

## TRIP TO THE PACIFIC COAST

**D. C. Morgan Gives an Interesting Account of His Trip to the Pacific Coast Before the Bible Class of the Presbyterian Sunday School Thursday Evening.**

Thursday evening at the Presbyterian church parlors the Young Men's Bible class held an open meeting, to which quite a number responded to the invitations issued. At 8 o'clock the meeting opened and Prof. Brooks, of the high school, favored the audience with one of his vocal solos which was well received.

D. C. Morgan and Frank Schlatter then addressed the meeting upon their trip to California, which was enjoyed by all, and for those who were not in attendance we publish the address for their benefit. After the address Mr. Morgan and Mr. Schlatter conducted a question box and answered the questions asked by the members of the audience. Upon the whole the meeting proved quite instructive as well as interesting. Following is Mr. Morgan's address:

On April 26, 1908, a special train composed of one baggage car, four sleepers, an observation car and a diner left Lincoln at 8 o'clock p. m., carrying Governor Sheldon and his staff, together with a party of some 100 Nebraskans, making a party of perhaps 120, destined to San Francisco, where the governor was to present a silver service on May 8, which the last legislature had voted to the battleship Nebraska.

Sunday, April 27, the party arrived at Denver for breakfast, where they remained until noon, then on to Colorado Springs, stopping at Palmer Lake for few hours; from Colorado Springs they were taken across to Colorado City, through the Garden of the Gods, and on to Manitou, returning to our train late in the evening; on to the next stop, which was Santa Fe, N. M., where we were met by a representative of the Commercial club, who announced they had prepared a tally-ho ride for the entire party over the city of Santa Fe and insisted on everybody taking advantage of it, which they did. This perhaps, in an educational way, was among the strangest days we put in. We were first driven to the penitentiary, thence to the Allison Mission school for the Apache Indian children; it was a treat to see and hear them sing our American songs; then came the drive through the old city. Here at last is the real city of the travelers' anticipation, a straggling aggregation of low adobe huts, divided by narrow winding lanes, winding here and there with no regard whatever to direction or compass. Resting in the shade of these adobes are to be found leather-faced old men and women in the most pronounced idleness, and burros loaded with fire wood pass to and fro. It is said this life is an exact picture of the place as it appeared two and a half centuries ago. It does not change; practically nothing has gone out from this life, and substantially nothing new has entered in. The hurrying activities and transitions of the outer world, from which it is separated by only a few short steps, count for nothing here. This was indeed a revelation to one having been used to the life of fresh air and room of plenty.

Thence the visit to San Miguel church, supposed to be the oldest church in the United States, founded in 1535; the walls are of cement and of great thickness, and are the original structure. During the Indian raid the Indians were unable to destroy the building; they only succeeded in destroying the roof and abandoned it. Later on the members rebuilt the roof and the overhead girders were carved by hand and replaced as nearly like the old ones as was possible to do; the old bell was never placed on the roof but was mounted on a small frame and stands to the right as you enter the church. In passing it every one in the party gave the bell rope one pull and took their seat, when the Father in charge gave us the history of the church, when we passed on to the Historical building, owned by the state and is complete in every sense of the word, for in the building is to be found everything of any consequence entering into the material history of the territory up to the present day; in the same building is the room set apart in which General Lew Wallace wrote his famous book, Ben Hur.

The new part of the town is built around a square with a beautiful little park in the center; from the Historical building we crossed the square and visited the place where the natives were at work on the "filigree" work to be found in our jewelry stores. Those of you who are familiar with this work will be interested to know that it is entirely done by hand and requires the closest attention to follow and handle the fine wires entering into the makeup of the finished product, all of the workmen wearing glasses of great magnifying power, necessary to enable them to handle the fine wires.

Everyone of the tally-hos was accompanied by a member of the committee, either a lady or gentleman, pointing out the places of interest along the route. Reluctantly bidding our friends an Santa Fe goodbye, we journeyed on our way to Albuquerque, where another reception similar to that of Santa Fe was accorded the party, ending with a grand ball at the Chamber of Commerce in the evening. On the program for the evening was a war dance in the ball room, given by five or six of the native Indians, to the delight of the entire party. Albuquerque is certainly a thriving city, having grown from nothing to a town of ten to fifteen thousand people in twenty-eight years, and a very pleasing thing to us was the fact that we found many of the history makers of the city were from our own state.

