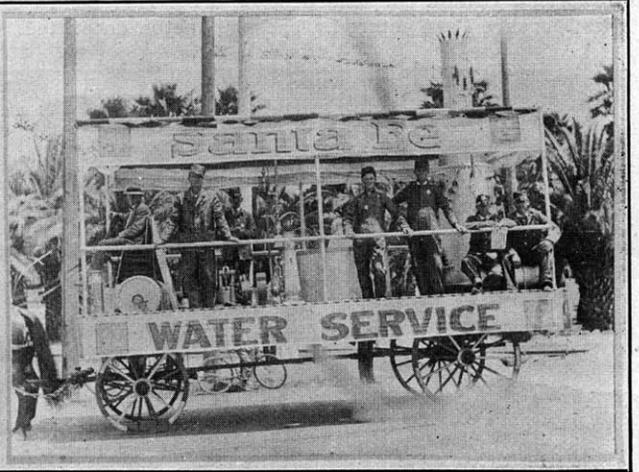
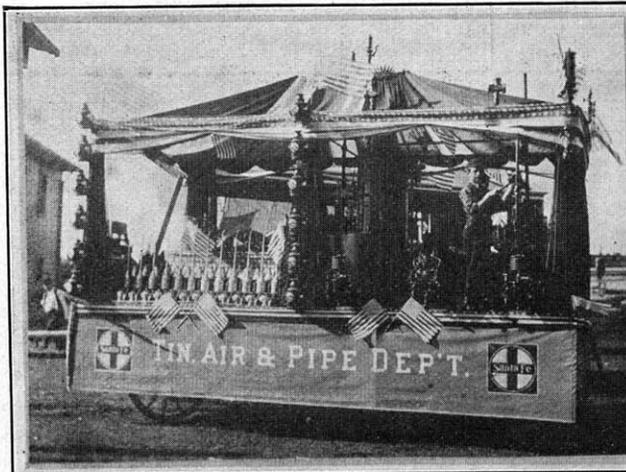
and occupied by Mrs. Ernest Martin, Mrs. George Cooley, Miss Caddie Barnes and Miss Bessie Barnes. It was a dazzlingly white affair with green trimmings underneath, and represented Halley's comet in a most realistic manner.

In a gaily decorated automobile entered by E. D. Roberts, rode Captain Jose, the Indian mascot of the Centennial, dressed as Uncle Sam, while in the tonneau were Merret Barton, Mable Thor, Maurice Wood, Harry

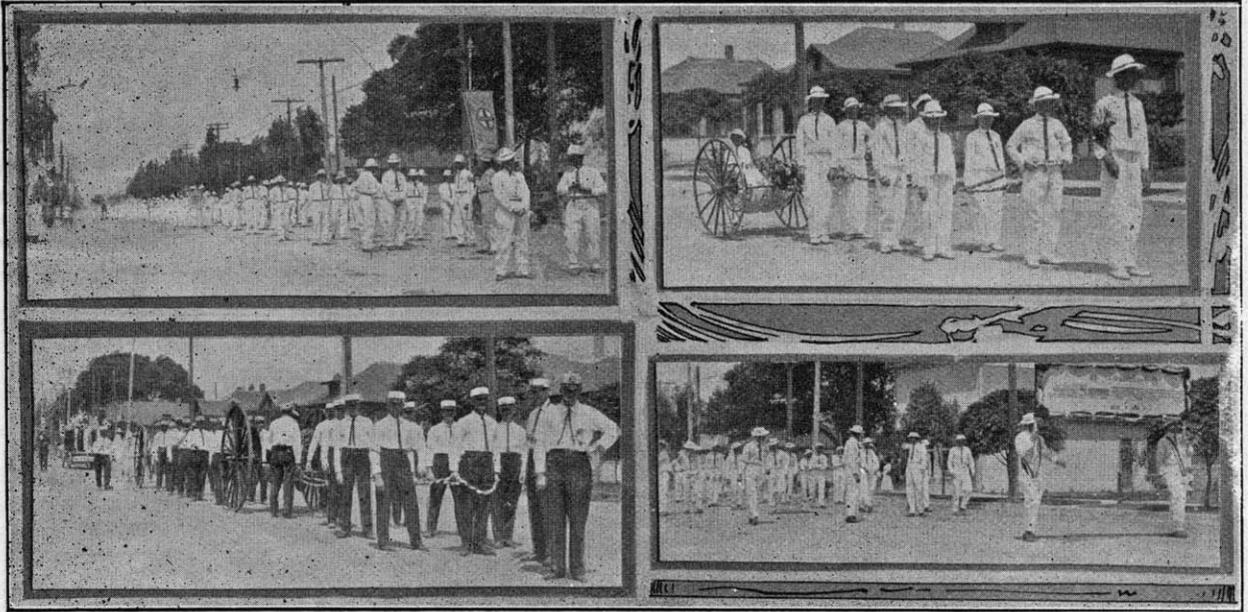
Prior and Everett Swing, each dressed as Indian children. Also Captain Joseph Lebode of Banning, an Indian who is 104 years old. The machine was decorated with Indian rugs and blankets.

**BEAUTIFUL CARRIAGES**

The carriages, tally-hos and other vehicles made a splendid picture, particularly that of Rialto, which had been beautifully decorated in lavender and white, and



Line Air and Pipe Water Service Departments



Santa Fe Fire Department and Shopmen in Open Order Marching

won first prize in its class. This color effect was carried out by the occupants of carriages who carried white parasols draped in lavender. Lavender chrysanthemums completely covered the sides and wheels of the buggy from sight and made a most pleasing effect. Those who occupied the wagon were Mesdames Kate Naughton, L. E. Newcomb, Everett Ivie, J. F. Martin, C. D. Phelps, Miss Callie Humphrey. They were costumed to represent women of the Colonial period.

Arthur Heap drove a little cart to which a white angora goat was hitched. The little wagon had been decorated in Centennial colors and the cute get up brought forth applause all along the parade line.

Another unique arrangement was that gotten up by Richard Ade, George Ade and Albert Ade, three brothers who had a burro team hitched to a cleverly decorated car. Wild flowers of various sorts were used in the decorating.

A prettily decorated phaeton was driven by Miss Florence Holdzkom and with her rode Misses Ruth Grey, Helen Strawser and Nellie Eikelman. They had donned kimonas and had decorated the carriage with yellow chrysanthemums. Yellow ribbons were twined about the reins and also on the wheels.

Miss Florence Ford entered a basket phaeton decorated

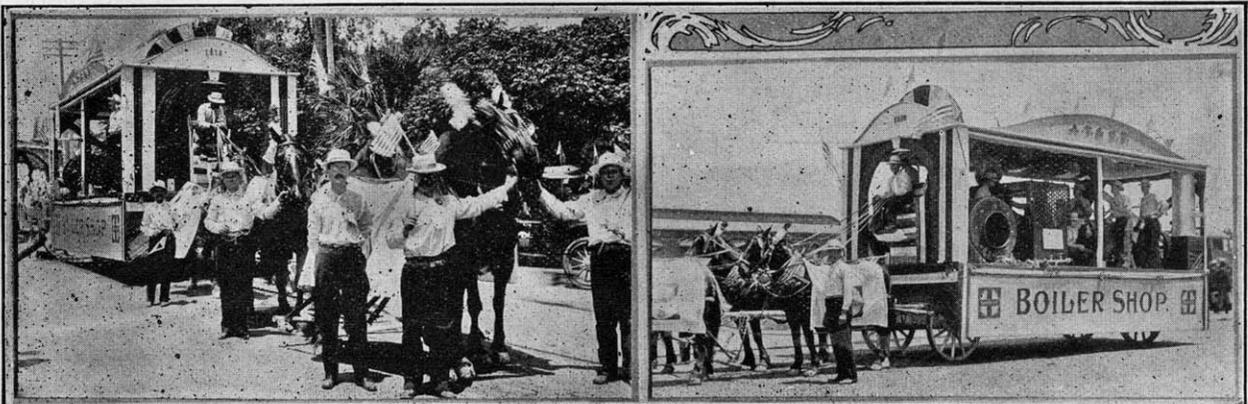
with red carnations and rose leaves. The effect was a very pretty one. Miss Amelia Lindner also occupied the carriage.

A team of dogs drawing a small cart was entered by Lester Nicholas. He had decorated the cart appropriately and the unique turn out caused considerable comment.

#### HORSEBACK RIDERS

The horseback riders were numerous and represented a very attractive appearance with their gay decorations. Noticeable among these were Lewis Haskell, a little boy from El Casco, mounted on a pure white pony and dressed in a snow white suit. The decorations were white carnations and sweet peas. Riding with him was little Miss Julia Ferre on a white horse. She was clad in a dainty pink dress and the horse was decorated with garlands of pink and white sweet peas.

Miss Grace Tilton rode a bay horse with floral decorations. She was dressed in white. Mrs. N. G. Hale and Mrs. Georgia Brazelton were riding beautiful bay horses decorated with Shasta daisies. C. C. Brown rode a white horse enlivened by garlands of red geraniums. Elmer Heap was mounted on a black horse gaily decorated. He wore a wig of flowing white locks and a false moustache.



Boiler Shop Floats

Mrs. Roy Clapp rode a sorrel horse decorated with La France roses and red begonvillias. A party of cowboys and cowgirls was composed of Miss Allie Kellogg, Miss Mable Webster, Bert Webster and Conrad Frye. Charles Miller in cowboy's chaps represented a typical cow-puncher of the west. Miss Clara Barton in pink and white rode her bay pony decorated in the same colors. Mrs. George Lombard was dressed in a unique costume, that of an Indian girl. The dress was of red with leggings. She was mounted on a sorrel pony, the saddle blanket and trimmings being of red.

Baxter's livery stable was represented by John Kerr mounted on a bay racer. The rider was dressed in a jockey costume.

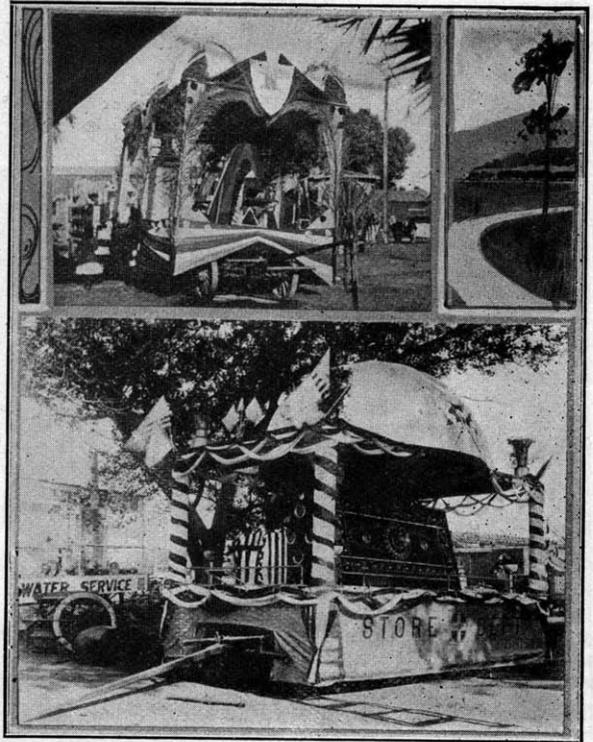
Mrs. H. Pitcher and Mrs. Harry Newman were Indian girls, their faces being painted in Indian colors and their hair adorned with huge feathers; their horses were decorated with garlands of red geraniums and the blossoms of the wild yucca. Stewart McGarvey rode a buckskin horse decorated with pink and blue. He carried in his hand a standard from which waved the stars and stripes. Mrs. W. W. Nichols was dressed in black, her horse being decorated with white and red flowers. Mrs. T. J. Swinney, on a bay horse, made a pretty rider. The horse was gaily and elaborately decorated with the blossoms of the magnolia and Shasta daisies. She wore a white riding costume.

Will Swing and his sister, Miss Anna Swing, rode horses decorated exactly alike, the decorations being a lace paper blanket of red, white and blue. Mrs. Frank Gazzolo was mounted on a pretty bay pony. Her costume was that of a cowgirl and the decorations were of Shasta daisies and yellow ribbons. Mrs. Hiram Clark of Santa Ana rode a handsome black horse elaborately decorated with purple and white ribbons. Mrs. L. E. Meyers on a bay horse was an attractive rider. She wore a black costume and her horse was decorated with yellow flowers. Mrs. T. Dobson was clad in black and white. Her horse was decorated similar to that of Mrs. Meyers.

One of the most striking riders was Miss Carrie Bennett, dressed in a cowgirl's costume. She is an expert with the lariat and as the parade progressed gave exhibitions of her skill with the rope by throwing the noose over the heads of the bystanders.

Dr. J. G. Ham, driving his father A. M. Ham's automobile, had as passengers Mrs. Ward Grow, Mrs. G. R. Owen, Baby Alexandra Grow, Little Miss Martha and Master George Dunton. The machine was decorated with gaily colored bunting.

The school exhibit, representing the schools of twenty

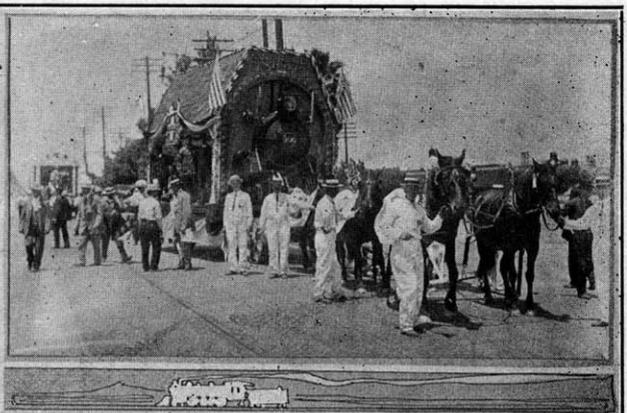
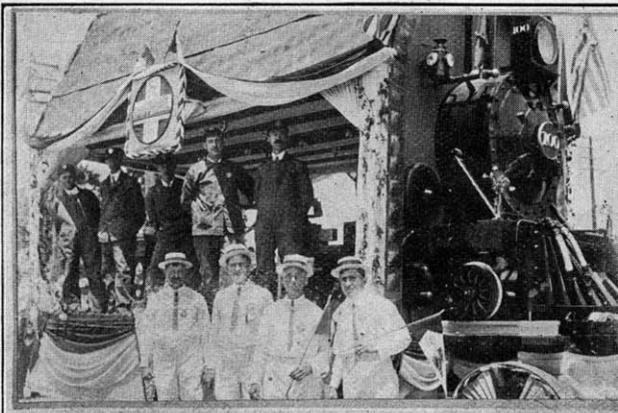


Machine Shop and Locomotive Departments

years ago, was headed by Prof. N. A. Richardson, clad in white from head to foot, and mounted on a white horse. He carried in his hand a banner representing the school. Others riding were Miss Frances Mapstead, Will Shay and F. W. Ward in Indian costume.

Several very unique ideas were among the parade features. Little Miss Margerite Robertson and Master Arthur Lauraine, the former dressed in her dainty orange colored gown and the latter in green were pushed in a prettily decorated miniature buggy in which the cunning pair rode, by Miss Adolphine Lauraine. They are both natives of San Bernardino and the side of the buggy bore a sign proclaiming the fact.

A little wagon decorated with a profusion of pink paper roses and occupied by Miss Drown and Master Robert Hitchcock was another pretty feature. This little conveyance was drawn by a small goat.



Blacksmith Shop and Store Department Floats

The prizes for the floral parade were awarded as follows:

**Best Decorated Automobile Driven by a Man**

H. M. Barton, first prize, \$20 cash; Pleasant Hour club of Highland, second prize, \$18 carving set; Damon Cooley, third prize, \$5.50 buggy robe.

**Best Decorated Double Rig**

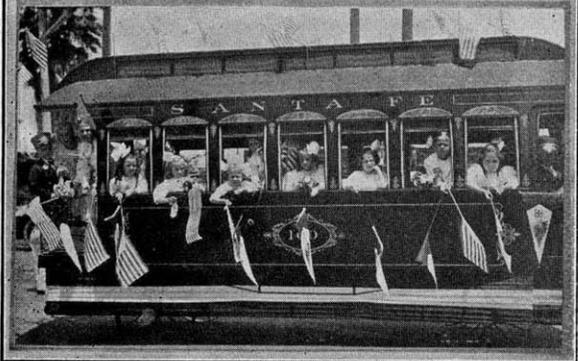
Fire department, first prize, \$20 cash; Pioneers, second prize, \$10 vase.

**Best Decorated Tally-ho**

Arrowhead hotel, first prize, \$25 cash.

**Best Decorated Bicycle**

Herbert Suverkrup, first prize, \$5 suitcase; Max Free-

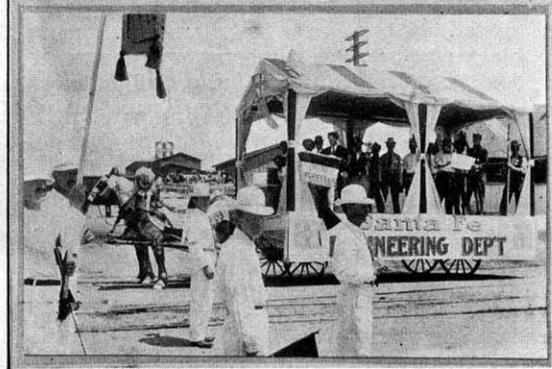
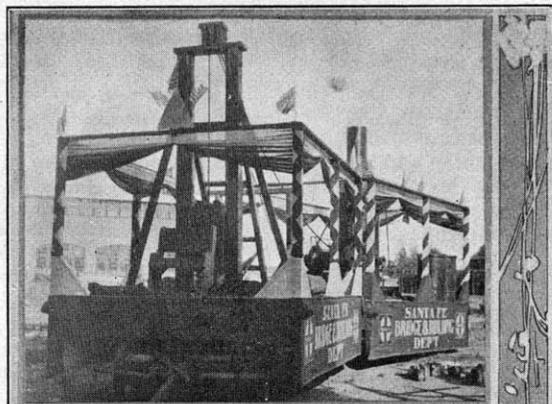


Locomotive and Observation Coach—Car Department

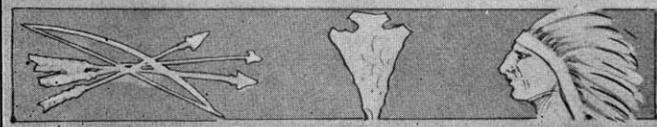
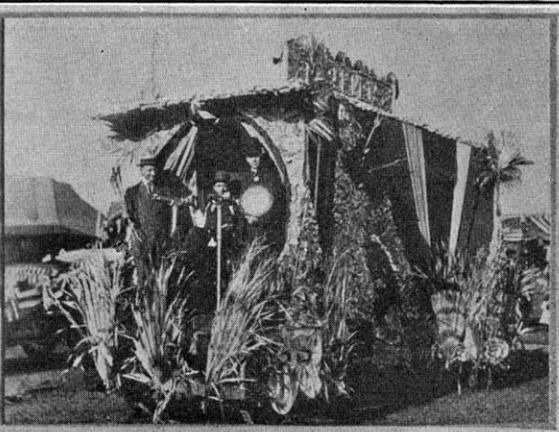
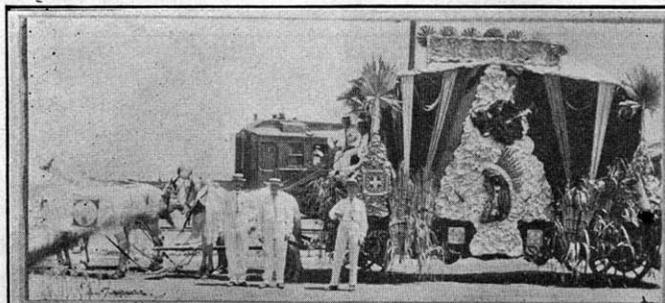
Among the best decorated bicycles was that of Eddie Brown decorated in red, white and blue, the frame covered with oranges, carrying a bear and United States flag with the dates 1810-1910 in flowers on the flags. Herbert Suverkrup also had a pretty wheel decorated with daisies, red geraniums, sweet peas and ferns.

**THE FIRE DEPARTMENT**

Trailing near the end of the parade but one of the prettiest pictures in it was the San Bernardino fire department. The hose wagon had been literally covered with geraniums. This won the first prize for the two horse float class. Bells of red geraniums adorned the wagon and other handsome decorations added to the beauty. Al Glatz was driver and on the wagon were A. D. Littleton, L. Dresser and Frank Starke, clad in the new uniforms and thus the pageant ended.



Bridge and Engineering Departments



Tool Room Float, One of the Prettiest



Signal Department, Safety Their watchword

man, second prize, \$3.50 solar lamp; Eddie Brown, third prize, \$2 bathing suit.

**Best Decorated Pony Cart**

Florence Ford, first prize, \$5 alligator writing portfolio.

**Best Decorated Donkey Cart**

Richard Ade, first prize, \$10 cash.

**Best Decorated Saddle Horse, Ridden by a Lady**

Mrs. Roy Clap, first prize, \$10 hat; Mrs. W. W. Nichols of Highland, second prize, \$7.50 parasol; Mrs. Thomas Dobson, third prize, \$5 pillow; Mrs. George Brazelton, fourth prize, \$3.50 box of stationery.

**Best Decorated Saddle Horse, Ridden by a Man**

C. C. Brown, \$6 box of cigars; Thurman Poppett, second prize, \$3.50 hat.

**Ridden by Girl Under 11 Years of Age**

Miss Julia Ferre, first prize, \$10 hat; Miss Clara Barton, second prize, \$10 kimona; Miss. Grace Tilton, third prize, \$3.50 pillow.

**Best Decorated Saddle Horse or Pony Ridden by Boy Under 18 Years of Age**

Lewis Haskell, first prize, \$5 cash; Donald Grow, second prize, \$5 pair of shoes.

**Best Decorated Float**

Native Daughters, first prize, \$20 cash; Knights and

Ladies of Security, second prize, \$10 cash; Ladies of the Maccabees, third prize.

**Best Decorated Allegorical Float, Representative of the Period 1810-1910**

Knights of Columbus, first prize, \$20 cash.

**Best Decorated Automobile Driven by a Lady**

Miss Mary Brummett, first prize, \$10 cash.

**Best Decorated Automobile Driven by a Man**

E. D. Roberts, first prize, \$10 cash; Dr. J. G. Ham, second prize, \$6 box of cigars.

**Best Decorated Double Rig**

Lavender carriage from Rialto, first prize, \$10 cash.

**Best Decorated Goat Cart**

Will Hitchcock, first prize, \$5 photograph; Arthur Heap, second prize, \$1 box of candy.

**Best Decorated Dog Team**

Lester Nichols, \$4 pair of shoes.

**Best Decorated Go-cart**

Native Sons and Daughters, \$8 hammock.

**Best Decorated Pony Cart Decorated With Artificial Flowers**

Grace Holdzkom, \$10 cut glass perfume bottle filled with perfume.

**Indians**

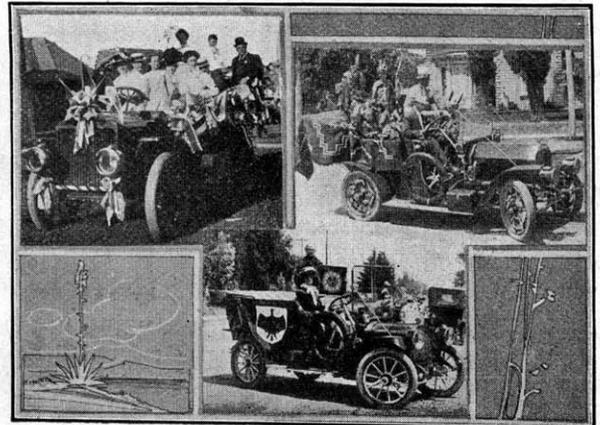
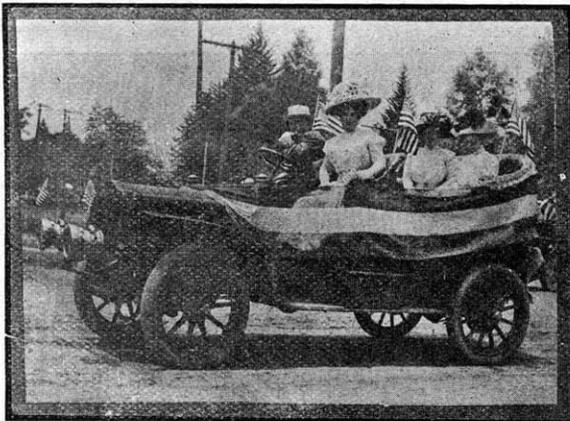
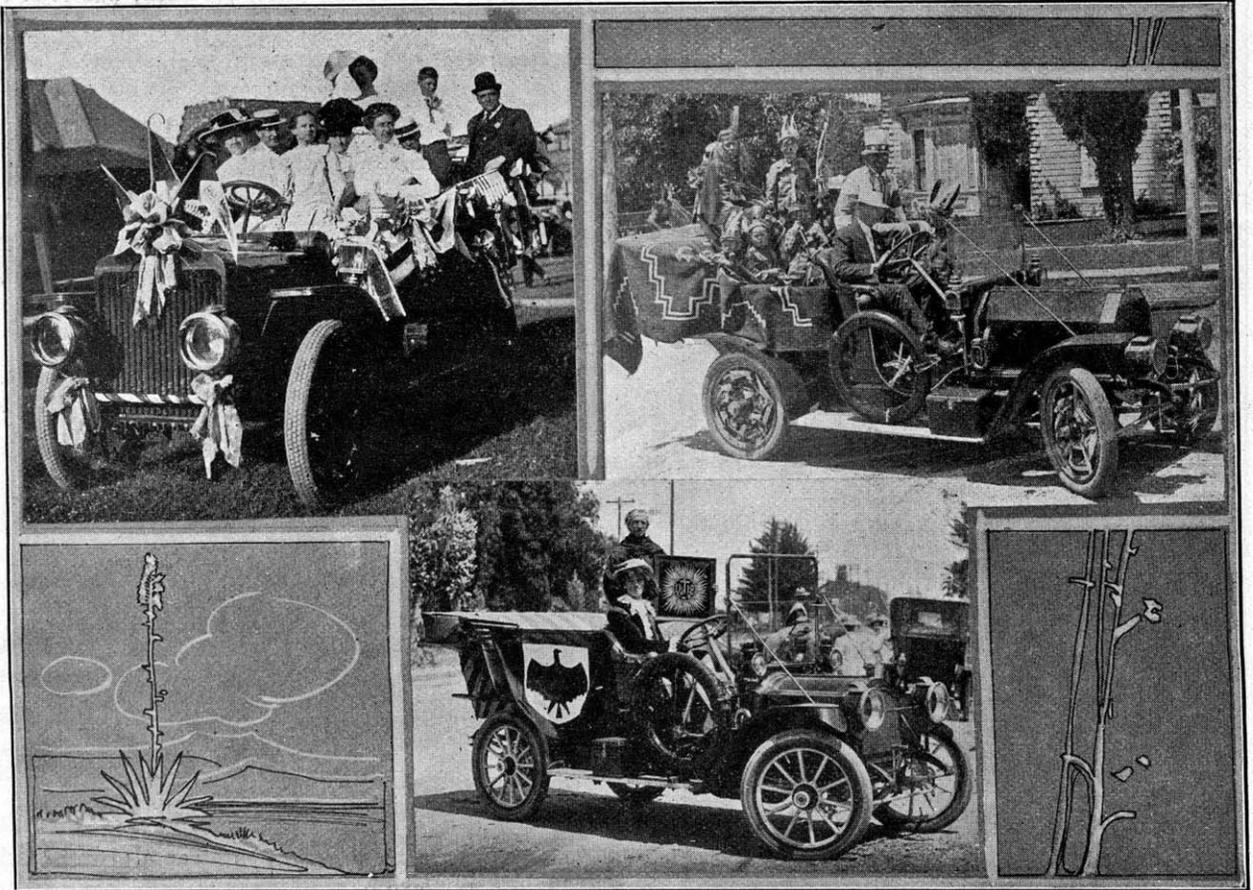
Cocopahs, first prize, \$6 box of cigars and \$5 box of candy.

The five school floats were each given a prize of a 20-pound box of raisins.

Six girls in Indian costume were each given a \$5 box of candy.



Cowboy and Cowboy Girl  
Miss Carrie Bennett. Mr. Charlie Miller



Some of the Automobile Floats in the Allegorical Parade.

#### THURSDAY'S OCCURENCES

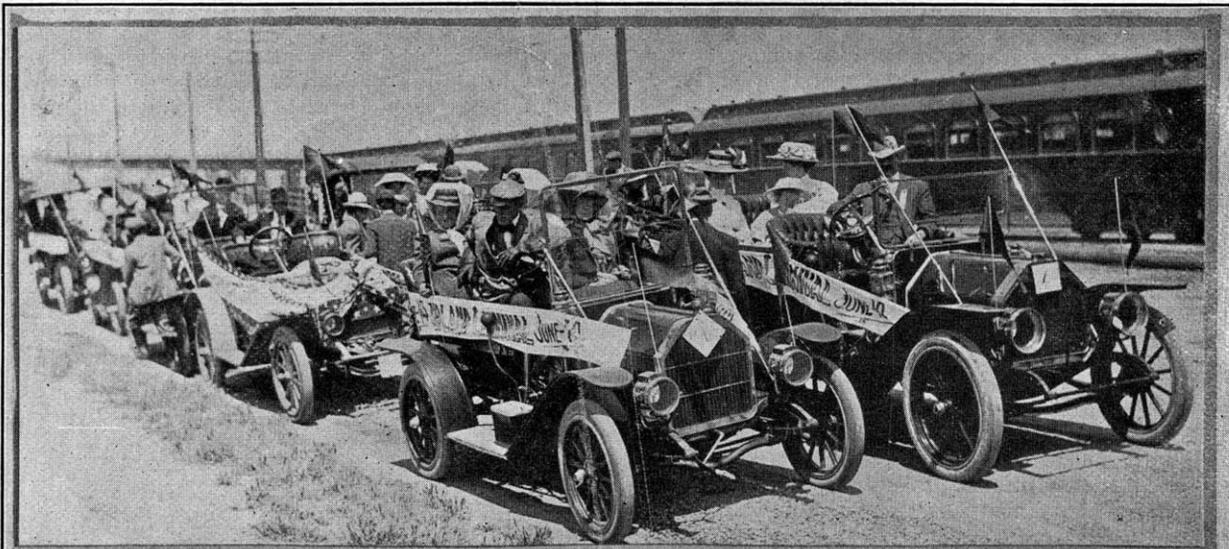
Thursday, the third day of the celebration was marked by the most stupendous event of the week: the Industrial parade. In all the history of the century, the anniversary of which San Bernardino has just now celebrated, there has never been anything born, created or produced that has won the recognition equal to the great industrial parade.

Thousands of substantial, representative professional, business and ranch men and their families from many places in Southern California stood for an hour and a half and watched the industries of San Bernardino depicted.

The great Santa Fe company impressed its importance on the multitude with its wonderful floats, thousands of neatly uniformed mechanics, clerks, trainmen and shopmen.

Even the homefolks were hardly prepared for the wonderful showing made in this single feature of the parade. The big industry's presence was brought home most forcibly in the brief words on a banner which bore the picture of a goose: "The goose that laid the Golden Egg. Annual Payroll, \$1,440,000,"

Hats off to the Santa Fe and the hundreds of other interests which helped to make this day, on the threshold of the door of the town's new century, a proud and long to be remembered one.



Upland Did Herself Proud In the Automobile Parade—Highland Distinctly Scotch

For weeks Chairman John Poppett and assistants, W. D. F. Allen and W. H. Baldrige, have been working incessantly to secure every entry possible, and that they left nothing undone that could be done was plainly evident this morning. Mr. Baldwin has been particularly active in this direction, as he had devoted his entire time to make the event a huge success in every way.

Highland, Colton, Upland, Rialto and the desert, as represented by Barstow, were all represented in a manner that speaks well for each and every community.

#### SANTA FE DISPLAY

Never in the history of this, or probably any other city in Southern California, has there been seen such a magnificent display of floats as was turned out by the Santa Fe for the Industrial parade. There was not one in the entire aggregation that was not worthy of more than mere praise, and it will be a long time before those who saw it will witness its equal.

The locomotive department had the prize winner.

Leading it were a long line of apprentices and the float itself loomed up the facsimile of a great factory with large numbers of men at work on it.

For artistic effect the store department certainly kept in the lead. A pyramid of green plush had been placed on the floor of the float and had been handsomely trimmed with glittering brass decorations taken from the shop department. Covering this was an immense imitation silver dome, and at each corner were beautifully decorated posts. The whole effect was charming.

The coach and shop department had probably the most unique display of the parade. An automobile had been covered with a framework, which was an exact duplicate of a railroad engine. Attached to this was a miniature Pullman car, with conductor, brakeman and porter. This was occupied by a number of children and presented a most realistic appearance. The conductor was Master Porter Brown, the brakeman Everett Lawrence and the porter William Johnson.

The signal department had a float representing a

typical signal station with warning signs, light signals, warning posts and other equipment erected on it. The working of these was demonstrated by a number of men on the float. This was under the direction of W. J. Metcalf.

A pile driver in action was demonstrated from the float of the bridge and building department. This was constructed on the float with considerable labor on the part of members of this department.

Riding on this float were W. F. Smith, J. N. Wilson, W. H. Owens, William Smith, H. Hews, H. Dirkson, L. Butler, H. Herst, Charles Wright and J. Coral.

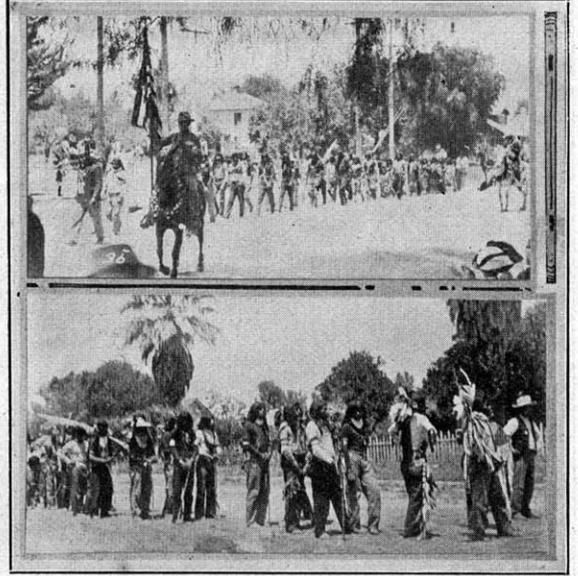
The track department had a display showing the progress of track building during the past century. This was depicted in two floats. The first one showed the methods used in 1810, a road track having been laid with the use of cheap wooden ties, coarse sand, etc. The 1910 display showed the system of fine rails surrounded by ground, stone and excellent ties as used at the present time. J. E. McKay and John Downey, track foremen, were in charge of the float.

An attractively arranged assortment of oil cans, lanterns and other articles adorned the float of the tin, air and pipe departments. The various articles used in these departments had been tastefully arranged and presented an attractive appearance. Fred Wood, C. Wernig, F. Harris, J. Tosetti, Eugene Hughes, William Allen, R. H. Franklin and John Green were on this float.

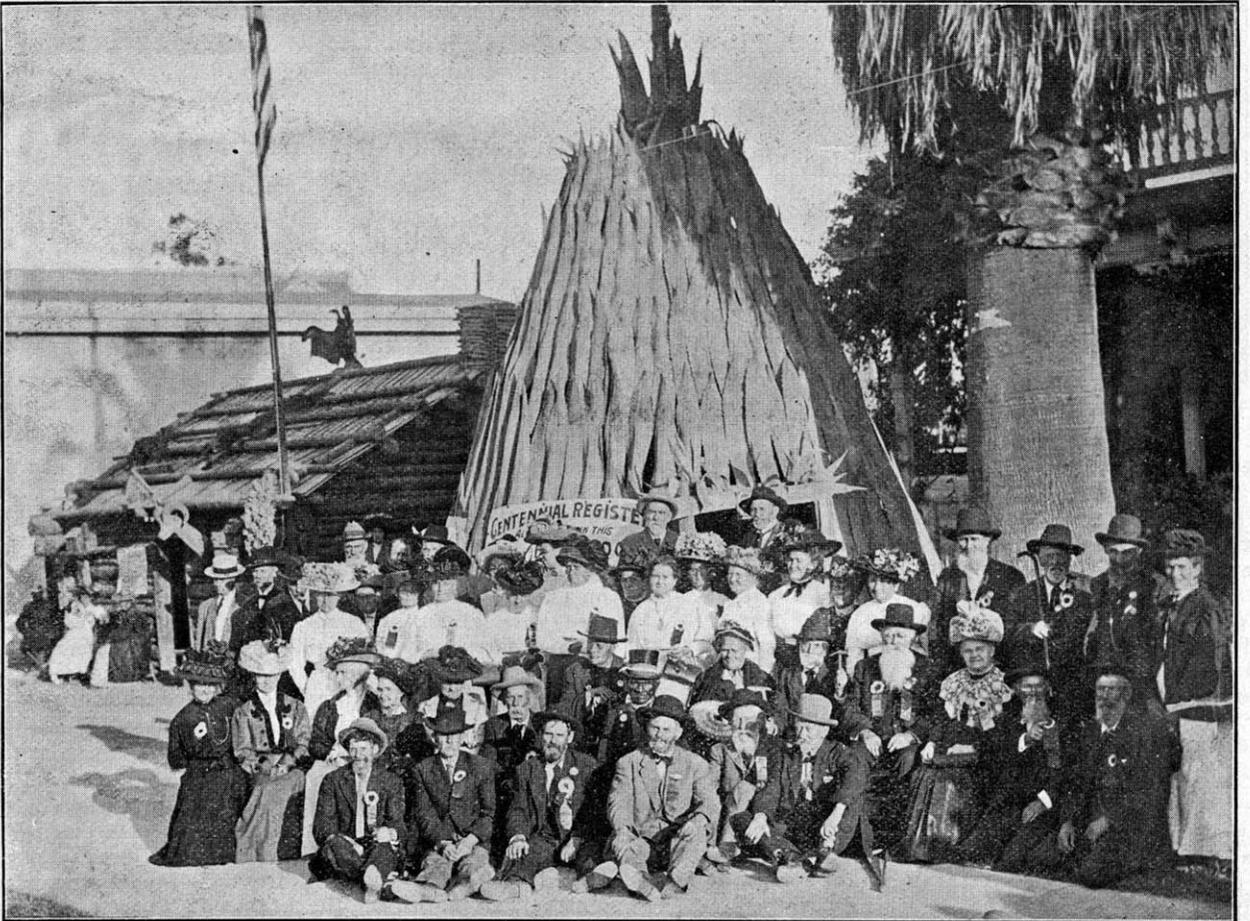
The boiler department had a float showing the boiler workers hard at it. Bolting and riveting work was being done. Foreman H. V. West was in charge, with his assistants, Mike Penrose, George Faulkenstein, S. Som-

mers, Jack Segswick, George White, John White, S. McCarty, J. F. Markham, J. Swanton. Z. D. Humphrey was the engineer in charge of the engines. Boiler-makers, as did the machinists, accompanied this float.

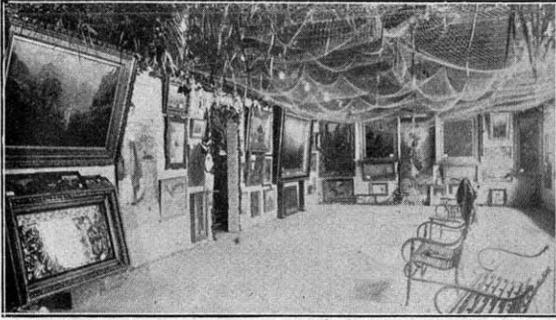
A miniature shop comprised the display of the machine



The Cocopah Indians Object to Cameras, but the Artist Caught Them enMarch



The Pioneers At Their Log Cabin and Century Plant Wickiup



A Glimpse of the Art Display.

department, and on this had been placed vises, work benches, gas engines and other machinery used in this department. In charge of the wagon were J. H. Scofield, L. S. Le Van, G. B. Beeny, H. Patterson, D. W. Shultz. The colors of the float were blue and white.

The water service department float depicted a water

pumping plant in full action. A small water gusher was running full force, and was a great novelty to many persons who had never before seen anything just like it.

The engineers' department had a float showing various phases in the life of the railroad surveyor. Various young men employed in this department were shown at the transit, chaining and doing other engineering work.

The blacksmith department had a float on which had been constructed a miniature blacksmith shop, with various employes hard at work as during their usual labors.

In tallyhos were the members of the transportation department and the station department. The transportation department had in their carriage 10,000 carnations to which were attached cards on which were stamped the emblem of the Santa Fe. They also presented to Princess Lena a handsome bouquet of dark red sweet peas as they passed the reviewing stand, and to Miss Rosa Aguirre, the Spanish governor's wife, they also presented a bouquet.



Colton Made a Fine Showing in the Industrial Parade.

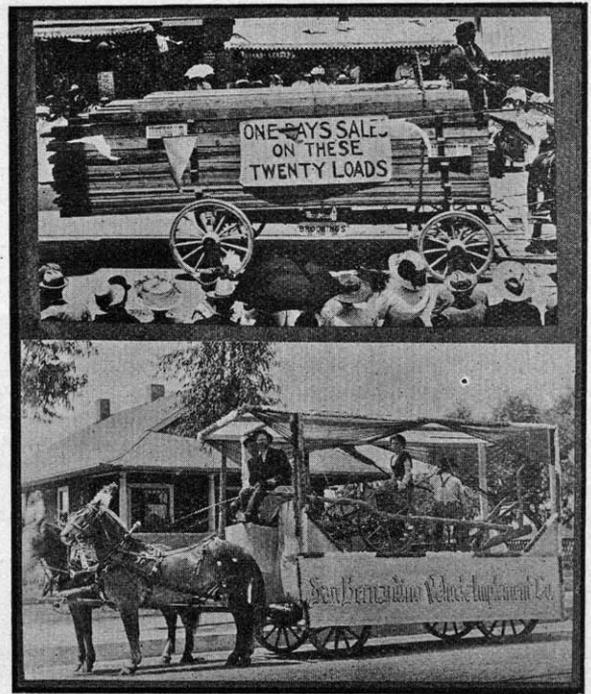
The tool department float was a marvel of clever workmanship. Tinsel paper in shades of gold, silver and other metals formed the color scheme for decorations. On one side an Indian head had been made of various tools, as was also the Santa Fe emblem, and other designs on the sides. In the rear was seated little Miss Helen Lightfoot in the garb of an Indian princess. Members of the tool department presented here with a handsome gold watch for acting as their mascot in the procession. She wore it during the parade. Other designs, such as the arrowhead had been made of tinsel paper and adorned the sides of this handsome float.

#### NEIGHBORING TOWNS

The cities in the vicinity of San Bernardino brought some of the most enthusiastic crowds of boosters with them that have ever invaded this city. Those in the immediate neighborhood were represented by some of the handsomest floats which appeared in the parade. Advertising methods both unique and attractive were used by many of these.

#### COLTON'S SHOW

Colto. was represented by three floats. The first of these represented the industries in general, and on it were prominently displayed the orange industry and the flour and cement works. On top of the pile of flour sacks, etc., was a portion of a wheel on which was inscribed "Colton the Hub." Four attractive young wo-



Industrial Parade Exhibits

men from that city were seated on the top and distributed oranges to the crowds along the street. Behind this was the float of the Globe Milling company, and was composed of well piled flour sacks. On the top was a whirling globe. The third float was that of the Colton Portland Cement Company and was representative of that industry. All three were well gotten up and were greatly appreciated by the thousands who witnessed the procession. Those on the first float were Misses Edna Percy, Anna Dohl, Vera Lewis and Eva Clusman. Each of the floats entered from that city were artistic and handsome in every respect.

The Colton Chamber of Commerce float was intended to be representative of the Hub City's principal industries and as such it was a great success. The bed of the float was square and the corners being formed with cornucopias filled with the golden citrus fruits. On the center of the sides appeared pictures of Mt. Slover, the site of the cement works, the frame for the pictures being formed with smaller cornucopias filled with flowers and fruit.

