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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SUMMER DAYS

ON

CALIFORNIA SHORES

*"Where ocean breezes play,
And Neptune, in his Kingdom,
Holds full sway."*

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Passenger Department
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN SUMMER



This land of climatic comfort was not "discovered" until about 1880. Asleep till then under its brown summers and green winters, it suddenly became populous with tourists, and the homes of happy settlers. Until California was found, the practical possibility of leaving winter out of life, or hot summers out of the calendar, was not dreamed of by busy people and when the region south of Tehachapi came to be known, it was quickly populated. Thousands who cannot escape the demands of business, come and go as regularly as the wild fowl, migrating annually to the land of winter sunshine. Others flit here to spend the summers. They come from the sweltering heat of great cities, or from the southwest, beloved of the sun, and find new life and vigor in the air of the sea coast. An ideal summer climate is found here, and a morning dip in the surf, or a dozen weeks out of doors in the salt air is worth more than all the tonics in the pharmacopœia.

Los Angeles.

This handsome city is a good place to start from, or for that matter, to stay in. Here is the breeziness, the bustle and stir and life of a city, with its varied attractions, its quick and cheap transportation, its parks and libraries and theaters and concerts, its churches and lecture halls. Here are 120,000 people and every Angeleño, not counting the babies, is known by his Shibboleth.



LOS ANGELES

His "speech bewrayeth him." He bets on Los Angeles. The great growth of the city has been like Jonah's gourd, but it is solid and well built, and its fine business blocks give to the streets a metropolitan air. It is chiefly a city of homes. The lots are large, and many residences have from one to five acres of ground with well-kept lawns and rare trees and shrubbery, fan palms, date palms and a profusion of flowers. The streets are well shaded, and streets and yards show magnolias, pepper trees, umbrella trees, rubber trees, the finer kinds of eucalyptus and palms, grevillas and acacias. There are many public parks which have tropical plants and choice trees and shrubs. Westlake and Eastlake are very attractive, having boats and driveways and fine views from the adjacent hills. Echo Park has quite a large body of water. Sunday concerts add to the charms of Westlake.

The ocean is but fifteen miles away and this tempers the warmth of midsummer, while the nights are always cool. By day a gentle breeze draws in from the sea, and at night the land breeze drifts back, and between the two the equilibrium is maintained so near the right spot, that only a "knocker" gives thought to the weather.

Street cars are everywhere and hotels are numerous, some of them very commodious and elegant. Many excellent family hotels are near the business center and rates are inexpensive.

Santa Monica.

This is a popular seaside resort of Los Angeles and the region roundabout. It is but half an hour away, and trains run with great frequency. This watering-place lies on an elevated bluff, facing an open roadstead. The curving beach swarms with summer visitors, loiterers, bathers and anglers. The surf is not boisterous, and the gently shelving shore makes it wholly safe. A wharf for surf fishing attracts many.



SOLDIERS' HOME, SANTA MONICA

Excellent bath houses are on the beach, and the town has places of amusement and good hotels. The Hotel "Arcadia" is well known, and is very popular. It stands on the bluff amid a wealth of semi-tropic bloom, and looks out over the ocean directly into the face of the setting sun. It has 250 rooms, and is wholly modern and attractive. The Fish Grill-Room delights an angler, its walls covered with reminders of exciting battles with the rod and reel, and the latest victims of the gentle art are served on the table in a most appetizing way.

Santa Monica is a most attractive place to rest in. You can go yachting or riding, play tennis or golf, take a spin behind a fine team, on fine avenues, through a beautiful country, or drive your own wheel on hard roads, or you can fish and swim, and loaf and dream. It is all good—for a season.

Farther up the beach, the magnificent long wharf of the Southern Pacific curves out into deep water, at the mouth of Sycamore Cañon, and incidentally provides a good fishing place beyond the line of the surf. This great wharf is 4593 feet long and 131 feet wide and will accommodate 8 large ships drawing 28 feet of water. It is provided with immense coal bunkers and has a restaurant where you may eat of the fish you have caught. Santa Monica Bay is well seen from the ocean end of the wharf and the view is fine. The Cañon at the land's end is usually full of campers, and a bath house is on the beach.

Long Beach.

Here is a quiet, restful place, not visited roughly by the sea breezes, being sheltered at once by the westward islands and the high point of land thrust out into the sea



LONG BEACH WHARF

at Point Firmin. A pleasant little park extends from the depot of the Southern Pacific to the street on the edge of the bluff. The beach gives the town its name, the long curve of sand inviting to the surf for miles, and making a firm, elastic driveway. The surf dallies very gently with the bather, and is suited both for the children and the strong swimmer. A wharf provides for the angler out beyond the surf-line, and launches and other small boats go out into deeper water for those who wish.

Long Beach is the summer home of Chautauqua, and its annual sessions attract many visitors. It is full of the cottages of inlanders who spend some of the summer months here by the sea. Hotels are good, and altogether it is a pleasant town, full of fruits and flowers, and has a delightful and stimulating climate, free from dust and from insect pests.

Newport.

This has long been a pleasant picnic and camping ground, but is rapidly becoming known as a watering-place. Movements are on foot to provide attractions and

accommodations for the larger public which is turning this way. Many spend part of their summer days here and find it enjoyable. A long finger of sand is thrust out by the waves, with quiet water on one side and the restless ocean on the other. The bay is perfect for boating and bathing, and the wharf is a good "place to go fishing." There is a good hotel, bath house and restaurants. Much lumber is landed here, and it is a steamer port of call.