Albuquerque, aside from the life as a new commercial center, while not equal to Santa Fe as a picture of the past, the years have also come and gone and left the foot prints of the ages. The Mexican quarter—the old town—still sleeps as it did two centuries ago. Here also live the Pueblos of the Rio Grande valley, living as their fathers lived before them.

Back to our train, which left at 11 p. m., on our way to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. In traversing western New Mexico and Arizona the train climbs the Continental divide; from Seligman, altitude 5250, the train drops down to almost sea level at Needles. In 150 miles you scarcely notice the difference at any given point unless by watching the track behind or ahead. About breakfast time on the morning of April 28 we crossed over the Canyon Diablo. This is a profound gash in the plateau 225 feet deep, 550 feet wide and many miles long. It is one of those peculiar things of nature which Arizona is fond of displaying. For many miles we had ridden over a perfectly level plain, and without any warning whatever, the train crosses the chasm by a spider-web bridge 225 feet high and 600 feet long, and then speeds on again over the same level plain. It is said that many and many a wagon train were driven into this canyon in an early day by the Indians, it being so level the wagon train would come to its edge and would be crowded over before they could stop, and drop the entire distance on the rocks to the bottom and meet a most horrible death.

Nothing of note until we arrived at Grand Canyon of Arizona, which we reached at 2 p. m., and here the words of man fail to intelligently describe what our eyes beheld; a mammoth gorge 217 miles in length, nine to thirteen miles wide, and midway more than 6,000 feet below the level of the plateau.

Standing upon the brink of that plateau, at the point of the canyons greatest width, where stands the Hotel El Tovar, the beholder is confronted by a scene whose majesty and beauty are well nigh unbearable. Snatched in a single instant, glance from every accustomed anchorage of human experience, the stoutest heart here quavers, the senses cover. It is a new world, compelling the tribute of sensations whose intensity exceeds the familiar significance of words. It never has been adequately described and never will be. The Santa Fe railroad publishes a book in which they quote from many writers who have made an attempt on the description, along lines as follows:

"An inferno, swathed in soft celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just

emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, ontstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension.

The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail, he is overwhelmed by the ensemble of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away.

"A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in form, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs, and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy.

"Never was picture more harmonious, never flowers more exquisitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture, and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven.

The panorama is the real overmastering charm. It is never the same.

Although you think you have spelt it every temple and peak and escarpment, as the angles of sunlight changes there begins a ghostly advance of colossal forms from the farther side, and what you have taken to be the ultimate wall is seen to be made up of still other isolated sculptures revealed now for the first time by shadows.

The scene incessantly changes, flushing and fading, advancing into crystalline clearness, returning into slumberous haze.

Long may the visitor loiter upon the rim, powerless to shake loose from the charm, tirelessly intent upon the silent transformations until the sun is low in the west.

Then the canyon sinks into mysterious purple shadows, the far Shinuma Alter is tipped with a golden ray, and against a leaden horizon the long line of the Echo cliffs reflects a soft brilliance of indescribable beauty, a light that, elsewhere, surely never was on sea or land.

Then darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in silver light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom, dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

Down into this most gorgeous canyon winds here and there the Bright Angel trail seven and one-half miles in length to the Colorado river at its very bottom.

On your journey down the trail many points are to be found where the trail has been blasted out of solid rock, perhaps four feet in width, and one mist-step or slip to the outside one would fall over the precipice for thousands of feet to the bottom. Yet over this perilous journey a train of Indian ponies and Mexican mules ply their way with their pleasure seeking rider day after day and year after year; they appear to be more human than beast; the light of intelligence seems to shine from their eyes when spoken to, and you fall completely in love with these little fellows at sight, and it is with a sigh of regret you turn them over to the guide on your return at night.