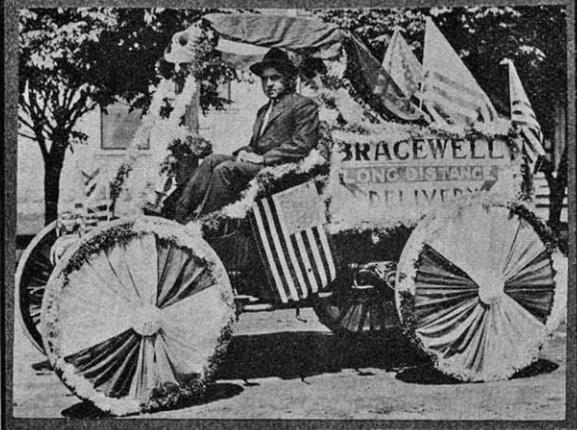
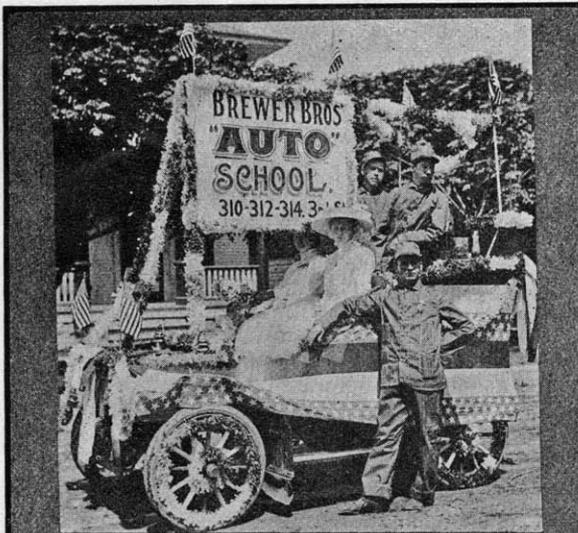
This float received third prize for citrus exhibits.

The California Portland Cement Company received a banner as did also the Globe Milling Company, both having excellent floats.

Covering the float of the cement company were sacks of cement and limestone rock. Banners announced that the firm's annual payroll is \$420,000 and that 1,000,000 barrels of cement are annually turned out. Four fine horses drew the display, the harness being wrapped in yellow and white. This float was awarded a banner.

#### RIALTO WELL REPRESENTED

Rialto with an attractive float representing the orange industry, captured first prize for the citrus section. A huge ballshaped framework had been covered with oranges and it had been otherwise prettily decorated. On the sides had been painted the words "The home of the princess," while an arch covered the top of the float bearing the name of the city represented. It was a



Decorated Machines in the Industrial Parade

magnificent float, the central feature being an immense orange, composed of 1500 pounds of Washington navals, for which Rialto is famed, 3000 oranges in all being used.

At the four corners of the float were clusters of grapefruit, to represent electroliers, the suggestion being very effectively carried out, and on the sides were lettered the information which a homeseeker is interested in, namely, that in 1909 Rialto shipped 1150 cars of fruit, which returned a profit amounting to \$1,027,675. On the rear of the float a map of the United States was shown, with Rialto as the only town on the map.

**HIGHLAND WAS PRESENT**

Highland had three floats, each of which was an excellent example of artistic work. They represented three periods in the development of that city. The first represented the early days and showed sage brush, wild animals and other signs of the absence of civilization. The next showed orange groves in their early stage, while the third was representative of the orange industry. On the sides of this float oranges had been so arranged as to form an arrowhead. They were all exceedingly attractive.

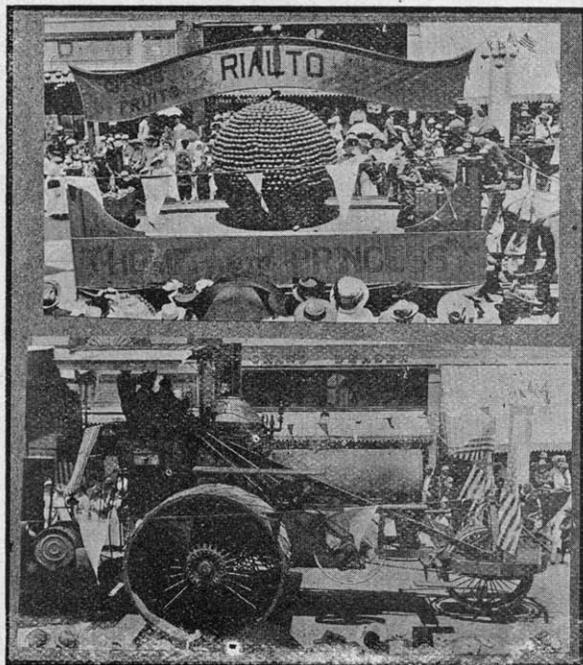
From these floats were distributed imitation \$1,000 bills on which had been printed cleverly worded advertising for Highlands. West Highlands, East Highlands and Del Rosa. Two automobiles containing residents of that city followed the floats, while preceding them in another automobile was the Highland quartette, composed of Messrs. E. F. Evans, W. S. Wood and Dr. F. G. Wishard, dressed in the Highland costume of kilts and plaids of the Scottish Highlanders, and singing Scottish songs.

**UPLANDS**

Uplands was represented by seventeen automobile loads of enthusiastic boosters. On each one were cloth signs advertising the big confetti carnival to be held in that city on June 14. All were enthusiastically boosting the city and the big turnout surprised a large number of persons.



Chairman of Industrial Parade  
John Poppett



Rialto Float and Fontana Thresher

**BARSTOW**

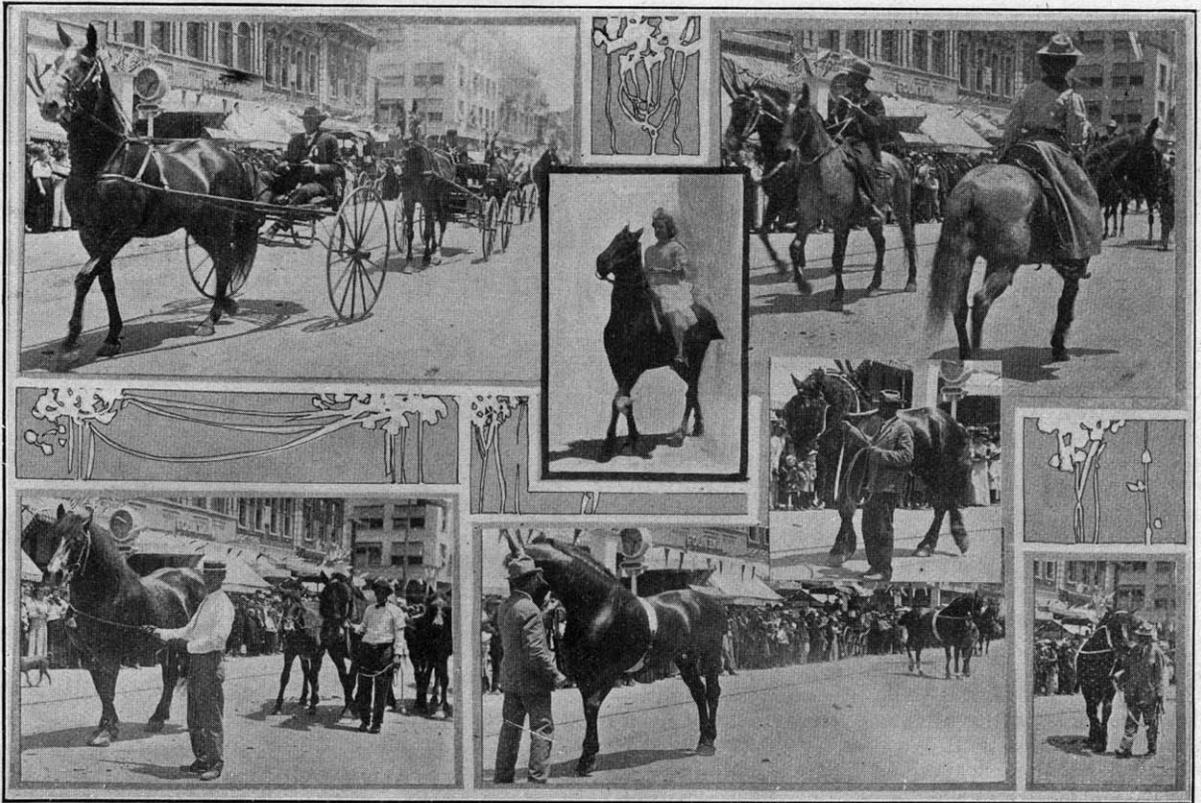
Barstow was another city that sprung a big surprise. They had a turnout of which that city should feel justly proud. The first part of their showing represented early mining days and consisted of a number of pack burros. Following this were several carriages and a tally-ho full of Barstow young women.

This city received first prize for the best exhibit from a long distance and certainly deserved it.

The head of their line up was led by eight desert burros, saddled and packed for the mines. Then followed a desert prospector's wagon loaded with feed and supplies. Following this came a squad of Mexican laborers and Indians, representing the railroad building under way in the Barstow country. There were a number of automobiles gay with bunting and flags, and



The Big Well Reproduction at Night



The Live Stock Parade Showed Some Fine Specimens of Horseflesh

loaded with the ladies and maids of the town beyond the mountains. They also entered a four-horse tally-ho, merry with the young ladies of the desert town, all radiant in white and carrying white sunshades.

This little community entered a big wagon load of exhibits showing the agricultural resources of Barstow, and if the spectators were surprised at what went before, this exhibit certainly held them spellbound, the display including branches of peach, plum and apple trees, grape vines, alfalfa and corn. The fruit branches were all heavily laden with the luscious fruit of good size and giving token of the abundant harvest.

#### PIONEER SOCIETY

The Pioneer Society had one of the most appropriate and unique displays. This consisted of a camp scene and eight emigrant wagons. The camp scenes showed a number of early timers seated before their camp using all the old-time utensils. A number of the pioneers were in costumes such as were worn in crossing the plains.

Among the other most attractive features was the display of the Brookings Lumber Company, one of which was an immense load with the explanation that there were a thousand such loads sold during the course of a year by this company. The Brookings Company had one of the largest and most interesting displays of the whole Industrial parade.

Business men and various industries of this city turned out some very attractive floats.

Among the best of these was the turn-out of Oehl's Market consisting of fifteen carriages. All were decorated in white and the occupants of each carriage were attired in attractive suits of this color. A handsome float showed a miniature butcher with the meat all dressed and ready for sale. The shipping department had also prepared an attractive float.

Bradleys had a handsome auto float containing a number of attractive young women who distributed samples of candy made at that place.

The entire lineup of the parade in the order they marched was as follows:

The parade was headed by Grand Marshal John Poppett, followed by a platoon of city police headed by Chief Shay, all mounted. Behind them came the Centennial officials in carriages.

Following are the entries in the parade in the exact formation as they marched through the streets:

Horseback section of the Santa Fe carrying the Stars and Stripes and Santa Fe banner.

Catalina band.

Santa Fe officials and their ladies in six automobiles.

Robuck Cyclery.

Santa Fe mechanical and store department clerks, sixty men.

Santa Fe fire department, three hose cars and one auto truck, there being 31 men in all.

Santa Fe car department float.

Long Beach band.

Santa Fe apprentices, 36 in all, with two instructors.

Santa Fe locomotive department float and 130 men in line.

Santa Fe shop department float and 25 men.

Santa Fe boiler shop float.

Santa Fe tool department float.

Santa Fe blacksmith department float.

Santa Fe tin, air and pipe department float.

Santa Fe store department float.

Fort Mojave Indian band.

Santa Fe transportation department in an automobile, distributing carnations.

Santa Fe engineering department float.

Santa Fe signal department, 20 men.

Santa Fe water service float.  
 Santa Fe transportation department tallyho.  
 Santa Fe bridge and building department float.  
 Santa Fe track department with two floats.  
**A. Mutt and Jeff.**  
 San Bernardino fire department, hose care and hook and ladder truck.

Russells' department store automobile.  
 Mrs. Hiram Clark of Santa Ana on horse-back, the horse being decorated with purple and white ribbons.  
 San Bernardino Pioneers' society in eight wagons.

Colton Police mounted.  
 Colton band.  
 Colton fire department, chief in automobile, and hose wagon.  
 Colton Industries float.  
 Colton Globe mills float.  
 Colton Portland Cement Company float.  
 Redondo Beach band.  
 Redondo baseball team.  
 Redondo boosters, 75 strong.  
 Fontana Land and Water Company of Rialto, steam harvester and water wagon.  
 Rialto float.  
 Brookings Lumber and Box company, 18 wagons.

Highland automobile bearing Scotch Highlanders.  
 Three Highland floats.  
 Three Highland automobiles.  
 Bradley's confectionary store automobile.  
 Meggeson Brothers' load of alfalfa hay.  
 Ed Patterson's load of alfalfa hay.  
 Brad's cigar store float distributing cigars.

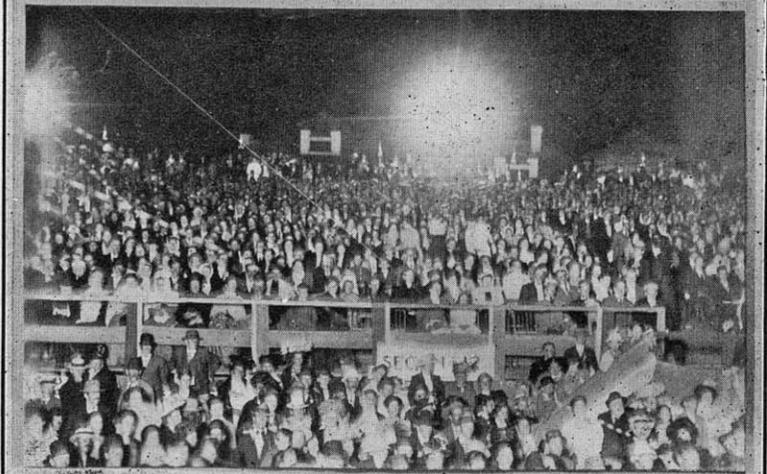
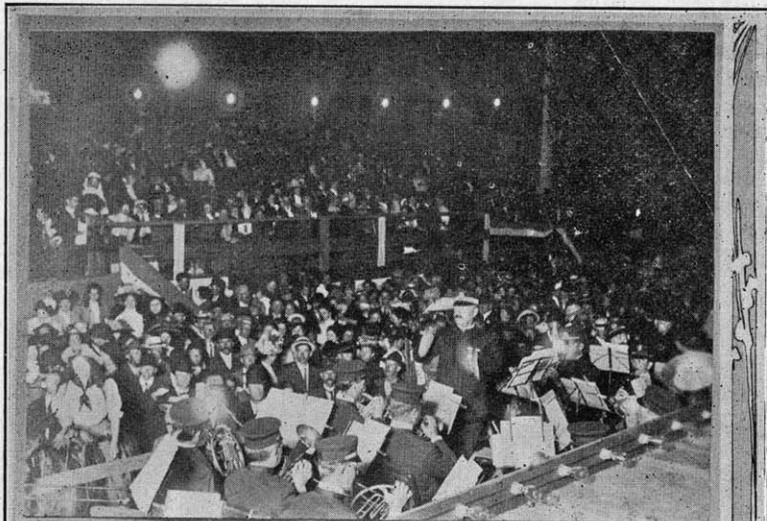
Barstow boosters, float, burros, camp wagons, talyho and Indians, 100 strong.  
 Upland band.  
 Upland automobiles, 17 in number, and filled with boosters boosting for the Con-fetti carnival to be held there June 14.

Console Mineral Springs float.  
 San Bernardino Painters' Union, local No. 322, clad in white suits.  
 Pacific Light and Power company, 17 wagons.  
 First Street Feed, Fuel and Poultry Supply wagon.  
 B. F. Ford, street contractor, steam roller.

San Bernardino city street department: Officials in automobiles, roller grader, two sweepers, wagons and sprinklers.  
 Santa Fe Laundry, seven delivery wagons.  
 Colton City Towel Supply company, wagon.

Wells-Fargo, two wagons.  
 Independent Ice company, float.  
 Eagle Soda Works, three wagons.  
 George M. Curtis Olive Oil wagon.  
 San Bernardino Dye Works, float, auto delivery wagon and three one-horse delivery wagons.  
 E. C. Peck, two wagons.  
 Peerless Steam Washer company, wagon.  
 Kavan Nursery, float.  
 San Bernardino Vehicle and Implement company float.

Bracewell's grocery store, wagon.  
 Brewer's Automobile school, automobile.  
 Ellis Iron Works, float.  
 Myzelle & Imhoff, float.  
 Oehl's Meat Market, 15 wagons, one float and horse-back riders.  
 Cudahy Packing company, three wagons.  
 Serr Upholstering wagon.



Flashlights of the Crowds Around the Grand Stand at Night

### AUTOMOBILE PARADE

Automobiles of almost every kind under the sun rolled along in the parade at 11:30 Friday morning.

The parade formed on West Fourth street at the conclusion of the ceremonies attending the laying of the cornerstone at the site of the new Catholic church and moved east, passing in front of the wigwam and the grand stand at Fourth and E streets and continuing to Arrowhead avenue.

The parade turned south on Arrowhead avenue and thence to Third street and west on the latter street to E street. The machines, or most of them, were then driven to the scene of the capilla dedication on Politana ridge.

The parade was headed by the members of the parades committee, John Poppett, John Shay, William Baldwin, William Keir and W. D. F. Allen, who occupied machines driven by Joseph Ingersoll and A. E. Leveraux. A

large number of local machines were in line as well as numerous machines from Riverside, Redlands, Highland, Colton and other towns and cities of the great San Bernardino valley. Many were gaily decorated.

A feature of the parade was the section of electric machines which came from Redlands, Riverside and Los Angeles.

The Indian Princess and her court and the Spanish Governor and lady and their court occupied machines in the parade.

Prominent in the parade were Bishop Conaty, Father John Brady, Father Juan Caballeria and many priests and choir boys.

### STOCK PARADE

Notwithstanding that several of the most famous horses that San Bernardino has been able to claim as her own during the last few years were not here, the reputation that this city has gained as the home of good horses was upheld Saturday morning in a very pleasing manner by the exhibition made in the live stock parade. This parade was arranged by and under the direction of J. H. Kelley of this city who is himself the owner of some of the best horses in Southern California. It must not be understood, however, that the entries were all from the city of San Bernardino, for the entire valley was included.

It was regretted that Zolock and Ambush, two of the fastest as well as two of the greatest sires on the Pacific coast, were not here for the exhibition, but several of their offspring were. Two more horses of world-wide reputation which were bred and raised in San Bernardino were also absent, they being Delilah and Josephine, both of which have recently been sold to northern horsemen, at a good figure.

Notwithstanding, however, there were about 150 as fine specimens of racing, driving and draft horses in the parade as can be found in any community, the more noticeable being:

Bolock, owned by J. H. Kelly, with a record of 2:17, and holding the matinee record for local green horses. Three of his family accompanied him.

On Conn, by On Stanley, J. H. Kelly, owner.

Hale by Zolock, Thomas Holmes, owner; Hale has a record of 2:06 and is the fastest Zolock colt living.

Dick Nutwood, G. W. Taylor, owner.

Dude, by Adjutant, Charles Long, owner.

On Bly, by On Stanley, James Campbell, owner.

Blackmore, by Nusajak, Davies estate, owner.

Shetland ponies owned by A. A. Garner.

Adepto, coach stallion, owned by Boger and Brightman of Redlands.

Charlatan, coach stallion, owned by San Bernardino Coach Horse association.

Umando, coach stallion, owned by T. K. Lyman.

Belgian grade stallion, owned by O. F. Garner.

Costilliona, Percheron draft stallion, owned by A. B. Miller of Rialto, and accompanied by family.

Mascot, Percheron draft horse, owned by Dr. A. B. Wise. He was accompanied by his family.

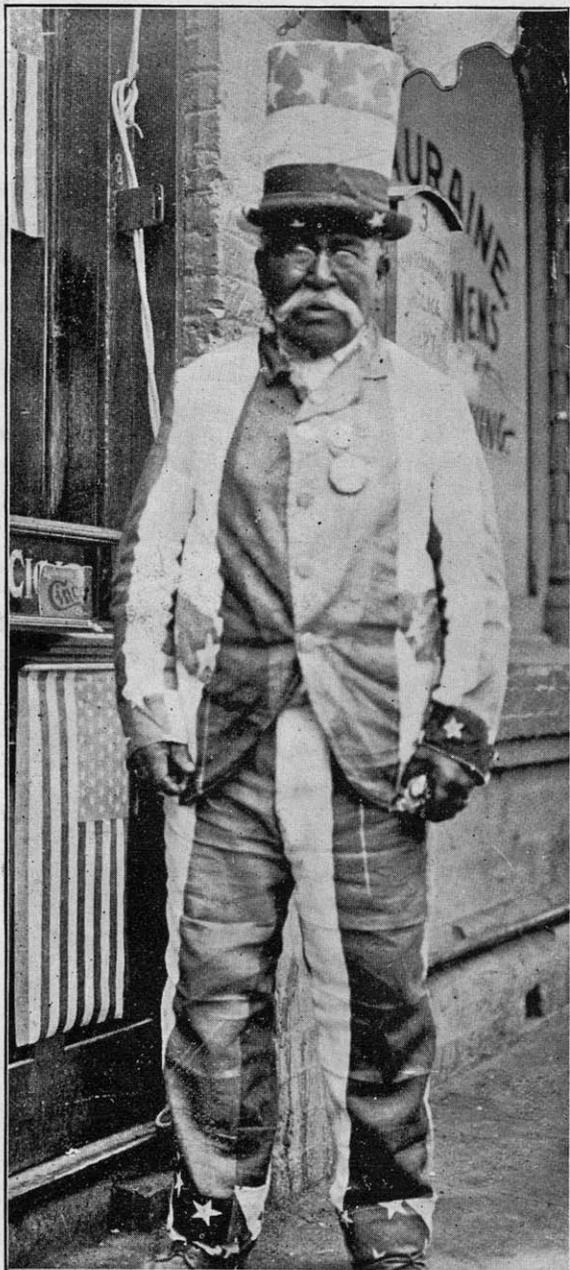
Denmark, Percheron draft horse, owned by A. H. Tilton, and accompanied by his family.

Percheron stallion, owned by A. A. Garner.

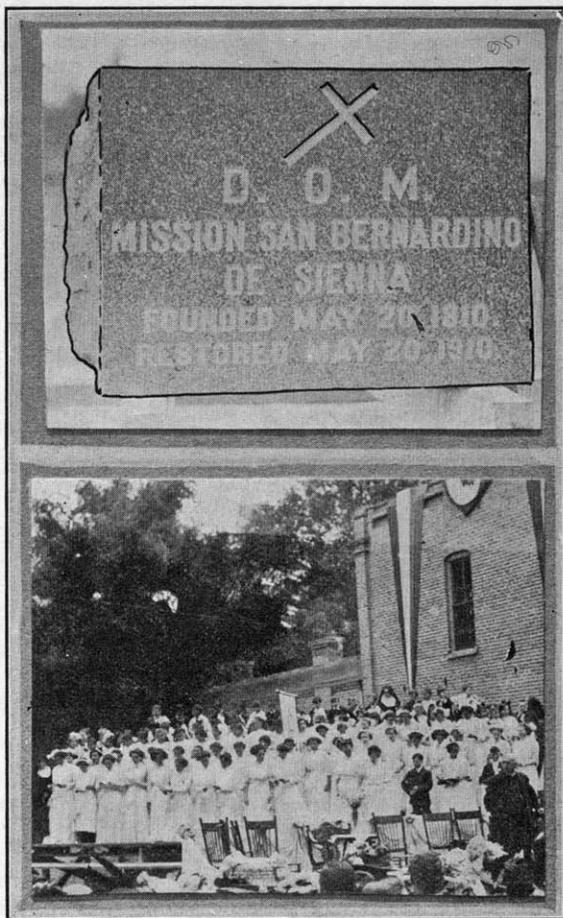
Belgian draft stallion, owned by A. A. Garner.

Two 20-month-old colts, owned by Pageluso brothers.

Haemmany, Kentucky jack, owned by A. B. Miller of Rialto.



Jose Lebache, Banning, 103 years of age, at present picking potatoes at the George M. Cooley Ranch.



The Choir and the Corner Stone

### SACRED SERVICES

More than 1000 people crowding on the sidewalks and into the churchyard witnessed the impressive ceremonies incidental to the laying of the cornerstone of the new church of St. Bernard de Sienna parish which took place Friday morning.

The ceremonies were in charge of Bishop T. J. Conaty of the diocese of Los Angeles and Monterey, and were beautifully impressive. They opened with the blessing of the cross which will be placed on the church altar by the bishop. Then the eighty-third Psalm was chanted and this was followed by a prayer of blessing for the cross. The "Miserere" psalm was next chanted and several other psalms followed this.

While the bishop, surrounded by a number of priests, silently looked on the corner stone was dropped into place.

Prior to the ceremonies incidental to the laying of this corner stone there were several impressive features. The Catalina band heading a procession of girls and boys of the church, marched around the corner of Fifth and F. streets playing national airs. The girls were dressed in white, which had been draped with blue and red ribbons.

Earlier in the morning high mass had been celebrated at the old church in the presence of the bishop. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. Florian Hahn, and he was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Fr. McGrath of Arlington, Rev. Fr. Cain of Riverside and Rev. Fr. T. J. Fitzgerald of Redlands, and Rev. Fr. John Brady. Rev. Fr. Francis Conaty, secretary to the bishop, was master

of ceremonies and he was assisted by Rev. Fr. Blackwell of the local parish.

Prior to the opening of the corner stone ceremonies, a specially erected grand stand had been filled with members of the Princess' court, the members of the Spanish court and members of the committees besides the Centennial officials and several city officials.

Shortly after 9 o'clock the procession of priests, headed by altar boys and Rev. Fr. Blackwell marched solemnly to the corner stone and surrounding it commenced the ceremony. Acting as escorts to the bishop were Rev. Frs. Kirk, Brady and Fahe.

Before the laying of the corner stone a number of articles were placed in it among which were the attest of the bishop, containing the names of church officials and pastors, also the State and National officials and the history of the valley written by Father Juan Cabelleria and a list of members of the Altar society, the L. B. C. A., the Knights of Columbus and a number of other articles.

After this ceremony had been completed, the bishop and several of the priests mounted a specially erected platform which had been prettily draped with purple and white bunting.

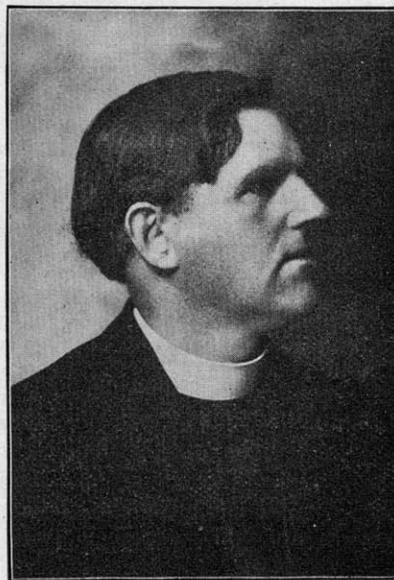
Then Bishop Conaty made the address for the occasion. Before opening his remarks he made the statement that he wished to thank all who had assisted in making the erection of the church possible. He also asked for a generous offering with which to help support the church and announced that the silver trowel used in laying the stone, would be presented to the person contributing most liberally.

Handsome gold and white colored buttons bearing a picture of the church as it will look when completed and of its pastor, Rev. John Brady, had been gotten out specially for the occasion and a song specially written, entitled "Hail, the Twentieth Day of May," was sung by a chorus of young people during the services.

Among the priests who were present were the following:

Rev. Edward H. Brady, Rev. Edward Kirk, Rev. Thomas Fahey, Rev. James Gilroy, Rev. Paul Dillon, Rev. Peter J. O'Reilly, Rev. P. H. McDowell, and Rev. J. J. Clifford, all of Los Angeles.

Rev. M. Golden of San Diego, Rev. P. J. McGrath of



Father John Brady



Laying the Cornerstone of the New Catholic Church of San Bernardine de Sienna

Arlington, Rev. Francis J. Dubbell of Anaheim, Rev. G. G. Frund of Bakersfield, Rev. B. Florian Hahn, M. A. of Banning, Rev. George Doyle of Pala, Rev. William Power of Coronado, Rev. James O'Neill of Glendale, Rev. Patrick Brady of Hollister, Rev. James Reardon of Long Beach, Rev. J. J. Sheehy of Monrovia, Rev. Gratian Ardens of Montebello, Rev. F. K. Beeker of Ontario, Rev. William F. Quinlan of Pasadena, Rev. T. J. Fitzgerald and Rev. Michael Scanlon of Redlands, Rev. S. F. Cain of Riverside, Rev. Andrew Resa, C. M. F., of San Gabriel, Rev. Gustave Flamenco of San Gabriel, Rev. William Hughes of San Jacinto, Rev. Michael Conneally of San Pedro.

The parish committees in charge of the cornerstone laying this morning were:

Executive—Mrs. A. L. Mespelt, chair; Mrs. Richard McInerny, Mrs. Charles Longmire, Mrs. R. J. Ochs, Mrs. George F. Hewins.

Decoration and Reception Committee—Mrs. A. L. Mespelt, chairman; Mrs. J. C. Huber, Mrs. Charles Longmire, Mrs. R. McInerny, Mrs. S. J. Hennessy, Mrs. Timothy McInerny, Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. George F. Hewins, Miss Marie Geissel, Miss A. Sacramella, Miss Minnie McQuilkin, Mrs. George Brooks, Mrs. S. Mecham, Mrs. Martin Kohl, Mrs. J. J. Johnston, Mrs. Teresa Corcoran.

Committee on Parade and Public Safety—George F. Hewens, chairman; Andrew Thompson, A. L. Mespelt, J. C. Huber, Joseph Jager, Mrs. Poser, Hugh Muldowney, Richard McInerny, John Linderman, Timothy McInerny, Frank Schmalhefer, John Scanlon, James Murray, William Cullen, W. Engelauf, J. C. Belarde, Charles Longmire, Patrick Donahue.

Collection Committee—S. J. Hennessy, chairman; J. F. Parker, M. J. Coughlin, C. J. Hofstetter, J. M. Oberly, W. R. Zimmerman, George Geissel, Al Gabel, W. R. Bowes, M. Farrington, Richard McInerny, R. J. Ochs, J. J. Sullivan, W. E. Byrne, N. Davenport, Jr., of Colton; A. L. Casey of Colton; James Murray, Al Gabel, James Doyle, W. Cole.

Grand Stand and Platform Committee—J. F. Parker, chairman; Peter Thompson, assistant.

At the close of the ceremonies Bishop Conaty with the pastor and chorus headed the automobile parade, which terminated at the site on the Colton road where a Capilla is to be erected in commemoration of the Mission founded by Padre Dumitz just 100 years ago.

## Capilla Ceremonies

On Centennial day, May 20, 1910, Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles, laid with due ceremony the cornerstone of a new capilla to be erected by the people of San Bernardino and Colton on the exact site of the first building erected in this valley by the white men. It is proposed that that new chapel shall be a reproduction along reduced lines of the mission building at San Gabriel although this has not been definitely settled as yet.

The ground for the capilla was generously given to the people of the two cities as a capilla site by O. L. Emery of Colton. He set aside an acre of land on almost the highest point of the ridge deeding it to a committee in trust composed of Elizabeth C. Wilkins, Josephine Ferguson, Maude Adams Roberts and Alma M. Oakly, until such a time as it can be turned over to an organization having in charge the building of the chapel. Together with the land he gave a right of way for a road leading out to Colton avenue and the right in a well which will supply water. The gift is regarded as one of the most generous acts recorded in the history of the valley and Mr. Emery has been praised on every side by the people of the entire county.

It is intended to establish in the mission a permanent museum of early day relics and to maintain it as one of the show places of the valley.

The dedication ceremonies were most impressive. Hundreds of people from all portions of Southern Cali-

fornia had gathered there for the occasion and besides Bishop Conaty a large number of Catholic priests and choir boys from Los Angeles assisted in the exercises. R. E. Swing as president of the San Bernardino Valley Centennial opened the ceremonies by presenting Bishop Conaty with a huge cross to be used in the exercises and also telling briefly what it is hoped to do.

Bishop Conaty after placing the cornerstone and dedicating the capilla delivered an address which was one of the best delivered eulogies of the padres and their works that has ever been spoken. He said:

#### BISHOP CONATY'S SPEECH

He opened his address with a greeting to the people of the city and valley of San Bernardino on the happy occasion of the Centennial which all were privileged to enjoy. He expressed his grateful appreciation for the kindness of the invitation which permitted him to address the people who had gathered from all sections to congratulate San Bernardino and participate in its joy. The Bishop then said:

"There is an instinct, deep-rooted in the human heart, which evokes veneration for the name and character of individuals who by virtue of the goodness of their deeds have left their imprint upon human life. Our hearts naturally incline to pay homage to excellence, to recognize merit, to admire greatness, and to love goodness. The sculptor who by his chisel draws the figure from the marble block, the poet whose verse stirs the heart and moves to love and action, the statesman by whose genius national life is molded, the General who on the field of battle solves the problem of national liberty, the captains of industry by whose ability a nation's prosperity and business life is maintained—all win our admiration and deserve our honor and praise. They stand in a prominent place in the nation's Hall of Fame as mighty elements in a nation's life. Yet there is something higher and better, something more necessary, and found only in a life that is truly good. The unselfish life is the greatest life of all. The religious spirit which draws man to God and leads him to that

higher life in which he finds the motives of unselfish service not only to his God but to his fellowman—that spirit is needed in every national life in order that man may work out his destiny, be guided in his conscience and fulfill his duty to all the interests of life. The man or woman dominated by divine faith, filled with a sense of duty to God, willing to spend and be spent for the welfare of the community, lifting up the lowly, giving knowledge to the ignorant, lovers of human kind, living to lead men to the higher and better life—they are among the world's greatest heroes, they are the world's noblest citizens. They may be poor in this world's goods, they may hold no place in social circles, but their character is of purest gold and like the Saviour of the world, they go about doing good and their touch brings blessings with it. The unselfish benefactor of mankind is greater than the noblest work of art from the hand of the greatest genius. Commercialism may not regard it as an asset but it is well for us never to forget that there is no greater blessing in a community than that which comes from the life of one who lives and labors to make men better, there is no higher example of unselfishness than that which is found in one laboring to unlift a down trodden and neglected race. This is real heroism; this is Christ like.

Such types of men are honored on this Centennial Day. They were Franciscan monks, born in far-off Spain, who had heard a call to the service of the Master on this Western Continent. They left their homes and came to live and die among the Indian tribes to whom they brought all the blessings of Christianity and all the advantages of civilization. As members of a Religious Order, followers of the great St. Francis of Assisi, they pledged their lives in obedience to service wherever their Superiors might place them.

Bishop Conaty spoke of the padres as simple men of faith and devoted lovers of the people, and said:

"Their mission houses were characterized by charity and hospitality. Their convent rule was severe upon themselves but kindly in its relation to the people. When one considers the difficulties with which the padres had



Bishop Conaty Conducting the Ceremonies at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the New Capilla

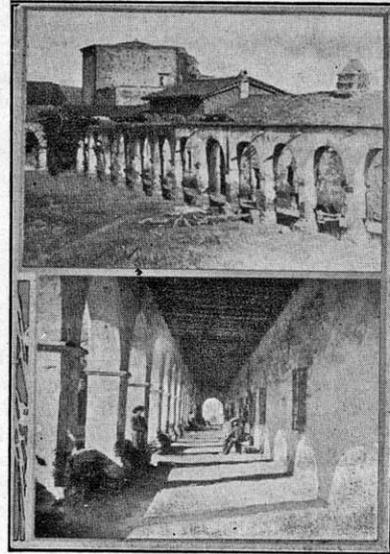
to contend, there must be astonishment at the results obtained. The happy prosperous communities of self-supporting Catholic Indians, with their chapels, schools and mission buildings, their quiet industrial life, the teaching of trades, the cultivation of the land, the family respect, the marriage tie strengthened and virtue predominant—these are the results of that religious training in which the padres taught the Indians the blessings of Christian faith. History has no more interesting chapter; romance nothing more attractive; religion no greater sacrifice and civilization no stronger contribution than that offered by the Franciscan missions in California. No wonder that California is growing to love them more and more for they are the jewels in her crown, they are the pearls in her necklace.

"One hundred years ago today, one of those brown-habited padres, Father Dumetz, holding aloft the holy cross of which he was a follower, consecrated this valley to God and began the work of civilization. As we look back over the one hundred years that separate us from that day, we can hardly realize the dangers which surrounded him and his work, nor can we fully appreciate the splendid character of the sacrifice by which he pledged his life to labor for the Christianizing and civilizing of the rude children of the mountains who were not of his kith or kin and whose lives were at utter variance with all the principles he came prepared to teach. We gaze upon our civilization of today, our cultivated fields, our prosperous cities, the happiness of our people, and we must in justice trace back, as to a source, our indebtedness to those devoted men who laid the foundations of civilization on this coast. In our age of material things, when the mad rush for gain and power seems to dominate, in the midst of so much injustice, when the weaker has so often to yield to the stronger, when the only question seems to be the survival of the fittest, it is indeed refreshing to stop for a moment in our busy, bustling life and gaze upon the unselfish lives of men whose one object was to do good to those with whom they came in contact. It is refreshing, to gaze upon the figures of these brown-habited friars as they moved among the Indians of the coast and sacrificed their lives that they might bring peace to those who were warring with one another, that they might do good to those against whom the hand of incoming civilization seemed raised, that they might be to them father and brother and friend, and spend their lives among them with no other motive than the doing of good to them. These models of unselfishness are models of good citizenship; they were indeed true pioneers of civilization who lived and died that men might be made better.

"Blessings on these padres, who from 1769 in San Diego until the secularization in 1834, gave to the world an example of Christ-like unselfishness in their devotion to the high ideals of that Christian life which they practiced and which they developed among the people with whom they had chosen to live.

"It's a long road and sunny, it's a long road and old,  
And the brown padres made it for the flocks of the fold."

The Franciscan missions, built by the Franciscan padres are the monuments of California. In their ruins they are historic and they form our noblest inheritance. The archeologists visit the monuments of Egypt, Rome and Athens, in order to decipher something of the glory of these nations that have passed away. In those ruins we read chapters of a past civilization. Our mission ruins deserve our love and admiration and they call forth the energy of the student in order that they may teach the lesson of the civilization which they brought to this Western Coast. They tell the story of Spain and



Some Idea of How the Old San Bernardino Mission Looked

her civilizing influence in the century in which they were built, they recall the work of the Catholic Church in the preaching of the gospel and the extension of the blessings of civilization to those who sat in the valley of idolatry and darkness, they give glory to that Spain which sent a Columbus and a Cabrillo, a Coronado and a Serra, they tell in a language which all men can understand of the heroism of those beloved padres who spent their lives in Christianizing this Western Coast. In these hills and valleys of ours the crumbling walls of the missions tell us a glorious story, they tell of men who never thought of self, who laid down their lives that the Cross of Christ might be lifted above the homes of the simple children of the mountains and the civilizing influence of true religion might enter into their lives. In marked contrast to the Franciscan padres and the spirit in which their work was accomplished is seen the secularization of the missions and the heartlessness, jealousy and injustice of the government which succeeded. One is made heart sick in realizing how that decree of secularization removed the Indians from the advantages which he had gained and made him an alien in the land which God had given to him."

Bishop Conaty then gave a short history of the coming of Father Dumetz and the establishment of the mission in San Bernardino on May 20, 1810, it being the feast of St. Bernardine of Sienna the valley was named in his honor. He said the patron saint was also a Franciscan and was born in Sienna in 1380. He had acquired a reputation for sanctity of life and eloquence as a preacher. St. John of Capistran, also a Franciscan, was a close friend of St. Bernardine. Bishop Conaty spoke of the great difficulties which beset the mission; the earthquake in 1812 and the ruin of Politano the mission village, and the superstition of the Indians which caused the destruction of the mission and the withdrawal of the missionaries. He told how the padres returned at the request of the Indians in 1819 and in 1820 the new mission buildings were completed and occupied; how in 1831 the buildings were destroyed and again rebuilt; how, three years later, the decree of secularization brought ruin to all the missions and that which had been built in unselfishness was destroyed by the greed of those in authority.

## Women's Executive Officers



Mrs. E. D. Roberts, President      Mrs. Thomas Hadden, Vice-President.      Miss Maud Cooley, Secretary

Bishop Conaty paid a high tribute to the present government in its management of Indian affairs and said that it was evident that a keen sense of justice dominated the government in its Indian relations and that at last it would seem as if the shield of the government was to protect the Indian from the injustices which sprang from greed to possess the land which they had cultivated.

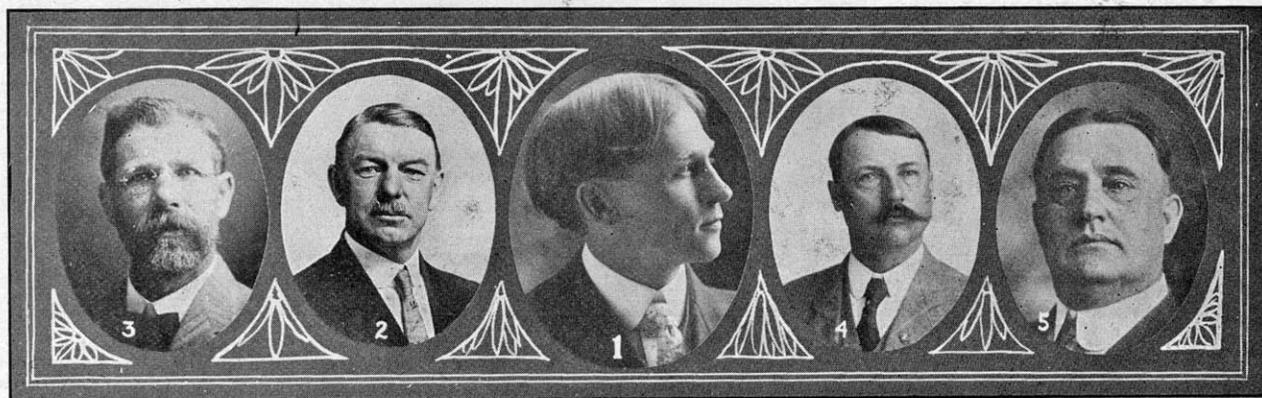
The Bishop then referred to the colonists who came from New Mexico and afterward from Utah who had contributed to the permanent unbuilding of the present city which stood as a gateway to the beloved land of Southern California, and said:

"Yonder stands the mountains as sentinels of the valley. There they stand in all their grandeur as they stood when the pioneers of civilization came through the valley in 1774 and 1810. San Bernardino, during her centennial, will hail and speed the guest who enters her gates, she opens the vista of the valley of plenty in which may be seen the homes of her happy people. The crown of one hundred years sets proudly on her brow.

She thanks the great God who sent the friar to open the valley to civilization and to plenty; she shouts his name with loud acclaim as one of God's heroes who in the unselfishness of faith in God, laid the foundation of her present greatness.

'All California rejoices with San Bernardino today. The bells of El Camino Real ring out their notes of joy. All men are one in singing the praise of Padre Dumetz and his Franciscan brothers whom God in His kind providence sent to open the way for the civilization which we enjoy. It is indeed a happy moment that finds all classes in the community and all creeds gathered near the cross erected in memory of that first cross in that first chapel built by a brown-habited Franciscan padre one hundred years ago. All men, regardless of creed, honor the good deed done by him and call him friend and brother, while they ask God to continue His blessings upon the city and valley which treasures the name and work of Father Dumetz as among its sweetest inheritances.

## Men's Executive Officers



1—Ralph E. Swing, President.

2—Frank M. Hill, Secretary.

3—S. H. Carson, Treasurer.

4—Joseph Ingersoll, Vice-President.

5—James W. Leonard, Director Gen'l.

## Women's Executive Committee



6—Mrs. E. D. Roberts, Chairman.

1—Miss Eudora Allen, Schools.

2—Mrs. A. L. Mespelt, Cathedral.

3—Mrs. E. H. Lyman, Spanish Court.

4—Mrs. W. M. Hoagland, Art Exhibit.

7—Mrs. D. W. Dunton, Juvenile Dancing

8—Mrs. R. R. Simpson, Relics.

9—Mrs. C. A. Lothrop, Spanish Court.

10—Mrs. J. S. Wood, Pageants and Tableaux.

11—Mrs. M. V. Donaldson, Press.

12—Mrs. F. B. Daley, Capilla.

13—Mrs. J. H. Barton, Floral Parade.

14—Mrs. R. A. Brydolf, Reception.

15—Mrs. A. M. Ham, Rest Rooms.

16—Mrs. R. C. Harbison, Indian Court.

17—Mrs. S. H. Carson, Prizes &amp; Awards.

18—Mrs. W. G. Ross, Native Daughters.

19—Mrs. R. F. Garner, El Camino Real.

20—Mrs. H. R. Scott, Princess Selection.

21—Mrs. F. H. Magoffin, Indian Court.

