

# OBSERVATIONS

By C. F. S.

## FORTY YEARS AFTER

I had to stop and figure a little. The last time I was in Mill Creek Canyon, east of Redlands, was in the summer of 1894. At that time the mountain country in that region was almost primeval. There were no roads to speak of over the mountains and the only way out of this canyon over into Santa Ana canyon and then over the ridge into Bear Valley where Gus Knight used to have his little resort was by means of rough trails. That was, of course, before the days of automobiles.

Invited by an old friend, I went with him to his cabin above Forest Home in Mill Creek Canyon. The highway is perfect and what, forty years ago, was a day's journey on horseback, is now a matter of half an hour from Redlands.

And the primeval forest is gone forever. Now we find subdivisions and side streets lined with pleasant mountain cottages and people, including plenty of noisy children, replacing the deer, mountain quail and other wild life of the mountains. In fact the principal drawback to this region, so closely accessible to the centers of population in Southern California, is the fact that, during the summer season, there are about five thousand people in Mill Creek Canyon, and on special holidays such as Fourth of July and Labor Day, the crowd is increased to approximately ten thousand—altogether too many for the comfortable privacy one seeks in a mountain resort. Yet it is a wonderful thing that so many people in Southern California can reach the cooling mountain breezes and rest in the shade of the pines and cedars so quickly and easily. Forty years ago only a very few people were even aware of the wonders and beauties hidden away in the heart of the San Bernardino mountains.

## JOLLY PARTY

I was a guest for the week of my dear old friend J. E. (Johnny) Schell, of Beverley Hills, at his pleasant cabin in Mill Creek Canyon near Forest Home. The other guests were my friends Cy Williams and George Parks of Beverley Hills, and "Shorty" Pitt, of Monrovia, who spends part of his time on his grape fruit ranch near Indio in Coachilla Valley. A week we were together in the forest (now deserted by campers and summer residents in the delightful, rambling cabin under the cedar and oak trees. One thing I would suggest to those contemplating summer resort cabins—do not build under an oak tree. Oaks are delightful during the summer, but in these October days there is a bombardment of acorns on the roof. Not delicate little acorns such as we are accustomed to, but whopping big acorns which hit the shingles with a report like that of a gun. During the day this is not so noticeable, but during the night when a gust of wind comes rushing down the canyon, you may be awakened by a burst of what resembles machine-gun fire. Perhaps residents of Chicago would feel quite at home, but it takes a little time for us quiet people to get used to the acorn fusillade.

## HARD WORK

Not that we lazed around doing nothing! That week we all worked feverishly and intensely at a pursuit sometimes called "draw." Many

of you are familiar with it. Small bits of cardboard cleverly marked with spots and pictures are used and manipulated by each in turn giving a few of the cardboard squares to each of the others. And, curiously, it happens that it makes not so much difference what the combinations of pictures and spots, which one of the workers receives, may be, as in what he says and how he says it when he looks at them. And one expresses his degree of belief in his holdings by pushing small tokens to the center of the table. Often it happens that a pair of cards with only two spots each, may be so enhanced in value by the courage of their holder as to cause the others with much more picturesque collections of pictures and spots, to retire in confusion from the contest. So really this pursuit of which I speak is not so much a contest of chance as it is a clashing of the mental and psychological qualities of the contestants. Which makes it one of the most intensely interesting and seductive pursuits in which human being can engage—especially a lot of old boys like we were.

The hero of the contest was "Shorty." By the way, I may as well admit that this person of whom I speak is no squatty, shrivelled-up specimen of humanity. He is approximately six feet four inches tall and weighs something like two hundred and twenty pounds, and he has a soul as large in proportion as his body and a sense of humor which went a long way toward recompensing us for the way he "fiddled on the draw." Shorty, George and myself as I remember it, were the ones who collected compensation from Johnny and Cy. Although Jim, another Coachilla man, who spent the Sunday with us, also contributed something to the financial success of the enterprise.