Mr. Schlatter and myself, together with some others don the trail on foot, leaving the rim at about eight a. m., returning at 4:30 p. m., we being more fleet on foot than the ponies and mules could make the trip in much less time.

We discovered the canyon to be more beautiful from below, and we were certainly well paid for our extremely hard days work.

After putting in two days at the canyon we journeyed onward. Our next stop was at Redlands, Cal., where a tally-ho ride had been arranged over the city. This is a very beautiful place and most especially at Smiley Heights, a park of several acres, absolutely covered with flowers and vegetation—said to be a specimen of every known flower or shrubbery in the world, and from all indications they were in the garden.

One seemed to be living in a sort of a trance, to drop into so beautiful a spot as this, after riding through the deserts of Arizona, but there is no isolated spot in Southern California, it seems to be a continuation of this land of flowers on up to Los Angeles, where we arrived at 8:30 p. m., April 30.

One can hardly cross this continent of ours without gaining a new idea of the immense historical significance of the westward yearning of the Saxons, who in a few centuries has marched from the Atlantic to the Pacific and has subordinated every other people in his path from shore to shore. The Spaniard was a world conqueror in his day, and master of California before the Stars and Stripes had been devised. The story of his subjugation of this section of the

new world is familiar to us all and ended with the ceding of Mexico in 1848 of all that tract of land now known as California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona and part of New Mexico, and it is a beautiful story of unexampled deeds of arms, while sword and cross and love of fame and gold are interwoven with it, and the westward march of the Saxon and his conquest set everything aside and ended in absolute control of this, the most beautiful land in all the world, while the Spaniard has left his mark upon every mountain and valley in names that will endure forever, but he himself has been supplanted. He has not fled; he has diminished, faded away. In 1871 the Spaniard named the city "Pueblo De La Reina De Los Angeles"—"Town of the Queen of the Angels." The Saxon, the man supreme, has retained only the last two words of that high-sounding appellation.

In 1860	Los Angeles had	4,500	people
" 1880	" " " "	11,000	" "
" 1890	" " " "	50,000	" "
" 1900	" " " "	100,000	" "
Today	" " " "	250,000	" "

Here the Governor, staff and entire party were given a reception at the Chamber of Commerce, and the stay here was of three days duration and the time was entirely taken up by short runs and sight seeing. May 2 was Nebraska day at Long Beach—there were perhaps three hundred Nebraskans present and the Plattsmouth people were bunched at one table, numbering thirty-five in all. It rained most all day. May 3 was the day set apart for our visit to the Catalina Island. We took the electric railway for San Pedro, where we boarded the steamer Cabrillo at 10 a. m., arriving at Avalon, Catalinas at 10:30 p. m. The sailors said it was the roughest sea they had experienced in twelve years, perhaps ninety-five per cent of the party suffered from sea-sickness. Catalina is thirty miles off the coast, it rises from the sea a wavy-peaked mountain cap, varying in width from half a mile to nine miles and more than twenty miles in length. Wonderful are the waters of Avalon, astonishingly clear, through the glass bottom skiffs specially constructed for the purpose. You may gaze down one hundred feet of transparency to where emerald weeds wave, myriad fishes—blue, brown and flaming red, swim over pebble and shell. Most a beautiful place indeed.

Started on our return at 3:45 p. m.; the sea was even rougher than before and the sickness seemed even more general than on the trip over; reached San Pedro at about 6:30 p. m.

May 4 we continued on our way to San Francisco; went into our cars at about 10 p. m., leaving Los Angeles at 4 a. m., May 5, up the coast line route, the most beautiful of all routes in California, reaching Frisco at 7:30 p. m. Here our party branched out to procure lodging where we could, as all attempts to secure them before our arrival had failed, owing to the crowds of people already there to attend the fleet festivities. May 6 was fleet day. San Francisco and Oakland were completely overtaken, practically neither one could begin to handle the crowds. Never had there been nor will there be for years to come, such crowds of people, simply one large struggling mass of humanity, in a vain attempt to get somewhere, anywhere, in order that they might view the fleet come in, and low and behold at about 12 o'clock here they come. Through Golden Gates comes the Connecticut, the flagship, with Admiral Evans in command, amid the roar of cannons, which was all Greek to us whom had come from the plains of Nebraska, yet significant to those familiar with such salutes. And here was an incident unprecedented in naval affairs; a staff officer on board the Connecticut, came the bridge and asked the Admiral if he would answer the salute from the Presidio, saying there had been no definite instructions. It was contrary to precedent and the officers had rather shrugged their shoulders at the idea of saluting the army.