# Men's Executive Committee



- 1—R. A. Brydolf, Railway Exhibits.
- 2—George Feetham, Information.
- 3—W. M. Parker, Balls.
- 4—C. M. Grow, Prizes and Awards.
- 5—H. S. Wall, Railroad.
- 6—I. C. Hicks, Railroad.
- 7—O. D. Buzzell, Railroad.
- 8—Chester Seay, Railroad.
- 9—John Poppett, Parades.
- 10—N. Davenport, Indian Features.
- 11—Edmund E. Katz, Invitations.
- 12—R. J. Ochs, Cornerstone.
- 13—John Brown, Jr., Pioneers.

- 14—Edward Wall, Press and Publicity.
- 15—J. B. Gill, Invitation.
- 16—A. G. Kendall, Decoration.
- 17—George M. Cooley, Finance.
- 18—I. H. Curtis, Poster and Badges.
- 19—S. W. McNabb, Exploitation.
- 20—E. D. Roberts, Entertainment.
- 21—Dr. G. R. Owen, Music.
- 22—George Seldner, El Camino Real and Capilla.
- 23—John Andreson, Jr., Princess Select'n
- 24—James H. Boyd, Tickets.
- 25—J. T. Bollong, Freight Bureau.

- 26—J. H. Kelly, Live Stock.
- 27—G. M. Stephens, Public Safety.
- 28—James W. Waide, Floats.
- 29—J. E. Rich, Scope and Character.
- 30—O. P. Sloat, Big Chief and Powwow.
- 31—W. W. Wilcox, Reception.
- 32—E. C. Sisson, Railroad.
- 33—W. A. M'Elvaine, Concessions.
- 34—M. C. M'Kenney, Attractions.
- 35—Al. M'Rae, Sports.
- 36—A. B. Merrihew, Transportation.
- 37—Dr. S. S. Smith, Architecture.
- 38—U. L. Voris, Railroad.

## Women's Sub-Committees

### Indian Princess Selection

Mrs. H. R. Scott, chairman.  
Mrs. Ernest Martin.  
Miss Helena Frazer, High-land.  
Mrs. Harry Hodge, Rialto.

### Courts and Coronation.

Indian Court.  
Mrs. R. C. Harbinson, Mrs. F. H. Magoffin, chairmen.  
Mrs. James Fleming.  
Mrs. J. William Smith.  
Mrs. Leon Horowitz.  
Spanish Court  
Mrs. E. H. Lyman, Mrs. C. A. Lothrop, chairmen.  
Mrs. J. H. Boyd.  
Mrs. C. M. Hanf.  
Mrs. F. M. Hill.

### Pageants and Tableaux

Mrs. J. S. Wood, chairman.  
Mrs. H. M. Barton.  
Mrs. Ward Grow.  
Mrs. J. W. Leonard.  
Mrs. W. M. Parker.

### Princess Reception

Mrs. W. H. Stiles, chairman.  
Mrs. J. B. Gill.  
Mrs. J. W. Waide.  
Mrs. G. R. Owen.  
Mrs. W. A. Manson.  
Mrs. Olive Byrne.  
Mrs. I. H. Curtis.  
Mrs. W. J. Guthrie.  
Mrs. J. F. Johnson, jr.  
Mrs. J. C. Love.  
Mrs. J. E. Butler, Colton.  
Mrs. G. W. Parsons, High-land.  
Mrs. Alvah Grant Fessenden.

### Juvenile Fancy Dances

Mrs. D. W. Dunton, chair-  
man.  
Mrs. Clara Rumsey.  
Mrs. Walter Kohl.  
Mrs. W. G. Clute.  
Mrs. C. W. Monahan.  
Mrs. A. E. Perrie.

Mrs. F. W. Park.  
Miss Burdette Melone.

### Floral Parade

Mrs. J. H. Barton, chairman.  
Mrs. F. F. Oster.  
Mrs. W. W. Brison, Jr.  
Mrs. H. D. Sibley.  
Mrs. R. A. Goodcell.  
Mrs. Ed. K. Anderson.  
Mrs. W. S. Conger.  
Mrs. Conrad Oehl.  
Mrs. W. E. Hitchcock.  
Mrs. William Shay.  
Mrs. W. L. Talmadge.  
Mrs. Guy Moore.  
Mrs. W. C. Seccombe.  
Mrs. C. H. Shaffner.  
Mrs. Geo. M. Cooley.  
Miss Mayme Seely, Highland.  
Mrs. T. B. Merry.  
Mrs. J. E. Rich.  
Mrs. W. R. McNeil.  
Mrs. Charles Fuller, Colton.  
Mrs. George A. Ferguson.

### Cathedral

Mrs. A. L. Mespelt, chairman.  
Mrs. R. McInerney.  
Mrs. Longmire, Highland.  
Mrs. R. J. Ochs.  
Mrs. J. F. Parker.

### El Camino Real

Mrs. R. F. Garner, chairman.  
Mrs. John Anderson, Jr.  
Mrs. E. Wilkerson, Colton.  
Mrs. R. W. McGillivray.  
Mrs. F. J. Peacock.  
Miss Hazel Cochran.  
Mrs. George Hewins.  
Miss Georgiana Kendall.  
Mrs. J. A. Cole.

### Capilla

Mrs. Frank B. Daley, chair-  
man.  
Mrs. George T. Brooks.  
Mrs. John Brown, Jr.  
Mrs. Jeff McElvaine.  
Mrs. Seth Hartley, Colton.  
Mrs. Byron Waters.  
Mrs. Grace Stopher.  
Miss Lida Colliver.

Miss Harriet Curtis.  
Mrs. E. Wilkerson, Colton.  
Mrs. I. R. Brunn.

### General Reception

Mrs. R. A. Brydolf, chair-  
man.  
Mrs. T. W. Duckworth.  
Mrs. J. W. Barton.  
Mrs. I. Benpamin.  
Mrs. W. A. McElvaine.  
Mrs. G. A. Atwood.  
Mrs. F. G. Wishard, High-land.  
Mrs. Ralph Bailey.  
Mrs. A. B. Merrihew.  
Mrs. O. D. Buzzell.  
Mrs. Thomas Hadden.  
Mrs. R. R. Simpson.

### Press

Mrs. M. V. Donaldson, chair-  
man.  
Miss Winifred Martin.  
Mrs. L. L. Beeman.  
Mrs. E. H. Snyder.  
Miss Mary Morgan.  
Mrs. E. S. Williams.  
Mrs. Fannie P. McGehee.  
Mrs. H. H. Ham.  
Miss Lenna King.  
Mrs. Mary J. Coy.  
Mrs. Winfield Coy-Mott.  
Miss Ada Coy.

### Rest Room and Information

Mrs. A. M. Ham, chairman.  
Mrs. A. R. Cobbs.  
Mrs. C. M. Grow.  
Mrs. E. H. Kellogg.  
Mrs. John Culbertson.  
Mrs. M. D. Katz.  
Mrs. B. S. Casey, Rialto.  
Mrs. F. M. Towne.  
Mrs. G. M. Stephens.  
Mrs. C. L. Mosher, Del Rosa.  
Mrs. J. H. Bessant.  
Mrs. Joseph Ingersoll.  
Mrs. C. F. Riley.  
Mrs. J. E. Batchelor.  
Mrs. W. H. Eadie.

### Schools and School Exhibits

Miss Eudora Allen, chair-  
man.

Miss Winifred Smith.  
Miss Florence Kemp.  
Miss Sylvia Waters.  
Miss Anna Livergood.  
Miss Florence Lindsay.  
Miss Flora Hebb.  
Miss Bessie Knapp.  
Miss Beatrice Dinsmore.  
Miss Mary Bellotone.  
Miss Eveleen Sullivan.

### Art Loan and Exhibit

Mrs. W. M. Hoagland, chair-  
man.  
Miss Edith Kellogg.  
Mrs. Smith Halle.  
Miss Frazer.  
Mrs. J. G. Sloan.  
Mrs. Seth Hartley, Colton.  
Mrs. John Boynton, Colton.  
Miss Harriet Curtis.  
Philip Dexter.  
V. O. Buckles.  
Professor Starbuck.

### Centennial Relic Exhibit

(Sub-committee Pioneers)  
Mrs. R. R. Simpson, chair-  
man.  
Mrs. C. B. Hamilton, Colton.  
Mrs. Sylvia Davenport, Col-  
ton.  
Mrs. Caroline Stevens, High-land.  
Mrs. Belle Canterbury, Red-lands.  
Mrs. F. Van Leuven, Old Mis-  
sion.  
Mrs. W. G. Ross.  
Mrs. J. B. Hanna, Colton.  
R. E. Bledsoe.  
Wilfred A. Boren.

### Prizes and Awards.

Mrs. S. H. Carlson, Chair-  
man.  
Mrs. Eva Howland.  
Mrs. N. B. Glasgow.  
Mrs. J. E. McFarland.  
Mrs. I. J. Custer.

### Native Sons and Daughters Dance

Mrs. W. G. Ross, Chairman.

## Men's Sub-Committees

### Finance

George M. Cooley, Chairman.  
S. H. Carson, Treasurer.  
L. D. Houghton.

### Scope and Character

J. E. Rich, Chairman.  
R. C. Harbison.  
C. A. Lothrop.  
W. H. Swan.  
Joseph Catick.

### Exploitation

S. W. McNabb, chairman.  
O. P. Sloat.  
F. W. Conrad.  
C. A. Lothrop.  
C. W. Monahan.  
R. W. Brazelton.

### Invitation

E. E. Katz, chairman.  
A. M. Ham.  
J. W. Curtis.  
W. W. Brison.  
James Patterson.  
B. F. Bledsoe.

### Programme

J. B. Gill, chairman.  
J. W. Leonard.  
S. W. McNabb.  
J. E. Rich.  
O. P. Sloat.  
F. M. Hill.  
C. M. Hanf.  
L. Horowitz.

### Architectural

Dr. S. S. Smith, chairman.  
C. H. Linderoth.  
J. F. Hamilton.

### Entertainment

E. D. Roberts, chairman.  
F. F. Oster.  
B. F. Bledsoe.  
H. M. Barton.  
L. H. Curtis.  
W. S. Conger.  
Opie Warner.

### Posters and Badges

I. H. Curtis, chairman.  
Elmer Horowitz.  
C. M. Hanf.

R. J. Ochs.  
J. S. Wood.  
I. S. Jackson.

### Decoration

A. G. Kendall, chairman.  
Geo. M. Stephens.  
William Starke.

### Press and Publicity

Edward Wall, chairman.  
Earl Strachan.  
Ernest Martin.  
George N. Haven.  
T. C. Holt.  
Opie L. Warner.  
James Guthrie.  
W. S. Conger.

# Men's Sub-Committees—Continued

Frank Owen.  
R. C. Harbison.  
Miss Winifred Martin.  
Miss Mary Morgan.  
J. E. Hunt.  
W. A. Yarwood.  
Miss Lenna King.  
E. H. Cohn.  
William Remington.  
Edgar A. Cooke.  
James Swinnerton, Colton.

## Reception

W. W. Wilcox, chairman.  
H. B. Smith, Colton.  
T. C. Browning, Colton.  
E. W. Boerstler, Colton.  
Dr. J. H. Champion, Colton.  
R. J. Martin, Colton.  
E. B. Wilkerson, Jr., Colton.  
Dr. Horace Hays, Colton.  
William Anderson, Colton.  
M. C. Butterfield, Colton.  
James Swinnerton, Colton.  
W. E. Burr, Colton.  
Walter Hubbard, Colton.  
D. C. Swartz, Colton.  
A. L. Pierce, Colton.  
John Bostwick, Colton.  
I. M. Strunk, Colton.  
M. A. Bagley, Colton.  
J. B. Hanna, Colton.  
Wilson Hanna, Colton.  
Wilson Hayes, Colton.  
E. F. Van Leuven, Colton.  
R. M. Garrett, Colton.  
M. Solomon, Colton.  
James Brewster, Colton.  
E. J. Rice, Colton.  
M. O. Hert, Colton.  
L. M. Sprecher, Colton.  
Percy Hamilton, Colton.  
W. McKittrick, Colton.  
William Wood, Colton.  
George Breittling, Colton.  
G. M. Green, Colton.  
Charles Fuller, Colton.  
Thomas F. Pickley, Colton.  
Ralph Sutherland, Colton.  
Homer Fox, Colton.  
Lewis Fox, Colton.  
S. F. Kelley.  
W. S. Hooper.  
J. H. Wilson.  
James Russell.  
G. M. Hancock.  
C. A. Poole.  
Dr. J. N. Baylis.  
I. Benjamin.  
Herman Harris.  
A. Horowitz.  
J. M. Bracewell.  
G. H. Bublitz.  
Rudolph Anker.  
F. B. Daley.  
S. S. Draper.  
C. F. Riley.  
C. E. Leroy.  
Thomas Hadden.  
J. G. McInerny.  
James Murray.  
F. T. Perris.  
M. D. Katz.  
M. W. Vale.  
Lewis Wolff.  
W. G. Mullen.  
J. B. Frith.  
J. H. West, Needles.  
Dr. E. H. Lyman.  
J. B. Hoffman.  
Charles Klein.  
Grover Cooley.  
L. Van Dorin.  
I. R. Brunn.  
A. B. Thomas.  
John Anderson, Sr.

A. M. Kenniston.  
Col. W. L. Vestal.  
R. M. Baker.  
David Aldridge.  
J. W. Morgan.  
James Drever.  
Alex. Keir.  
E. M. Crawford.  
H. L. Dalby.  
T. A. Blakeley.  
J. W. Bishop.  
Samuel Rawicz.  
F. H. Hamlin.  
G. M. Ross.  
N. A. Richardson.  
J. M. Solomon.  
R. F. Bradley.  
Charles L. Barrett.  
Z. T. Bell.  
George T. Mallery.  
J. S. Jonas.  
S. A. Pease.  
R. W. McGillivray.  
Conrad Oehl.  
R. C. Jensen.

## Attractions

M. C. McKenney, chairman.  
R. J. Ochs.  
L. G. Horowitz.  
David Grosman.  
W. D. F. Allen.  
W. R. Alexander.

## Princess Selection

John Anderson, Jr., chairman.  
Homer R. Scott.  
R. F. Jones.  
J. W. Catick.  
T. B. Merry.  
Frank B. Cole, Highland.  
Charles Fuller, Colton.  
James D. McGregor, Colton.  
N. J. Davenport, Colton.

## Balls.

W. M. Parker, Chairman.  
George Lauterbach.  
Frank A. McGinnis.  
C. A. Lothrop.  
J. William Smith.  
J. S. Wood.  
W. C. Seccombe.

## Sports

Al McRae, chairman.  
C. O. Toy.  
J. J. Arbois.  
R. A. Bruckman.

## Parades

John Poppett, chairman.  
John Shay.  
W. H. Baldwin.  
W. E. Keir.  
W. D. F. Allen.

## Industrial Parade

(Sub-committee of Parade Committee)

W. H. Baldwin, chairman.  
W. E. Keir.  
R. H. Curtis.  
W. J. Hanford.  
Ernest Oehl.  
D. W. Dunton.  
C. F. Riley.  
John J. Shay.  
Frank Starke.  
George F. Hewins.  
W. M. Hoagland.  
Joseph Strawser.  
Robert Cathcart.  
M. C. Butterfield, Colton.  
Wilson G. Hanna, Conton.  
Ralph Sutherland, Colton.

N. Davenport, Colton.  
M. A. Bagley, Colton.  
E. F. Van Leuven, Colton.  
W. E. Burr, Colton.  
G. A. Fisher, Colton.  
F. M. Bandy, Colton.  
J. F. Sullivan, Colton.  
E. H. Van Denmark, Colton.  
G. W. Loring, Highland.  
C. W. Longmire, Highland.  
D. R. Seely, Highland.  
J. L. Yarnell, Highland.  
L. S. Steele, Highland.  
Walter Brookings, Highland.  
D. Roberts, Highland.  
A. A. Cox, San Bernardino  
Kenneth McRae, Rialto.  
James McGregor, Rialto.  
J. M. Showalter, Rialto.  
W. L. Martin, Rialto.  
F. P. Dunlap, Rialto.  
W. P. Martin, Rialto.  
A. B. Miller, Rialto.  
E. S. Graham, Redlands.  
E. G. Pratt, Redlands.  
A. Gregory, Redlands.  
C. T. Clifford, Redlands.  
C. H. Crain, Redlands.  
C. A. Puffer, Byrn Mawr.

## Prizes and Awards

C. M. Grow, chairman.  
M. L. Parcels.  
E. J. Field.  
R. J. Jones.  
Homer R. Scott.

## Tickets

James H. Boyd, chairman.  
F. D. Keller.  
H. R. Scott.  
J. S. Wood.  
C. A. Lothrop.  
Damon Cooley.

## Public Safety

G. M. Stephens, chairman.  
William Johnson.  
Albert Reitz.  
G. W. Ruddell.

## Information

George Feetham, chairman.  
J. H. Barnum.  
J. M. Spence.  
W. H. Rogers.  
H. N. Graham.  
W. R. McNeill.  
John B. Phillips.  
Kirk Phillips.  
Harry Tyler.  
Oscar Jones.  
Frank Owen, Colton.

## Music

Dr. G. R. Owens, chairman.  
W. A. McElvane.  
R. P. Rice.  
Dr. J. G. Ham.  
E. B. Wilkerson, Colton.

## Concessions

W. A. McElvane, chairman.  
E. C. Peck.  
F. N. Wood.

## Pioneer

John Brown, Jr.  
Sheldon Stoddard.  
S. P. Waite.  
John Anderson, Sr.  
George M. Cooley.  
Wm. F. Holcomb.  
De La M. Woodward.  
George Miller.  
R. T. Roberts.  
Richard Weir.  
Reetta Hadden.  
Louise Waters.

Jane Smithson.  
Della Smithson.  
Mary A. Crandall.  
Sarah A. Rathbun.  
Sarah A. Yager.  
Sylvia Davenport.  
Lucia Godfrey.  
R. B. Parazette.  
Annie Alexander.

## Pow-Wow

O. P. Sloat, chairman.  
Capt. J. W. Smith.  
Lieut. Victor Berger.  
Howard Ham.  
Opie L. Warner.  
Dr. J. G. Ham.

## Railway Exhibits

R. A. Brydolf, chairman.  
W. E. Kerr.  
B. L. Holmes.  
R. W. Brazelton.  
T. D. Newman.  
A. P. Brown.  
J. W. Metcalf.

## Floats

J. W. Waide, chairman.  
W. M. Hoagland.  
William Starke.  
Dr. J. G. Ham.  
C. E. White.  
Al. J. Gabel.  
J. F. Johnson, Jr.  
Warren Weaver.  
E. R. Waite.  
R. B. Goodcell.  
Dr. L. M. Parcels.  
G. W. Loring, Highland.  
W. H. Meyers, Rialto.  
Z. M. Green, Colton.

## Indian Features

N. Davenport, chairman.  
John Brown, Jr.  
N. J. Davenport.

## Transportation

A. B. Merrihew, chairman.  
W. E. Erwin.  
W. R. Dowler.  
U. L. Voris.  
E. C. Sisson.

## Livestock

J. H. Kelley, chairman.  
A. A. Garner.  
John J. Shay.  
Thomas Holmes.  
C. W. Rourke.  
C. W. Longmire, Highland.  
R. C. Curtis, Redlands.  
H. G. Stanley, Riverside.  
Frank Holloway, Hemet.  
A. B. Miller, Rosena.

## Cornerstone

R. J. Ochs, chairman.  
W. E. Byrnes.  
S. J. Hennessy.  
J. F. Parker.

## Capilla and El Camino Real

George Seldner, chairman.  
W. E. Keir.  
Thomas McFarlane, Jr.  
Joseph Cohn.

## Joint Railroad

H. S. Wall.  
I. C. Hicks.  
O. D. Buzzell.  
U. L. Voris.  
E. C. Sisson.  
Chester Seay.

## Special Traffic

W. W. Wilcox, chairman.  
J. B. Gill.  
J. T. Bollong.

# San Bernardino Mission History

By JOHN S. MCGROARTY

**I**T is fascinating to look back over a stretch of hundred years of time, a feat which San Bernardino is now enabled to do, having but recently celebrated with great splendor her existence as a century-old community. But this is the city's record in civilization only. She has another record still older. White men were in the valley of San Bernardino 136 years ago, and, by a slight stretch of the imagination, the place may be said to have been "discovered" 368 years ago.

Beginning with the record farthest back, we come upon the voyage of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo to California in 1542. Cabrillo was a Portuguese navigator, able and daring, who succeeded in reaching our shores after at least two other sailors had failed in the attempt. He sailed under the Spanish flag in the service of a no less renowned personage than Cortez, the conqueror of the Aztecs. Cabrillo's expedition was fitted out in the "New Spain" of those days, which is the Old Mexico of to-day. His first landing in California was made at San Diego, where he spent six days. He then sailed north as far as Cape Mendocino where a storm drove him back to Santa Barbara, his ships putting in to the isle of San Miguel where Cabrillo sickened and died.

On his voyage up the Coast, Cabrillo visited the present harbor of San Pedro which he named the "Bay of Smoke" because at that time the dried grasses on the surrounding hills were one vast flame of fire. But there can be no doubt that Cabrillo caught sight of Mts. San Bernardino and San Geronio from the waters of the ocean. No doubt, also, he made note of those majestic peaks as he sailed. Wherefore, it might be said that San Bernardino became known to white men full more than three centuries and a half ago.

Cabrillo, however, never set foot in San Bernardino, so we cannot count him as a visitor. It was not until the year 1774 that the first white man actually arrived in

wild flowers of the valley upon which still looks, as it did then, the mystic mountain of the Arrowhead. This white man was Juan de Anza, the famous Captain of Tubac, who blazed the first inland trail from Sonora to Monterey. Some day there should be erected a monument in Meadowbrook Park to Juan de Anza, the Captain of Tubac. He stands in history as the discoverer of San Bernardino.

It was a notable as well as a hazardous expedition which old Captain de Anza made through the San Bernardino Valley 136 years ago. It was no easy trick to start out from beyond the Colorado River and travel afoot and horseback all the way to Monterey in California. Few people would care to attempt the journey in that way even now, with all the water holes located, not to speak of the section houses and the civilized towns that are strung along the road. Captain Juan had none of these to depend on. It was an unknown country and a hard country to cross. It was filled with savages and side-winders and God knows how many miles of blazing sands that were horrors of desolation.

Yet the Captain of Tubac made the journey in safety. He blazed the trail and put the desert on the map. With him on that memorable journey he had 240 men and women and 1050 beasts of different kinds. It is not recorded that he lost anybody or anything. The way he came into San Bernardino was exactly the way that the Southern Pacific railroad comes into it now. But all that this brave old trail-blazer found when he reached the spot where now stands the good gray town of St. Bernard was a village of the Guachama Indians who must have been as greatly surprised to see him and his companions as we would be new to receive a visit from a band of Hottentots.

Up to the time of Captain de Anza's expedition, and for many years afterwards, the Spaniards confined their

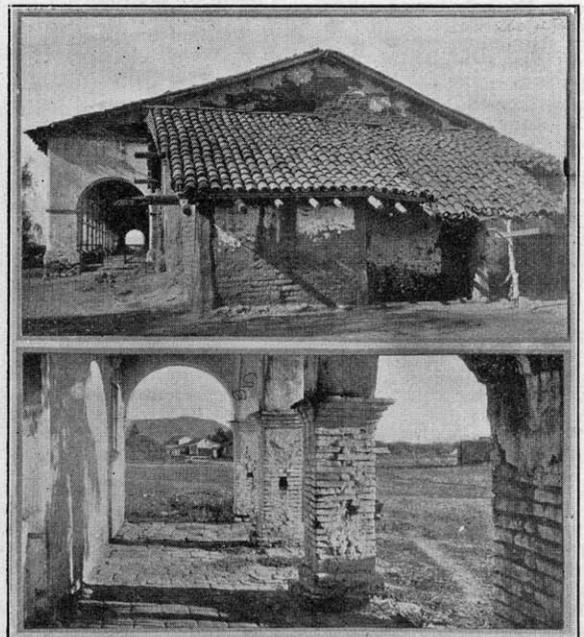
## Committees Deserving of Praise

To attempt to give an adequate mention or commendation of the work of each individual member of the executive committees who were responsible for the success of the Centennial, would entail a task impossible in this issue as it would require volumes to tell of all the sacrifices and personal inconveniences that each member cheerfully subjected themselves. All are deserving of the highest praise as well as the individual members of each sub-committee who so able seconded the efforts of their chairmen.

The ladies committee especially, under the leadership of Mrs. Roberts did their work particularly well and there was no hitch whatever in the work assigned to them. Particularly are they to be commended for keeping within the limit of expenditures as laid out by the general executive committee at the beginning of the Centennial. Not only did they not exceed the amount allowed them but were able to return to the executive committee a credit balance which could not be said of all the men's committees.

All are deserving of the highest commendation and every member has the gratitude of every appreciative citizen of San Bernardino.

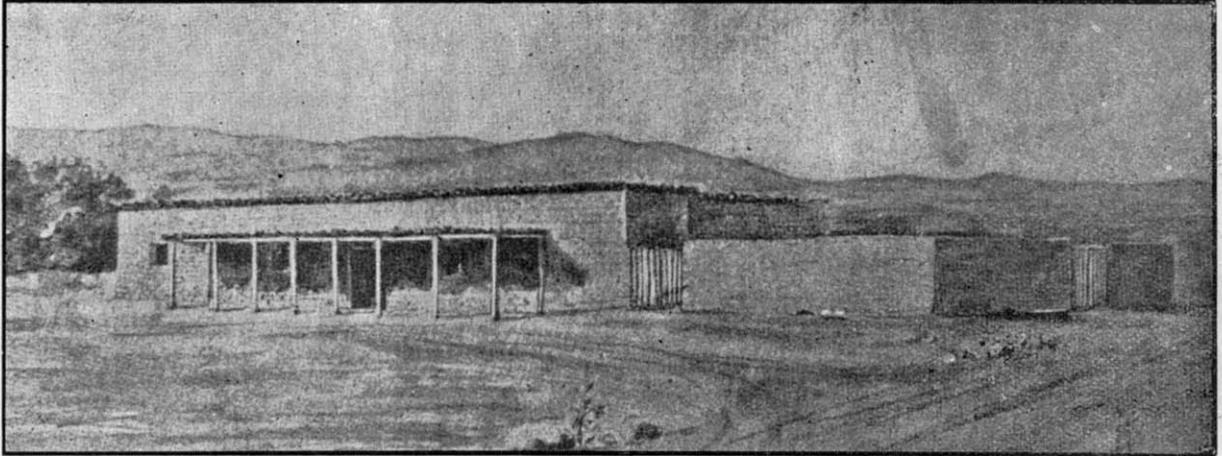
the land of the Guachamas, standing knee-deep in the



Showing tile roof and construction of early San Bernardino Mission

task of conquering and civilizing California entirely to the territory lying immediately along the ocean. They never ventured more than 30 miles inland, and they went as far as that only at one place. The Valley of San Bernardino and all the other great inland valleys were as an unknown country to the Conquistadores and the Franciscan Padres until shortly before the time Padre Dumetz came over from San Gabriel and founded San Bernardino, May 20, 1810. But it is known that the Padres of San Gabriel had long had their thoughts on this Valley where dwelt the Guachamas and which was famed by all reports as "The Place of Plenty."

We can easily imagine the glowing accounts that Captain Juan gave the Padres at San Gabriel as he sat with them at the Mission resting on the way to Monterey.



San Bernardino Mission (About 1820) Now Barton Place, Near Redlands.

And there can be no doubt that the Padres were then more eager than ever to look upon the mystic Arrowhead and to plant the cross in the country of the Guachamas. But if, too, they were somewhat timid about venturing inland so far, we are not to blame them. The Yumas and the other Apaches were not far away, and the Padres had had a terrible experience with those savages in Arizona.

The people of San Bernardino should be interested in knowing all that is to be known of Francisco Dumetz, the brown-robed Franciscan under whose leadership the city and valley were founded and made a part of the civilized world. In personal appearance he must have been a striking and commanding figure, standing over six feet tall in his sandals, and rather fleshy, too. He was grown old when he came to San Bernardino and was then the last living man of that valiant band of pioneers and proselytizers who had come to California with Juniero Serra in 1769. He was a hard and zealous worker and had served in the Missions at San Diego, San Carlos, San Fernando and Santa Buena Ventura before coming to San Gabriel. He died one year after he had founded San Bernardino and his sacred dust lies buried somewhere in the San Gabriel Mission.

We can picture Padre Dumetz in our imagination as he came on that far away day of a hundred years ago to the beautiful hill in the "Place of Plenty" where the corner stone of the memorial capilla was dedicated during the recent centennial. And we can also imagine the thrill that swept his soul as he looked away across that wondrous valley, as beautiful now as it was then. We can hear in memory the music of the bells as he rang them calling the savage gentiles to the Cross. It is a far way to look back and it will be still a farther look another hundred years from now when we who are a part

of the life of today are deep in the dust of death with Francisco Dumetz. But there will be people then to take the look, and there will be people looking backward still in the centuries that are yet beyond, telling the tale that we tell now.

History relates that the founding of San Bernardino was not without its somber side. The Guachamas did not take kindly to Christianity at first. Soon after the Padres came among them an unfortunate, and, as it would seem, an ill-timed earthquake occurred. Hot springs broke through the ground and the earth trembled. The Indians blamed the whole business on the white men, and especially on the Padres, with the consequence that the Guachamas burned everything in sight and attempted to kill the whites in a body.

A few soldiers were then brought from San Gabriel and the Padres continued their task. They were used to such treatment and it did not deter them. Another capilla was built, this time farther into the valley, but this too, was destroyed. But the work went on. The third and the finally successful stand was made over toward Redlands where the ruins of the old Mission buildings are standing to this day.

The old Zanja or irrigation ditch which the Padres built is still in existence in the San Bernardino valley and there are many other evidences of their labors. That the Mission San Bernardino would have rivalled the other Missions in wealth and importance there can be no question were it not for the fact that it was just then that the entire Mission empire fell upon evil days. In 1812 the harrassment of the Missions by the greedy and conscienceless land-grabbers began. The Franciscans disputed every inch of ground and did all that brave men could do to protect their Indian wards. But it was of no avail. The Missions fell, one by one, into ruin and decay. The Padres were driven out by injustice and wrong. The neophytes and Christian Indians went back to the hills and the deserts, many of them to worship again at the feet of the ancient heathen gods.

This, then, is the brave story of the Mission San Bernardino and of the founding of the city and the valley of San Bernardino. It is a story of which to be proud and of which the people of San Bernardino are proud. In the centennial celebration which has so recently been held, they who dwell to day in the "Place of Plenty" under the glow of the peerless mountains and in the peerless Valley of St. Bernard have shown their pride in the heritage which they enjoy and which they shall hand down in greater splendor to their children and their children's children.

# San Bernardino's Streets Credit to City



L. R. Lothrop, Street Supt.

One of the sources of pride of the residents of San Bernardino are the well paved and well taken care of streets which this city has. The average visitor to this city will remark upon that fact in almost every case and the compliment of the outsider can generally be taken as the most sincere flattery.

But few persons have stopped to realize that the enormous sum of \$259,523.15 has been expended in street improvements during the year ending May 10, 1910. That is a daily expenditure from the city officers of more than \$700 or a monthly expense of more than \$21,000. Furthermore there is now underway other improvements which will mean an expenditure of \$50,000 more making a total of over \$300,000 in improvements in a little more than a year.

Not only have improvements been made but the streets have been kept in excellent condition at all times by an efficient street department. Street Superintendent L. R. Lothrop has had charge of the various activities and has been to a great extent responsible for their success.

The report of the State Controller for last year showed San Bernardino to be second in expenditures for street work.

The magnitude of the work done this year can be gathered by a glance at

the following figures furnished by Superintendent Lothrop:

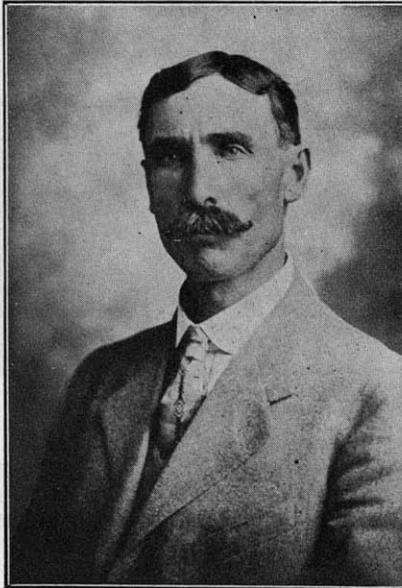
Street Work for the Year Ending May, 10, 1910.

Paving completed:  
 Eight miles under Vrooman Act, cost .....\$160,792.14  
 Three-quarters miles, private contract ..... 13,720.38  
 Paving under way:  
 Two miles, private contract, nearly completed. \$ 51,719.70

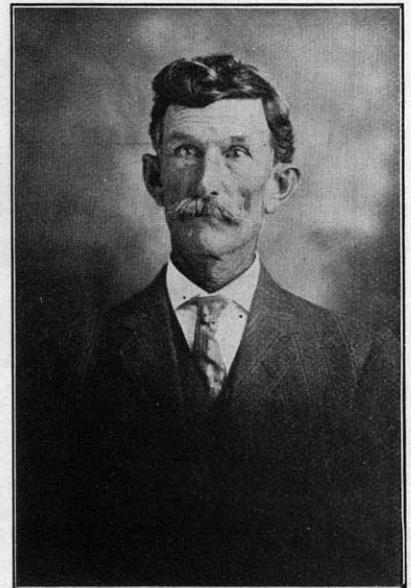
Sewers completed:  
 Two and one-half miles, Vrooman Act ..... 14,290.93  
 One and one-half miles, private contract ..... 4,000.00  
 Sidewalks and curbs constructed, estimated cost 15,000.00  
 Total cost of improvements .....\$259,523.15

**Improvements Under Way**

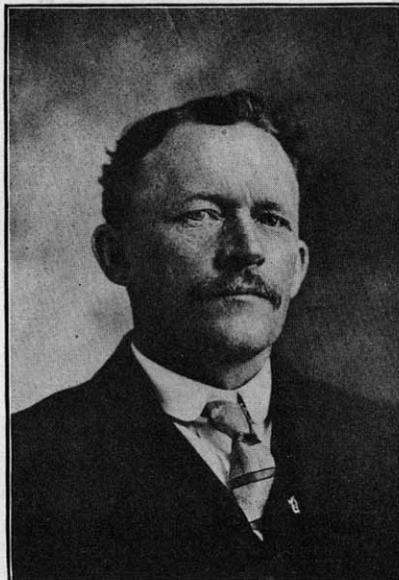
Two miles street paving....\$45,000.00  
 Vitrified pipe sewers..... 5,000.00



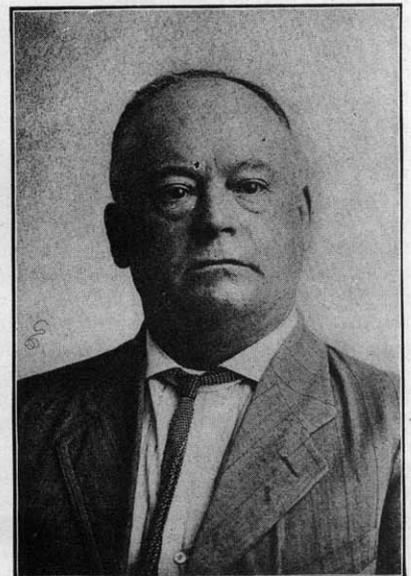
Councilman Thomas Holmes



Councilman James C. Cole

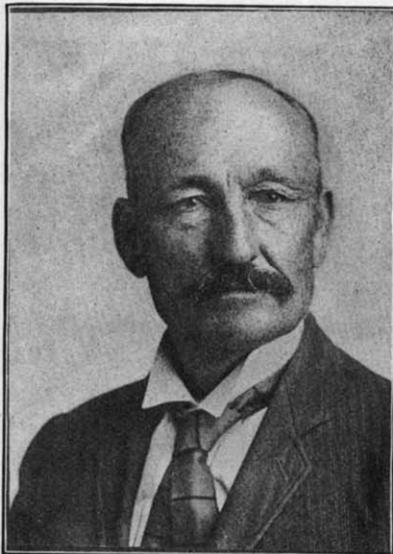


Councilman Wm. A. Irving



Councilman Frank Oweger

# Our Efficient Board of Supervisors



Samuel Pine, Chino.

The people of San Bernardino county have been particularly fortunate in the selection of their county officers. Never in the history of the county has there been the taint of scandal, which has been frequently the subject of notriety in many sections of the country. The county affairs from the constable to the judiciary has left a record unblemished. The people of San Bernardino county have been particularly proud of the record

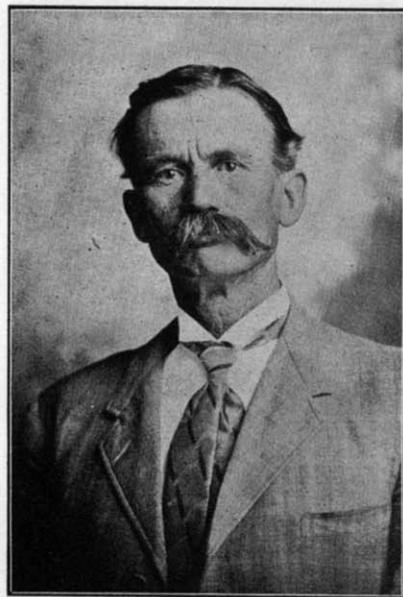
made by their board of Supervisors especially, as the efficient work accomplished by them and the wise and economical expenditure of the county's finances have left nothing to be desired or criticized. The roads of San Bernardino county have long been the pride of every resident in it and the envy of the other counties of the state.

Throughout the west end of the county in particular, where the travel is heaviest in the districts of Messrs. Pine and Reed, the county roads are now and have been for years in excellent condition, which is the direct result of the careful attention given by these efficient officials.



Dr. E. W. Reed, Cucamonga.

In every line of business, experience is counted as a very important qualification and the people of the second and fourth supervisorial districts from all indications, are of that mind, for there is very little prospects of any opposition to the re-election of these two supervisors in the primaries in August or the election in November. When the nominations were first talked about at the beginning of the present year Dr. Reed expressed a desire for the office of Coroner but so persistent was the demand for his remaining on the Board of Supervisors that he yielded his personal preferences and the higher emoluments of the Coroner's office and allowed his

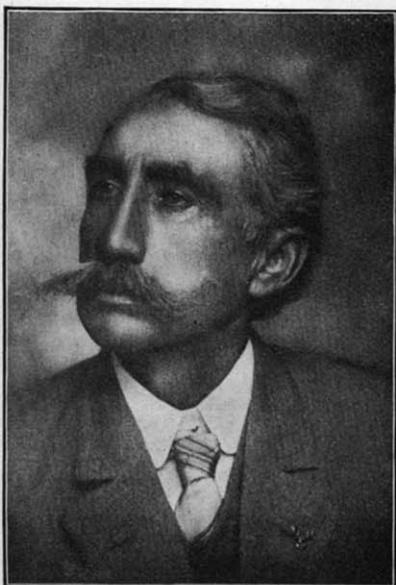


Sidney V. Horton, Mission.

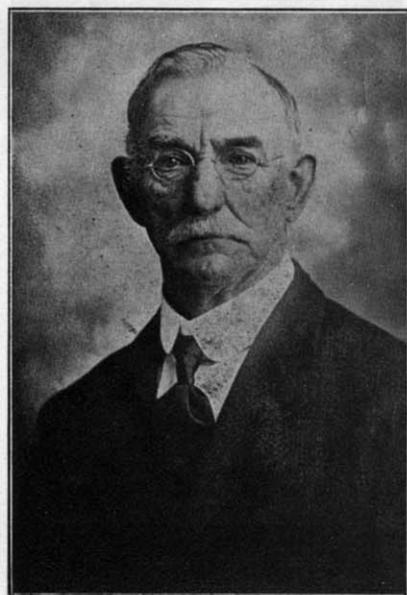
name to be used for the renomination to his present office.

In Mr. Pine's district the demand is no less strong for his renomination and election as the people appreciate the very efficient service he has rendered and can render to the district in the future.

Messrs. Glover, West and Horton are no less efficient in rendering satisfactory service to their districts and the county.



J. H. West, Needles.



J. H. Glover, Redlands.

# San Bernardino's Bench and Bar



Frank F. Oster, Superior Judge

## R. B. Goodcell.

Rex B. Goodcell, chief deputy district attorney, is another San Bernardino young man who is going up in the world. Mr. Goodcell will go before the August primaries as a candidate for the nomination for district attorney on the republican ticket. That he is well qualified for the place goes without saying. He was born in San Bernardino and attended college in Oakland.



Rex B. Goodcell, Ass't Dist. Att'y, Candidate for Nomination for Dist. Att'y.

## Judge F. F. Oster.

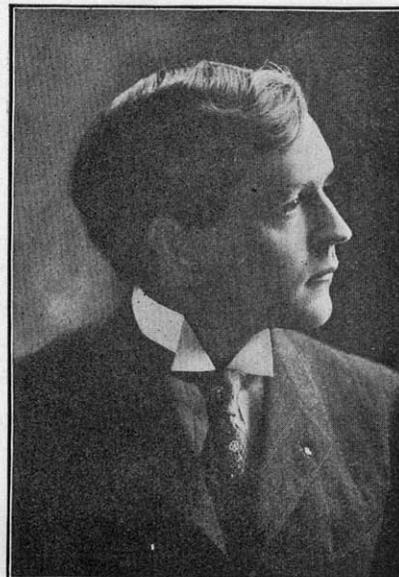
Superior Judge Frank F. Oster, who presides in department one of the San Bernardino superior court, is one of the bright intellects of the judiciary of Southern California. Judge Oster at the earnest solicitation of his many friends in the Southland has consented to allow his name to go before the people as a candidate for the appellate bench, a promotion to which he is entitled in every way, and which he would fill to the satisfaction of the bar of Southern California. Judge Oster has made an enviable record as superior judge in this county. Many great litigations have been tried before him, and that his judgment has been right in almost every instance has frequently been attested by the decision of the higher courts.



L. M. Sprecher, Candidate for Republican Nomination for District Attorney

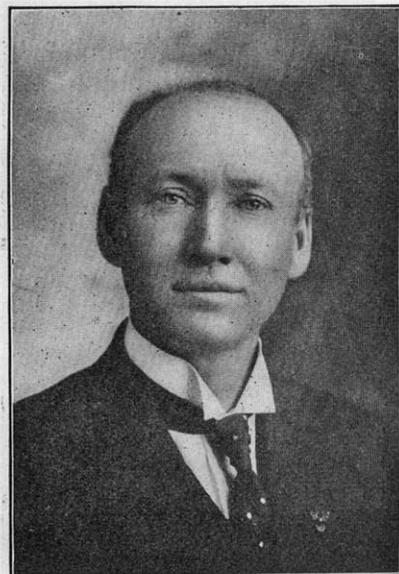
## S. W. McNabb.

S. W. McNabb, mayor of San Bernardino, began his career as a printer. Since leaving the print shop he has successively become a deputy sheriff, lawyer and finally mayor. He was elected to the latter office without opposition. With the election of Sheriff Ralph he was appointed under sheriff. While in this position he found time from his active duties to study law and was admitted to the bar and became a member of the firm of Curtis & McNabb. In 1909 he was elected mayor which position he now fills, as well as taking care of his successful law practice.



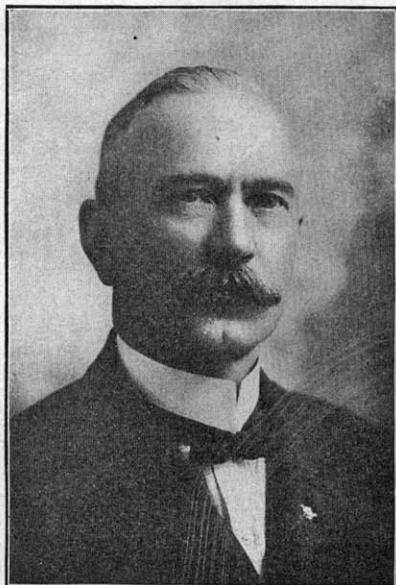
Benj. F. Bledsoe, Superior Judge

Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe is the superior judge presiding in department two of the San Bernardino courts. His advance in the law has been rapid and that he is to further add to his brilliant career is predicted in the fact that he has been selected as democratic candidate for the supreme bench of California. Judge Bledsoe, as superior judge, has made an enviable record, and his decisions have won recognition all over the state.