## THE COOK

Cy was the cook. And he amply proved his capability and experience in the culinary art by the way he ordered the rest of us out of the kitchen. Such feeds as Cy did scramble together out of nowhere in particular! Had we remained another week none of us could have gotten his old clothes on. Each meal was a new experience, with a keen, brand new appetite to enhance it for each of us. I cannot now decide between the roast beef and brown gravy, stew with onions, the brown hash, the bacon and eggs, and the flapjacks and applesauce. I am inclined to lean toward the morning flapjacks, however. Which reminds me that I should mention the fact that I was the champion dishwasher of the gang, although I suffered much derision because I habitually doused pancake flour into the dishwasher to make the suds instead of the soap-powder which stood beside it in a package of the same shape and size. And I am not altogether sure but that Cy made some of his flapjacks out of the soap-powder. At least they were as light and fluffy as the dishwasher suds.

George catered to our thirst and proved himself an expert on egg-nogs. I may say truthfully that he never failed to assuage a thirst of any quantity or dimensions which the ardor of our work and the late hours of the nights may have

## Gov. Poindexter



Gov. Joseph B. Poindexter, recently appointed by President Roosevelt as governor of the Territory of Hawaii.

awakened in us.

## A PERFECT HOST

My friend Johnny proved to be the perfect host. He did not try to coerce us away from our contests at "draw." On the contrary, although he has been ill a good share of the past year and was not yet entirely recovered, he was the leader in the work, working harder and as long hours as anybody and with remarkable mental and psychological vigor. Only once during the week did he show any annoyance, and that was when, at an unusually tense and exciting point in the contests of "draw" he laid down three of the one-spot squares of cardboard and let George take the proceeds on a bob-tail straight" to which he, George, had given a greatly enhanced sense of value by a display of excellent psychological skill. Which so annoyed Johnny that he uttered harsh words and threw his cardboards on the floor. However, it was plain that Johnny was more distressed by the exclamations of derision which the rest of us heaped on him, than by the loss of the contest and the proceeds thereof. This is clearly proven by the fact that an abject, although entirely unnecessary apology was tendered to each of us with a fatherly forgiveness accompanying it.

Anyhow, it was one of the most delightful weeks of my life, recalling memories of the happy and youthful days more than forty years ago when Delphine, Florence our first born, and I camped several summers in Little Bear valley (now Lake Arrowhead) and in Big Bear Valley, with our friends, George and Josephine Ferguson, Ed. Raynor and Harry Wilder. With us on those trips were my mother, my sister Helen and my brother, Victor. And I am writing these lines seated under a tree by the busy fountain in the back yard of my mother's home in Redlands, happy that they are still spared to me after so many years of ceaseless activity.

## MERGER IN NEVADA NOW BEING PUSHED

FALLON — Merger of the Monarch Gold Ledge Mining Company and the Dan Tucker properties is under consideration and is expected to be carried out soon, according to Charles E. Basso, president of the Monarch, and January Jones, who has a lease on the Dan Tucker mine. Plans are to put the Dan Tucker ore thru the Monarch mill which was built more than a year ago.

"Plans have been worked out to acquire certain principal assets, including the Monarch mill, water rights and one or two claims, together with the leases on the Dan Tucker," said Basso, who, with Jones was in Fallon recently. "The new company will have a lease and bond on the Dan Tucker group transferred by Jones. Leases are proposed to be taken by the new company on several new properties in the district."

The Dan Tucker, an old property, has seen renewed activity recently, three men having been employed for the past three months looking for new ore shoots. It is claimed two shoots had been developed. Another had been uncovered six weeks ago from surface, according to Jones. — Denver Mining Record.

## EAGLE MOUNTAIN COMPANY TO OPEN GROUP IN NEVADA

GOLDFIELD — I. H. Friar, formerly of Boise, Idaho, and now of Goldfield, and associates have organized the Eagle Mountain Mining & Milling Company and are leasing the Golden Eagle properties, about three miles west of here, from Miss A. M. McGinn.

Friar is president and general manager. The main levels of the mine, the 250-foot and 360-foot, are being cleaned preparatory to further development work. The machinery on the ground is said to be adequate for present purposes.

—Denver Mining Record.

## Why Hospitals Use a Liquid Laxative

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