"They're firing the ten-inch guns" was the exclamation that came from a dozen officers at once, for Funston had surprised even Fighting Bob Evans. The navy had not expected this, and the hill-tops on both sides of the Gate were capped great bellowing clouds of smoke, as the big guns thundered a salute to Evans of his fleet, without precedent, but not without effect.

"Look at the people" one of the staff said, as he called the attention of the Admiral to the hillside of the Presidio and the main shore, and Evans took the glasses and smiled as he looked. His cup of joy was full to the brim. "Get ready to fire" ordered Chief Gunner Moore. "Ready!" Then the chief gunner paced rapidly from side to side of the bridge, counting "one fire, two fire, three fire" and each count "bang" went one of the three pound pound guns, first from one side and then the other until twenty-one guns—a national salute had been given.

"Who was the salute for?" was asked, and the officer answered with a smile, "for any one that caught it." In truth it was a national salute, doubtless the army "caught it," but all the same, the precedent had had been broken, and technically speaking the navy had not saluted the army.

One after another the ships found their positions in the columns. The Minnesota leading the second squadron, with Rear-Admiral Thomas on board made way for the battleship Nebraska to take her place at the end of the second division of the first squadron. "That makes the strongest squadron afloat in any navy," expressed an officer as the Nebraska took her position and joined the fleet.

During the line-up the revenue cutter alert steamed here and there, acting on police duty for the fleet, but there was little employment for the police boats; not once did our excursion steamer break the boundaries or interfere with the majesty of the fleet evolutions.

On the left flank of the column, the six torpedo boat destroyers were in line, led by Lieutenant H. I. Cone, who had brought the six slim, black crafts around the continent.

"On and on they come, they are running like scared pups" was the way one dignified navigator expressed the speed of the fleet, as it swept by Goat Island. At 1 o'clock the tall four-stacked cruisers could be seen in their proper places at the end of the line, and the battle line measured three miles, comprising twenty-seven ships commanded by seven admirals. It was 2:30 p. m. when the last of the ships had been anchored. Thus ending the greatest naval cruise in the history of the world.

May 8th our party assembled at the Hotel Normandie about 2 p. m., journeyed to the wharf by street cars, where we were to be transported to the battleship Nebraska, on the little steam launches from the different warships, borrowed from the occasion by Captain Nicholson of the Nebraska.

After the arrival of the party at the battleship, and after Mrs. J. G. Richey had finished the reading of her poem, Governor Sheldon arose and in a few well chosen words presented the silver service, touching on the fact that we had come a long way to perform the ceremony, and that we were proud of the ship that bore our name, and of the men and officers that manned the same, and would watch her every action and she would be followed in good weather and in bad by our thoughts and by our prayers for her welfare, and he only hoped that we would never have cause to regret that this ship had been named after the prairie state, and presented the service, whereupon the men of the ship offered three cheers, and we in turn, led by the governor, offered three cheers for the men and officers.

Whereupon Captain Nicholson responded to Gov. Sheldon and in returning thanks for the services pledged us on behalf of himself and men that we would never have cause to regret the naming of the ship and that we could at any and all times point with pride to the ship that bore our name, and that if they should ever be called upon they would be found fighting just as hard and as long as any vessel that floats the seas.

Whereupon he invited us to participate in the punch which they would prepare, and we would be first to take part in the initiatory ceremonies, after which we were taken over the ship and everything explained in minute detail.

We were then taken back to the wharf where the party disbanded. Thus ended one of the most pleasant gatherings that ever traversed the continent.

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### The Returns From Liberty.