Mayor S. W. McNabb

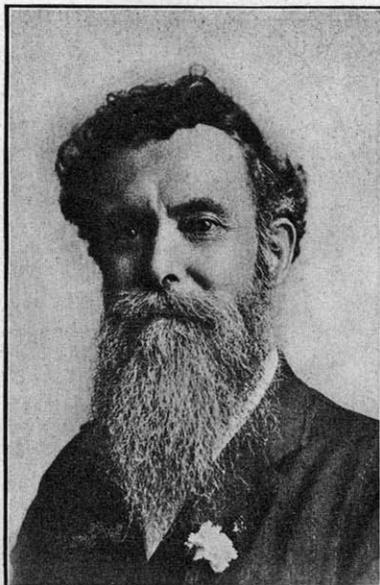
# Prominent Citizens of San Bernardino



Postmaster Kelley.

That San Bernardino has a splendid postal service that keeps fully abreast in efficiency with the rapid growth of the city, is due in a great measure to the head of the San Bernardino postoffice, Postmaster Stephen F. Kelley, who has just entered on his fourth term.

Trained from early youth to do business systematically and practically, the experience has been of great



Henry Goodcell, Prominent Attorney.

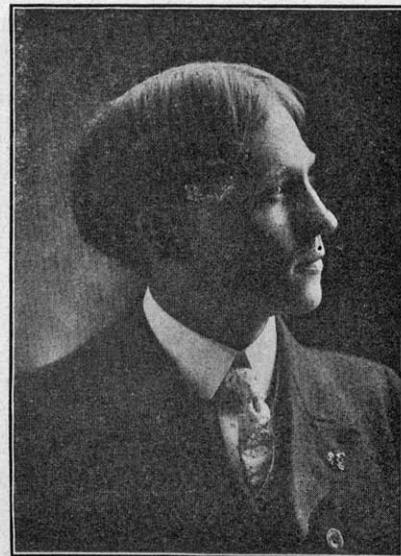
benefit to the San Bernardino postmaster during the 12 years he has been at the head of the San Bernardino postoffice.

At the head of a postoffice in a growing town and when the red tape of the government has not responded as quickly in emergencies as the situation would warrant, it has taken lively strategy to keep up the good service in this city, when the office demanded more help than was forthcoming.

Under Postmaster Kelley's jurisdiction the office has grown from a few carriers and clerks to a small army of employes and the key to the mailing room has long since been out of use as the office has reached that degree of importance that mails are received and dispatched all through the day and night and on weekdays and Sunday.

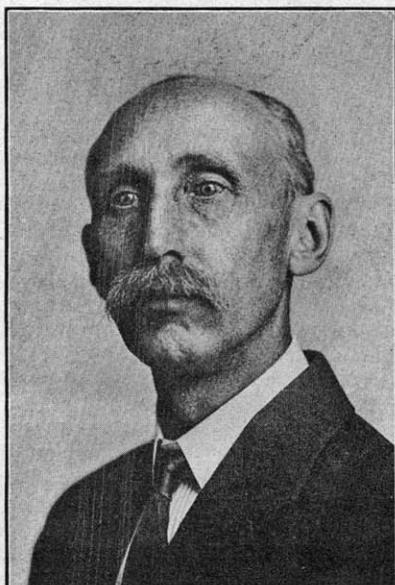
S. A. Pease.

One of the most important offices in San Bernardino county is that of horticultural commissioner and about the only man in the county fitted to hold the position is the present incumbent, S. A. Pease. Mr. Pease has been at the head of the commission for about ten years and since the law was changed has been in entire charge. On his shoulders falls the duty of preserving the great fruit interests of the county from pests that, once given a foothold, would cause damage amounting to millions of dollars. A

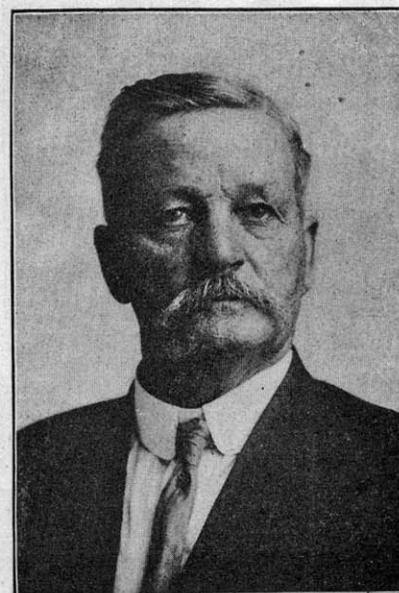


Ralph E. Swing, City Attorney.

man of firmness, as well as aggressiveness is needed for the position and although diplomatic and with sound judgment, Mr. Pease is this man. He is an authority on the subjects of his office and his opinion is frequently requested by government experts. He has been most vigilant in preventing the introduction of infected plants into the county and has been instrumental in forming several splendid ordinances for the protection of the fruit interests.



Herbert Chase, Prominent Attorney.



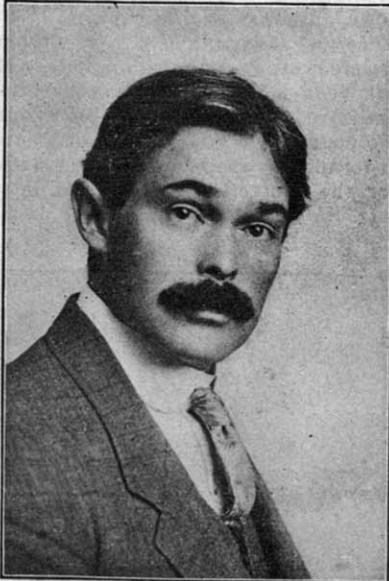
S. A. Pease, Horticulture Commission.

# San Bernardino County Officials

## John C. Ralphs.

John C. Ralphs, sheriff of the great county of San Bernardino has been a terror to evildoers since he took the office over eight years ago.

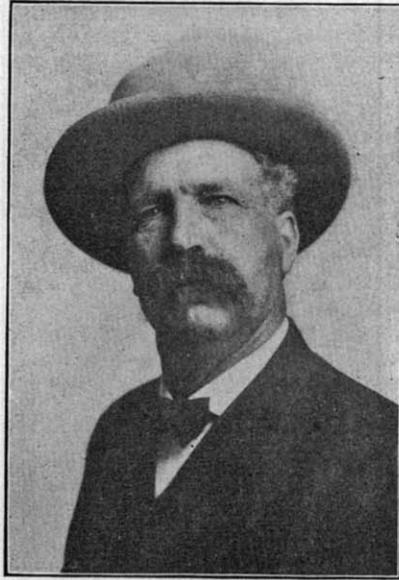
Nowhere in the United States is there such a wide range of classes of people than in San Bernardino county. There are rough mining camps on the desert, through which three transcontinental railroad lines pass and which are the highways sought by a vicious class of tramps. On the valley side of the mountains are the many cities populated with cultivated and intelligent people. In some parts of the county is the cholo element. With the possibilities for crime in the vast stretch of territory, from the Colorado river to the Los Angeles county line a distance of over 200 miles, a sheriff, to preserve order, must be on the job and this is where Sheriff Ralphs is ever to be found. He is a native of this valley where his father settled in the early days. He is a candidate for the nomination at the August primaries.



Shirley Bright.

Of the many young men in San Bernardino who have gone up the ladder by perseverance and energy, none is better known than Shirley Bright, a well-known civil engineer.

Mr. Bright was born in San Bernardino 35 years ago. After completing the high school course he went to the University of California at Berkeley from which he graduated with high honors, from the engineer-



Sheriff Ralphs.

ing department in 1901. After leaving college Mr. Bright entered the service of the Santa Fe company; then accepted the position of resident engineer of the Sonora branch of the Southern Pacific, and resigned to accept the position of assistant to county Surveyor Cook from which office he went to the office of the city engineer as chief assistant. At present he is engineer for the Fontana Development company and is a candidate for the office of county surveyor.



H. B. Wilson, Assessor

## H. B. Wilson.

The important office of county assessor is filled by H. B. Wilson, who is regarded as a safe and conservative official, who has done much towards regulating and equalizing the property assessments of the county. Mr. Wilson, when he assumed the duties of the office four years ago, started in to regulate the assessments and make them more equitable. Along this line he has made a splendid record.

Before he was elected to this office he was appointed to the honorary position of membership of the Board of Managers of the Southern California Hospital for the Insane which he still retains and which he has filled with credit.

Mr. Wilson is a candidate for re-nomination for assessor on the republican ticket.



A. S. McPherson,  
County Superintendent of Schools.

Occupying that important post as the head of the schools of the county, Superintendent Asbury S. McPherron has brought the educational advantages up to a high standard. He was appointed to the position in 1902 to fill an unexpired term and has since been twice elected to succeed himself.

Professor McPherron was born in Tennessee. His father was a farmer and a teacher before him. He graduated from Oberlin College, Ohio, after receiving a public school education and taking a full college course in Tabor college, Iowa. Professor McPherron will be a candidate for reelection to the position at the November election.

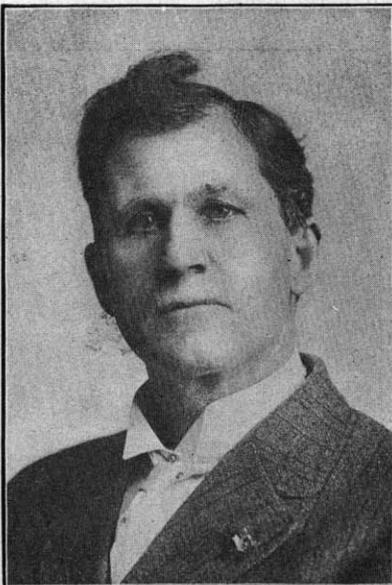
# San Bernardino County Officials



**Charles Post, County Clerk,  
Candidate for re-election.**

Charles Post is county clerk of San Bernardino county. He was elected in 1906 by a big majority and has proven the confidence of his friends. Popular and accommodating there are few people who have not a good word to say for Charley Post.

Mr. Post worked his way up to his present position through many years of hard work, not only work of the brain but the hands as well. When a



**L. A. Desmond, Tax Collector,  
Candidate for re-election.**

youth he "punched" cattle on a Nebraska range. Coming to California he teamed for a number of years and then accepted a position with a Redlands water company. He was first appointed deputy under Louis Pfeffer whom he succeeded. He is father of a happy family residing in San Bernardino.

## C. D. Van Wie.

Another county officer who has made an excellent record for honesty and fairness in conducting the affairs of his office is C. D. Van Wie, whose residence is in Ontario in the western section of the county, but whose office, that of county coroner, is in San Bernardino.

During Mr. Van Wie's administration of the office there have occurred calls for coroner to investigate great tragedies of human life that required sound judgment and diplomacy. In these trying events Mr. Van Wie showed his ability to cope with almost any situation.

After leaving college he was engaged in the abstract business in several large cities before taking up horticulture pursuits at Ontario. His friends have urged him to become a candidate for county auditor and he will go before the voters for election in November.

## L. A. Desmond.

L. A. Desmond is tax collector of San Bernardino county. Chosen to fill the unexpired term of the late L. I. Coy, Mr. Desmond at once demonstrated his ability to handle the affairs of the office. He has inaugurated a number of reforms which have brought thousands of dollars into the county treasury. For years land on which were delinquent taxes, drifted along without bringing in revenue. By advertising this land the owners have been pressed to come forward and pay what is due the county, otherwise it has been sold. He has also changed the dates of tax paying to the convenience of the public. Mr. Desmond is a candidate for renomination on the republican ticket at the August primaries.

## J. F. Johnson, Jr.

The important office of county recorder of San Bernardino county is directed by J. F. Johnson, Jr., and the efficiency of his administration is proven by the voters who have returned him to the position several times. Owing to the vast territory



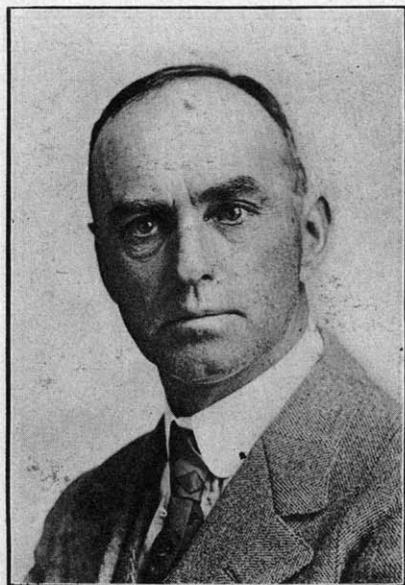
**C. D. Van Wie, Coroner,  
Candidate for County Auditor.**

within the confines of San Bernardino county the county recorder's office is a busy place. Not infrequently over 200 documents a day are recorded in this office. To keep the business cleared away and the records clean requires constant diligence on the part of the boss of the job and this is what J. F. Johnson, Jr., is doing every work day in the year. Mr. Johnson is a candidate for re-election.



**J. F. Johnson, Jr., Recorder,  
Candidate for re-election.**

# Professional Men of San Bernardino



M. L. Cook.

No man in San Bernardino county is more familiar with surveys and data than County Surveyor M. L. Cook. Mr. Cook has brought the surveyor's office up to a high degree of perfection and in place of hardly any maps and less data to be found when he took charge, the citizen desiring information now, can be accommodated. He has a wide knowledge of the geographical conditions and resources of this big county, which he has gained by years of public and private work.

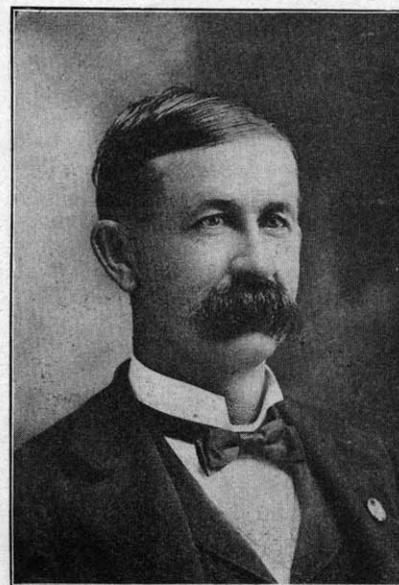
In addition to laying out miles of roads in the county a large number of steel, concrete and other bridges have been built under his plans and directions. Mr. Cook will be a candidate at the August primaries for the republican nomination for surveyor.

## M. A. Bagley.

An important public position in this county was created by the last legislature—that of county probation officer. Malon A. Bagley is county pro-

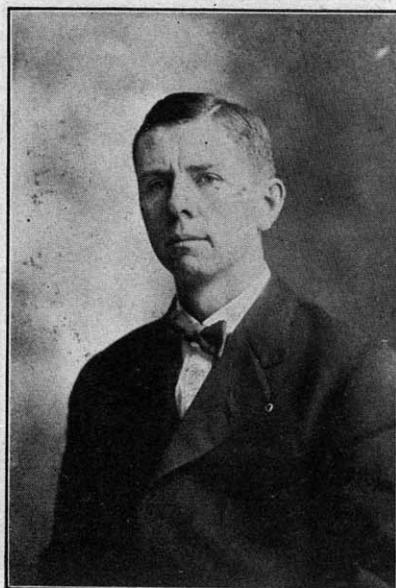


G. M. Pittman, Attorney.  
Candidate for Justice of the Peace.



M. A. Bagley, Probation Officer.

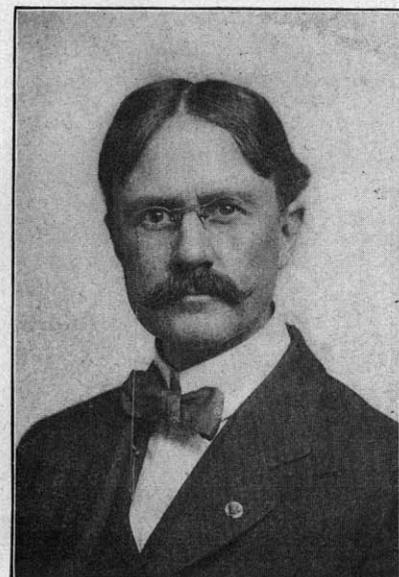
bation officer having been appointed by the county supervisors out of a list of applicants. To take this position he resigned as constable of Colton township, which office he had filled for a number of years. The county probation officer must look after the growing youth of the communities. Those who are inclined to be wild need the firm hand of discipline and diplomacy to start them on the right track to success, and Probation Officer Bagley has proven an efficient and energetic official.



Frank T. Bates, Attorney.



Raymond E. Hodge, Attorney



Harry M. Willis, Attorney

# Good Citizens of San Bernardino



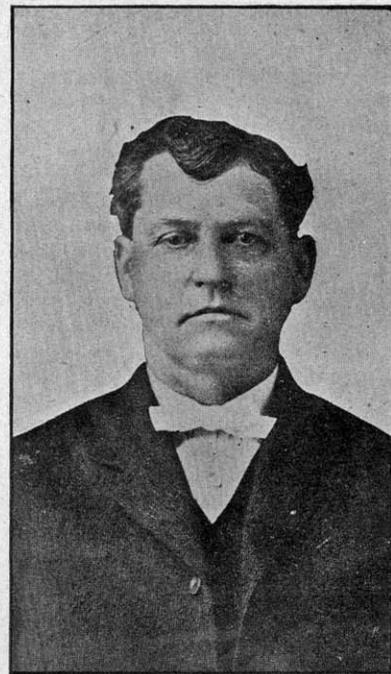
H. D. Sibley, County Treasurer.

H. D. Sibley, county treasurer of San Bernardino county, and candidate for re-nomination and election, has handled the thousands of dollars of county money and has made a record for efficiency seldom equalled. During his terms of office he has received and disbursed \$10,000,000 of the people's money without the loss of one cent. He is seeking another term on his record, and in support of his candidacy believes that as it is not the custom to change cashiers of banks, foremen of mill, ranch, mine, packing house,

factory or railroad, simply because the other man wants his position, that he should be re-nominated, and that a county office should not be conducted differently from that of any other well-managed business.

## William H. Baldwin.

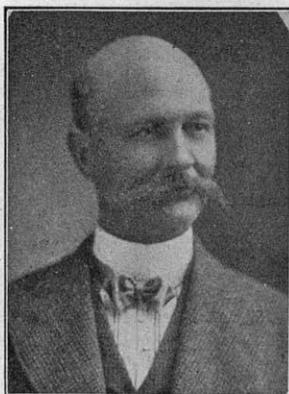
The thousands of visitors who were in San Bernardino during Centennial week will be interested in knowing that the success of the big industrial parade, one of the greatest features of the kind ever produced in Southern California, was due in a great measure to William H. Baldwin, the head of the Baldwin Detective agency. He was appointed as chairman of the sub-committee of the industrial parade and his activity in rounding up the features took him to all parts of the valley and kept him busy creating enthusiasm in the great Santa Fe shops and in other big industries of the city.



W. H. Baldwin.

Aside from being able to reproduce the goods for a great parade when called on to do so, Mr. Baldwin is one of the most successful peace officers and detectives in the southland. In this city he stands far in the lead in the record of capturing criminals. As a police officer and detective he has been most active and a large number of criminals have fallen into his net.

As probation officer of the county he made a splendid record. This has grown to be one of the most important offices in the county and Mr. Baldwin was busy day and night in rounding up the youths, who threatened to go wrong, and starting them on the right tack.

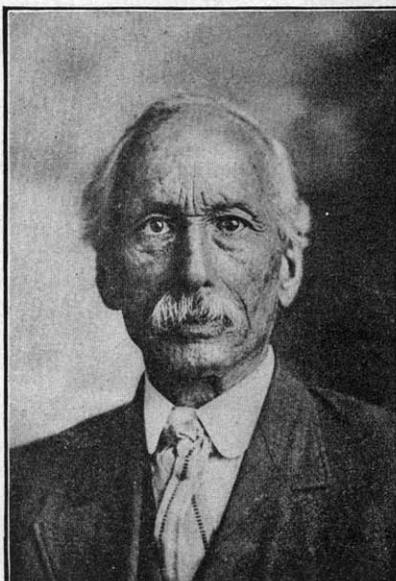


DR. H. PITTMAN

Dr. Henderson H. Pittman, who made such a splendid coroner from 1902 to 1906, is again a candidate for that office, subject to the decision at the Republican primary in August. Dr. Pittman is one of the best known men in the county, and his friends are legion.

It was the urging of his many friends that caused Dr. Pittman to again enter the race for the office which he filled so acceptably for one term, and these same friends are determined that he shall be nominated and elected.

Dr. Pittman is a native of Tennessee, his father having been a cotton planter in that state and in Alabama.



Dr. J. A. Mack.



C. C. Haskel, Attorney.

# A Builder of San Bernardino

Of the many pioneers who took an active part in the San Bernardino Valley Centennial celebration none has a clearer knowledge or the history of this section than Fred T. Perris, a resident of the valley beginning in 1853 and again in 1874 after an absence of several years in Salt Lake and Europe, and who has done splendid work toward the upbuilding of not only this city and valley, but the entire Southern California as well.

Aside from his busy life as a railroad man he has found time to take a vital interest in his home city's affairs. He was elected to the board of city trustees for several terms and successfully withstood the hammering of people who would have ousted him, not only from the board, but from his high position with the railroad company as well, because he stood firm to his honest convictions and has since had the satisfaction of seeing those who were against him then come around to his way of thinking. At this time he is a valuable member of the city's water commission.

A great deal of the credit for San Bernardino's first railroad is due to Mr. Perris. He blew the whistle on the first engine to arrive in the city from San Diego.

"It was a great event," said Mr. Perris, in recalling the arrival of the locomotive and train from San Diego. "The engine was decorated and there was a big crowd to welcome us in. The Santa Fe's first station in San Bernardino was a single box car. Those were strenuous days in building railroad. The Southern Pacific held us up at Colton for eleven months and Joe Bright and Austin Chute cut the S. P. rails following a condemnation suit. Big time then? I should say there was."

The arrival of the railroad in San Bernardino signaled the opening of a boom followed later by the boom of 1887 and 1888. Our first train over our own rails arrived in Los Angeles June 15, 1887 and property went skyward.

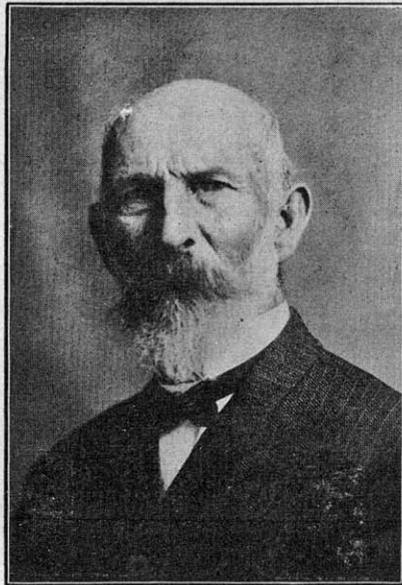
## GROWTH OF SANTA FE.

"Yes, the Santa Fe has grown some in San Bernardino since these days. Then our yards ended at Mt. Vernon avenue on the west, I street on the east, Fourth street on the north and Third street on the south and we had room to burn. With the growth of the country the yards have been extended until they are over a mile in length, reaching into Lytle creek on

the west and to Fifth street, north on I street, with double track to Highland junction and double track to Colton. We had to acquire all the ground between Fourth street and Kingman and close the former street on account of the shop enlargement, and now have none too much ground."

Mr. Perris reached up in a map file in his office and took down blue prints which show at a glance the growth of San Bernardino's largest industry.

"You have noticed all these big cuts up in the Cajon Pass," said Mr. Perris. "Well, the enormous amount of dirt taken out of these excavations was moved by Chinamen with handcarts. In those days there were not enough



Fred T. Perris.

white laborers in the country to do the work."

On the Seventh day of July, 1866, an act was passed by congress approving and subsidizing a new transcontinental line, starting from Springfield, Missouri, and thence running by the most direct route to Albuquerque, New Mexico; thence to the head waters of the Little Colorado river and then along the 35th parallel, north latitude, to the Colorado, and thence to tide-water. There was a race between this road and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe for the Pacific coast. San Diego wanted to be the terminus and through the efforts of Kimball brothers, who had invested heavily in National City, two representatives of the

Santa Fe came to this country, G. B. Wilbur and L. G. Pratt of Boston.

When San Bernardino heard that San Diego was to secure a visit from the railway men she was aroused. On October 20, 1879, a mass meeting was held at the courthouse in this city and Mr. Perris, who was then county surveyor, and John Isaacs, editor of the San Bernardino Times, were appointed as a committee to meet the railroad men. By diligent effort a committee appointed for the purpose raised funds amounting to forty dollars, one of which was bogus. When the delegation reached San Diego they found they would have to wait five days, during which time Mr. Isaacs said in his paper, "The committee had ample time to spend its funds and to look over the lay of the land." They found there were opposing interests at work. The San Bernardino delegates soon found that their presence was not considered desirable by one party, at least, and a determined effort to prevent their meeting the railway men when they arrived, was made.

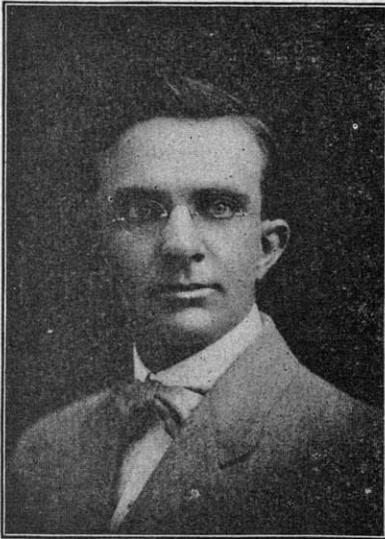
"Messrs. Wilbur and Pratt, however, knocked this plan into a cocked hat when they declined to accept the private hospitality of this individual and went to the Horton house, where the San Bernardino delegates at last secured an appointment. The conference lasted from 8 o'clock p. m. until 1:30 a. m., and Mr. Perris furnished facts and gave topographical data which the other interests were totally unprepared for. At the close of the talk Mr. Wilbur said: "Gentlemen, if you will come for us in two weeks we will go up and see your country."

The two railroad men, with their engineer, Mr. Morley, arrived in due season. Samples of the products and all the statistics available were gathered for the benefit of impressing the visiting directors. Mr. Perris took Engineer Morley over the line from Santa Margarita and through San Gorgonio and Moronge passes and also to the summit of Cajon Pass, camping one night in a short piece of tunnel started by the Los Angeles and Inyo line to reach mines in or near Death Valley.

## FIRST SURVEYING PARTY.

"The first surveying party left this city in my charge on December 1, 1880, to run the line for the California Southern railroad, which led through Temecula canyon, said Mr. Perris.

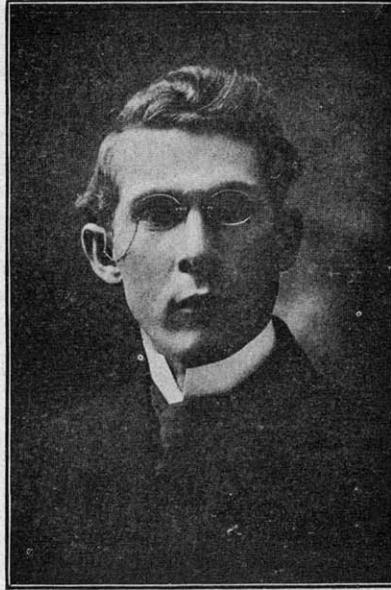
# Professional Men of San Bernardino



Dr. D. C. Strong.

"There were in the party besides myself: I. C. Dunlap, transitman; T. M. Parsens, levelman; William P. Cave, topographer; John Mayfield, rodman; Oscar T. Barren and Stephen Hales, chainmen; George Evans and Edwin Williamson, teamsters; James M. Burnet, stake marker; Frank B. Daley and Milford Torrass, flag and axe man, respectively; Ah Fong, cook. The route now goes by way of Orange, as Temecula canyon was abandoned after the track had been washed out by a flood the second time.

In 1893 the loop around the San Bernardino valley was built by Mr.



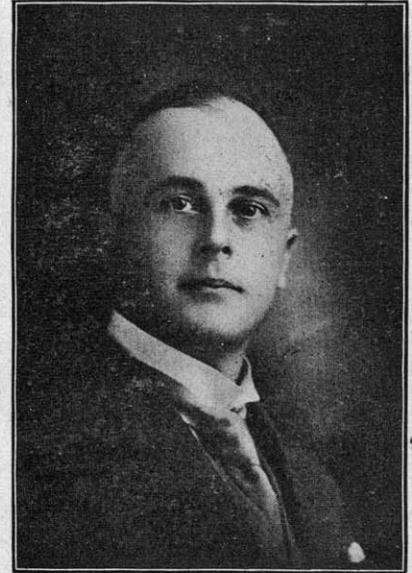
Dr. J. G. Ham.

Perris. The wharves at San Diego were also built under his direction.

Mr. Perris was born in Gloucester, England, 74 years ago next January and when 13 years of age set sail with his parents for Australia and was apprenticed out in the city of Melbourne to an Architect and Engineer named Arthur Newman.

#### GATHERING WATER DATA.

In 1879 Mr. Perris was appointed by the state engineer to take the measurement of the streams, locate possi-

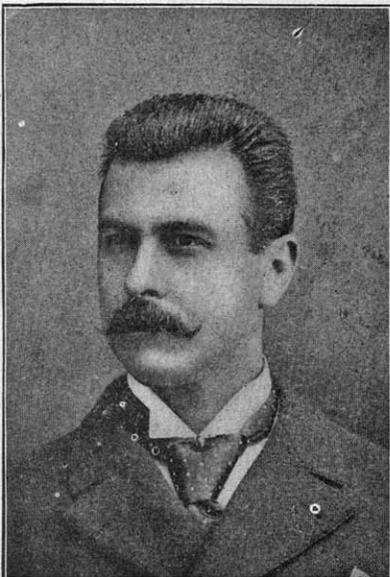


Dr. H. W. Mills.

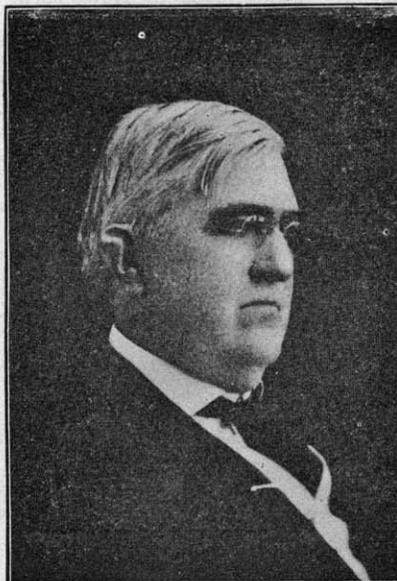
ble reservoirs and gather other water data in San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties.

"This work took me all over this country," said Mr. Perris. "I went to Big Bear Valley among other places and realized the possibilities of a great reservoir there and made the final survey for it."

For about 35 years he, with his family, have occupied a fine old home located in the midst of a spacious and well-kept grounds on North D street in this city.



Dr. D. Trevino.



Dr. C. G. Campbell.



Dr. George B. Rowell.

# Enterprising Citizens of San Bernardino



C. B. Robuck.

It's the young men of a community who furnish the red, red blood that supplies the arteries of a thriving, energetic city. As a rule they have the spirit and pluck to do things. In this respect C. B. Robuck, proprietor of the Robuck Cyclery, stands prominently to the front.

His place of business is located at 361 E street, where he carries a complete line of bicycles and sundry supplies necessary to a well equipped store of this kind. He does a general repair business and employs only skilled workmen.

Lately Mr. Robuck has opened up a real estate loan and insurance business. The real estate business is not new to him, as he was for some time in with Mr. Swan, one of the oldest and best posted real estate men in San Bernardino. He personally attends to all his own correspondence and is at all times glad to furnish information pertaining to lands and values of this city and valley. He is a young man of splendid character and commands the respect of all who know him for his straightforward methods of doing business.

G. W. Smith.

One of the wide-awake real estate dealers of this city is G. W. Smith, located at 269 E street. He left New York, his native state, a little over two years ago, going to West Virginia, where he invested extensively in real estate. He only remained there a few months when he concluded to try Cali-



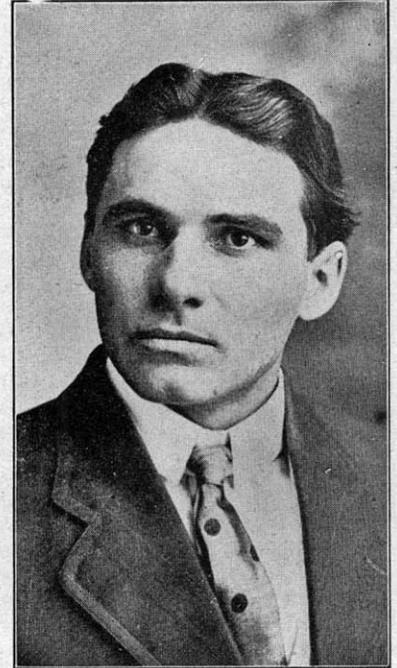
D. W. Smith.

fornia and after visiting many points along the coast, he came to San Bernardino and made a careful investigation of its future prospects. He became convinced that it offered greater opportunities than any section of the state he had yet visited and was not long in deciding to locate here permanently.

He is a pleasant gentleman to do business with and is already numbered among San Bernardino's progressive young business men. Mr. Smith still retains his interest in a large wholesale house in New York, as well as realty interests in W. Va., although he intends to make this city his future home. He is one of those good "Boosters" and will always be found among those who work hardest for the future welfare of San Bernardino.



Dr. Enriquez.



Ed Reber.

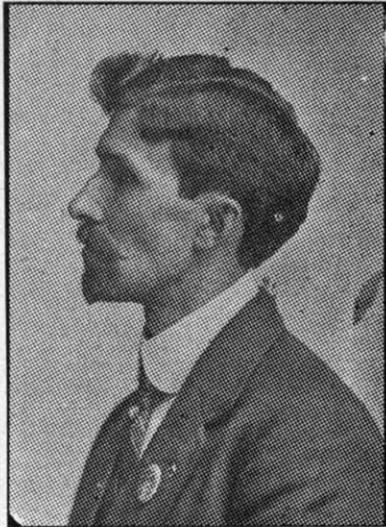
One of the Most Expert Plumbers in the Valley.

To say that we are living in an age of specialization and that the handy man or all round worker, whether it be in the trades or the professions has been displaced by the expert specialist, is to merely repeat what has been said so often that it has become a platitude.

In San Bernardino an expert plumbing establishment is ably conducted by Ed Reber, a man of fourteen years' experience. His place of business is located at 431 Court street where he carries one of the largest and most complete lines of plumbing goods, bath tubs and toilet equipments.

He is a practical mechanic, understanding thoroughly every detail of the business and does the very best of sanitary plumbing. He employs only skilled labor and personally overlooks every job turned out of his shop.

Mr. Reber has, by his splendid business methods, built up a large trade, in the city and throughout the valley. He has the entire confidence of the people and his work stands as a monument to his skill and ability in his particular line. He is prepared at all times to fill any order or estimate on any size job. Much of the high class plumbing in San Bernardino was done by his shop.



W. P. Nobes

**NOBES' HYGIENIC INSTITUTE**

W. P. Nobes, M. G., since moving his offices and operating rooms to the corner of Third and E streets (up stairs), has been a very busy man. The bath and operating rooms have been fitted up with all modern appliances and special attention is given to physiological therapeutics. Regular physicians of the city send many of their patients to this institution for treatment. Their prescriptions being carefully administered.

Dr. Nobes is also an experienced chiropodist and does a large business in this branch of his profession.

Hair-dressing, shampooing, manicuring and facial and scalp massage is also done by a competent assistant.



Harvey E. Jones

**A. N. GREGORY & SONS**

**Oldest Contracting Firm in SAN Bernardino.**

With a record of twenty-two years of steady work in San Bernardino and doing the plastering of fully two-thirds of the best buildings in the city it is safe to say that no firm in this flourishing community has had more to do with the progress of this city than A. N. Gregory & Sons, whose place of business is located at 426 Second St.

The firm is composed of father and two sons, John A. and Carl A. Besides doing plastering and interior work, they are dealers in plastering material and are agents for the celebrated Arden Hardwell plaster, which is used by a large percent of the contractors who guarantee the best material. No firm in this entire valley has a wider circle of friends and customers than these gentlemen. When they are given a contract it is conceded beforehand that only a first class job will be done. The best proof of their standing for good honest work is the fact that fully two-thirds of the best buildings in the city were finished by them. Their straight forward methods of doing business has given them a standing in this community, of which any firm might feel proud. They stand high in business circles, where their word is as good as their bond.

**A POPULAR SAN BERNARDINO FIRM.**

Jones' Photo Supply house, one of the best known establishments in Southern California, has aided in the production of this magazine, by being able to supply our staff of photographers with most of the plates they used as well as furnish us with many of the photographs reproduced in this issue. On account of their large and complete stock, comprising every thing photographic, orders could be promptly filled.

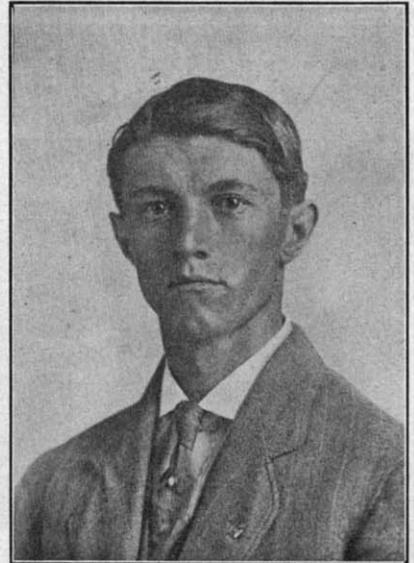
Both of these young men are pleasant gentlemen to deal with and have made a wide circle of friends among their customers, by their obliging manner and courteous treatment. If you need anything in the photography line call on them, 507 Third street, or if you live out of town write. If they haven't got it in stock they will get it for you.

**GEO. H. SEAGER**

**Manager of the Independent Ice, Fuel and Feed Company.**

The Independent Ice Company, manufacturers and distributors of Pure distilled spring water ice is a branch of the Redland company and was established in this city less than a year ago.

The company is composed of J. S.



Geo. H. Seager

Edwards, president; R. D. Van Duyne, secretary and H. W. Seager, superintendent. The management of the plant in this city is ably looked after by Geo. H. Seager. While not yet twenty-two years old he has shown exceptional business and executive ability which is amply proven by the rapid growth of the business here.

The company here has recently added fuel and feed to the business and their place which is located at 374 D street is one of the busiest in San Bernardino. Mr. Seager has the management of the entire business and is looked upon in this community as one of the progressive young business men of this city.



Oscar B. Jones

# Valiant Officers Co. K, National Guard



Capt. J. W. Smith.



Chaplain Mark B. Shaw.



Lieut. Leo Strome.

## SHAM BATTLE

The battle of Meadowbrook park was fought in the afternoon in the presence of 10,000 spectators. The total loss amounted to several thousand cartridges. The victory achieved was in calling the attention of the multitude of strangers to the beauties of the park, the natural splendor of which can be equaled by but few cities in Southern California.

The sham battle was fought on the eastern field and at its conclusion hundreds took advantage of their presence in the park to sit on the banks of beautiful Warm creek, cool off and enjoy a few minutes' rest.

The National Guard companies from Riverside, Redlands, Pomona, Santa Ana and San Bernardino took part in the sham battle and Company K of this city was driven from a strong position in the old abandoned water canal.

The home company's commander made a graceful surrender and after a short rest the soldiers marched down Third street headed by the bands.



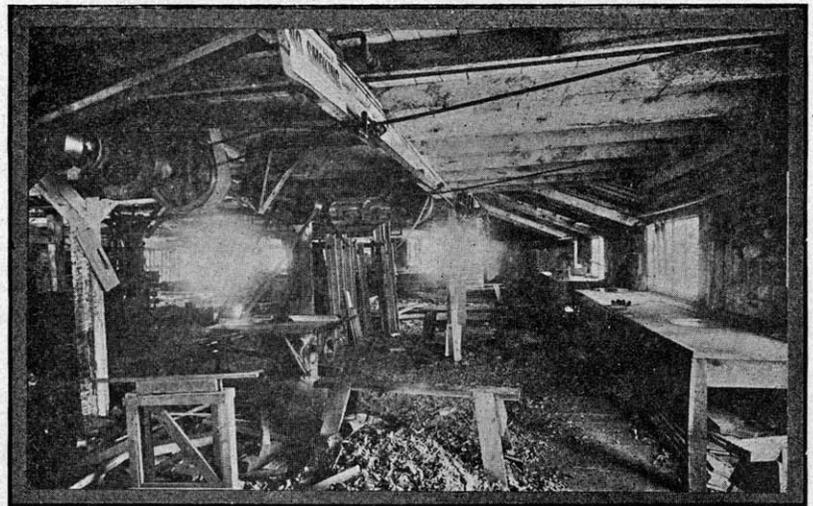
Lieut. Victor B. Berger.

A young but most progressive industry is that of the Myzelle & Imhoff company, successors to the San Bernardino Lumber and Box company. Three thorough business men, all of long experience in that business, constitute this company. They are J. W. Myzelle, R. E. Imhoff and M. A. Imhoff.

About seven years ago, Mr. Myzelle came to this city and shortly afterward embarked in the lumber business. Some time later the business growing, he took a partner and it became the Myzelle & Hamilton company.

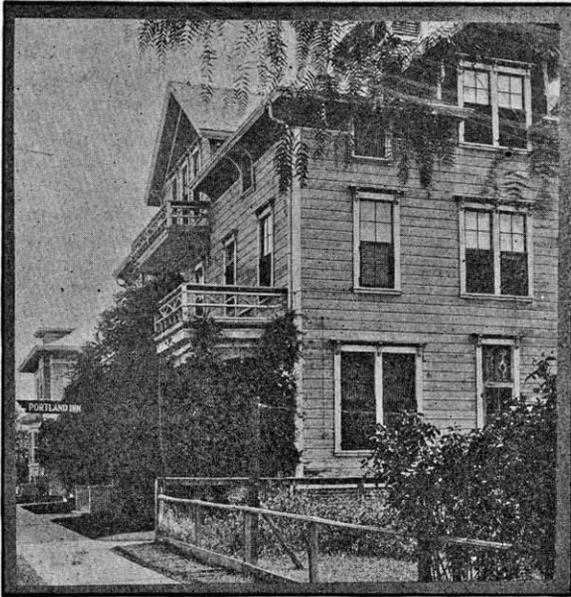
The business continued to grow and at present is a very prosperous one. In the regular stock on hand is some 200,000 feet of lumber. This is kept in case of immediate need and the lumber supply on hand is at all times new and in excellent condition. Each year this company puts into use 1,000,000 feet of lumber which is an excellent showing for a company in a community of this size. The office and yards of this company are located

## Myzelle & Imhoff Company



Interior of Workshop.

at the corner of Second and F streets. The Myzelle & Imhoff company make boxes and sell the best lumber, are general contractors and do mill work.



Portland Inn

This well known house has recently changed hands, Mr. John J. Griffiths having purchased the lease and furniture a few weeks ago. The culinary department will be under the direct supervision of Mrs. Griffiths, who thoroughly understands the wants of her guests.

Mr. Griffiths is from Wenatchee, Chilan County, Washington, where he had been in the hotel business for a number of years. He was advised to seek a milder climate and for two months lived in San Diego. He and his wife happened to come to this city on a short visit to friends and were so impressed that they concluded to stay. He is a congenial gentleman and will make friends fast in San Bernardino.



The Melrose

Mr. W. J. McDonald who owns the above properties has lived in San Bernardino for the past ten years and is a native of Nova Scotia. He is a machinist by trade and is anxious to dispose of either part or all of his property. The Melrose( located at 871 Third street, is a twelve-room apartment house while the place adjoining in which he lives, contains eight rooms. Both are modern in every respect with a frontage of fifty feet and a depth of 186 feet. Located three blocks from the Santa Fe depot and two blocks from the heart of the business center on Third street, the principle thoroughfare in San Bernardino. Besides the above property he owns a handsome five-room bungalow in the Palms which he will also sell. These places will double their value within a very few years.



Rawicz Residence, Fourth and G.  
Erected by Frank W. Lefler, Contractor and Builder, Home, 2004; Shop, 454 Second Street, Sunset, Main, 104.

# Skyland Heights

The Newest, Best  
and Most Accessible

## Mountain Resort

For descriptive booklet giving rates, rentals and transportation figures, call on or address

W. L. Vestal

San Bernardino, California

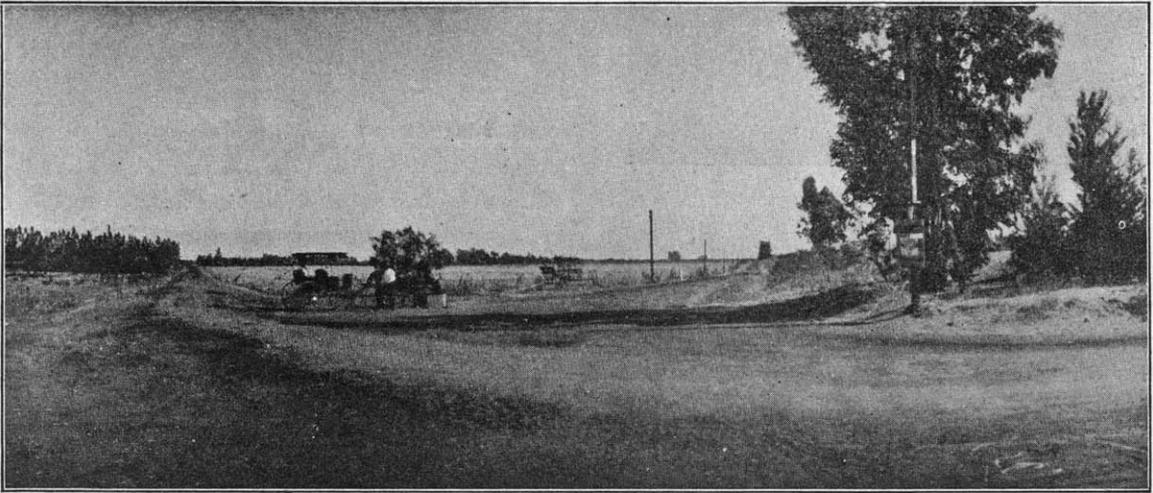
# Bloomington the Beautiful

**T**HERE is just so much of Southern California, and there's a lot of it now that you can't get for love or money. Certainly the spots where a new orange grove can be grown successfully are few and far between, unless you take into consideration land that is owned by some one who either will not sell it or who demands that you cover the ground with gold dollars.

There is, however, one chance left. How this came to be so is a long story, but that it is so you have only to come and see or send some one to see for you. And what

over five miles from San Bernardino and 56 miles from Los Angeles. And it has advantages over every one of these places.

It would seem that the good Lord made Bloomington on purpose for the growing of oranges and other citrus fruits. It stands out on a great mesa or plateau in the floor of the most fruitful and fertile valley on earth. It looks down on its great neighbors that have waxed fat with prosperity. By a peculiar combination of natural and physical circumstances it is protected from danger and disaster as fully as the Rock of Gibraltar is protected



Bloomington Road Colton and Cedar Avenues Looking Northeast to Rialto and East to Colton.

is more remarkable still, the place that we speak of is perhaps the most ideal and advantageous location for orange culture and every kind of citrus culture between the Tehachepi Mountains and the blue bay of San Diego.

The place in question is called Bloomington and we have only to locate it for you to convince you that it is where it ought to be. It lies six miles from Riverside, to begin with—Riverside, famed the world over as the greatest orange growing district in the known world. It is two miles from Rialto, three miles from Colton, a little

against its enemies in war.

The California orange grove has two deadly foes—frost and the scale. But Bloomington is immune against these enemies. What renders the frost harmless are the air currents, and Bloomington is so situated that the air currents sweeping down through the Cajon Pass in the Sierra Madres Mountains drives the frost ahead of it. Bloomington has been commercially frostless for a known period of seventeen consecutive years. No "smudging" of trees has ever been necessary there. And, as for scale

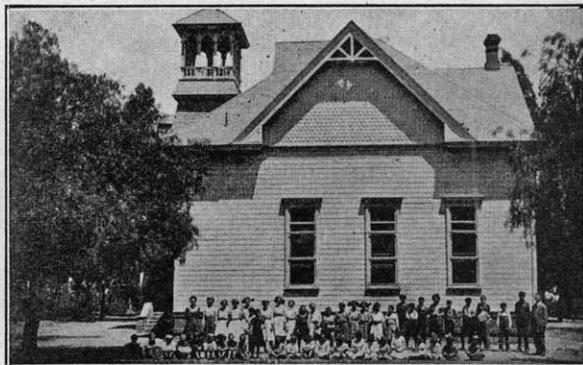


G. M. Curtis Ranch House, Slover Avenue, West of Cedar Avenue.





R. Way, Commercial Avenue.

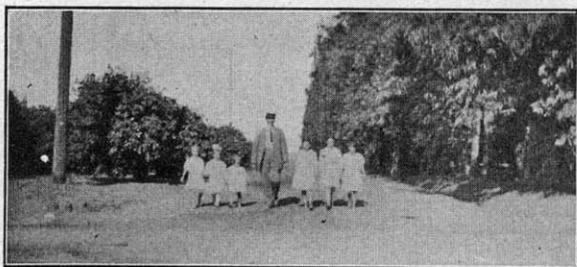


School House, Bloomington.

and other tree diseases, they are absolutely unknown.

Here, then, is the ideal situation—the dream come true. Kissed by the faithful sun and fanned by the wooing, loving winds, in the glow of light and the breath of balm, Bloomington sits upon her golden throne serene and lovely and safe from harm. What has been done there and what is still to be done, what opportunities the place offers to the home-seeker and land-buyer, is a tale worth reading. Let us go over the ground with

age by frost—no smudging or protection of any character was done. An air current or draft that comes through the Cajon Pass, circling west then southeast toward Riverside absolutely protects the district. But, although no one has ever smirged in the district and it is free from scale and other tree diseases, yet the district last year joined the Rialto-Bloomington "Protected District" which is a mutual organization formed for the purpose of destroying any scale that may appear, from a fund of



Bloomington "Blooms," Cedar and Slover Avenues Looking East.



Lilac Avenue, Southeast Corner Farm Lot 255 Looking Toward Bloomington.

you and let us picture to your mind's eye the one magnificent chance that is yet to be grasped by the man who wisely desires to own a citrus grove in California of the South.

The district is composed of 5500 acres as per map, and has an altitude of 1100 feet.

**CLIMATIC CONDITIONS.**

As stated above it has been commercially frostless for 17 years. Seed beds and nursery stock in Bloomington unprotected during t' e last two years suffered no dan-

the association, thus giving insurance for the future.

The packing house, of which Bloomington people are proud was built two years ago and has every modern improvement, as it was constructed along the ideas of Prof. Harold Powell, U. S. Agricultural Department, who is recognized as an authority on the citrus industry and the handling of fruit.

**QUALITY OF FRUIT THE BEST.**

No fruit is washed in the Bloomington district. J. E. Graves, District Manager of the California Fruit Growers

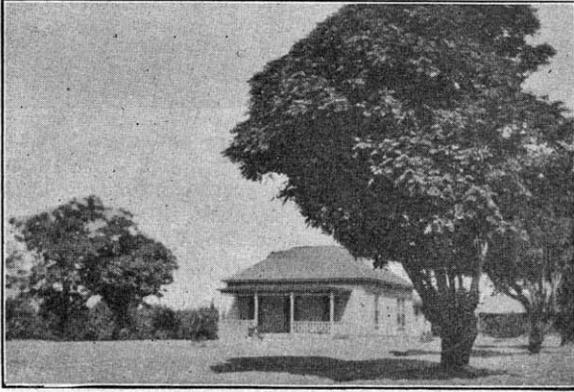


C. H. Hayter, Southwest corner Commercial and Cedar Avenues, Two Acres Nave's.

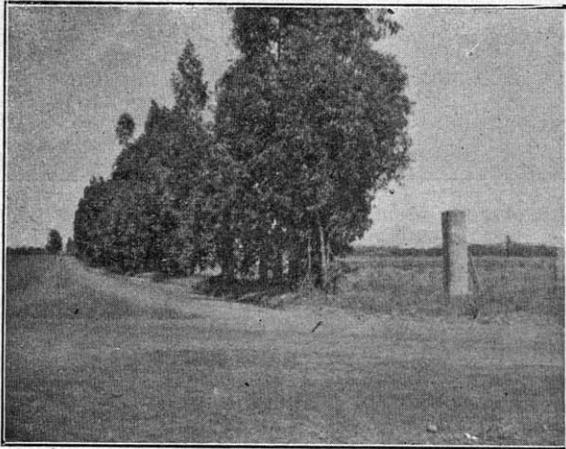


C. H. Nauert, cor. Bloomington Road, Manning and Spruce Aves. E. 3-4 Farm Lot 325—17 Acres Navels and Lemos.

Exchange at St. Louis, says that a car of "Dan Patch" orchard run brand of Bloomington oranges was the heaviest carload of oranges he had ever handled, and averaged with Redlands "Extra Fancy" in sale. The packing house has the record of having lost but one-half of one per cent of the fruit shipped through decay, without having to allow a single cent for fruit spoiled in transit. No frozen or frosted fruit has ever been shipped from the packing house and the flavor and general quality of the fruit compares favorably with that of any



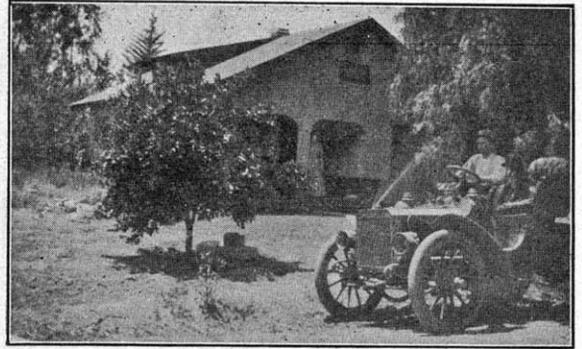
Wm. Atchison, Bloomington Road E. 1, 12 Acres Lemons,  
Farm Lot 319.



Bloomington, Manning and Spruce Avenues Looking East,  
Farm Lot 327.



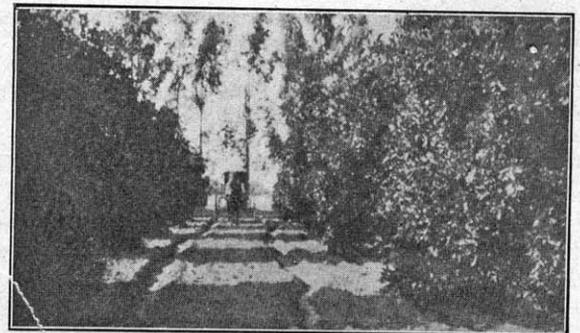
G. M. Curtis, Silver Avenue, 10 Acres Sweets, W. 1/2 Farm  
Lot 363.



R. E. Tuller, No. 411 Cedar Avenue.



Picking Valencias—Henry G. Dent, Lilac and Colton Ave-  
nues, Fram Lot 221—25 Acres Navels,



A. McNally, 10 Acres Navels, W. 1/2 of Farm Lot 366.

other district. Navels color well in November, and hang without loss from dropping until July 1st. There are unpicked navels within the district now.

Of the 5500 acres which is under the irrigation system of the Citizens Land & Water Company of Bloomington, about 1500 acres are old orchards ranging from twelve to twenty years old, approximately 2000 acres in orchards from one to six years old, and vacant land planted to grain, etc., etc., is scattered throughout the district in 5, 10 and 20 acre lots.

A large percentage of the fruit grown in the Bloomington district is being packed and shipped from River-

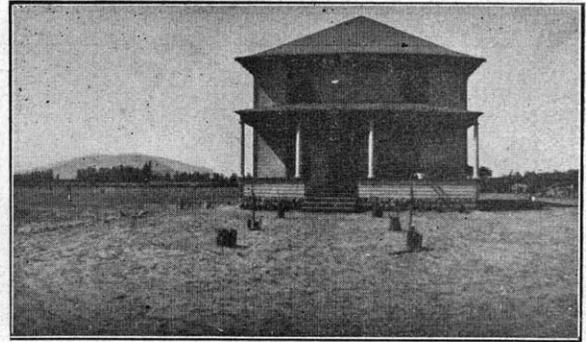
side, Colton and Rialto, many of the growers having bought stock in these companies years ago.

**CONTOUR.**

The gradual slope is from the San Bernardino Mountain Range south, there being a fall of 135 feet from Rialto to Bloomington. Bloomington district is 5500 acres of the 22,000 acres subdivided by the Semi-Tropic Land & Water Company, Kansas pioneers of twenty-two years ago.

**CITRUS FRUIT NOW LEADS.**

Twenty years ago the ranchers of the Blomington district considered deciduous fruit of greater promise and profit than citrus fruits, and a large area was planted to peaches and apricots. Vines did exceedingly well in the district, olives found favor and a few almonds were planted, but of late years the old deciduous orchards are rapidly being displaced with citrus fruit, the crop which the district is peculiarly adapted to produce.



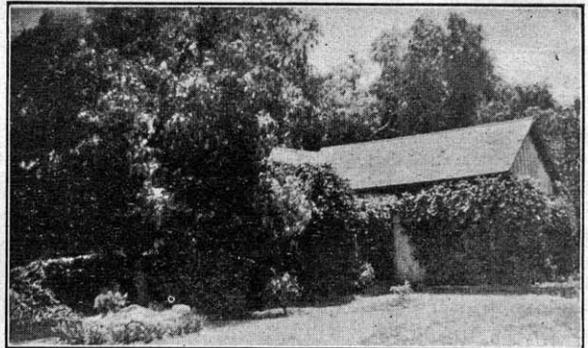
Smith Bros., Cactus Avenue, Farm Lot 374—Navles.



Colton and Cactus Avenues—Henry G. Dent—25 Acres Lisbon Lemons, Farm Lot 222.



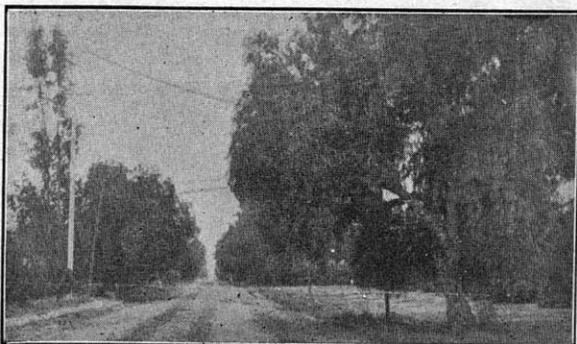
Lilac and Santa Ana Avenues.



E. Kerr—20 Acres Navles.



Budding Nursery Stock, Unprotected and Free from Frost Damage. Photographed June 6, 1910.



Cedar Avenue Looking North from Santa Ana Avenue.

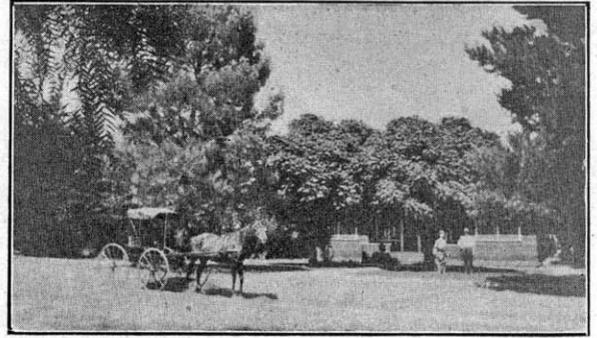
**LEMON PROSPECTS BRIGHT NOW.**

Though old groves have been producing splendid lemon crops for many years in the district, the culture of the sour fruit has been neglected until recently. General market conditions were responsible for the neglect. The dearly bought experience of the lemon growers in the proper methods of growing, picking, curing and shipping their product, the brown rot before it was conquered, the fierce competition of the Sicilian product and the general uncertainty of the market induced most of the growers to confine operations to oranges, therefore only 300 acres in the district are in lemons today, but these 300 acres promise to be young gold mines. The Fruit Growers' Exchange is now pushing lemons in the eastern markets, the new tariff is keeping out a large part of the Sicilian surplus, lower icing charges and a steady market are producing a revival of interest in lemons and assured returns to the owners. A mutual Lemon Exchange will be built this fall, the growers already having subscribed for stock to erect the same. (300 acres full bearing lemons are now packed at Riverside, Colton and Rialto.)



G. M. Curtis—Olive Mill.

Citrus fruits, deciduous fruits, alfalfa, grain, potatoes, etc., are now growing on five to twenty-acre ranches scattered throughout the district. Approximately 2000 acres of vacant and improved land are controlled by three interests. The largest owner is George M. Curtis of Clinton, Iowa, who purchased 200 acres fourteen years ago and has continued increasing his holdings to 800 acres, about 350 of which is in orchards. Henry G. Dent of Los Angeles, 751 acres. Semi-Tropic Citrus Company of Los Angeles, 650 acres. The remaining 3500 acres in the



Residence of Frank G. Weber, Manager Bloomington Fruit Association, Li'ac Avenue.

of the Citizens Land & Water Company of Bloomington, one share of stock going with each acre of land in the district, the water being appurtenant to the land. The water company, a mutual organization, sells water at a flat rate of 20 cents per inch, perhaps the cheapest water in Southern California and certainly far cheaper than any water, pumped or gravity flow, in any of the show places of the orange belt. Even at this low rate the



Bloomington Fruit Association.

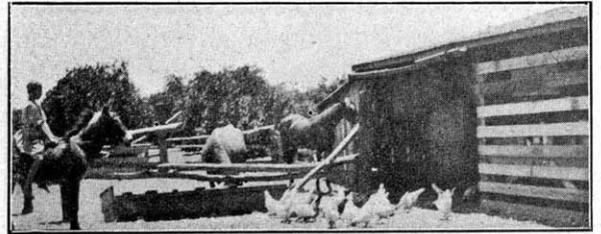
district is owned by individuals living in the district, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Colton and Riverside. (23 owners live in Riverside.)

#### OLIVE OIL AND PICKLED OLIVES.

This season there was produced 30,000 gallons of choice oil. The olive oil companies are now adding to their capacity in order to care for the next season's crop. Very few olives are now growing in the district.

#### THE WET STRENGTH OF BLOOMINGTON.

The Bloomington district has one of the best and cheapest irrigation systems in Southern California. A thousand inches, sufficient for the irrigation of 7000 acres are at the disposal of the 5500 acres covered by the shares



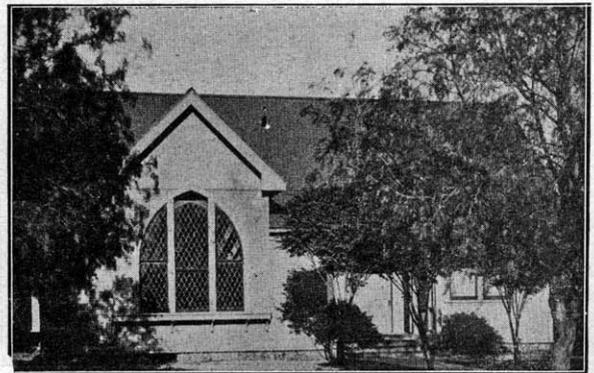
E. Kerr, Barnyard, Farm Lot 236.

water company has been able to make extensive improvements out of funds accumulated from water tolls and prominent men state that it would be possible to supply water at ten cents an inch, which would cover the cost of maintenance.

Since the largest part of the water has been in use in the district for nearly twenty years, title to the rights is beyond question. The supply comes from wells located on land owned by the district's mutual water company in the Lytle creek basin. More than 200 inches of the supply comes from flowing wells and this quantity of water, while making a drop of ninety feet on its way to the district, operates a turbine wheel which lifts another three hundred inches out of the ground by means of pumps, thus assuring the district one third of its



Parsonage, Northeast Corner Commercial and Cedar Ave.



Church, Northeast Corner Commercial and Cedar Avenue.



Ed Simons, Southwest Corner Cedar and Slover Avenues,  
Five Acres Navels, E. 1/2 Farm Lot 363.

water supply at practically no expense for power. The management of the water company, however, has taken no chances. In order to provide against years of abnormally low rainfall when the pressure might not be sufficient to send the water to the surface without assistance, reserve plants have been installed to pump the wells depending upon artesian flow or upon the power generated by the drop of the artesian water.



SE. Corner Farm Lot 255, on Lilac Avenue, Looking  
Toward Bloomington.

Of this most important asset of the Bloomington district the eye of the visitor detects no sign. Throughout the miles of the territory not a drop of water is visible except in the furrows of the groves being irrigated. But water is everywhere. All along the oiled roads at the highest corner of each farm lot of twenty acres, a concrete shaft extends above the ground and out of the mouth of this shaft comes the singing, rushing, gurgling voice of the swift water as it hastens along in its path underground, protected from evaporation and seepage, every drop of it instantly available for irrigation wherever needed. It is reassuring, this loud, ringing voice of the talkative water. It indicates strength, volume and abundance, and the indications marked by the ear are borne out by the facts.



Sycamore Avenue

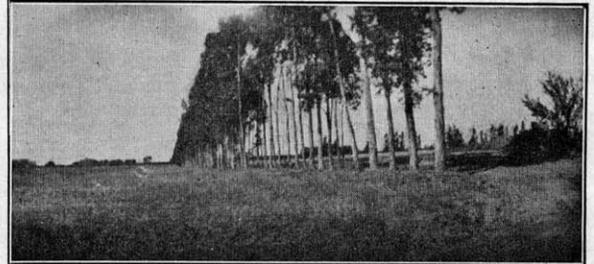


Jerry Stewart Estate, Larch Avenue—E. 1/2 Farm Lot 300,  
10 Acres, Alfalfa.

**IDEAL CONDITIONS FOR IDEAL TOWN.**

The town site was subdivided by the Semi-Tropic Land & Water Company twenty-two years ago and has never before been offered to the public for sale. The conditions are ideal for the establishment of an ideal town within the district. In the shadow of the wall of the San Bernardino and Sierra Madre range to the north, looking from its elevated position high over Riverside to the Temecula range in the south, with San Bernardino and Colton lying to the east in plain view, the white peak of San Jacinto peering over Redlands upon the district, Bloomington commands a magnificent view. Owing to its peculiar position on the broad spur of a table land, there is always an air current sweeping over it, moderating the heat of the summer and preventing frost in winter.

When the town of Bloomington springs up among the



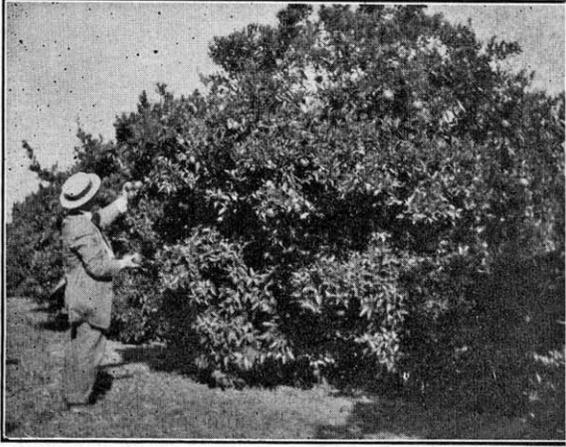
Corner Manning and Cactus Avenues Looking North.

orange groves, it will not be handicapped by the existence of ancient, unsightly shacks and will appeal to a high class of residents. Though the district is suburban in character, harboring scores of beautiful residences of land owners, the town will start with a clean slate. No pioneering will be necessary. Oiled highways traverse the district, highways lined with magnificent trees. Telephone lines, both Home and Sunset, connect the Bloomington residents without extra charge with all the towns



S. J. Bolser (Back Yard), Merrill Avenue, E. 10 Acres  
Farm Lot 122.

of the San Bernardino Valley. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the milkman, they all traverse the round of the district every day, anxious to get the trade of the residents. All the conveniences of the suburb are to be had in Bloomington, and this advantage will be a strong attraction for well-to-do homeseekers averse to pioneering. No prettier setting for a town of high-class residences



Chauncey E. Wheeler, Southeast Corner Lilac and Slover Avenues, W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Farm Lots 253-256—20 Acres Navels.

could be found than the Bloomington district offers, and the wealth of the orange groves, in bearing and approaching the bearing stage, promises abundant support to the coming city.

#### ELECTRIC CAR LINE AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

An electric car line is now in operation from Riverside to a cement plant, 3000 barrels daily capacity, one and a half miles south of Bloomington. The railroad is graded to Slover Avenue; right-of-way and all equipment has been purchased, and cars will be running through from Riverside to the S. P. depot at Bloomington by the first of August, 1910. Colton business men appreciating the trade advantages are taking subscriptions to raise the necessary bonus to connect with the electric lines of Colton, which would give electric transportation facilities to San Bernardino, Redlands and other towns. Being thus gridironed with electric lines and traversed by the main lines of the Southern Pacific and of the Santa Fe, Bloomington's lack of local transportation facilities will make room for an abundance of avenues of trade and traffic.



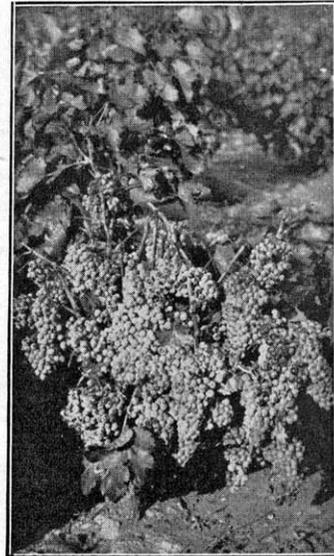
Bloomington Road and Willow Avenue Looking Southwest to Bloomington.



Southern Pacific Depot (Main Line).

The citizens of Bloomington desire and will have the following improvements within the near future: One bank, one general store, one lumber yard, one drug store, one garage, one family hotel, one high school. It is undesirable and unnecessary to have the usual "business district."

Having cheap and abundant water, cheap land of the highest quality, a climate and location that prevents frost wholly, that moderates the summer's heat, having ample



Bloomington Grapes.

facilities for caring for the crop, having proven in the last eighteen years as one of the best, if not the best, citrus district in the orange belt, assured of good transportation facilities in addition to those already existing, the Bloomington district's future is tinted with silver and gold, growing brightly in the rays of the sun.

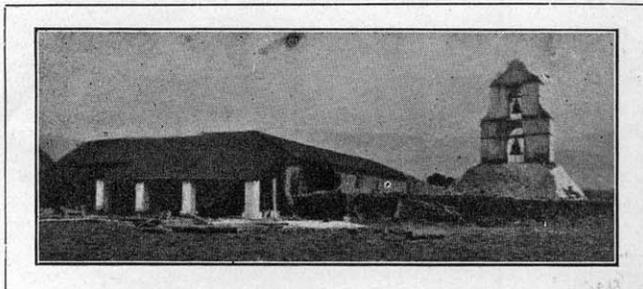
The city of San Bernardino owns its own water supply which comes from a pure mountain stream and an auxiliary supply is furnished from artesian wells. The city water department is governed by a water commission consisting of three members.

San Bernardino is a commercial center for the richest orange growing section in the world.

What will be the value of Orchards and Lands in 1915?

Orchards and Lands are indeed reasonable, considering the conditions

**BLOOMINGTON DISTRICT**



Padre Days

101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130
131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140
141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150
151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160
161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170
171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180
181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190
191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200

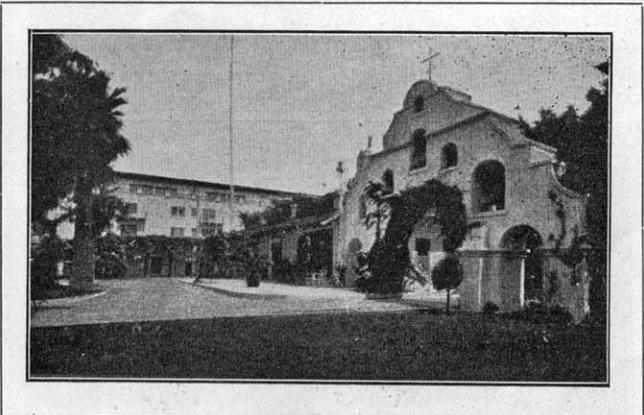
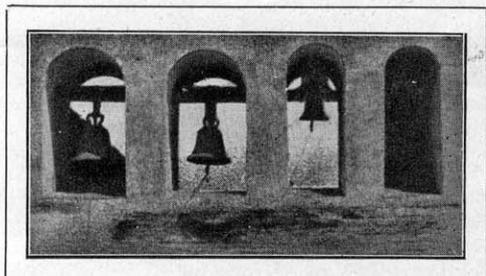
MAP Showing Oiled Avenues and Farm Lots

201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210
211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220
221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230
231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240
241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250
251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260
261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270
271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280
281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290
291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300

"Bloomington District" proper is composed of lands south of Randall Ave.

301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310
311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320
321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330
331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340
341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350
351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360
361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370
371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380
381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390
391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400

Inspect choice districts, then come to Bloomington and you will choose your home site



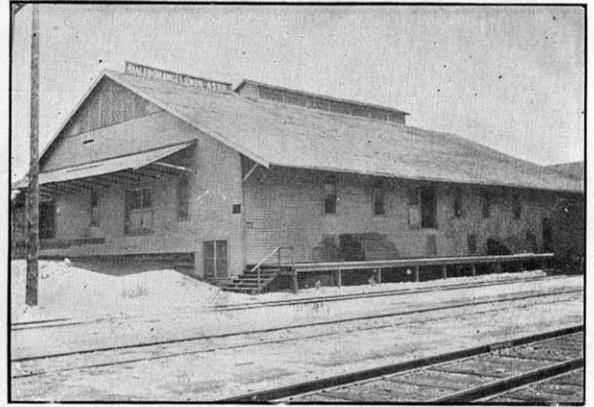
Present

**Mission Land Company**  
Bloomington, California

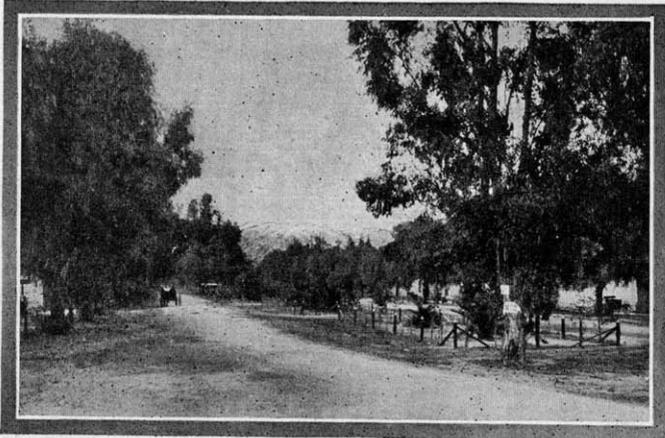
# Rialto, the Queen City

It was early in February. Abundant rain had fallen from the clouds a few days previous, and alongside of the road the green grass was sprouting thickly out of the warm ground. All around on the smiling floor of the valley green was the dominant color, the deep, shiny green of the oranges, the light green of the lemon trees, the iridescent green of sprouting grain and grass, the soft green of the peppers, the freshly washed dark green of the tall, unkempt eucalyptus, swaying ever so slightly in the caress of the warm, mild breeze.

The wanderer paused where the road crosses the highway of steel, threw himself full length on his back in the



Rialto Orange-Lemon Association.



Riverside Avenue, Looking North from Santa Fe Station.

grass, absorbed the sunshine and the spring song all about him and turned his eyes to the giants in the east. Far out from the peak of the highest mountain a white flag was fluttering in the breeze, an immense banner of snow was flung from the frozen heights. As the fierce, biting wind of the upper strata struck the icy citadel, it whistled through a cleft, through a funnel in the summit, sucking with it masses of loose snow and flinging out

from the peak again in a wavering streamer that rose and fell as the gusts rose and died down.

A train rolled by, a long train of many Pullman cars, hundreds of eager, astonished faces glued to the windows, gazing at the smiling sunny landscape set in the brilliant frame of snow covered mountains, gazing at the wanderer stretched full length in the grass. He smiled back at them, a smile of superiority and satisfaction, a smile born of orange blossoms and snow banners, a smile grown up in the security of the sunny valley rimmed by the winter mountains, the smile that is typical of the Rialtans when they see the benighted behold for the first time the beauties of Rialto from the windows of the transcontinental trains.



School House, Rialto.



Riverside Avenue, Looking South from San Bernardino Avenue.

Rialto is distant about five minutes from San Bernardino. When the good padres marched over its site to the spot of the future San Bernardino, the distance used to be about three hours through the sage brush. At a later period the building of roads and the purchase of buggies reduced the distance to about half an hour, but A. D. it is a little more than five minutes by automobile, and almost every true son of Rialto owns an orange grove and therefore an automobile. When it comes to motor cars, Rialto has the Kansas wheat farmer's gasoline buggy backed clear off the road and in the ditch, a



Rialto Orange Trees are Thrifty.

condition of affairs which is eminently fit and proper, for a man who has money enough to support an automobile and yet prefers Kansas to Rialto has not sense enough to come out of the ditch.

A town drawing its support from orange groves cannot help but be beautiful. The orange tree with its dark evergreen foliage, its waxy white blossoms and masses of golden fruit is an ornament, a decorative tree fit for the grounds of the millionaire's mansion and Rialto has not neglected its wonderful opportunities. Its citizens have realized the commercial value of civic beauty, and they have successfully endeavored to bring out the full value of the asset.

The cities and towns in the orange belt have each an individuality, a character and an atmosphere all of their own. No one could possibly mistake Riverside for Redlands, and Highland differs strongly from Rialto. Pomona and Ontario have salient characteristics that immediately impress the visitor, even though all these communities lie within a circle measuring barely twenty miles in diameter. And this strongly marked individuality is a desideratum to be nurtured carefully. Think of the hundreds of towns in the Middle West and East, one the exact counterpart of the other, all alike as eggs are alike, differing only in size, leaving no impression upon the visitor who cannot tell one from the other twenty-four hours after his visit. When the tourist comes into the California orange belt, however, he immediately becomes a strong champion of one place, defending it against all others, discovering at once the individual traits of climate, surroundings, of civic atmosphere and aspect that appeal to him, discovering differences by the score that distinguish from a host of other places lying within a few hour's walk from his choice.

This individuality of the various municipalities is one of the strongest attractions the orange belt has to offer

visitors and homeseekers, and Rialto possesses this trait strongly developed. As the train approaches it from the east, from San Bernardino, it crosses the bleak wilderness of the wide Lytle creek wash, a desert of sand, of sagebrush and cactus, interspersed with the vivid green of willows, until it enters the Rialto district through an aperture in the solid line of wind breaks that stand guard on the precipitous banks of the table land falling off sharply into the wash. Immediately the tourist is in the midst of orange and lemon groves, crossing avenue after avenue, smooth, spacious, dustless, cool with the shade of the double lines of trees that lead the stately march up and down on either side of the thoroughfares. These trees are a marked characteristic of Rialto. Planted by the pioneers decades ago, dozens, scores of varieties and families adorn streets and highways, wisely distributed and arranged so as to give a pleasing effect at once of uniformity and of variety. Of the dwellings that shelter the fifteen hundred inhabitants of the town much could be written; prettier, more tasteful bungalows, statelier houses in perfect harmony with their surroundings cozier cottages can scarcely be found anywhere else in Southern California, and outside of the orange belt it is impossible to duplicate them. Though the district is a natural, open-air green house filled with feathered singers, the rush of sea air through the funnel of El Cajon into the heated regions of the desert to the north keeps a cooling breeze sweeping through the groves and along the streets all summer, and in winter this constant agitation of the air, together with Rialto's eleva-



A Rialto Home.



Three Year Old Orange Grove at Rialto.

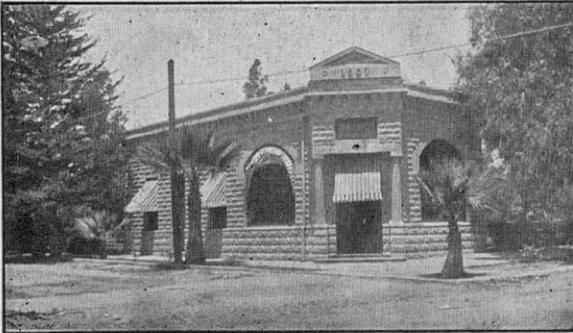
tion above the surrounding country, prevents visits by that most unwelcome of all winter tourists from the north, J. Frost.

Rialto is within easy distances from two county seats. More than that, other railroad centers are within the same stretch from Rialto, and yet Rialto has a population of 1500 that is growing every month; it has two schools, buildings which in roominess, equipment, in beauty of architecture and design surpass anything a Middle-Western city of ten times Rialto's population has to show. Rialto has more than two scores of modern mercantile establishments carrying stocks of a quality undreamed of in the wheat territory. Rialto has churches too, nearly half a dozen of them, thriving congregations



Date Avenue, Rialto.

with large and tasteful places of worship. Rialto has banks to keep its surplus cash in, the First National Bank of Rialto having lately completed a home that would be a credit to any Kansas county seat. Rialto has no streaks of dust in summer and streaks of mud in winter to travel; instead, the traffic, mostly in automobiles, moves over roads surfaced with the heavy California oil and the equal to asphalt boulevard when kept in proper repair. Rialto does not depend upon the Standard Oil



First National Bank, Rialto.

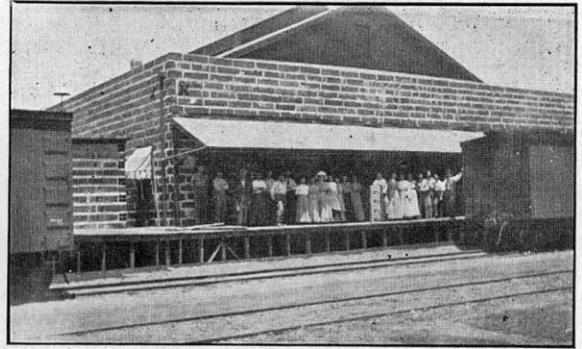
Company for its reading lamp. It has an unlimited amount of electric current at its disposal and makes liberal use of it. Likewise, Rialto has connection with two telephone systems, and the housewife need not leave her home to give orders to the butcher, the baker, the grocer and the ice man.

Back of all these improvements, underlying the foundation of the entire district is the orange and its cousins, the lemon and the grapefruit. Citrus culture overtops every other industry and wins the race by a few miles when resources are considered. Last year the Rialto district shipped 1150 carloads of citrus fruits to the markets of the East where they were sold for a million and a quarter, while the net returns to the growers for

the one year exceeded \$750,000. Six citrus growers' associations and commercial fruit firms handled the output of the district, over two hundred persons finding employment in the packing houses, with three times that number working in the groves during the height of the picking and shipping season. The packing houses of the Rialto district are owned and operated by the Rialto Orange Company, the Rialto Orange-Lemon Association, the Rialto Packing Company, the Growers' Fruit Company, the California Citrus Union and Greene & Speich.

Rialto's water supply comes from the mountains to the north, the water emptying itself through Lytle creek, a stream draining a watershed of 54 square miles and running an average of 1200 inches during the irrigating season, perhaps the most reliable stream, area of watershed considered, in the mountains of Southern California. But the surface flow of the stream is only a fraction of the water resources. Underneath the gravelly, wide bed of the creek another stream of much greater volume is percolating through the sands far below the surface, and this underground source is being tapped extensively for the benefit of the orchards. Irrigation has become a fine art in the Rialto district.

The limit of development has by no means been reached in the district. There is plenty of land and a goodly amount of water left, awaiting the newcomer who



Rialto Orange Company's Packing House.

will make use of it for his own benefit and for the benefit of the community. One concern is placing on the market four square miles of land divided into ten and twenty-acre plots, each one sufficient to support a family in comfort and luxury, thus adding at least 150 families to the population of the district. Though capital is required to start an orange grove, opportunities are not limited to persons with purses of extreme length and breadth. The comparatively poor man, the owner of a few thousand dollars, has as good a chance in Rialto. In company with the rest of Southern California, Rialto cannot supply its own demand for eggs, chickens, poultry, milk and butter, a good part of the consumption in these indispensable articles being shipped in from the outside. Land is too valuable for citrus fruit to use it for poultry ranches or dairy herds. It takes half a decade, however, before an orange grove will begin to pay fixed charges, and during this interim the man depending upon the soil for a living could raise chickens, sell eggs, produce potatoes and peas and other vegetables either from rented ground or between the young trees while he is waiting for his first paying crop from his chief investment. He will find a good market at high prices for all his produce.

Rialto at present is served only by the Santa Fe railroad, but within a few months a trolley line will be in operation connecting Rialto with San Bernardino and, through San Bernardino, with Colton, Redlands, High-

land, Arrowhead and other places. From the west graders are coming, building the roadbed of the proposed electric road under construction from Los Angeles to the San Bernardino Valley, this new electric line forming a link uniting Rialto with Upland, Ontario, Pomona and other towns toward the west. Still another line is contemplated to tap the rich Bloomington district southeast of Rialto, and when this network of electric lines is completed Rialto's transportation facilities will have been increased threefold. What such an increase in transportation facilities means, will be shown by the impending advance in the value of lots and lands, improved and unimproved, throughout the district.

## Cucamonga

This is "the place of many springs." One of the earliest settlements is here at the base of the Cucamonga mountains, the first comer drawn here by a great spring of water, and later ones by the warm, frostless belt. This is the ideal home of the citrus grove and the vineyard, which furnish her principal products, and there are many wealthy people in its contiguous territory. Near here are the extensive vineyards of the Italian Vineyard company, embracing over 4,000 acres of grapes, to say nothing of the large acreage of the individual growers. Peculiarly sheltered from the frosts, the Cucamonga territory produces the finest navel oranges, and splendid prices are realized by the growers. The relative proportion of oranges and lemons grown here is shown by the shipment of 360 cars of the first and 150 of the second.

The town is but a center for local trade—a cross roads as of New England—and has no distinct margin, though well-stocked stores and a prosperous national bank afford ample facilities for the business interests of the community. Streets lose themselves in orange groves, and town and country mingle in a delightful fashion on this sloping plateau at the base of these mountains; overlooking a broad land east, west and south studded with groves and hiding towns in green foliage, with a railroad on the north and south sides of the community, Cucamonga, with its 1,200 people, is prosperous and contented. No land is for sale, save on the north, as we get into



Vineyards Yield Profitably Both for Wine and Raisins in Rialto District.

the real foothills. Here is some vineyard land without water, while some orange land is available with water at \$300.

A large tract of desirable land is held unimproved on the west, the owner satisfied with the "unearned increment." All the region will some day blossom with homes, and the whole grand stretch of country, that seemed to us 25 years ago an unpromising land of sand and gravel, dry and barren, will become orange groves and vineyards and produce from \$100 to \$300 an acre net. Who would not want a bit of it?

San Bernardino has a population of 15,000.

San Bernardino's death rate is very low and sickness is rare. Fevers are almost unknown.

# Fontana Lands Are Golden Lands

Located four miles from San Bernardino and in the very heart of the citrus domain of Southern California are the properties of the Fontana Development Company. A portion of this enormous piece of land covering about 16,000 acres has been subdivided into acreage, and because of the natural gifts of this district and its most excellent location, this property is destined to become one of the best orange producing tracts to be found anywhere in the state. Climate, soil and water are the principal answers to the question of why this is such a desirable section.

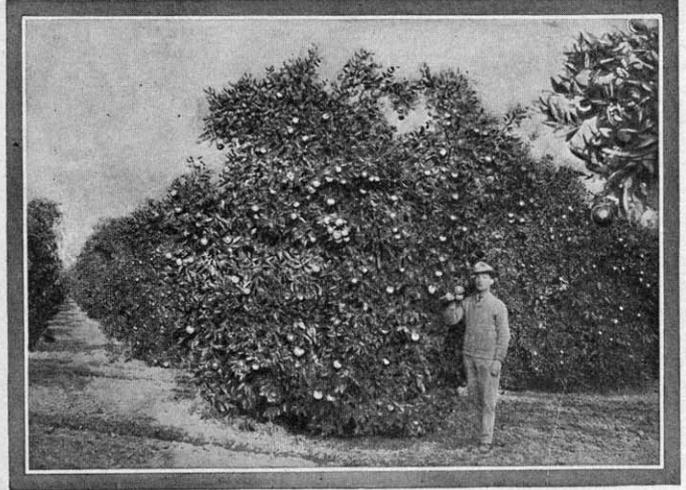
The eagerness with which persons seeking the finest of orange land; people who come from every part of the state, become settlers on this company's property, plant their groves and steadily watch prosperity come their way, is an excellent indication of the way in which people who know look upon Fontana Lands as an investment. Three qualities make Fontana lands most valuable. These are climate, soil and water.

Southern California has become famous all over the country for its citrus industry, and certain portions of it are to a great extent responsible for this fame. In the very center of one of the most productive districts is the property of the Fontana company. The lands are surrounded by growing orchards which have made hundreds independently wealthy.

Water is one of the principal factors in the development of citrus lands and Fontana lands have an unlimited water supply. From Lytle Creek a stream of water which drains a basin of 54 square miles on the north side of the Sierra Madre range comes the supply of water that feeds and irrigates the fertile lands owned by this company. No matter what the season of the year, this creek always discharges water. In the dry summer of 1898 the United States Geological Survey reports that Lytle Creek with its 54 miles discharged practically twice as much water as did the San Gabriel river, which has 222 square miles of territory to draw from.

Coming from a portion of the mountains where the rainfall during a season is about 32 inches and where it conserves the snowfall on the water shed by being on the shady side, the creek has a quality and quantity of water that in proportion to its area is the best in Southern California. In addition to this supply the average rainfall on Fontana lands is 16 inches each season.