James T. Reynolds, of Union, was in the city this morning, coming up to bring the assessors returns of liberty precinct, and returned home on the next train. Mr. Reynolds is busy these days and could spare no more time from his work than absolutely necessary to come to the county seat. In completing the returns, Mr. Reynolds has showed good time, and this coupled with the reliability with which he does his work, reflects the good judgement of Mr. Soennichsen in making his appointment.

### Cut Thumb Instead of Bread.

This morning Will T. Russell was a little late in getting up, and in order not to be late in getting to his work in the Burlington shops, he volunteered to assist in the preparation of the morning meal. Mrs. Russell told Will to cut the bread, and having just sharpened the butcher knife, made a mis-cut and got his thumb instead the loaf of bread. It took three stitches of the doctor's needle and thread to close the wound and it will be sometime before it is well again.

## DONATIONS SO FAR INSUFFICIENT

### The Commercial Club of Louisville So States

It seems that the aid so far received for the Louisville tornado sufferers is greatly insufficient to accomplish its purposes. At a meeting of the Commercial club last Monday evening for the purpose of ascertaining the needs of those who suffered from last Tuesday's tornado. The report of the relief committee was read, disclosing that the amount of money received, is far insufficient to properly take care of the homeless. The president of the club was instructed to call on Governor Sheldon and ask for a donation of \$500 from the state, also \$500 from the county commissioners of this county. The farmers of this county have donated considerable money and have organized themselves into a body and came to town today to assist in clearing up the debris and get things in readiness to rebuild. Money is needed badly and large or small donations will be gladly accepted. Donations should be sent to Geo. Frater, treasurer of the Commercial club, Louisville, Neb. The local subscription amounted to \$500 and this amount is only sufficient to take care of the immediate needs.

### The B. & M. Shop Floods.

The Lincoln Journal of this (Friday) morning, somewhat modifies its report regarding the flood at the shops in this city. It says: "Reports from Plattsmouth yesterday did not indicate so great a damage from the flood as had been feared, although it was said water had covered the shop yards to a considerable depth. The damage to railroad property did not reach a great sum however."

"Discussing flood damages Superintendent Bignell of the Burlington said: 'We would rather repair flood damage than buck snow. Floods usually mean that Nebraska fields have had a good wetting and the damage is usually inconsequential compared with the amount of good done by the rains and the traffic that rains produce.'"

The above reads like the Journal did not want to modify its previous statement but was compelled to do so.

### The Masonic Hall Well Appointed.

The Masons are having a new chimney built at their hall to connect with the stove which is in the hall proper, as it has been necessary to run a stove pipe through the partition, and thence some eighteen feet to another chimney. The new arrangement allows for the using of the chimney which has been there for other purposes, and the new one will provide for the stove in the main hall. With this the Masonic hall becomes very nicely appointed. They have added many things at one time and another, which has made it most convenient for all the lodges which meet there. They have a nicely arranged banquet hall, waiting rooms, meeting room, and a special room for the Knight Templars, with the ante-rooms, makes the place a very desirable one for meeting purposes.

### Will Make Home in Northwest.

Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Mat Leuck and two boys, Bernard and Frank, departed for their new home at Edgmont, S. D., where Mr. Leuck has been for some time. A number of their friends were at the station to see them depart and bid them "bon voyage." In leaving this place this estimable family leaves behind them many friends who, while they dislike to see them depart, wish them all the happiness and prosperity in their new home that is possible. The Journal, with the hosts of other friends, wishes that they may find in the great northwest many friends and much prosperity.

### H. C. Sparks Injured.

A letter from the west tells of Mr. H. C. Sparks, father of Mrs. Ed. Weaver, well known in this place, having fallen into a hole at Greeley, Colorado, and dislocated or broken his hip. The fracture and dislocation is of so serious a nature that it is reported he has to be strapped on a board while the knitting process is in action. The many friends of Mr. Sparks will be sorry to learn of the accident which has befallen their friends. We hope for his a rapid and permanent recovery.

### Louisville Cyclone Views.

Entire collection—18 views on post cards \$1.00. For sale by local dealers in Louisville and Weeping Water or send direct to us.

OLSON PHOTOGRAPH CO.