The water rights of the Fontana Land company are substantiated by a perfect title, this being one of the few water systems and rights upon which a Title Guaranty company has issued a certificate of title.



Fontana Grove Sold Two Years Ago For \$1500 An Acre—  
Now Worth \$2000.

As a specially attractive feature a share of stock in a mutual water company is given with each acre of land. The price that these shares bring on the market is nearly equivalent to what the purchaser of Fontana Land pays for both land and water.

Next to water in importance is the soil. The soil of Fontana lands is the much-desired silt deposit and decomposed granite. This variety of soil is known to always be the most vigorous, having been formed by the erosion of nearby foothills and mountains and brought down to the valley by the streams.

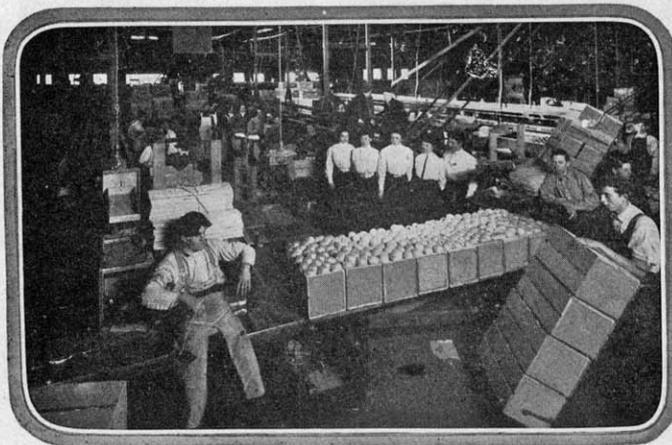
The fact that all who have settled on the land have found it very productive is a sufficient recommendation of its fertility. The company also farms a large portion of the lands and employs almost one hundred men. Last year's barley crop amounted to 56,125 bushels, which was one-half the total barley harvest of San Bernardino county. In addition to this there was a yield of 1,454 tons of grain hay; 500 tons of alfalfa hay and 500 tons of straw. This ranch feeds constantly about 1,000 head of Poland China and Berkshire hogs, and its stable of registered Black Percheron stallions and mares is one of the most famous on the Pacific Coast, horse raising being one of its great specialties.

Fontana lands are transversed by two transcontinental roads, the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific. Rialto, on the Santa Fe, has seven large packing houses, and the railroad facilities are excellent. Bloomington, on the Southern Pacific, is another city from which shipments can be made, as it joins the lands on the south.

The profit to be made out of the orange growing business is known to most people. A few years of cultivation on good land means an enormous profit, either by the sale of the property or by the growing and selling of the product.

Citrus products are not the only ones of Fontana Lands, however, for poultry raising, vineyards, olive growing, and in fact almost every Southern California product flourishes on this property.

The men back of the project are men well known in business and financial circles of Southern California. The officers are as follows: A. B. Miller, Rialto, president and manager; E. J. Eisenmayer, Colton, vice president; James H. Adams, treasurer; R. L. McRea, Rialto, secretary; directors, E. J. Marshall, J. S. Torrance, E. J. Eisenmayer, R. L. McRea, A. B. Miller.



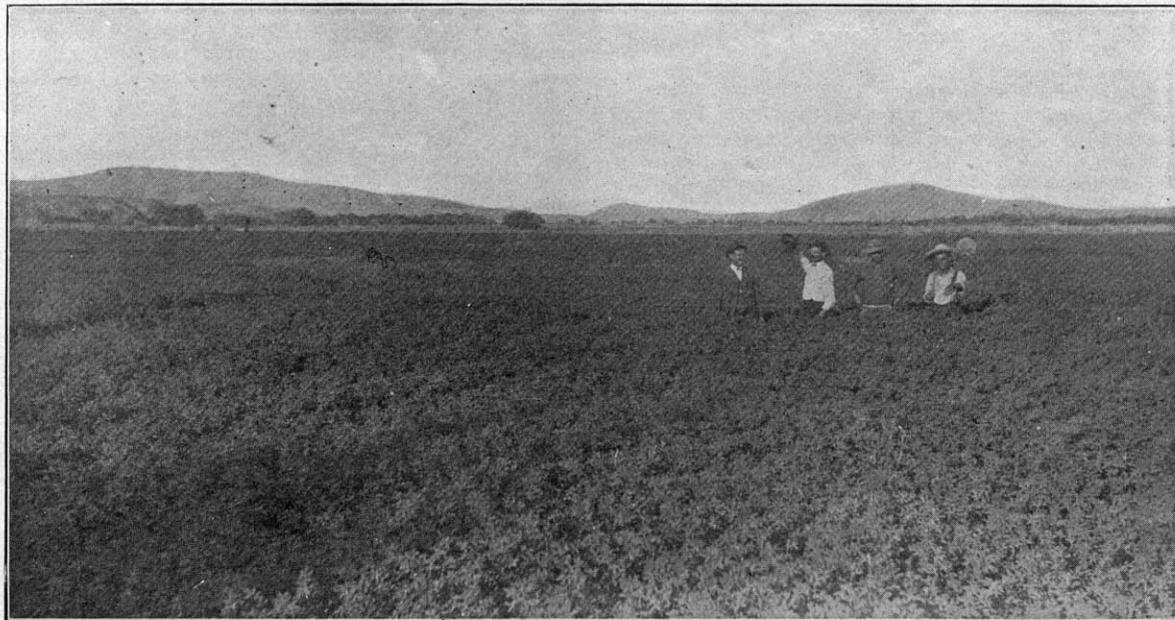
Interior of Packing House Showing Oranges Ready For  
Shipment.

# Barstow and the Mojave River Valley

Taking a 20 or 30 years' retrospective contemplation on the Mojave Desert one finds his mind pondering on its unlimited commercial scope and possibilities, considering its phenomenal advancement in this short space of time.

Twenty or 30 years ago Barstow and the surrounding territory was but a dreary, sun-scorched and arid waste, and to all appearances a vast tract of valueless sterility, forsaken by God and man, inhabited by animated nature

brush and cactus, alfalfa, wheat, barley, corn, fruit trees and every known species of vegetable has usurped their place. Irrigation ditches have been dug and a plenteous supply of water peringranates through the fields supplying a never diminishing quantity of life giving fluid—the one essential element, fertilizer being quite an unnecessary adjunct. The ever busy bee wings and hums its way from wild flower to wild flower, bringing to the hive its rich treasure of honey to swell the coffers of



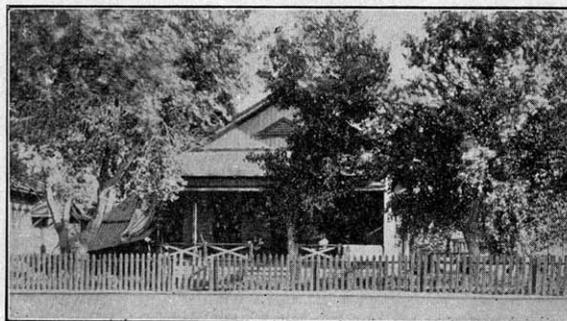
Alfalfa, Waist High, Zaininni Ranch.

of such species that the animal feared the man and the man the animal. The mountain lion roamed the adjacent hills and valleys, the coyote sneaked around the canyons and ravines, keeping the jackrabbits and cottontails constantly on the alert and the desert vulture overhead circled and soared, ever on the lookout to live on the residue of what the mountain lion, the desert wolf, the coyote or wild cat could not consume. Nature alone has not worked any material change, but the unceasing energy, enterprise and intelligence of man, aided by nature, has transformed this scene of desolation to that of a picture, pleasing to the eye and instead of sage

the apiary keeper. The busy ranchers wife—just as assiduous as the bee—plies her vocation in multifarious duties, incidental to a farm life and life in general has taken on an interest and hustle that seems contagious all along the line. The prospector and mining man are equally diligent in the adjacent neighborhood and scarcely a day passes without some excitement arising through the return of some prospector with samples of various minerals—it may be gold or silver ore, copper, tungsten, lead, asbestos or barium, and many other varieties of inorganic substances of financial interest to the geologist and minerologist. The oil industry around the Mojave



Water at Barstow Ranch.



A Residence in Barstow.



Barstow School House.

River Valley is also getting its proportionate share of attention and within a few miles of the little bee hive of Barstow a well has been bored to a depth of three thousand (3000) feet and samples of oil obtained show it to be of a specific gravity of good commercial value, and the owners are sanguine that before many moons a supply will be available to more than recompense them for their efforts and outlay. At the time of writing, one com-

ment provided for in the new building specifications. Extensive work is also going ahead at a rapid pace on the roadway, a cut through the hill at the Eastern end of the town, on which two steam shovels and a big force of men are making the dire fly—will obviate the inconveniences that the present sharp curve causes. The roadway is also being double tracked—it is understood between Los Angeles and Chicago—and the contractor in charge of the work between Daggett and Cottonwood—working towards Barstow from both those towns—is daily shortening the gap and nearing completion of that stretch. The township of Barstow nestles between two hills and is situated on the Mojave River about half way between the city of Los Angeles and the town of Needles and at an elevation of 2100 feet above sea level. The atmosphere being clear, dry and pure, makes it especially adapted for those afflicted with pulmonary trouble. It is a pleasant, comfortable center for mining men, headquarters for mining supplies and starting point for Death Valley and the Funeral Range as well as the distributing point for the territory comprising the Barstow Mining District. It also has the important advantage of two transcontinental lines—the Santa Fe and Salt Lake Railroads and all trains must stop at Barstow. The town has every essential that goes to make a healthy and growing business town, first-class hotel under construc-

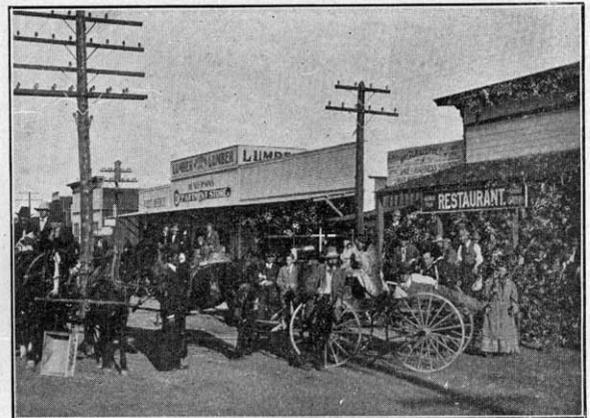


Main Street View.

pany has on the way to the oil district, material for eight derricks and eight houses and furthermore the country around is alive with oil men of financial standing, each more enthusiastic and expectant than his neighbor.

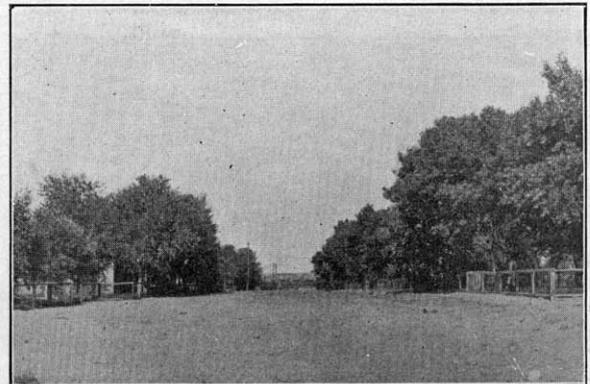
#### SANTA FE INVESTING HEAVILY.

The Santa Fe Railway Company seem to be all alive to the fact that Barstow is located and clearly defined on the map of San Bernardino county. This gigantic corporation has made appropriations close to the million dollar mark for improvements in and around Barstow, a massive depot and hotel are beginning to rear their heads to a pretentious height above ground and a big gang of men are fast pushing the work along. Those structures are being built of reinforced concrete and when completed will be among the most imposing and commodious on the Santa Fe line. Comfort and ornamentation will be combined in making the edifices a luxury for travellers and employes of the Santa Fe Railroad alike and included in the new structure will be a large reading room and library in which free concerts will be given from time to time by some of the leading talent and foremost artists. A recreation hall, bowling alley, pool and billiard hall is also a part of the arrange-



Main Street at Barstow.

tion, several rooming houses, three restaurants, three general stores, butcher shop, drug store, two doctors, two barber shops, baker shop, merchant tailor shop, blacksmith shop, livery stable, feed yards, ice plant, school house, church, post office, recorders' office, express and money order office, Postal and Western Union telegraph and cable offices, an abundant water supply and numerous ranches under cultivation. Within five miles is the



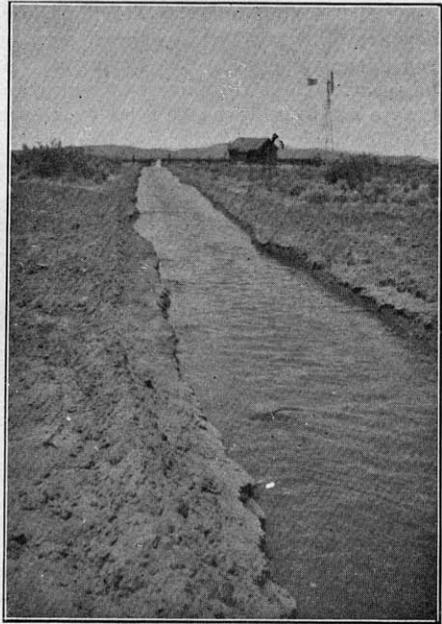
Plenty of Shade on Residence Streets.

famous Waterman Silver property from which over \$8,000,000 dollars of silver have been mined and about 15 miles east of Barstow is the famous Calico mine, whose production of silver might be computed by the thousand tons.

The pay roll for Barstow at this time is in the neighborhood of \$30,000, per month.

**RANCHES ARE OF THE BEST.**

A number of fine ranches are in the immediate neighborhood of Barstow proving conclusively that agriculture will be a factor in the future development of the city. Good soil and plenty of water—those two absolute necessities are here. The ranch of P. Zainnie, a mile and a half from the city is one that will prove to the most sceptical that any claim made by the people of Barstow as to the farming possibility is a fact—alfalfa, wheat, barley—all are grown here in bumper crops. Another



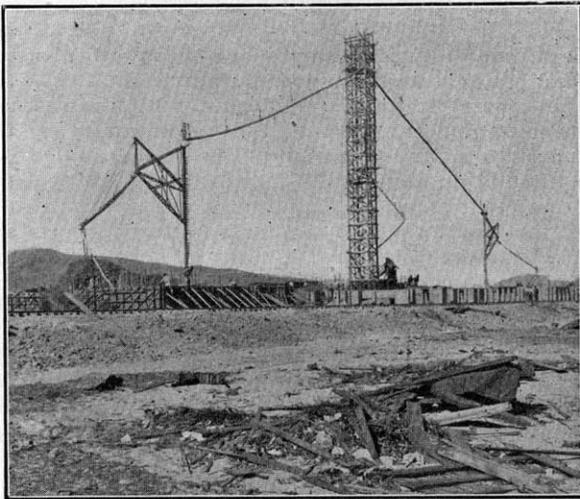
Plenty of Water at Barstow.

from ten to 25 feet and a more excellent quality of water can be found nowhere. The total depth of the well on Mr. Morrison's ranch is 44 feet and his pump throws a perpetual stream of 120 inches of this clear sparkling water. Mr. Morrison moved onto this ranch in December, 1909, and has put out several thousands of trees and ledge plants which are making a marvelous growth notwithstanding the fact they were set out late—two months after the proper time for planting.

**BOOM OF OIL DISCOVERY.**

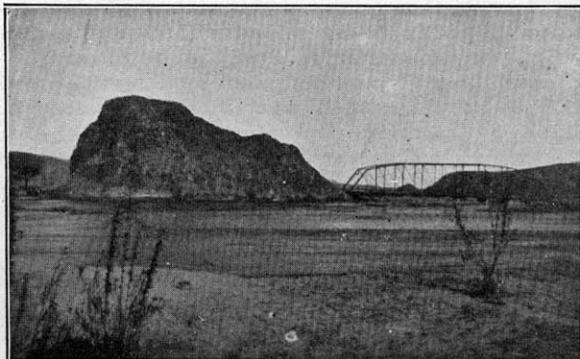
And now the certainty of oil in the near neighborhood of Barstow has brought large numbers of prospectors and locators into the district. The Kramer Oil Company, the pioneer is extending its work, an example of the activity may be noted that sufficient material for the building of eight derricks was shipped to Barstow for reshipment to these fields.

With all these natural resources it is small wonder that the people of Barstow feel that they are on the eve of honest recognition of the advantages of their town and every citizen is willing to assist in the proof to any one that may be interested. They want more good honest working citizens. They want to show capital their

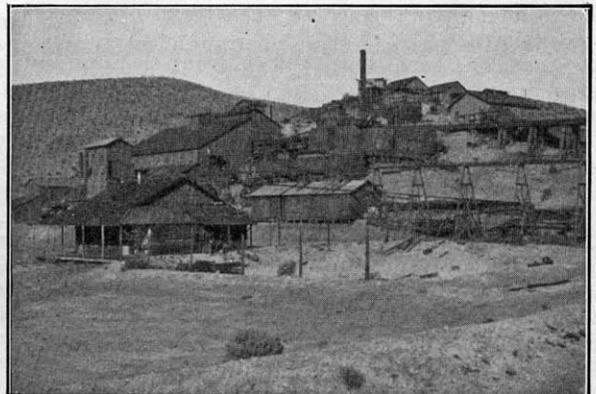


Foundation for New \$250,000 Harvey Hotel and Depot.

example of what can be done is the ranch of John M. Morrison situated eight miles west of Barstow in the beautiful, fertile Water valley which contains many thousands of acres of land which, when it is improved, will give as desirable homes to those who are fortunate enough to secure a tract there as any portion of Southern California has furnished to its homeseekers. The elevation is 2000 feet and the climate is all one could desire. The days never get so warm as to interfere with the carrying on of any kind of labor and the nights are ideal, always cool enough to insure refreshing slumber. This valley derives its name from the abundance of water which can be secured near the surface



Mojave River and Bridge at Barstow.



Mill at Barstow.

resources and with a commendable spirit of fair dealing such as they are showing Barstow must advance. The cost of living is the same as in San Bernardino and other cities on the coast. It has the purest of water and plenty of it, a climate as equable as can be found anywhere. Church and school; electric light and ice plant, in other words all the commodities and luxuries to be obtained in the larger cities.

Opportunities are here without number for the enter-

prising business man for Barstow will grow. Its geographical location in addition to its resources make it the ideal town for the prospective locator whether for a home or business venture. The Chamber of Mines and Industries (composed of Barstow's citizens and business men) will be glad to enter into correspondence with any one interested and forward absolutely reliable information. A letter addressed to the President or Secretary will bring a prompt reply.

## Mining in San Bernardino County

The Great Desert, as enchanting and mysterious as ever, in it being a vast storehouse for the precious metals, minerals, gems and oil.

To illustrate how little is as yet known of this land of wonder, a U. S. Geological report states that it would take 100,000 men 100 years to explore the brink of Death Valley alone.

Imagine, then, the 1000 of square miles of unexplored country which we may well assume to say has barely been scratched.

One important difficulty has been overcome, however, and that is water. The desert, it has been found, has its numerous subterranean lakes and streams and water can be developed at almost any place. The miles and miles of barren hills stretching as far as the line of horizon

last few years, however, the discovery of gold almost at the threshold of Barstow itself lent a new aspect to the possibilities with the result that there are now over a dozen meritorious prospects being developed all within ten miles of Barstow.

Lead, copper, zinc, bismuth and many other metals abound but gold is the predominating metal.

The general formation is dioritic, with immense intrusions of porphyry with the usual sedimentary stratas, which show signs of metamorphism, and are all raised and tilted at an angle of 45 degrees.

Great fissures cut the formation for miles and seem to be of the fissure type. The matrix is mostly quartz and spar intermixed at times with baritus. Leaving this belt and proceeding northeasterly for 20 miles from Barstow are found the famous Koolgardie and Long Branch, placer fields, which for years has increased the nation's wealth by its continuous output of the yellow dust. Up to the present time the gold has been won by small hand machines, with bellows attached and naturally only a small portion of this great placer field, which is miles in extent has been worked.

Three or four of the most important companies interested in these fields will establish a new regime by installing dredges and new machinery of a late invention, whereby they will be enabled to handle a very large tonnage.

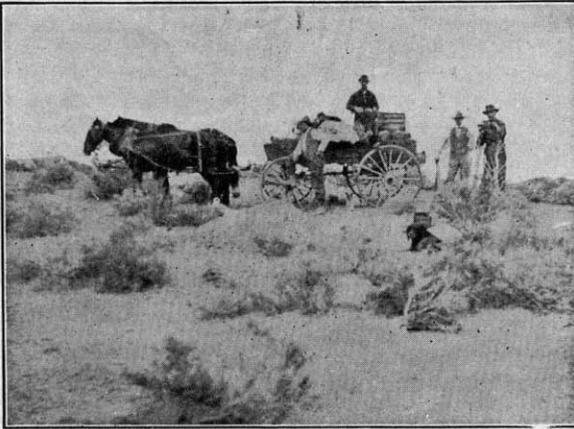
From this placer field the mineral belt is continuous northward, and only 15 miles further north are the newly discovered gold fields, called Goldstone.

This mineral belt is over 25 miles long and three wide. During the months of March and April of this year great excitement prevailed here and hundreds rushed to the new camp. Much credit is due to the Messrs. Hart and Goodrich, pioneers and discoverers of the new camp. New strikes are being continually made.

A peculiar feature of the camp is the occurrence of the gold, great dykes of decomposed porphyry intermixed with schist, and oxidized iron with abundant silico present. The gold then occurs in this matrix which is from three to 50 feet in thickness and with lime and diorite as walls. The formation is almost unbroken and is all of a free milling proposition except some portions at the southeast end of the belt where it changes into lead sulphites, but carrying high values in gold.

The new camp has such a bright future that the county is developing water right in the center of the camp. Some prominent mining engineers who have made an examination of the camp predict it to be one of the greatest low grade camps in the country.

Great activities are anticipated this fall at this new camp. Two transcontinental railroads pass through Barstow with others in view. With all these natural resources (The Mining and Oil Industries) Barstow is destined to be the leading mining center in the southwest.



Discovery Point Big Drum, Goldstone Camp, Near Barstow

here and there showing patches of green, red, white (hence the origin of such names as the "Calico" range) seem to offer some sort of an appeal and are beckoning to be explored.

Such are the conditions that confront the pioneer and prospector who are trying to wrest some of its wealth from her portals. The southern continuation of the Great Mother Lode lead strikes through this portion of the country, thence through Arizona and through the western slope of Mexico. The width of this great mineral zone extends to over 100 miles northeast of Barstow.

The famous Waterman silver mine is only four miles north of Barstow and the "Calico" silver mine about 12 miles northeast. The former having produced \$8,000,000 and the latter \$13,000,000. These mines were in active operation up to the very time of the demonetization of silver, and were then forced to close down owing to the fall in price of that metal.

During the days of silver very little attention was given to the prospecting for other metals. Within the

# Ludlow Shows Wonderful Growth

**A** HUSTLING little railroad center and one of the busiest small towns anyone would wish to find is Ludlow which is located near a prosperous mining district. Located as it is on the Santa Fe railroad and the Tonopah & Tidewater railroad to Goldfields, and having the general offices of the Tonopah & Tidewater railroad and the shops of that road also located in it, this town has rapidly come to the front and has taken a place as one of the foremost small places of Southern California.

This thriving little community has a population of about 300. Its educational facilities are excellent for it has a modern, up-to-date school equipped with a first-class gymnasium and with an excellent corps of instructors.

In every respect Ludlow is a typical booming town. Although but seven years old it has already, besides the above mentioned improvements, an excellent electric light plant, a well equipped, modern hotel and a number of first class stores carrying a fine class of goods. The



Denair's General Store.

business block has been paved and the roads in every part of that vicinity are excellent. It is located within a short distance of a section in which there is great mining activity at the present time and it is practically the center for this district.

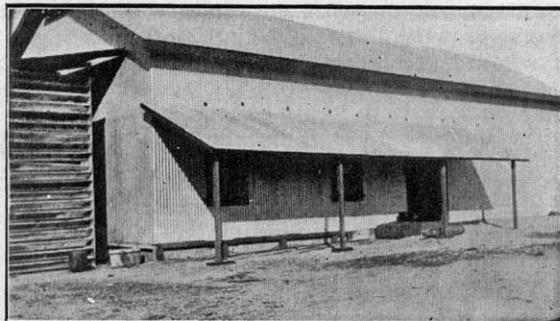
Many more improvements and developments are in store for Ludlow during the coming months. Several mining companies have been operating, prospecting parties in the vicinity of Ludlow for some time, and are so very well satisfied with the indications that they will at once commence more permanent and stable operations.

Ludlow is the home or headquarters of the famous Orange Blossom mine, its properties being only a short distance away.

Many prosperous and attractive homes are in prospect for Ludlow in the near futures, as its citizens are awakening to the importance of their city and are determined to improve their advantages.

A spur track has been built running eight miles to the south to the Roosevelt and Bagdad mining district.

**Ludlow is a town with a future. Already in its in-**



Ludlow Ice Plant.

fancy it has been recognized by the Tonopah and Tidewater as a good center and it is only a matter of a short time before further improvements are made and especially as in the very near future a second railroad, the Western Pacific, will enter that town.

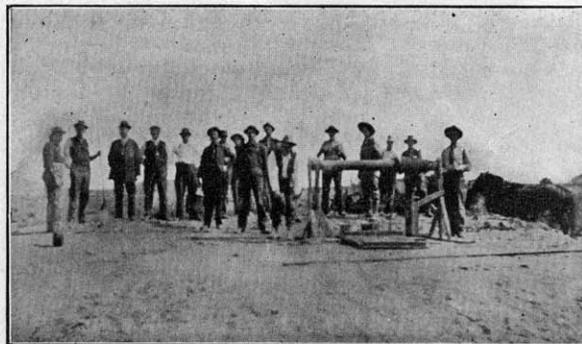
For a residence town, nothing more could be desired. There are dozens of pretty, comfortable homes with fine green lawns and blossoming gardens.

Seven years ago this town was started by John Denair, a man who became one of the principal business figures of the community. It has been his vigorous boosting together with the men he has allied with him that has been to a great extent responsible for the town's progress.

Mr. Denair is one of Ludlow's most prominent residents. It was he who erected the first house in that city and started in to see that others came to the place and did likewise. He is owner of the ice plant, the electric light and power plant, the general store and the freight house, so it can be readily seen that Mr. Denair has been responsible for a number of the principal improvements in Ludlow and has been the originator of its leading industries.

Ludlow has not been the only city in which he has displayed his energetic and twentieth century spirit. He was a heavy property owner in Los Angeles as early as 1873 he started the town of enair in Stanislaus county, Cal., and is also interested at Needles and Tulrock.

In no town has he labored more persistently than in Ludlow and never were efforts better rewarded for from an empty tract has sprung a bustling little town, with the snap of industry in the air and the flag of prosperity floating over it.



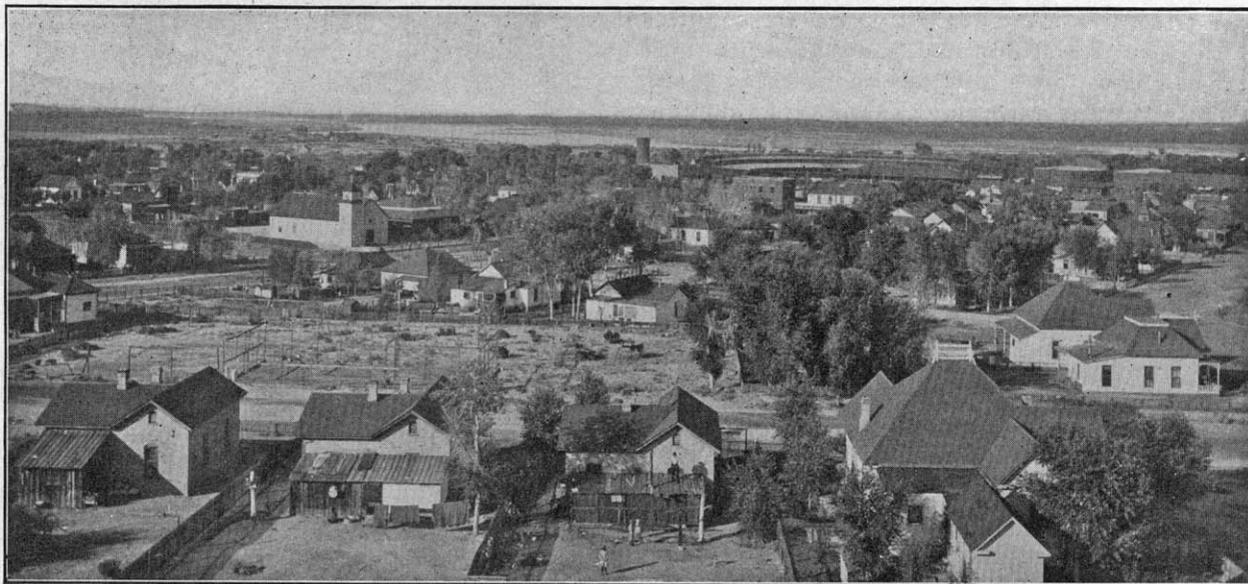
Sinking a Well at the Mines.

## Needles Is Growing

Needles is a progressive city of over 4000 population and still growing. It has 20 miles of graded and ten miles of oiled streets! six churches and a fine large school house; an ice plant that turns out 100 tons of ice each day of the year; both local and long distance telephone; Western Union and Postal telegraph; electric light and

of the fact that there are no lawyers there nor are there any needed; that they have the finest school house and the smallest jail in the county and that in the face of the fact that it is a wet town.

The United States Smelting, Mining and Refining Company is building an additional plant here that is to



Panoramic View of Needles.

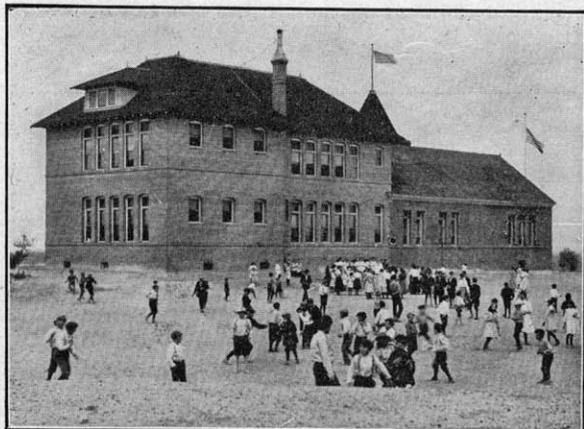
power works that operate day and night; two banks with a deposit of over \$1,000,000; nine hotels including the famous El Garces Harvey Hotel that cost \$250,000, the finest on the Santa Fe lines; two of the largest general stores between San Bernardino and Albuquerque; one of the biggest round houses on the entire Santa Fe system and the railroad is now to replace it with a still larger one; the finest recreation hall in the state, cost the Santa Fe \$100,000, is open to all the residents of the city.

The foregoing are a few of the many reasons why Needles is rapidly growing. Here is a town that boasts

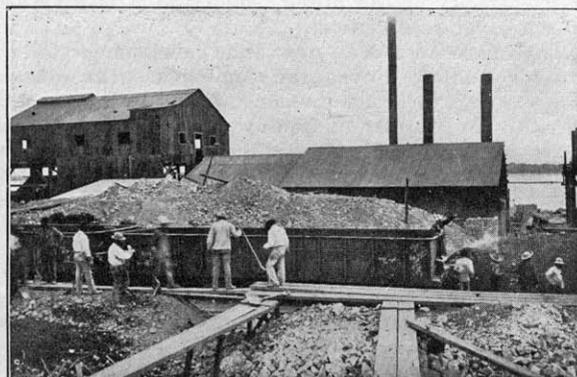
cost over \$2,500,000 and will give employment to at least 500 men. They have already spent a large sum of money but are still going ahead with the improvements. Over 100 cars of building lumber and as many more cars of machinery are on the ground ready for the completion of the smelter.

Needles as a mining and smelting town, has no rival in the county or as a matter of fact in the entire southwest for at the present time an average of over twenty car loads of ore are being received although the smelter is not at this time prepared to handle that amount but as soon as the addition has been completed they will handle many dozen times that amount.

The business streets of Needles contain a fine number



School House, Needles.



Ore Dump and Smelter.

It is Money in Your Pocket to Read Every Word on This Page

# Needles Boulevard Tract

## NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA

**“The Best Investment in or out of Needles”**

If you are looking for an investment that is absolutely sure to greatly increase in value—sure to make money for you—you can't do better than to investigate the lots of the Needles Boulevard Tract.

The **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT** is a level piece of land consisting of one hundred and twenty acres of the finest land in or near the town of Needles. It lies north of the Santa Fe Railroad tracks and just west of the United States Smelting, Mining and Refining company's new \$2,500,000.00 smelter, and three blocks west of the \$250,000 Harvey House and Depot, and four blocks northwest of the Postoffice. It is the only piece of land in the town of Needles that is level, that is not subject to storm waters, and that is set far enough away from the foothills to be swept by the cool breeze in summer, which is denied the property south of the railway. It is positively fifteen degrees cooler here than in any other location in Needles, **bar none**. It is subdivided into one thousand resident and business lots—four hundred of which are now sold, the balance being for sale at the very low prices of from \$60.00 to \$300.00 per lot, for cash or easy monthly installment payments. **Now is the Time to Buy Some of Them.** It is not possible to make a safer or better investment than to invest in real estate, especially in a growing town, in a desirable location, and in a new subdivision.

The **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT** is within four blocks of the business center of Needles, a condition which alone would recommend the purchase of lots in this tract. I take much pride in showing these lots, not only on account of the low prices and very easy terms at which I am selling them, but because they are **Absolutely the very best lots now offered in Needles at any price.** The location of the **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT** is incomparably superior to any other location in town in which to build your home.

Knowing that the **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT** lots are the highest class resident property for the least money and on the easiest terms on the market today, I most respectfully urge you to take early advantage of this, the greatest money-making opportunity in the history of Needles. **Now is the time to buy your lots—don't wait** until prices have climbed as they are sure to climb. These lots are being sold on terms that are easy to pay. Don't be among those who are going to be late. Come into my office and let me tell you more about them. **It will pay you to do so.**

The streets of the **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT**, the best graded and most level streets in town, are to be oiled. The contract for the oil has already been let, and work will commence just as soon as the oil reaches town. **Buy your lots now—don't delay.** The present prices are very low and the terms are the easiest ever offered. It is opportunities like this that have made many of our wealthy men. I invite you to come to my office and talk it over. I invite you to go look at the tract, investigate it for yourself. One look at the property and the work that is already done by the **United States Smelting, Mining and Refining Company** on their new two and a half million dollars smelter will tell you more than I could tell you in an hour. Investigation of the most thorough kind will do no harm to a legitimate proposition and that is why I invite your most careful inspection. **Now is the time to buy—don't wait;** you will lose much of your profit if you do. **I claim** that I am offering to you the best resident property, and the very best values in Needles, with the surest increase of values of any property in or out of Needles.

You will never be able to get them for less money. In a very short time you will not be able to get them at their present low price. You will at no time be able to get lots in or out of the town of Needles, that will so surely and quickly increase in value. Investigate this proposition and you will invest some of your spare money.

**Buy Now, Don't Wait.** Needles is the most important town in the Inland Southwest, and is going to be more important. Its real estate will soon be much more valuable than it is now. Get in on the ground floor. Buy now and be sure of a good profit—of all the profit. The lots I am now offering to you in the **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT** may be the means of providing you, and those who are dear to you, a comfortable old age.

My title is a clear one. It comes straight from a government patent. I have a certificate of title from the Consolidated Abstract and Title Company of San Bernardino, California. This certificate of title I have left at the Bank of Needles, of Needles, California, where it can be seen by anyone who may have a reason for wanting to see it.

Go and see the **NEEDLES BOULEVARD TRACT.** It is good to look upon. It will not only bear investigation but will compel your admiration. Take a look at the work being done on the new smelter. Then come to my office and talk it over with me. I am located in the Post Office Building.

**If Ever in Your Life a Money-making Opportunity Was Offered to You it is Being Offered to You Now.**  
Investigate My Statements. It is money in your pocket to do so. Write for Further Information.

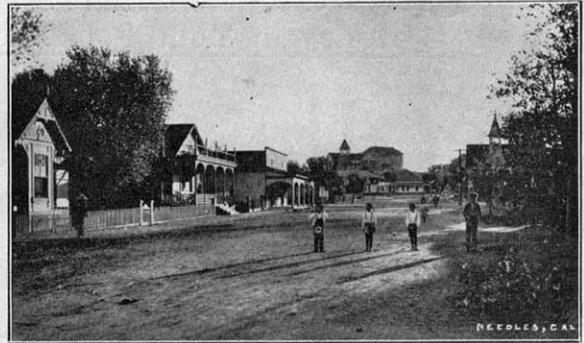
# J. D. WARREN

Owner of

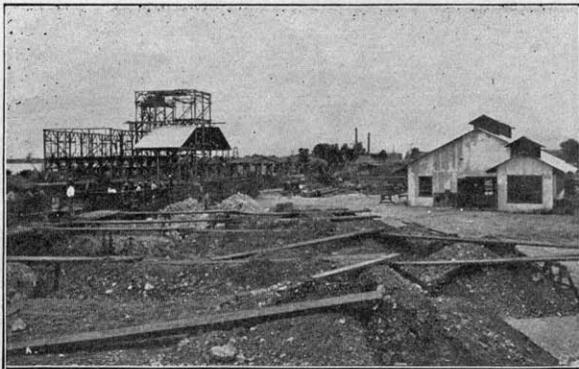
**“The Best Investment in or out of Needles.”**



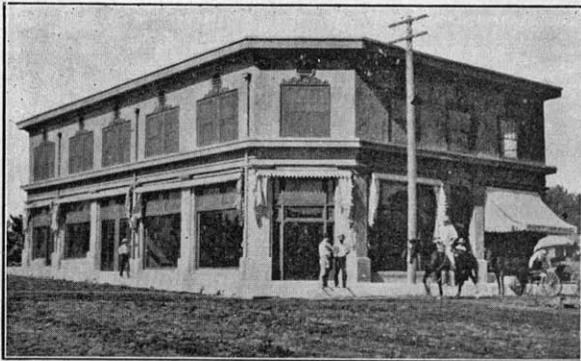
"El Garcias" Santa Fe Hotel.



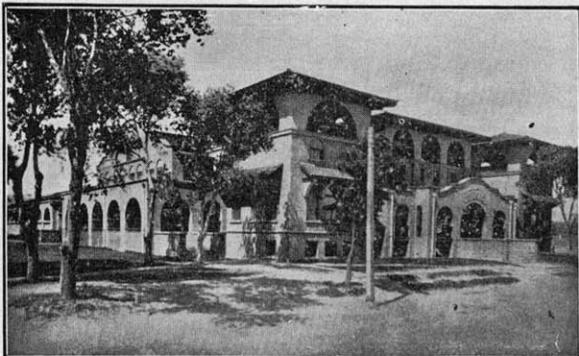
Residence Street, Needles.



Smelter Showing Large Addition Under Construction.



Postoffice at Needles.



Santa Fe Recreation Hall.

of modern and up-to-date stores and buildings and every article of either necessity or luxury may be purchased at about the same cost as in the larger cities. It has a handsome post office building and in the resident section are many fine homes for Needles is a home city and a very great number of these fine homes are owned by the individual. Shade trees in profusion adorn both sides of the streets and many vines and shrubs in the gardens belie the story of Needles' climate.

The pay roll of the city of Needles is at the present time \$125,000 per month and a pleasing feature of this pay roll is the fact that most of it is either spent in town or placed in one of the two banks thus keeping a goodly amount of money in continuous circulation.

Property in Needles, considering the advantages, is very reasonable and the cost of living no higher than anywhere else. An addition to the city is about to be placed on the market in the Boulevard Tract opening up a fine section of home property.

### Four Hours from May to December

In no other locality in the world is there afforded the opportunity of choosing between May-like atmosphere, such as prevails back east, and genuine wintry weather, all within a distance of 19 miles and four hours' travel. But such is one of the gifts of the San Bernardino Valley. From among groves of golden-decorated orange trees to the snow fields and vice versa, is but a question of a few hours and but little discomfort.

From the sunshiny valley one can look up to the snows above, dazzling in the light of a typical California sun, almost any day during the three months of winter.

If one chooses he can leave the golden valley at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and ere sundown be wading in the deep snows, just as he did down east. That night, perchance, he will stop at one of the numerous inns on the summits of the San Bernardino mountains and after a good meal be sung to sleep by the whispering of the north wind through the lofty pines.

By arising at daylight he can hike down a trail for six miles and meeting the trolley can be at his desk or place of business in San Bernardino ere the stroke of eight.

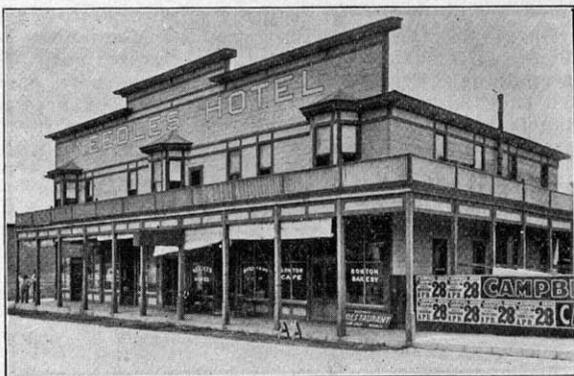
These mountain inns are both summer and winter resorts. In the summer they are the ideal spots for rest and recreation, with the pure cool air of the pines ever circulating for free use. In the winter there are the sports found in the frigid east without the necessity of enduring the disagreeable features of a long winter. Tobogganing is one of the favorite pastimes of the winter sojourner in the San Bernardino mountains.

When in Needles stop at the

# NEEDLES HOTEL

E. HODGE, Prop.

Newly Furnished



JOBBERS FOR  
CIGARS and TOBACCO

BILLIARD and POOL HALL  
BARBER SHOP IN CONNECTION

# THE MONARCH HOTEL

EARL HODGE & CO., Props.

Popular Prices

NEEDLES, CAL.



Lumber of  
all Kinds

Laths, Lime  
and Cement

# J. LORIMER

## Carpenter and Builder

Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given. Millwork, Boats, Paints, Hardware. Excellent shipping facilities. Quick delivery . . . .

Needles, - - - - Cal.

Established April, 1903

# B. L. VAUGHN

## MINES AND MINING INVESTMENTS

Stocks and Securities Bought, Sold and Exchanged. Real Estate, Insurance and Loans

Needles, Cal.

All letters of inquiry promptly answered

# Upland, Gem of the Foothills

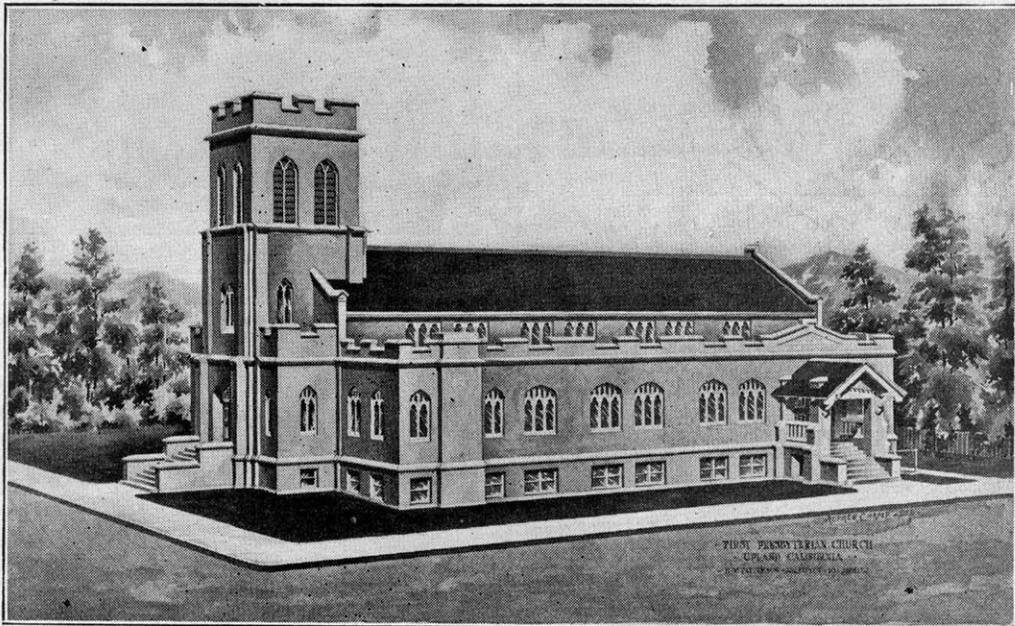
There is no state or territory on the American Continent where the maximum advantages for a prosperous, happy and contented life are so apparent and so real as that of the golden state of California. Especially is this true of the wonderful section lying south of the Tehachapi Mountains.

To focalize and localize this claim it may be added that there is no section in the state embraced in the eastern segment across the valley in Los Angeles County from the San Gabriel river, east to the Cucamonga Colony section in San Bernardino County, that is so appealing to the jaded soul seeking rest and recuperation.

And in this favored section there is no locality so favored as that where Queen Citrus sits enthroned in her groves of perennial green under the towering rock-capped summit of historic "Old Baldy"—

tains of industry" who have deserted their strenuous vocations in piling up wealth like Ossa on Pelion in the busy marts of trade, for the more genial though less gainful, occupations here provided in the open, fragrance-laden air.

The religious and moral life in such a region could not be otherwise than predominant—"where every prospect pleases," and naught that's here is vile. The several religious bodies are here well represented. The Presbyterians are the pioneers, and have just completed a magnificent church edifice at a cost of \$25,000. The Methodists numerically, are the strongest and are housed in a commodious building of California mission architecture. The Nazarenes, the River Brethren, the Mennonites, are all here with earnest and strong congregations. The Episcopalians have recently organized a new parish which they have named "Saint Mark's." The predominating fact that gave note to this church is that the parochial organization was effected in the main through



New Presbyterian Church, Upland.

O mountain grand with hoary crown  
On the fair valley looking down  
With such a calm disdain.  
Royal and proud your brow may lie  
Beneath the clear blue northern sky  
That knows no cloud nor stain—

that gently southward sloping mesa formerly embraced within the unmelodic name, "North Ontario," but later bearing the more happily entitled appellation, "Upland."

The city of Upland has more than doubled her population since her civic christening. Her population today must be fully two thousand five hundred souls, and it would be hard to find, even in this most favored land, a more contented and united lot of people. She makes little, if any, contribution to the eleemosynary institutions of county or state. She has no necessity for jails or poor-houses. Her people, manual toilers and others of the laboring classes, are too busy to spend their rest hours in the allurements of vice, while the average rancher is quite content with his prideful duties in caring for, harvesting and marketing his citrus fruits to engage in enervating diversions. Upland, assuredly, has her "cap-

the efforts of a zealous layman, without clerical aid whatever.

The Woman's Literary Club is the center of the intellectual life of the city, among the fair sex at all events. It is composed of the leading women in the social life of the city, many of whom are known for their zeal in the advancement of a higher and more diffusive intelligence. They are all home-builders, too, in the sense that club activity in no wise lessens their devotion to home and domestic ties. Any movement looking to the intellectual and moral uplift of the people always enlists the active co-operation of the women of the Woman's Literary Club.

The schools of a community are always the index of the intelligence and progress of a people. Whenever facilities are lacking for the proper advancement and sustentation of scholastic work, Uplanders are as one in voting supplies and equipment to accelerate the good work. There is no handsomer and more commodious graded school building in the valley than the \$35,000 edifice which gems the heart of this little city, and whose walls environ the future Hampdens and queens of our great Republic. An additional \$10,000 will be voted soon by appreciative citizens early in July for added im-



# House Builders

## Are Good Judges

They are busy men, that's why they come here at once to get supplies. Material here in abundance. Lumber, Lime, Brick, Cement, Lath and Shingles.

We sell a first class Roofing, FLINTKOTE, and a first class Plaster, the Plaster that stays when put on, namely HOLDTITE.

Energy and Push, coupled with a square deal, will always bring lasting results. LASTING results are the kind we go after. Our customers are our friends—always—and are so treated—always.

Send us your orders or list for estimate by mail, wire, or phone, or bring them with you. We assure you that our price is correct and service prompt, and above all we assure you a square deal.

## The Eymann Lumber Co., Inc.

C. C. EYMANN, Manager

Telephone Main 991

Yard Cor. 5th Ave. and B Street, Upland, Cal.

# The Commercial National Bank of Upland, Cal.

CAPITAL,	-	-	\$25,000.00
SURPLUS,	-	-	\$25,000.00

Organized as a Commercial Bank in July, 1898. Converted into a National Bank October, 1909.

Twelve years of steady growth. The largest Bank in Upland.

Any business in the Banking line intrusted to us will be carefully and promptly handled.

Chas. E. Harwood, Pres.  
W. T. Leeke, Vice Pres.

M. F. Palmer, Cashier.  
R. C. Norton, Asst. Cashier.

provements to meet the constantly increasing demands of the youth of the city.

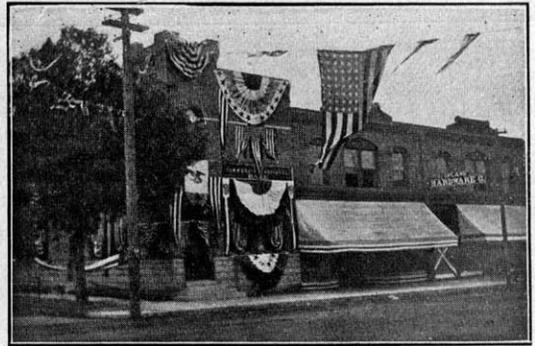
There is no single feature in physical Upland that so quickly arrests the keen eye of the visitor as the magnificent seven-mile stretch of boulevard known as Euclid Avenue. In planning the Model Colony, of which Upland is the geographical center, the Chaffey brothers must have possessed a clear prevision of the early and splendid future awaiting the magic touch of the Spirit of Colonization.

Euclid Avenue is even less a local pride than that evoked from the lips and pens of the non-resident beholder; indeed, not a few, impressed by the incomparable

forth by the hundred thousands of cases annually. It is confidently asserted that there is not a greater tonnage of citrus freight, garnered from local orchards, in the state than that which leaves the local station during the groves predominate in the quantity but in the fruit packing season. Not only do the citrus groves in the Upland district predominate in the quantity, but in the quality as well, in the fruit marketed. The unusually sharp, frosty weather during the past winter, has demonstrated beyond peradventure that if there is a "frostless belt" in the state the distinction must be awarded to the city on the uplands. While larger cities of the valley have heretofore held the palm of excellence for their citrus products, and their comparative freedom from frost,



Residence of G. B. Hayden, Postmaster.



Commercial National Bank.

vista, sentined with stately eucalypti and peppers on sides and center in all its way to mountain base, and with benignant "Old Baldy" looking down, may well be pardoned in denominating so noble an avenue as a replica of the famous Unter den Linden across the great waters of the Atlantic.

The present year will no doubt usher in a modern system of electric transit in keeping with the modern cars soon to connect Upland with Los Angeles.

To the unsurpassed climatic, scenic, social, educational and religious features must be added the one great attraction—the one without which all else would seem as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal"—the commercial aspect of Upland.

The area embraced within what is known as the "Model Colony," is today producing more sound and luscious citrus fruits for market than any other section in the state of California comprising equal territory. Within gunshot distance from the Santa Fe station, which lies in the business section of Upland, cluster a series of great packing houses where the fruit is deposited and packed for the busy marts of eastern trade. The best of modern devices in labor-saving machinery is used to facilitate and expedite the enormous shipments that go

yet none of them can truthfully claim so small a loss occasioned through the malign influence of the Frost King as that of Upland. Indeed, her loss was practically nil.

There is an awakening due for Upland. Heretofore she has been content to jog along in a quiet, almost indifferent way. Now, the Spirit of Progress is in her veins, the pulsating arteries of her commercial life are swelling almost to the bursting point. She needs new outlets for her conserved energies. Her people, her leaders, her unselfish public-spirited merchants and commercial men are preparing for the activities that must soon be embraced. A closer cohesion must be maintained of these classes, and a unification of all interests secured. Dominating, active leadership is what is needed. All commercial potency must be harnessed to the chariot of Progress. A Chamber of Commerce, true to its name, comprising every militant spirit in the community, must be assembled and set into virile activity. The second Carnival has demonstrated beyond all cavil that the momentum gained one year ago has been crystallized into concerted action. The seed has fallen in fallow fields and the harvest is at hand.

Upland has proved her right to sit with her older sisters among the seats of the mighty.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

UPLAND, CALIFORNIA



**Conservative and Strong**

## Real Estate Exchange and Sale Office

Orange and Lemon Groves, Vineyards, Alfalfa Lands, Town Property, and General Farming Lands. The oldest and most successful Real Estate Agency in Upland.

Our water and electric systems equal to any in the world.

N. G. PEHL, Mgr.

UPLAND, CAL.

# Upland, Gem of the Foothills

**Bodenhamer Real Estate Agency, Prophets and Promoters of Its Greater Growth, Increasing Prosperity and Enhancing Beauty**

Southern California, its pleasant climate, its great beauty, the wonderful productiveness of its irrigated land in a climate where all the year is growing season, is known to all the world.

Of all the thousands of people who come here annually to sojourn or make their homes, all will assent that the Great San Bernardino Valley is the most beautiful and representative of the great possibilities of this wonderland of Southern California.

There the citrus industry that has made California rich and famous has chiefly been developed.

On the uplands, mesas and foot-hills running up against the mountains that surround the valley at elevations above frost lines, are the best and most profitable orange and lemon groves in the world.

On the north side of the valley, rising from an elevation above sea level of 1220 feet at Santa Fe railroad on the south up to 2500 feet elevation at the foothills five miles north lies Upland, 20 miles west of San Bernardino and 40 miles east of Los Angeles.

In this upland district, intelligent men, by ever improving scientific methods have developed the orange and lemon growing industry to its greatest perfection.

Stimulated by great prosperity coming from the citrus fruit industry, beautiful homes and modern improvements are being made everywhere in increasing ratio. Induced by its beautiful and healthful location, people of independent means are making their homes here in increasing numbers where they are assured the enjoyment of pleasant and prolonged lives.

Here are rapidly being improved and extended, what will be the finest avenues and scenic driveways in the world.

To the north the great mountains with the deep and shaded canyons form a background of striking grandeur. Because of its elevation, all the great beautiful San Bernardino and Pomona Valleys are seen from any part of the Upland district.

Here is to be found the most perfect irrigation system in the world. At a dozen packing houses, most perfectly equipped and managed, are packed and marketed the product of our groves, giving employment to many people.

Owing to serious frost damage to citrus fruits in many

localities, people acquainted with the varied local conditions are buying and clearing the foothill lands in the Northwestern part of Upland and planting new groves of orange and lemon trees where all the conditions are perfect for growing these fruits.

It is on these uplands from the western line of Upland, east by Cucamonga to Etiwanda along the northern rim of San Bernardino Valley, we advise planting orange and lemon trees.

We are prepared to sell you these lands, contracting to clear them ready to plant and develop ample water for irrigation. To anyone who will buy, plant and keep these lands as we direct, we are prepared to guarantee an annual profit of 15 per cent to 25 per cent on the investment.

We have had 27 years' experience in growing citrus fruits in this locality and know all the conditions and are certain as to the correctness of statements. On these lands there will be no loss from frost and orange and lemon trees will make one or two growths annually that you do not get in lower altitudes. You will therefore get a larger and more profitable tree and in a shorter time.

We also have for sale a few good groves now in bearing that under continued good care, will give good returns for capital invested.

To any person or number of persons with sufficient capital we can offer a few large propositions in relation to these uplands and water development on terms that will assure good profits.

To anyone with the requisite financial ability, who will see or write us, we will take the matter up with them.

There are many circumstances and growing conditions that makes the time opportune to take up these new developments.

We invite the attention and second thought to this matter by anyone who may read this.

We are here to help the further development of this beautiful country and to advise and help anyone undertaking any of this work to the end that they may pursue best methods and prosper in fortunes and happiness.

BODENHAMER REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

Upland, Cal.

Home Phone 2147, Sunset Phone 694.

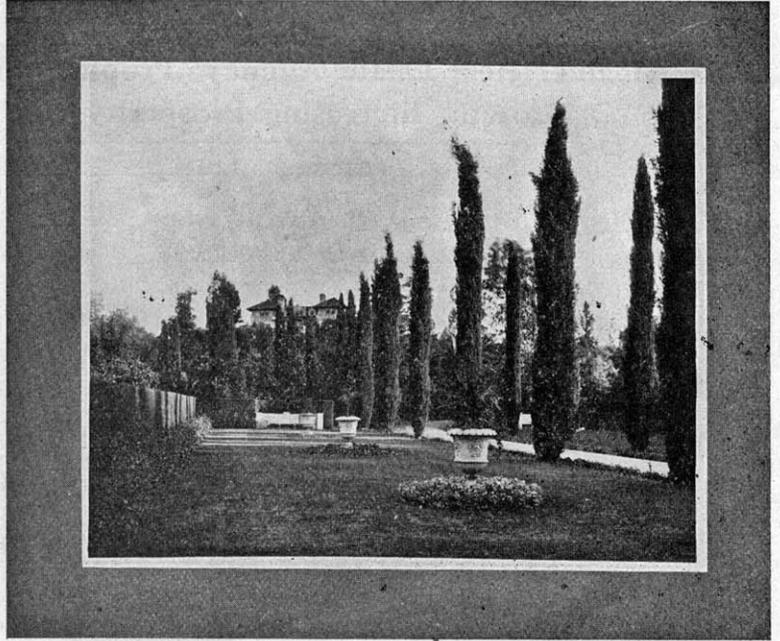
# Redlands, the "Gem City"

By WM. STOWE DEVOL

**T**HE thought of a new city, which subsequently sprang into existence as Redlands, was conceived in the minds of two enterprising residents of the village of Lugonia, subsequently made a part of the new city, a little more than a score of years ago. In 1887 the surveys were made and the stakes set designating the streets and marking the building lots for the city yet in the minds of the promoters. Within the brief span of years from that day to this, by continuous steady growth, it has become a city of some 12,000 population.

Nestling beneath the protecting shadows of the lofty peaks of Mt. San Gorgonio and Mt. San Bernardino, their summits rising to an altitude of almost 12,000 feet, the highest in Southern California, lies Redlands, at the extreme eastern end of the San Bernardino Valley. Westward the valley opens into the San Gabriel and Los Angeles Valleys, and to the southwest through the Santa Ana Valley to the broad Pacific Ocean, distant, as the crow flies, 52 miles, and from Los Angeles 62 miles. Lying upon the serrated slopes of the foothills which, curved in amphitheatre form, make the head of the valley, with the giant peaks towering high in the near background, one living here is given a feeling as of resting in the protecting hollow of a beneficent giant hand. In the business center the city has an altitude of 1350 feet, and in the eastern part of the city an altitude of nearly 2000 feet is reached over gentle grades, on paved streets and gracefully winding roads.

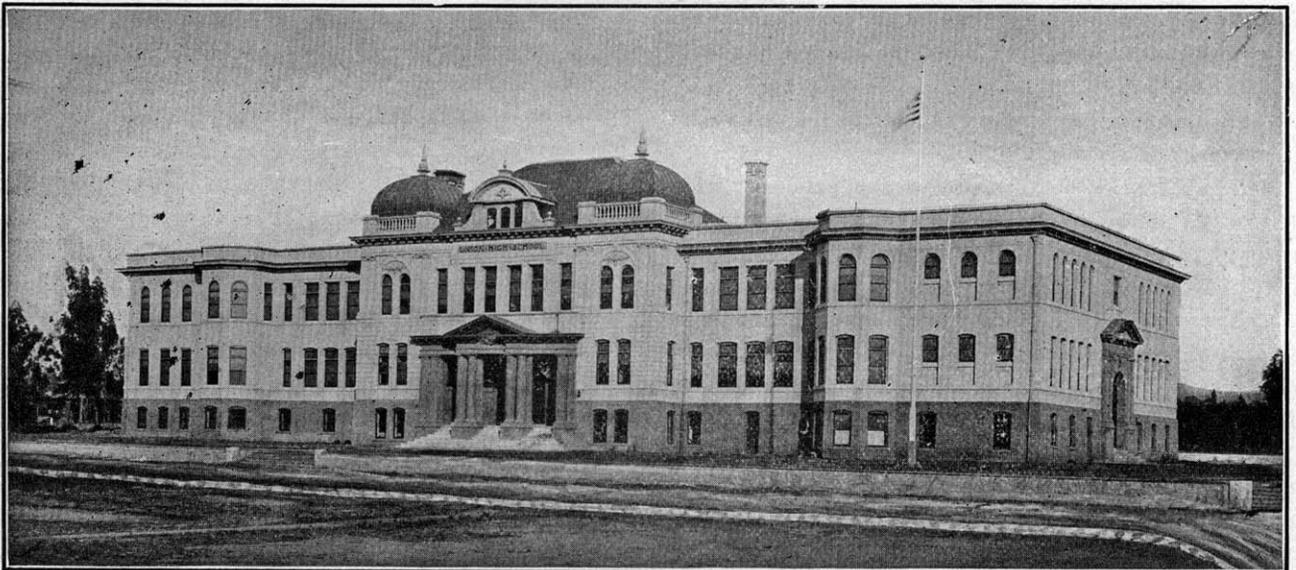
The rugged and picturesque San Bernardino range of mountains lying on the north and northeast shield the city from any wind which may wander from the desert into the valleys. These same lofty mountains release the cooling air which flows gently down their slopes into the valley during the summer season, preventing excessive heat, and condense the moisture of the air into rains and snows, which, falling upon their summits, feed the life-



Italian Gardens of E. C. Sterling, Redlands.

giving streams which flow down their sides or fill the natural and artificial reservoirs, to be released by man as needed in his agricultural pursuits or to drive the power-producing wheels of the great electric plants in the canyons. In thus extracting the moisture from the air it is made pure and dry and refreshing. On the other hand, the near proximity of the Pacific Ocean provides the tempered sea breezes during the winter months, warding off damaging frosts. These conditions combine to give to this region cool and refreshing nights during the summer season, and in the winter season freedom from extreme cold.

Here has been produced the Redlands which Marshall Field, the merchant prince, declared "one can have but



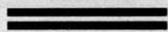
Redlands High School.

F. P. MORRISON, President  
S. C. HAVER, Vice-President

S. R. HEMINGWAY, Cashier  
H. R. SCOTT, Ass't. Cashier

# FIRST NATIONAL BANK

## OF REDLANDS



Capital - - - - \$100,000

Surplus and Profits - \$150,000



### DIRECTORS

F. P. MORRISON  
JOHN P. FISK

S. R. HEMINGWAY  
EDWARD S. GRAHAM

S. C. HAVER  
J. J. SUESS

EDWARD M. COPE  
H. R. SCOTT



An Apple Orchard at Yucaipa.

one thing to say—the most beautiful spot on earth,” and of which Theodore Roosevelt, visiting here while president, said, “This is glorious, I never imagined such a sight,” and of which W. T. Dewey, editor of the *Lamoore, California, Leader*, wrote after visiting Redlands—“To make a long story short—a paradise on earth! Once seen, never to be forgotten,” and of which thousands have written in like vein.

Redlands has no Carnegie library. The A. K. Smiley Public Library, the unique and notable building and the greater portion of the park grounds in which it has an appropriate setting, were a gift from the loyal and progressive citizen whose name it bears. Housed in a beautiful building, an adaptation from the mission style of architecture, massive, pleasing in outline, possessing an air of permanence and of culture, may be found 188,000 volumes of the most carefully selected books. The library possesses, besides thousands of pamphlets and public doc-

uments, bound files and current issues of the leading periodical publications.

From the time the Franciscan missionaries planted the San Bernardino Mission on the western line of what is now the city of Redlands, the people of this community have been a devout people. From the number of communicants registered in the twenty-four denominations, and the large proportion of attendance at worship, the citizens of modern Redlands may still be considered very religiously inclined. Seventeen of the denominations worship in their own church buildings. Beside these the Young Men's Christian Association has one of the finest properties in the city, free from indebtedness, valued at \$50,000.

To accommodate the 2500 school children, seven grammar schools have been provided, with several supplementary buildings for sloyd, at a total cost of \$400,000; a magnificent high school building, a model of convenience, which, with the grounds, cost more than \$100,000; a parochial school, several private schools, and, to crown the educational system of the city, the University of Redlands, opened for students in the fall of 1909. There are 70 teachers in these schools. The high school has over 400 pupils and the graduates receive certificate rights for the principal colleges and universities of the United States.

The University of Redlands is now an actuality. It has a fine location and site, containing 54 acres.

The Administration building, the first to be completed, is of massive reinforced concrete, roofed with tile, classic in design, erected at a cost of more than \$100,000. The second building, Bekins Hall for Girls, to be of the same construction, is well under way. The first class to be graduated, consisting of three students, re-



University Club of Redlands.

A. G. HUBBARD, President  
T. LEO PEEL, Cashier

C. S. McWHORTER, Vice-Pres.  
WALDO O'KELLY, Asst. Cashier

E. C. STERLING, Vice-Pres.

# THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK

OF REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA  
UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

Condition at close of business May 26, 1910, age 4 years 3 months

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans - - - - -	\$393,072.40	Capital - - - - -	\$100,000.00
U. S. Bonds - - - - -	105,546.88	Surplus and Profits, Net - - - - -	39,070.47
Other Bonds - - - - -	28,096.00	Circulation - - - - -	100,000.00
Redemption Fund - - - - -	5,000.00	Deposits - - - - -	465,929.04
Furniture and Fixtures - - - - -	8,125.00		
Cash and Due from Banks - - - - -	165,159.23		
<b>Total - - - - -</b>	<b>\$704,999.51</b>	<b>Total - - - - -</b>	<b>\$704,999.51</b>

Commenced business February 26, 1906

**DIRECTORS**

A. G. HUBBARD                      E. C. STERLING                      W. R. CHENEY                      B. B. HARLAN  
A. G. SIMONDS                      H. W. SEAGER                      C. S. McWHORTER

Drafts issued on all parts of the world.  
Letters of Credit and Travelers' Checks issued, available everywhere.



**GRAHAM-COPE COMMERCIAL CO.**  
HARDWARE, STOVES and RANGES, IMPLEMENTS,  
CARRIAGES, WAGONS, HAY, GRAIN, COAL,  
WOOD, BRADLEY'S FERTILIZER ❀ ❀

Orange St., next to Santa Fe Depot — Redlands, Cal.

ceived their diplomas June 16, 1910.

Redlands is noted for its spirit of united effort and fraternity, conspicuous in this direction being its Board of Trade, organized nine years ago for the civic uplift of the city. Its membership for the year 1909 comprised 550 of the progressive men of all occupations. The exhibit and office rooms are kept open throughout the year. Visitors are always welcome information gladly given and correspondence solicited.

Pre-eminently and above all Redlands is a home city. The beauty of its scenery, its unsurpassed opportunities for the outdoor surrounding of homes in the way of lawns, gardens and flowers, its educational and religious advantages make it an ideal place of residence. There are no saloons.

Not only is Redlands the greatest orange growing district in the world, in point of production, but it is also the very heart and center of the navel orange industry, the outpouring of which flows to every corner of the globe.

No longer are the orange groves of Redlands considered in terms of single acres, but in figures of thousands. The Redlands crop is now about 5000 car loads a season, or nearly 2,000,000 boxes, enough to give to every man, woman and child in the Union four oranges.

The orange growing business is the leading industry of this section, and where may one find a more fascinating occupation, with such congenial and wholesome environment and such splendid opportunities for the enjoyment of life in a nearer approach to the ideal existence, than is afforded in the culture of the orange in Redlands?

Redlands is the home of the most advanced methods of culture, and also the pioneer section in the adoption of the most approved and scientific methods of handling oranges. The packing house appliances designed by Redlands citizens are the models after which the new buildings in other communities are being equipped.

The assessed valuation of the property of the city is over \$8,000,000, the largest of any city in the county, and the actual value of the property is about \$25,000,000. The Redlands postoffice, the affairs of which are most efficiently administered by Postmaster W. M. Tisdale, has the largest receipts of any postoffice in the county, and Redlands is not a manufacturing community. The



A close view of the Smiley Public Library, a Glimpse of San Bernardino from Smiley Heights and Canyon View from Another Standpoint of This Really Wonderful View Place.

world's news is conveyed to the residents by two daily papers, the Facts, an evening paper with United Press service, and the Review, a morning paper with Associated Press service.

Redlands has a number of clubs, which are well supported. First among these, in point of membership, is the Contemporary Club, a woman's organization, incorporated, devoted to literature, civic improvement, educational work, and such activities. They own a club house valued at \$35,000, in which there is an auditorium seating nearly 800 people, with a stage to accommodate small theatrical and musical entertainments.

The Country Club stands pre-eminent among the outdoor clubs, having grounds in the southeastern part of the city, with a commodious and well arranged club house, stables and keeper's lodge, golf links, fine tennis

courts and a shooting range. Several golf tournaments are held here each year in which the contests are for cups and other trophies.

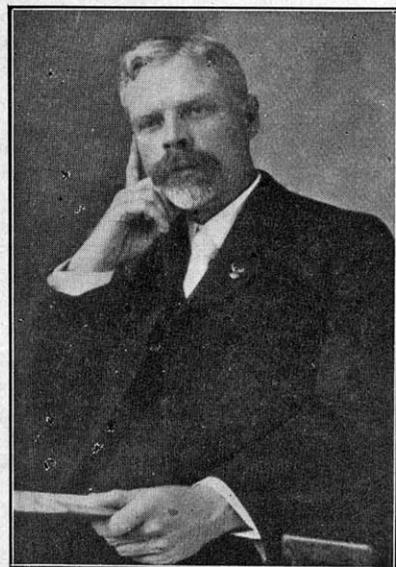
The University Club with a large membership composed of college and university men, owns a fine building on a splendid site, valued at \$20,000.

The Spinet, a musical organization, while it possesses no club house, has a wider and perhaps a more enviable reputation than any other organization in the city. The fame this club has given to Redlands places it among the foremost of music-loving cities on the Pacific coast.

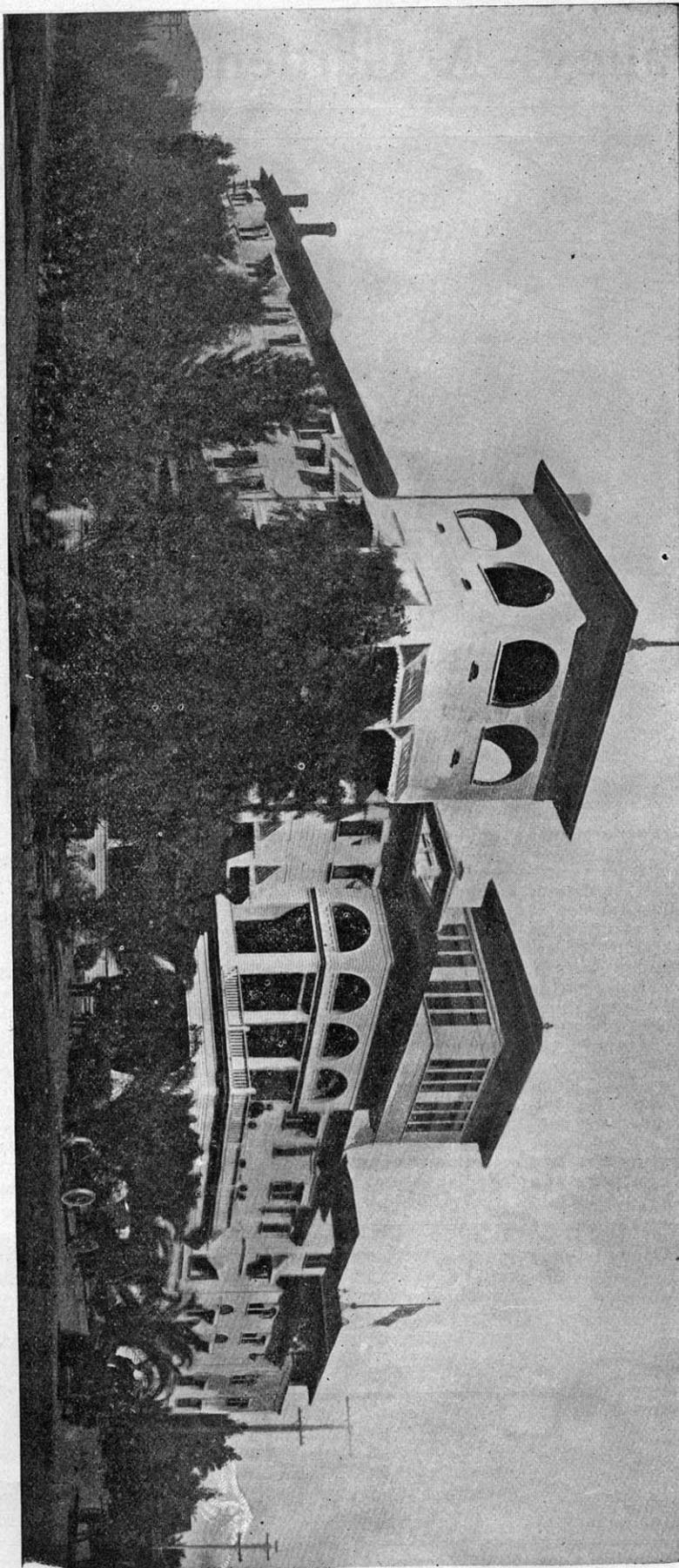
Thirty-two fraternal organizations have lodges in Redlands, many of which have equipped excellent halls in which to meet. The members of the Masonic order are erecting a temple to cost \$25,000, and the Elks have purchased a lot upon which to build a home, while the Odd Fellows already have a fine building. The Redlands lodge of Odd Fellows is the largest, in point of membership, in California.

#### MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAINS

That saying of a prominent Redlands capitalist—a far-seeing man—that the mountains surrounding Redlands are the greatest asset it has as a city, is fast becoming recognized as a truth. More and more the beauties, the health giving and restoring qualities of that magnificent mountain air, are realized by the city man, and it is not strange that the mountain resorts are prospering and growing. There are many of these charming retreats, nestling in magnificent forests, with tumbling streams of crystal water gurgling nearby, where comfortable quarters and splendid meals can be had. The altitude desired can be chosen from three to 5000 feet and all the delights of mountain life experienced within sixteen miles of Redlands, a short and delightful stage journey of five hours up and three hours down.



Wm. M. Tisdale, Postmaster of Redlands.



CASA LOMA, REDLANDS, CAL.

This magnificent hotel, one of the most famous in Southern California, is appropriately named "Castle Beautiful." It is open all the year and is perpetually surrounded by flowers, green trees and spacious lawns. Jas. S. Aurand, the manager, is one of California's best-known hotel men.

# Yucaipa Valley—A Garden Spot



An Apple Grower's Home, at Oak Glen, Upper Yucaipa.

This queen of California's beautiful and attractive valleys adjoins the city of Redlands on the east, is distant from San Bernardino 11 miles, and from Los Angeles 70 miles. From Redlands it extends eastward about eight miles, while along the base of the hills the valley covers some six miles from Mill Creek to San Timoteo Canyon. Along the entire northern limits extends the Crafton Hills, thus forming a regular background of mountains surrounding a veritable garden spot of some 13,000 acres.

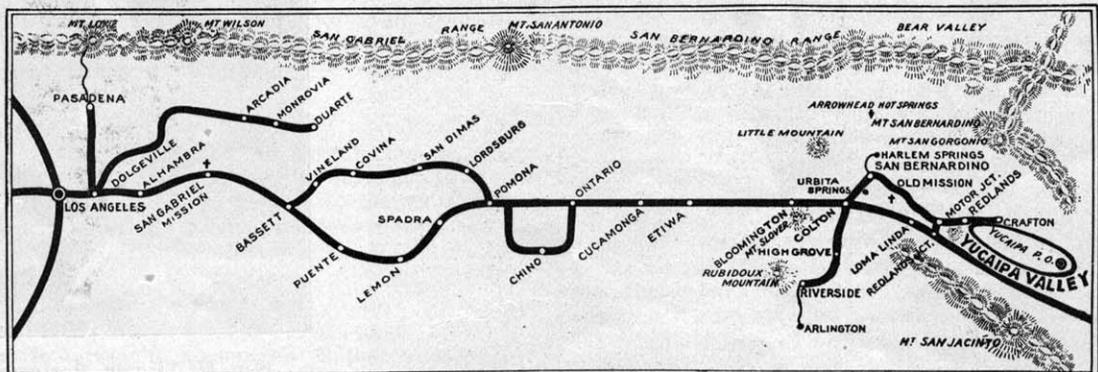
Of this amount, about 11,000 acres, the cream of the entire valley, with an abundant, never-failing water supply, is owned by the Redlands and Yucaipa Land Company, a corporation with a capital stock of a million dollars, backed and managed by some of Redlands most substantial business men.

Since purchasing the property, this company has laid out a townsite, opened and graded miles of streets and roads bordered with shade trees. They have also laid

miles of metal pipe on their irrigation system, and have subdivided the land into tracts of various sizes to suit the settlers who are rapidly taking advantage of the opportunities offered in the valley.

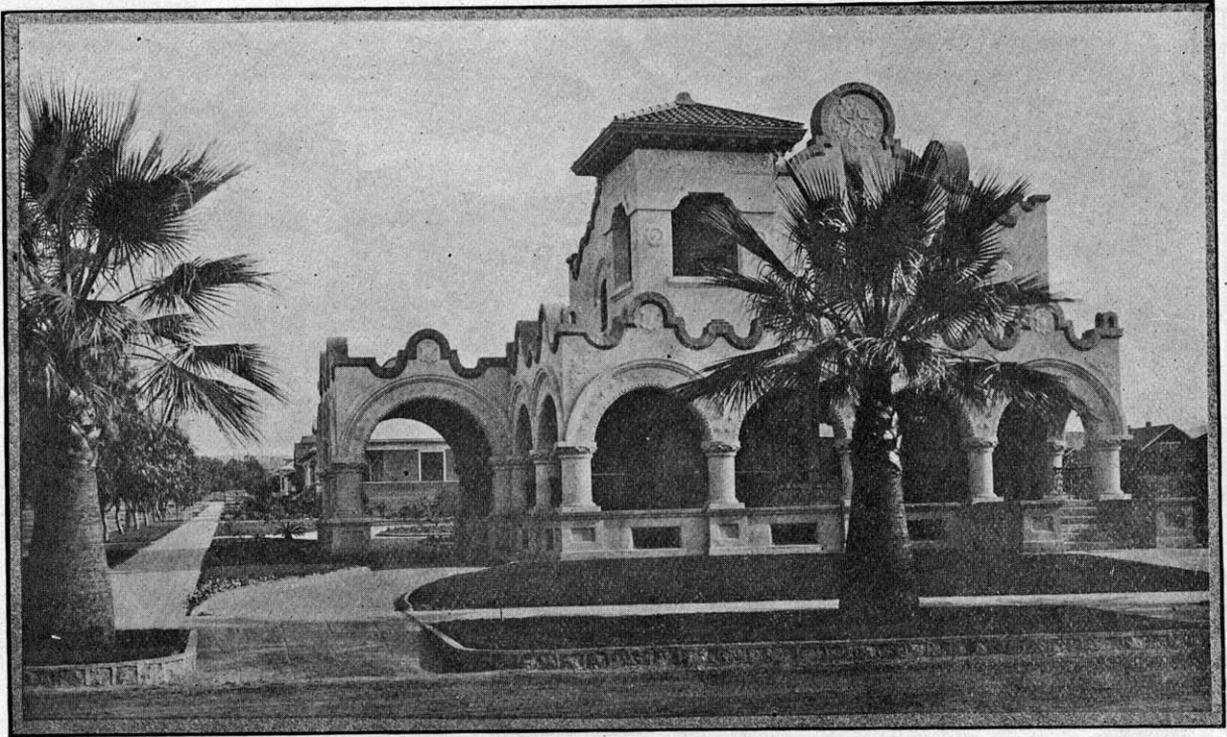
The soil is a rich loam. The lower part of the valley adjoins the famous Redlands orange groves, while the upper valley reaches an altitude of 3000 feet, where apples are grown that are unexcelled anywhere in color and flavor, apples that command the highest market price. In the varied altitudes from orange to apple land can be grown a diversity of crops that cannot be surpassed.

By purchasing the land in one tract the company secured the same at a very low price. They are now offering it, subdivided, to settlers, at a low figure, and on very easy terms. A letter or postal card addressed to the Redlands-Yucaipa Land Company at 209 Orange Street, Redlands, Cal., will bring their booklet fully describing the valley and its possibilities.



Map Showing Location of Yucaipa Valley.

## W. F. Holt and Imperial Valley



Residence of W. F. Holt on West Olive Avenue, Redlands.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company having revised its freight rates between here and Imperial Valley points, that section is destined to become an important tributary center commercially to San Bernardino County. Heretofore freight could be shipped as cheaply between Imperial Valley and Los Angeles as it could between there and San Bernardino, although there is a difference of in the distance of about 75 miles. The new schedule is highly favorable to this county and will enable Imperial merchants and producers to advantageously trade with San Bernardino.

This great sunken valley of Imperial is a wonderfully rich section, but before the writer dwells upon its peculiarities in this respect he wishes to say something about the man who, above all others, has helped to make that section, not long ago a trackless desert, what it is today.

W. F. Holt, whose home is at Redlands, is the man referred to. Born and reared in Northern Missouri, he left there nineteen years ago and went to Arizona, engaging in the banking business at Safford and Globe. In 1890 he came to Southern California and invested heavily in land in Imperial Valley. As the valley began to be settled up he sold land to new comers and put his money into commercial and other enterprises and backed farmers in the acquisition of water rights so that they could irrigate their farms. He made possible the building and equipment of creameries, packing houses, banks, railroads, etc., and the erection of substantial buildings for the accommodation of merchants. At times he had to borrow money and appeal to outside aid, but he never hesitated once to aid an enterprise that was essential to the rapid development of the valley. Mr. Holt put in the telephone system that connects the various towns of the valley; he organized five banks, one in each town; built and controls the mammoth ice plant at El Centro; one of

the largest in the Southwest and from which the S. P. Company is furnished ice; five electric light plants and three electric power plants; he has built over fifty brick blocks, established gas plants at El Centro and Imperial and is erecting cold storage plants in the five different towns. In addition to all this, and much more, he started the railroad line from Imperial Junction to Imperial, but sold it to the S. P. Company before it was entirely graded; the road was built into Mexico and on to Yuma, Arizona. The Holten Interurban railroad, extending from El Centro to Holtville, a distance of eleven miles, was another of his ventures. This road is now being extended west from El Centro and is nearly completed in that direction, its entire length now being 20 miles. When the entire system is completed it will be 100 or more miles long. The Imperial Valley Railway Company was recently organized with Mr. Holt as president, for the purpose of extending the line over the proposed route.

The valley has been aptly termed the World's Greatest Natural Conservatory, because here is produced the earliest melons, fruits, vegetables, and field products, and here is the ideal dairying and stock-raising section of the great Southwest.

In considering what kind of a crop is best suited to the land, one figures on which will give the best returns, as the soil will raise practically anything ever grown anywhere.

The leading products thus far have been grain, live-stock, dairy products, cantaloupes, grapes and vegetables.

Barley is raised for pasture in winter and allowed to mature for a grain crop in the spring.

Raising eucalyptus trees for a future timber supply has proven to be one of the coming industries of the valley.

(Continued on Page 115.)

## The Denman Ranch and its Managing-Owner



Enclosed among the foothills of the famous Redlands citrus fruit belt, and protected from the possibility of injury from frost, is one of the most valuable orange groves, and one of the largest in Southern California. It is located three and a half miles west of Redlands, and is owned by A. C. Denman and his son, A. C. Denman, Jr.

The orchard was set out about fourteen years ago by W. F. Whittier and was purchased by the Messrs. Denman in March, 1907. In all there are 230 acres, 130 of which are in bearing trees. The principal varieties of oranges are Washington navels, Thompson improved sweets, St. Michael's Mediterranean sweets, Ruby Bloods, late Valencias, and Marsh seedless and Seedling Grapefruit. These varieties of oranges and grapefruit are grown in sufficient quantities to permit of carload shipments of each. Shipments begin about the first of January and end usually in the first week of August. This year about 85 carloads, or 34,000 boxes, will be shipped. These will bring a net profit to the orchard of about \$54,400. In the light of these facts it is not surprising that a little more than \$2000 per acre has been refused for some of this land. Of the other 100 acres in the tract 40 or 50 of them are tillable, while the rest are choice building sites.

The products of this grove are labeled "Champion" and find a ready market in the Northwest, Middle West and East. Mr. Denman, Jr., who is



A. C. Denman, Jr.

manager of the property, personally supervises the picking and packing of the fruit. Through fertilizing and cultivation the trees are always kept free from blemishes and parasites that occasionally infest citrus fruit orchards, and the foliage is perpetually of a rich, deep green. Great care is given to picking, it being seen to that no fruit is shipped which has clipper cuts, punctures of any kind or any blemishes which would have a tendency to decay the oranges; the stems are cut short so that they can not puncture the fruit in the boxes. The same degree of care is exercised in packing.

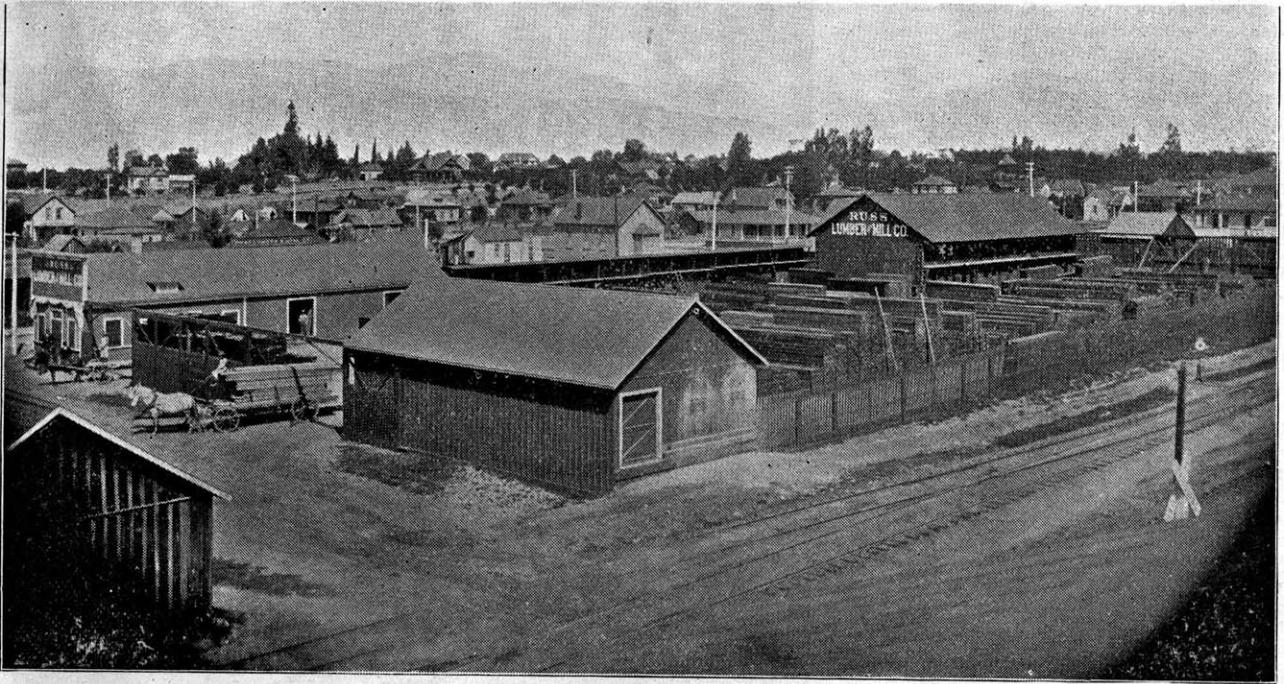
In the packing house, which is connected with the orchard, the girls and men wear gloves when wrapping and packing as a sanitary precaution and to minimize the possibility of bruising the fruit. About 30 people are employed in the packing house and orchard during six months of the year, while about six men are kept steadily at work.

The Denman place is one of the horticultural sights of San Bernardino county. People who come here to investigate the possibilities of this section for profitable citrus fruit growing are usually directed first to this ideal orchard and an inspection of it invariably arouses admiration and enthusiasm. An abundant supply of water for irrigating purposes is obtained in normal seasons from the Bear Valley Mutual system, but there is a private pumping plant which can be utilized in pumping from the wells on the place in case the usual source of supply is affected by an insufficient fall of rain and snow.

Located, as it is, in the foothills at Redlands Junction, where a sweeping view is obtained of towering mountains and broad valleys, richly clothed in a combination of colors that only nature can create, the Denman orange farm is one of the beauty spots of Southern California. Next year Mr. Denman, Jr., will probably erect a handsome new residence on the place for the occupancy of himself and his family. He is now residing in Redlands, where his three young children

(Continued on Page 115.)

## Russ Lumber & Mill Co's. Yards



The Russ Lumber and Mill Company of Redlands is probably as marked an example of the growth of that city as any institution it contains. Commencing in 1889 with a small yard which was then adequate for the size of the town, it has made a continual marked growth, keeping just a little in advance, probably, of the growth of that city. At the present time the stock on hand exceeds a million and a half feet of lumber, although that amount does not constitute the available resources of the com-

pany, from the standpoint of quick and immediate deliveries. The major part of the lumber, cement, lime and other building material handled by this concern comes direct from their big wholesale yard at San Diego, and never goes to the Redlands yard at all. The San Diego yards form one of the big industries of the southern coast. Their importation to San Diego exceeds 30,000,000 feet yearly. There is nothing in the building line that this big company is not able to supply.

### The Denman Ranch

(Continued from Page 114.)

can be near the city schools.

Mr. A. C. Denman, Jr., was born in Newark, N. J., about 35 years ago. He was married there and came to San Bernardino eleven years ago, his father following him here two years ago. At Newark they were engaged in the steel manufacturing business. When he first came here A. C. Jr., organized the San Bernardino Valley Traction company and built the first electric street car road in the county. He built about 44 miles of track and managed the enterprise for nine years, when he sold out his controlling interest to the

H. E. Huntington syndicate, which now owns the entire system, Mr. Denman continued to manage the road for two years after disposing of it.

In 1903 Mr. Denman and E. D. Roberts organized the San Bernardino County Savings Bank, the strongest financial institution of its kind in the valley. Mr. Roberts is president, and Mr. Denman vice-president of the bank. Mr. Denman was also one of the organizers of the Arrowhead Hotel company.

The only announced candidate for the state senatorial nomination in this district this year on the Republican ticket is Mr. Denman. In response to the importunities of party leaders

he consented to stand for the nomination, and will probably have a clear field for it. His election will surely follow his nomination. He is a brainy young man; a "hustler" from the word go and will be heard from at Sacramento. His intimate knowledge of the horticultural and other interests of this section will enable him to accomplish much for his constituents. Success and wealth has been Mr. Denman's reward for an aggressive business career, but his intercourse with less successful fellow men is as cordial and unaffected as though he was not worth a dollar. He is naturally a "good fellow," and couldn't be anything else.

### W. F. Holt and Imperial Valley

(Continued from Page 113.)

Thousands of acres have been, and are now being set out.

Kaffir and Egyptian corn and sorghum are extensively raised, and used to fatten cattle and hogs.

Cantaloupes were first grown in 1905 near Brawley, where 500 acres were planted. This crop grows very rapidly in the valley.

Cotton has been successfully raised this year and the day is not far distant when this will be one of the most important products in the valley.

Experiments made by the United States Government experts have proven conclusively that the best varieties

of dates can be profitably grown only in the wonderful Imperial Valley.

Grape growing has passed the experimental stage, and there are now growing in the valley over one thousand acres of table grapes.

Orange, lemon, grape-fruit, tangerine, and fig trees are a success in this valley.

Asparagus is proving a highly profitable crop, and garden truck of all kinds does exceptionally well here.

Probably no success in Imperial Valley has been so striking as that attained in the raising of poultry. This valley seems to be particularly adapted to the raising of turkeys, chickens and ducks.

## Colton, the Hub City

This is three miles out of San Bernardino, where the Southern Pacific, the pioneer road of Southern California, is crossed by the new and the newest transcontinental lines, the Santa Fe and the Salt Lake roads. Here the Southern Pacific local for San Bernardino and Riverside also crosses and here is also the terminus of the San Bernardino Valley Traction Company's electric line connecting Colton with San Bernardino. Without doubt a concerted movement will soon be made by San Bernardino and surrounding towns to obtain terminal rates for Colton, as it is a center for the shipping of the valley.

The most notable industry is the California Portland Cement plant, which has an output of 3000 barrels of cement daily, employing 250 men. The Globe mills grind 250 barrels of flour and 100 tons each of rolled barley and meal per day. The Gregory Fruit Company handles 2200 tons of deciduous fruit and employs 300 hands during the season. Besides this, Colton has three fruit packing houses handling 1000 carloads of fruit annually, a planing mill, a poultry food factory, Armour fertilizer works, wholesale grocery and gas plant. A great pre-cooling plant has been installed by the Pacific Fruit Express Company, at a cost of \$350,000, with a capacity of 200 tons of ice daily. The plant will manufacture ice and pre-cool fruit and vegetables for shipment. The city owns its electric light and water systems. Colton has two national banks, with a combined capital of \$100,000, a high school and four grammar schools, good churches and a Carne-

gie library. Here are alfalfa, deciduous fruit and general farming lands, as well as oranges. Bottom-lands are worth \$200 to \$300; these are alfalfa lands, with water.

### A LIVE WIRE.

One of Colton's Most Progressive Citizens.

Every town has its share of real estate men, but as arule there is one or possibly two, who are recognized as the live ones—the ones who are never too busy to boost for their home town, and who at all times takes a keen interest and an active part in everything. In this respect Colton is fortunate, as among the several real estate men of that thriving little city there are none better posted or who works harder for Colton and the valley generally than Mr. A. L. Seabrooke, the head of The Southern California Realty Company.

Mr. Seabrooke is a native of Nebraska, and has been a citizen of Colton for the past four years. He has been engaged in the real estate business all that time and has traveled extensively throughout San Bernardino, Hemet, Perris, Coachella and Impérial valleys, where he is the agent for more property than probably any other dealer in this valley. He is personally familiar with soils, prices and water conditions. He has made a specialty of ranches and exchanging property. Four years ago he bought two ranches close to Colton, one an orange ranch and the other an alfalfa ranch. He has been offered nearly double the prices he paid.

Mr. Seabrooke gives his personal attention to all correspondence and wishes it understood that letters of inquiry will receive prompt attention, and any information regarding Colton or the valley will be furnished gladly and without cost.



A. L. Seabrooke.

# Highland in the Foothills

Highland has all the advantages of all other cities of San Bernardino county, and is a good place to live. It has four schools, four churches, a public library, a woman's club, numerous church and secret societies, rural free delivery, thirty minutes from the county seat, electric car service to same, two hours from mountain resorts, three hours from coast resorts, nine Santa Fe passenger trains, ample shipping facilities, 15

fruit packing houses shipping annually 2500 cars of citrus fruits valued at \$1,000,000, a modern ice and cold storage plant, a state bank with ample capital, an up-to-date garage and machine shop, a large saw and planing mill producing ten million feet of lumber annually and expending \$200,000, ten miles of electric street lighting, domestic electric lighting, domestic gas service, domestic water service, volunteer fire de-

partment, a citrus district free from scale and other insect pests and so protected by law, department stores, grocery stores, and meat markets, bakery, lumber yards and other lines to supply the needs of mankind and give the comfort that goes to make the burdens of life a jest; last but not least an insomniac Chamber of Commerce. Tell your wishes to the Highland Chamber of Commerce, Highland, California.

## Alexis E. Frye, Author, Educator, Philanthropist

Born in Massachusetts but 49 years ago, but making his home in Highland for the fast 15 years, this remarkable man has done much to better humanity, for today his reputation as an authority and as an educator is world wide. It has been only a few years ago that he represented the government in Cuba as the head of the educational forces in Cuba, where he established all the schools during the time of American occupancy, spending three years there

during which time he handled over \$3,000,000 of the government's money, in addition to spending about \$35,000 of his personal fortune in the betterment of the educational conditions, serving all that time without a dollar of compensation, donating his entire salary to the hospitals and schools.

The text books written by Mr. Frye are used in nearly all the schools of the United States and Europe, his geography at this time being printed in no less than seven different languages, and the sale is larger than any other book with the exception of

the Bible, according to figures from reliable sources.

Mr. Frye, it will be remembered, arranged and conducted the excursion a few years ago of the 1600 Cuban school teachers upon their visit to the United States.

Yet a young man and in the prime of life he has accomplished much.

Highland is home, sweet home, to him, for there amidst the flowers and oranges he enjoys his life, for Mr. Frye is the owner of 100 acres of fine citrus orchards that are the pride of Highland as well as the distinguished owner.

G. W. LORING

ALEXIS E. FRYE

## LORING & FRYE

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## First Bank of Highland

### SERVICE PRUDENCE PROGRESS

Capital \$30,000.00

Surplus and Profits \$5,300.00

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J. M. Spaulding, Cashier

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H. Lienau      Frank H. Cole      M. M. Randall  
W. DuB. Brookings      Dr. E. W. Burke  
R. A. Boyd      C. A. Sherrod      N. L. Levering

# Linville Nursery, Pride of County



H. H. Linville.

There is one important factor besides climate, soil and water that is necessary in making a successful and profitable orange grove, and that is good, healthy, thrifty nursery stock to start with.

Probably no man in all Southern California, certainly none in San Bernardino, is more entitled to credit for the thrifty and strong trees of this county than is Mr. H. H. Linville of Highland.

Mr. Linville is a native of Oregon, but came to California when a mere child with his parents, his father being one of the original six men who laid out the town of Riverside. Mr. Linville came to this section about 20 years ago and today he has the finest citrus nursery to be found in the entire state. Located as he is in the Garden city of Highlands on the south slope and in the most ideal orange section of the state all his plants are free from scale and frost blight.

The soil is deep and fertile and the young trees under his expert, skillful care have every reason to grow to perfection. The Linville Nurseries produce each year

over 50,000 perfect trees, which are eagerly purchased, and this speaks for the esteem and confidence placed in his stock by the growers of the citrus belt.

Probably in no other line of the orange growing industry is there a call for so high a standard of honesty as in the sale of nursery stock, and it is sufficient guarantee for anyone to mention that the stock is from the Linville Nursery.

The residence of Mr. Linville, which is shown in this article, is a beautiful home and one of the show places in this locality. Set among the hills of Highland the nursery occupies about 25 acres, a visit to which will long be pleasantly remembered by anyone who will take the time to make the trip.

Aside from the nursery Mr. Linville's interests extend in many directions, he being at this time a heavy property owner and interested in a number of orange groves as well as city property in San Bernardino. Mr. Linville is well known and respected by all with whom he comes in contact, and it is such citizens as he that have made the success of the San Bernardino valley.



Katz Building, Third and E. Property of the Katz Estate.

J. W. BARTON  
Main 80, Home 80

M. B. SHAW  
Home 1082

## BARTON & SHAW

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

Sunset Main 80, Home 80

457 Fourth St.

San Bernardino, Cal.

## The Traffic Bureau Has Done Much and Will Do More for San Bernardino

The San Bernardino Traffic Bureau was organized under the auspices of the San Bernardino Merchants' Protective Association, the affairs of the bureau being placed entirely in the hands of an executive committee of five composed of the following business men: Messrs. Geo. M. Cooley, chairman; J. B. Gill, J. T. Bollong, C. M. Grow and James Russell. These gentlemen appointed the traffic manager, Mr. Frank M. Hill, and the work was actively begun in November last. At that time San Bernardino was seriously discriminated against in the way of rates, and business thus handicapped; but since the organization was effected many gratifying results have been obtained.

It is the purpose of a traffic association, or bureau, by conference or other means to bring about a better understanding between the railways and the shipping interests, of each other's needs and to promote such knowledge of transportation affairs as will aid in establishing such results. The position a traffic bureau occupies is therefore to a great degree that of an intermediary between the shippers and the railroad. Each may make his complaints and through the intervention of the bureau equalizations and adjustments be made and satisfactory results may thus be obtained.

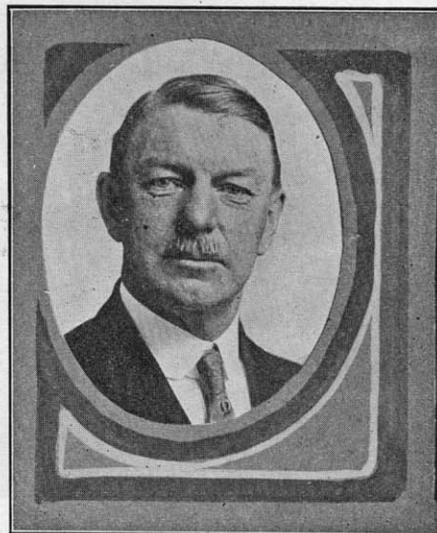
The traffic bureau has done much towards placing San Bernardino in a position from which to advance rapidly in a commercial way. The very successful Centennial celebration, just closed, has demonstrated the fact that

the business interests can get together and show to the country that San Bernardino is progressive and has ample resources that will enable her to take her proper place in the commercial field.

At a recent meeting of the Chamber of Commerce a prominent business man, who is also a member of the executive committee of the traffic bureau, made the statement that "San Bernardino can be made a manufacturing point, that conditions are ripe for such, the skilled labor is here we have cheap locations, power, etc., and that some action along this line should be taken. His statement is based on positive conditions, and to it can be added that by the recent reduction we have secured in oil rates, cheap fuel is also another inducement.

Owing to the very gratifying adjustments recently secured on the outbound rates San Bernardino can in some measure be able to so compete with others now enjoying the benefit of the trade of the territory surrounding this city and that is tributary to it. This city's location makes it naturally a jobbing point and if there were no discriminations in rates in effect, even more gratifying results than have already been obtained would be produced in competing for the trade of the surrounding towns and country.

The bureau has recently been advised of a readjustment of class rates to Imperial valley points which should enable our merchants and dealers to secure a large portion of trade there.



Frank M. Hill, Traffic Manager.

Likewise other rates favorable to us have been obtained, and while we have secured some temporary modifications in the rates that were in effect to desert points north at the time of the organization of the bureau, but we have assurance that a still further adjustment of these rates will be made in the near future that will be more favorable. The situation in that section is not yet satisfactory.

The fact that it is now possible to secure business in Imperial Valley and other territory is being fully demonstrated by one hardware firm, an implement firm as well as several other lines, in a limited way. San Bernardino presents at this time a good opportunity for the establishment of various industries. There is a good opening for a wholesale grocery house, also a wholesale commission house and a canning factory. All these should prove successful financially.

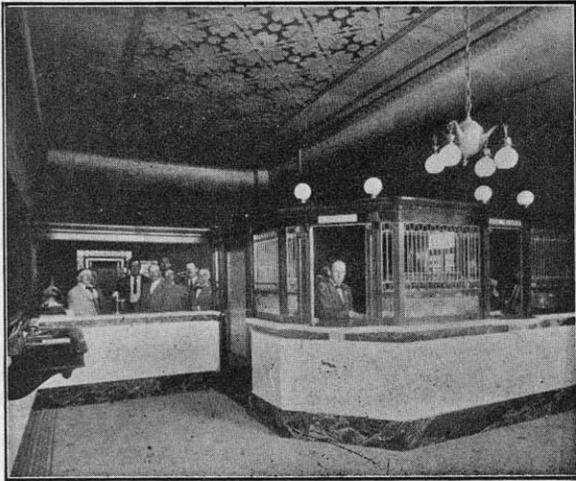
There remains much yet to be done in order to accomplish all that is desired and that should be done; and besides rate and traffic matters are continually arising which require adjustment, and new tariffs are being issued continually in which discriminations may appear unless watched carefully. The need for a permanent and effective traffic bureau is most urgent.

A traffic bureau or association does much to secure recognition for a city maintaining it, for the very fact that one is maintained is a convincing argument with railroad officials that the business men of that city are alive to their best interests and they thus receive much more consideration at the hands of the men who make up the tariffs and rates.

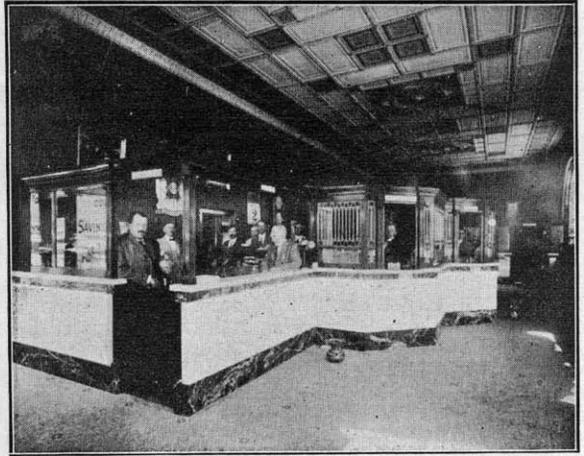
San Bernardino valley is rich in resources, and it is the natural distributing point for all the surrounding territory that is developing very rapidly, and if it maintains a live energetic freight traffic bureau for the next few years it will wake up some fine morning and find itself a city of 25,000 people.



View opposite Lugo Park from the Shaffner residence, showing how the homes of San Bernardino are ensconced among the palms, peppers, umbrella trees, and other semi-tropical foliage. San Bernardino has many more residence streets and scenes as beautiful.



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Bernardino  
National  
Bank  
and  
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Bernardino  
County  
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#### OFFICERS AND EMPLOYES

E. D. Roberts, President; W. S. Hooper, Cashier;  
J. S. Wood, Assistant Cashier; H. H. Weir, Teller;  
H. B. Smith, Geo. H. Longmire, W. Buck, C. H.  
Hansen, J. C. Ralphs, Jr.

Cashier J. H. Wilson in window; Directors Howard B. Smith, J. B. Gill, A. M. Ham, Geo. W. Parsons, A. C. Denman, Jr., T. A. Blakely, W. J. Curtis, E. D. Roberts, H. E. Harris, W. S. Hooper, in Directors' Room.

The banking institutions of the city of San Bernardino have a splendid record. This record was greatly increased by the panic of 1907. While the panic may have been greatly exaggerated nevertheless it is a painful memory in some parts of the country. The people of the state are yet talking about the San Bernardino banks, the only ones in the state that did not issue scrip nor make any restrictions in regard to the withdrawal of deposits, whatsoever. In fact from a financial standpoint the little financial flurry would have never been noted in San Bernardino but for the newspaper dispatches from other cities and towns.

Among the foremost financial institutions in San Bernardino is the San Bernardino National Bank and the San Bernardino County Savings Bank, kindred places of business in a way, and yet separate in location, business and stockholders.

The San Bernardino National Bank has long occupied the corner of the Stewart Hotel block at Third and E streets, the property of the Roberts estate, and the San Bernardino County Savings Bank is located next door in the same block and fronting Third street.

In preparation for the Centennial and because they needed the improvements, owing to the growth of business, both of these banks have been entirely refurnished in elegant marble and mahogany. The work was hastened in order that the thousands of visitors to the Centennial might be shown every courtesy.

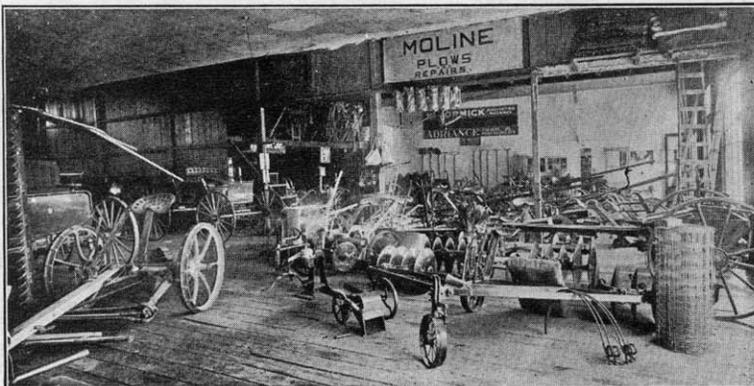
But after all it is the figures which count and the statements of the two banks show that there is something more substantial than marble and mahogany counters involved in these financial forts.

In answer to the last call of the San Bernardino National Bank made by the Treasury department in accordance with law and which occurred about two months ago, the bank showed available resources which were about \$4,000 short of a million and a half dollars. The deposits at that time totaled \$1,074,365.79. The sum of \$327,739.55 represented the cash on hand.

A pleasing feature both to the depositors and stockholders of these institutions and to bank examiners also, is the fact that their statements do not contain any item among their resources such as "Furniture and Fixtures," "Banking House," "Real Estate," etc. All such are considered as "Expense" by the Roberts banks, and long since been paid for and charged off. All their resources are gilt-edged securities, quickly convertible into cash.

The San Bernardino County Savings Bank was opened in 1903 and has totaled resources of \$1,100,000. The deposits on Centennial day totaled \$9970,563.11.

E. D. Roberts is president of the San Bernardino National Bank as well as of the San Bernardino County Savings Bank, and also occupies the same official position in the First National Bank of Colton and the First National Bank of Rialto. The four banks command resources of more than \$3,000,000.



#### An Old and Reliable Vehicle and Implement Concern

The San Bernardino Vehicle and Implement Co., 6131 Third street, which is one of the oldest concerns in this city, is now managed by H. F. Condon, recently of Los Angeles, he having succeeded to the business about six months ago. The house was established here 35 years ago and Albert Johnson owned it nine years prior to its purchase by Mr. Condon.

Mr. Condon buys in carload lots, enabling him to give his customers the advantage of his wholesale purchasing system. He is drawing a large trade from Perris valley, a salesman soliciting trade in that section, and it is the intention to invade Imperial valley and other localities tributary to San Bernardino.

Mr. Condon is a young man of fine executive ability and thoroughly understands his business.

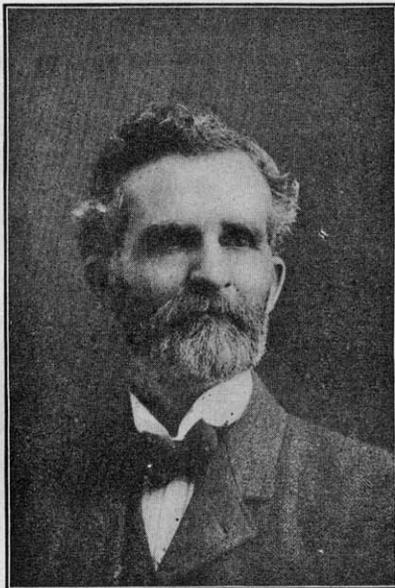
**Public-Spirited Citizen**

If the question was put to a public vote, without any personal prejudices entering into the controversy, as to who is the most public spirited citizen in this city, what man gives more of his time and attention as well as money to helping San Bernardino and doing what he can to advance the growth of the city as a whole—without doubt the consensus of opinion would record the vote in favor of George M. Cooley.

Whenever there is any public work to be done, any money to be raised for a public project, or important steps to be taken it has almost become a watchword in San Bernardino "Cooley is the man who will do it," for whatever Mr. Cooley undertakes is always carried out.

It was largely through Mr. Cooley's efforts that a freight bureau was organized in this city and the success of that bureau in obtaining the concessions it has, has been largely due to the aggressive fight that Mr. Cooley has waged against the unjust discriminations in freight rates brought about by the Los Angeles jobbers.

The aggressiveness and energy that has marked his conduct of public affairs is more strongly emphasized in the success of his own affairs and the building up of what is without doubt the largest hardware bus-



GEORGE M. COOLEY.

ness in Southern California outside of Los Angeles.

Being quick to avail himself of opportunities, and seeing the possibilities of the jobbing business for this city, he has already availed himself of the advantages of the more favorable rates obtained and started quite an extensive jobbing trade with the surrounding country. Large shipments have already been

made to Imperial, Upland, Riverside and desert points, and if other merchants would be as prompt to avail themselves of these advantages San Bernardino would very soon become the jobbing center of all the territory 250 miles to the east and north.

Mr. Cooley owns a large ranch to the north and east of the city and devotes considerable of his time to its care, the management and detail of the business of the store being intrusted largely to his sons, who are showing the same clear business ability that has characterized their father. The business is incorporated under the name of the George M. Cooley Company, of which Mr. Cooley is president, Frank L. Cooley vice president and manager of the plumbing department, Grover Cooley is secretary and treasurer and looks after the financial end of the business and the ordering of stock and supplies. Damon Cooley, the second son, is a director in the company and is proving an efficient head salesman and looks after the retail end of the business, and Marshall Cooley, the younger son, is stock clerk and is proving a competent assistant.

Mr. Cooley's name has been mentioned as a possibility in the coming mayoralty contest next year, and although it is rather early to make prognostications, yet it is safe to say that should he consent to allow his name to be used San Bernardino would have a mayor who would "do things."

**Parker Iron Works**

W. M. PARKER, Manager

**Ice and Refrigerating Plants**



Engines and Boilers

Pumping Machinery

Air

Compressors

Electric Motors

Pulleys, Belting Etc.

Machinery of all kinds repaired and machinery supplies

Special attention to Machinery Designs, Pattern Making, Castings, Etc. Estimates promptly furnished.

THIRD ST., Opp. Santa Fe Depot

San Bernardino, California

Home Phone 152

Sunset Main 152

We have the sole agency for the best

5 to 20 Acre

**Income - Bearing Orange Groves**

In Southern California

For particulars address

**Boyd-Scott & Lothrop**

467 Third St., San Bernardino, Cal.

Only Private  
Hospital in  
the City

# RAMONA HOSPITAL

Newest and  
best equipped  
hospital in  
the county

CORNER FOURTH STREET AND ARROWHEAD AVENUE

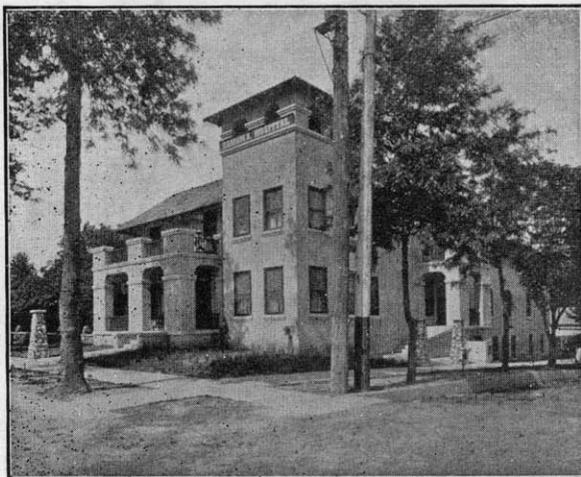
Nice Pleasant Rooms

Competent Nurses

Very Best of Attention

Rates \$10 per week and up

Apply to Matron  
for Information



Everything Arranged to  
Make Patients Comfort-  
able and Happy

No Contagious Cases or  
Consumptives Admitted

Home Phone 356  
Sunset Main 595

It is unfortunate to have to be sick—but when sick go to a place where you will receive the very best of care and thus insure a speedy recovery, at a reasonable expense. Life is too short to take chances and hospitals are built to care for the sick—to make them well. After death strikes it is too late—you can only regret.



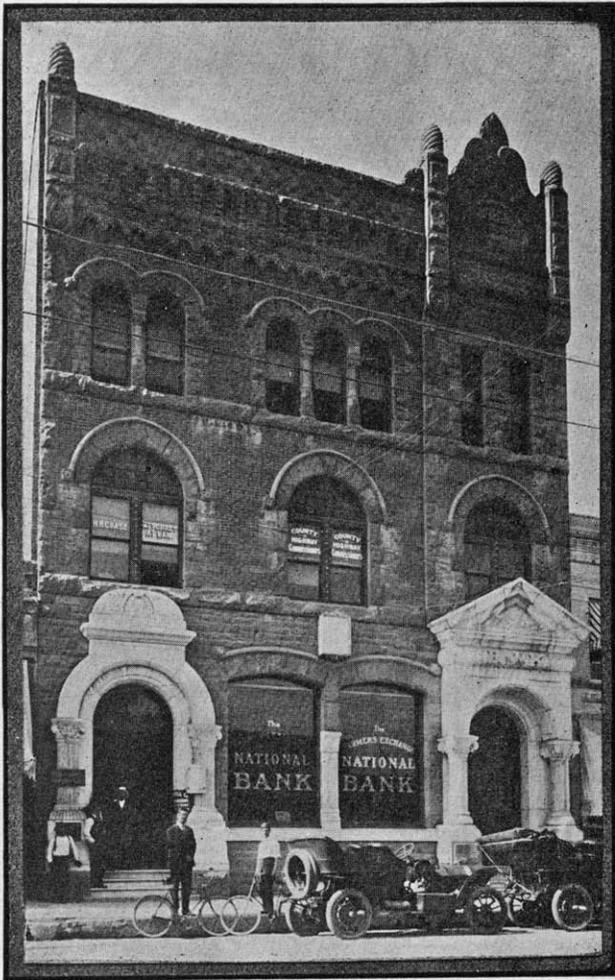
DRS. WARD AND CRAWFORD, CONSULTATION OFFICES

A physician who is also a scientist is Dr. M. L. Ward, who together with Dr. L. L. Crawford, also a very able physician, have offices at 376 F street. Dr. Ward, for years one of the most prominent figures in Osteopathic circles and one of the founders of the American School of Osteopathy, discovered a science of healing far in advance of that science which has become known as "Ward's Science of Healing."

For years he undertook to bring before the world this new idea. It had been formulating in his mind and some eight years ago he commenced using his discovery to treat patients. His extremely large practice in this city is evidence of the excellence of his idea.

Dr. Ward was a graduate of the Medical Department of the State University of Ohio. After receiving his degree he left Ohio for Missouri. In the city of Kirksville he established the great Columbia School of Osteopathy, Medicine and Surgery, where hundreds of young men and women were taught the Osteopathic Science. Then as he steadily applied himself to study he discovered a still more modern method of treatment and shortly after associated with him Dr. Crawford. She was a graduate of Philadelphia College and the Psycho Therapeutic Institute and soon mastered the science he had discovered. Since that time they have been associated in the medical profession.

During their several years in this city these physicians have through this remarkable science established an enviable practice. The many cures for which they have been responsible has done much to advertise them in almost every part of this district and they have taken a place among the foremost physicians of this community.



THE  
**Farmers Exchange  
 National Bank**

CAPITAL - - \$100,000  
 SURPLUS - - 50,000

Does a general banking business  
 Accounts solicited

James Patterson, Cashier      A. G. Kendall, President  
 T. E. Bagley, Ass't Cashier      A. L. Drew, Vice-President

Centrally Located  
 Rates Reasonable

Running Water and  
 Telephone in  
 Every Room

Phones—Home . . 1311  
 Sunset Red 981

Thoroughly Overhauled and Renovated

Mrs. M. E. Buck

# INGERSOLL APARTMENTS

Furnished Housekeeping Apartments with Buffet Kitchen \* Also Single  
 Rooms and Suites with Private Bath \* 515 Third St., San Bernardino

T. K. LYMAN

GUY K. LYMAN

## T. K. Lyman & Son

LIVERY STABLE and FEED YARD

We can furnish you with mountain rigs or saddle horses

PHONES: MAIN 105; HOME 558

265 D Street, San Bernardino, Cal.

## AUTO SCHOOL

Send your boy to us. We will teach him a trade  
 that will make him independent.

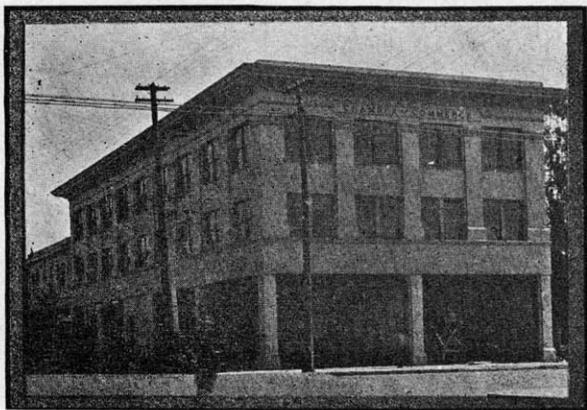
Write us or phone for any particulars.

Phone Main 906.

## BREWER BROS.

310-12-16 Third St.

San Bernardino, Cal.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

Being Erected by

## T. P. MINOR

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

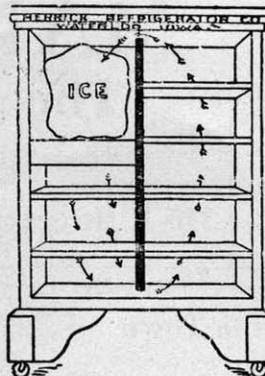
Estimates given. The best  
work for the least money.

716 THIRD STREET

Phone 661

San Bernardino

## Herrick Refrigerators



Have a cold, dry air circulation which keeps the interior

DRY, SWEET and  
CLEAN

and the articles therein

HIGHLY  
SANITARY

No mould or taint in the  
Herrick

## American Hardware and Plumbing Co.

Builders' Hardware, Mechanics' Tools,  
Sporting Goods, Stone and Tinware

American Plan  
Rates, \$2.50 Per Day and Up

# Hotel Stewart

Corner Third and E Streets  
San Bernardino, Cal.

M. M. STEELE

E. B. DOANE

## Hotel Southern

Just Across from Postoffice, Public  
Library and Theatres. Eighty Rooms  
with Running Water. Spacious Lobby  
and Reception Hall. Every Accommo-  
dation. Street Cars to Any Part of City

Centrally Located—Fourth and D Sts.

Special Rates by the Day or Week

FREE BUS

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Sunset Phone 905

San Bernardino, Cal.

<p>Diamonds Watches Sterling Silver Cut Glass Hand-Painted China Victor Talking Machines Victor Records</p>	<p>Home 311</p>	<p>Main 134</p>	<p>GIFTS FOR THE BRIDE</p>
<p><b>MANSON'S</b> The Gift Store</p>			
<p>310 E Street</p>		<p>San Bernardino</p>	<p>GIFTS FOR THE GRADUATE</p>

Best Meals and Liquors in Town

**French Chop House  
and Restaurant**

TONY SAVINOVICH, Prop.

320 E Street, Opposite Court House

J. B. GILL, Prop.      M. D. HAMBURG, Agent  
Residence Telephones:      Residence Telephone:  
Red 3211; Home 1353      Red 3066

**J. B. GILL**

Dealer in

Oregon Pine and Redwood Lumber  
Lime, Cement, Sash, Lath,  
Doors, Shingles, Etc.

YARD PHONES: Sunset Main 307; Home 307  
Yard Corner Third and G Streets

D. D. Dayton      J. H. Weger

**The Home Realty Co.**

We want you to write us

334 D STREET      San Bernardino

Established 1874

**N. B. Hale & Son**

THE PIONEER JEWELERS

Of San Bernardino County

Office      Waterman Ranch  
Sunset Main 982      Black 3362

**The Home Nurseries**

T. E. STANLEY, Prop.

San Bernardino, Cal.

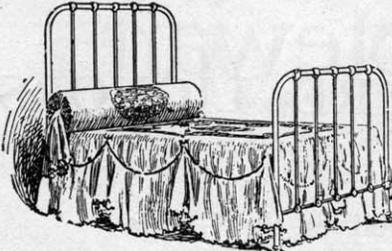
Car-Load Lots a      Home Phone 237  
Specialty      Main 471

**Adolph Johnson**

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Hay, Grain, Wood, Coal, Lime and Cement

344-348 Third St., San Bernardino, Cal.



You catch  
the bird

We furnish  
the nest

**Home Furniture Co.**  
McIntyre & Hancock, Props.

Cor. Third and F Sts., San Bernardino

# STEWART BAR

G. L. JOHNSON, PROPRIETOR

## A GENTLEMAN'S RESORT

BILLIARD AND POOL HALL IN CONNECTION

IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS  
OUR SPECIALTY  
OLD GOVERNMENT BOND WHISKIES

Home Phone 314

# THE OFFICE

W. H. RODDEN, Manager

517 Third St., San Bernardino, Cal.

SCHLITZ

## GATE CITY CAFE

G. A. GEORGE BERNHARD, Prop.

The world's famous Atlas Beer on draught. Merchants' Lunch from 11 a. m. to 2 p. m. Cold lunches and sandwiches of all kinds served all day and night. The finest liquors and cigars.

363 E STREET, SAN BERNARDINO

Phones: Home 448, Main 444

# THE ANNEX BAR

FRED ABEL, Proprietor

(Successor to Joe Boob)

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Home Phone 352

528 Third St., San Bernardino, Cal.

# The Fountain Saloon

CHRIS JENSEN, Prop.

512 Third St., San Bernardino, Cal.

Main 238

Home 238

# The Capital Saloon

JOHN POPPETT, Mgr.

410 Third St., San Bernardino, Cal.

SEE

# AL. McRAE

Successor to Johnson & McRae

For PURE LIQUORS

I Deliver the Goods

Phones: Main 313  
Home 26

321 E Street

# The Senate Saloon

Cor. Third and D Sts.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Hot Weather Makes You Thirsty. For  
Fine Liquors Call at

# "The Apex Bar"

325 D St., San Bernardino, Cal.

# CALIFORNIA WINE AND BRANDY

IS OUR SPECIALTY

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They are home grown products and are the best obtainable anywhere, regardless of price.

During the warm weather a good bottled beer is indispensable.

When ordering specify "Maier's Pilsener or Select," they satisfy the most fastidious.

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## Ingersoll & Esler Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Wine, Malt and Liquor Merchants

519 THIRD ST. - - San Bernardino, Cal.

The Talk of The Town

## WIELAND'S EXTRA PALE LAGER BEER

Is Better than the Rest

On Draught or in Bottles at  
all First-Class Saloons

A BOTTLE WITH YOUR MEAL

Choice Assortment of Wines and  
Liquors in Bottles or Bulk

### Beam & Randle

Home Phone 1058 - Sunset Main 117

High-Class Tailoring

## J. W. POLLOCK

Specialist in Men's and Young Men's Made to Individual Measure Clothing. Satisfaction Guaranteed in every detail. 500 Patterns to select from. Can save you from 10 to 25 per cent on your Fall Clothing. Ring me up, I'll come and see you with my samples.

Home Phone 1309

311 E Street



## Dr. Marlenee

Optician and Optometrist

Quick and Efficient Service. Special Attention to Prescriptions, Duplications and Repairs, as we have the only complete Grinding Plant this side of Los Angeles. Yours for Optical Service. Remember our new location.

Hours, 8 to 6:30 ; Phone 93 31

Sunset Block, - 588 1/2 Third Street

## Ward, Alexander & Ward

COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHING  
FROM CELLAR TO GARRET

Sole Agents for the

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINES

Machines Rented and Repaired

Both Phones

371 D Street

## OEHL'S MARKET

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

First - Class Meats, Fruits, Poultry,  
Fish, Oysters, Vegetables,  
Groceries, Delicatessen

E. STREET, Masonic Block

Branch, City Market, Third Street

Home Phone 56

Sunset Main 56

## O. M. FOX

Successor to

# NEWBERRY'S

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,  
FRESH MEATS, FLOUR, FEED, Etc.

338-340 D St. - - San Bernardino, Cal.

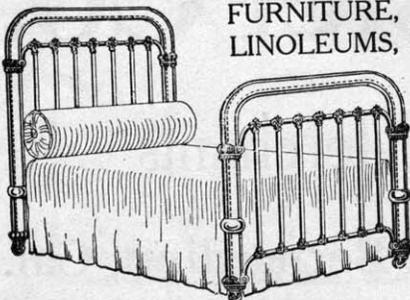
## Bollong & Nicholson

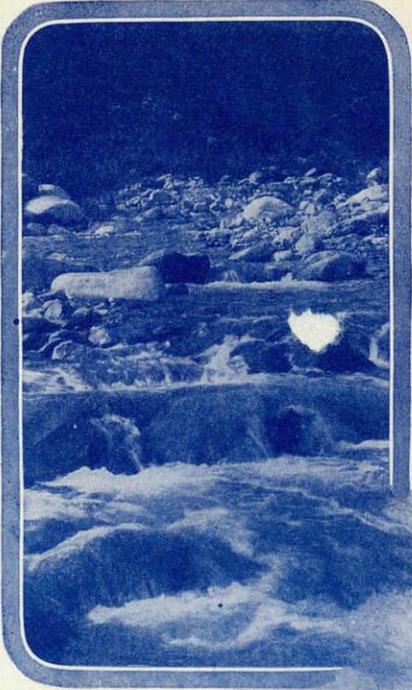
FURNITURE, CARPETS,  
LINOLEUMS, DRAPERIES  
and RUGS

Largest Stock in  
the City

Goods Sold on  
Installments

New I. O. O. F.  
Bldg., Third St.





# Fontana

## CITRUS Lands

*In the Heart of  
the Orange Belt*

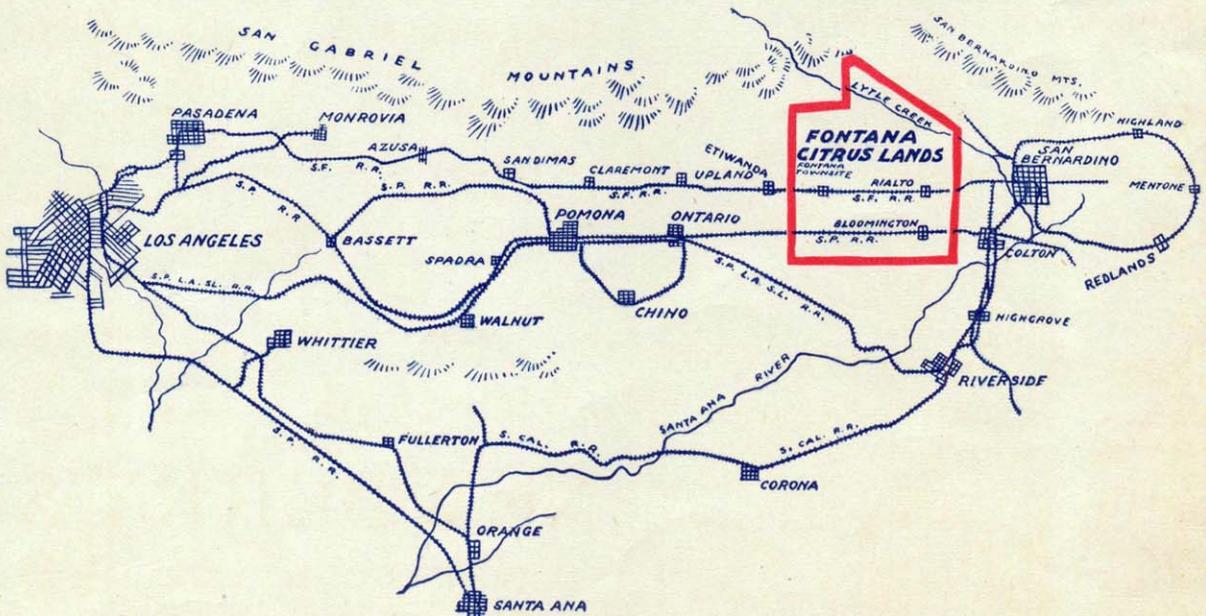
Fertile Soil, Pure Mountain Water,  
Perfect Climatic Conditions,  
Modern Schools and Churches.

5, 10 and 20 Acre Tracts,  
With Water Rights, \$225 to \$300,  
One-fourth Cash, Balance 1, 2  
and 3 Years, 6 per cent Interest  
per annum.

Lytle Creek,  
Near Rialto, Cal.  
Source of Water Supply  
Fontana Lands

## Fontana Development Co.

Rialto, Cal.      SEND FOR      602 1/2 South Main Street  
MAP AND BOOKLET      Los Angeles, Cal.



Map Showing Location of Fontana Citrus Lands - 48 Miles East from Los Angeles, at Rialto, California.

# The Two Largest Banks in San Bernardino County

No. 3818

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

ESTABLISHED 1887

No. 265

ESTABLISHED 1903

## STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

### The San Bernardino National Bank

OF SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 29, 1910

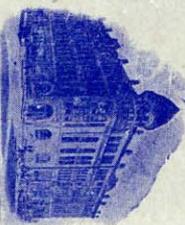
#### RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts .....	\$852,688.68
U. S. Bonds at Par .....	110,000.00
Other Stocks and Bonds .....	200,985.28
Cash and Sight Exchange .....	332,739.55
<b>Total Resources .....</b>	<b>\$1,496,413.51</b>

#### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid in .....	\$100,000.00
Surplus .....	100,000.00
Undivided Profits .....	122,047.72
Circulation .....	100,000.00
Deposits .....	1,074,365.79
<b>Total Liabilities .....</b>	<b>\$1,496,413.51</b>

HOME OF THE  
SAN BERNARDINO  
NATIONAL BANK  
AND THE SAN  
BERNARDINO COUNTY  
SAVINGS BANK



SOUTHEAST  
CORNER THIRD AND  
E STREETS

## STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

### The San Bernardino County Savings Bank

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 29, 1910

#### RESOURCES

Cash on hand and deposited with Reserve Banks .....	\$ 109,885.91
Bonds .....	75,910.65
Loans .....	884,527.34
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$ 1,070,323.90</b>

#### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock .....	\$ 55,000.00
Surplus .....	60,000.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid .....	11,260.31
Deposits .....	944,063.59
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$ 1,070,323.90</b>

AFFILIATED WITH THE SAN BERNARDINO NATIONAL BANK

#### 4 PER CENT INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

The San Bernardino National Bank .....	Deposits \$1,074,365.79	Resources \$1,496,413.52
San Bernardino County Savings Bank .....	944,063.59	\$1,070,323.90
<b>Grand Total .....</b>	<b>\$2,018,429.38</b>	<b>\$2,566,737.42</b>

These Statements Speak for Themselves—They are Our Silent Solicitors