CELERY FIELD, NEAR NEWPORT

Newport is reached from Los Angeles, through Santa Ana, and the region is one full of interest. It is a farming land, full of fruits, of English walnuts, of sugar beets, and wine grapes, dairies, alfalfa fields, and grain. The celery fields, on the peat lands near Newport, are a bonanza, and worth visiting. A branch road runs to Smelzer, connecting with the celery fields. More than one thousand carloads are shipped annually.

San Diego and Coronado.

San Diego is directly on the coast, and overlooks a beautiful and placid harbor. It is the oldest of the California mission towns, and its climate is unsurpassed on the whole globe. It is believed by experienced travelers that it is superior to anything on the Mediterranean. Like all of California's famous places, it has no sweltering summer heats, no muggy days, no hot nights.

The Hotel Coronado, in the midst of the bay, is one of the great seaside hotels of the world, covering $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres and having 750 rooms.

A fine tent city is established on the beach and promises to become popular—a city of summer homes in a charming climate. The rates for tents and all living expenses are low, and pure water, with ice, is free. Electric lights and music, and restaurants under the management of Hotel Del Coronado, with bathing, and boating, and fishing, make the place very attractive. The views of sea, and bay, and mountains are magnificent and the air delicious.

San Pedro.

This is not a watering-place, so much as a harbor, and a gateway to the Island of Catalina, twenty-five miles out in the summer sea. There is a fine view from the high bluff, and Point Firmin lighthouse is near at hand. It is a place of much commercial activity. The sardine fishery is quite interesting. The little finny delicacy is caught near by in great numbers, and here packed in pure California olive oil. Oysters and lobsters are also harvested at this point. The Government is here building a great breakwater, and making an excellent harbor.

Terminal Island is reached from San Pedro by a short ferry service. It is on a narrow spit of land, with bath houses, restaurants and accommodations for the public, and many summer cottages. The ocean is on one side, and the still water of the bay on the other. It is rapidly becoming a popular resort. The round trip from Los Angeles is but fifty cents, and there are frequent trains. The distance is twenty-two miles.

Santa Catalina.

Avalon is the capital of the famous Santa Catalina Island, as delightful a summer resort as the world can show. There is something fascinating about an island—a sense of seclusion, of aloofness—as if a few miles of water between us and the mainland should shut our cares away and leave us to “fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.” Here the attractions of island life are doubled by the charm of the climate and the fascinations of the sea. Nothing could exceed the comfort of the one or the beauty of the others.

Catalina is a picturesque mountain island about thirty miles long, and the curve of the mainland shore below Point Conception gives a more placid face to the ocean than it wears elsewhere. Avalon, too, fronts on a small bay, and the water is so remarkably calm and clear that marine growths may be seen at a depth of fifty feet or more. Boats with glass set in the bottom are in vogue to enable the visitor to survey the marine forms, the gardens of Algæ and the roving fish as they glide to and fro like shadows. The bathing in this still, clear water is less exciting than in the surf, but most persons enjoy it more. Bathing is not simply a matter of water; it is



Table A. Avalon, Catalina, S. Cal.

Svensson Photo. 91.

AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

water accessible, of the right kind and of the right temperature. Here it is clear, never chilly, never awash with waves, always smooth—the ideal place for women and children. The days are never hot, even in mid-summer, and the sight of this summer sea, blue and tranquil, with the cliffs and cañons, and the green boscage of the hills, flowing down to the very edge of the blue waters, is restful to the eye and quieting to the mind.

Then the fishing! Old Isaac Walton never imagined such sport as fishermen find here. It is near shore—a few hundred feet out from the rocks—and can be pursued half the year without fear of storm or squall. And the variety—white sea bass, in bronze and old gold tints, the yellow tail, with iridescent back, the sheepshead, the white fish, the rock bass, bonito and barracuda, to say nothing of the leaping tuna and the black sea bass, the

giants of the sport, striking like a whirlwind, dragging the boat for miles, and dying game only after four or five hours of stubborn fighting. These weigh from one hundred and fifty to three hundred and seventy or more pounds. The yellow tail are often found in great numbers, giving the water a golden hue as the vast schools rove up and down on the feeding grounds.

The beautiful flying fish, driven out of the water by the big tunas, rise in numbers like a bevy of quail, or shoot up singly like silver arrows. They are often seen.

The island has fine driveways, and the region is an ideal place for camping. At Avalon every arrangement is made for the convenience of tent dwellers. Hotels are good, and there are restaurants and supply stores, and cottages and tents to rent. The chief hotel is the "Metropole" and its guests during the year represent many Eastern States, and not a few of the countries of Europe. It is close down by the bay, and has every comfort and all modern conveniences. Its rates are reasonable.

There is a social hall and dancing pavilion in the town, and a church in which services are regularly held.

It is altogether a delightful place to rest, to swim, to fish, to drive and to enjoy life while the dog star rages.

Santa Catalina is reached by the steamer "Hermosa" from San Pedro, and all particulars can be learned from the Banning Company, 222 South Spring Street, Los Angeles.

The time is 3½ hours from Los Angeles, and excursions are made from Saturday to Monday, the rate being \$2.50 for the round trip. The daily fare, with no limit as to time, is 25 cents more.

San Buena Ventura.

Here is a pleasant town on the Coast line to San Francisco. It sits with its back against the hills, and its feet in the sea, the soft trade winds full of ozone, and tempering deliciously the warmest days. The town is located at the point where the hills curve into the Santa Clara Valley, a region that "knows beans" and raises them by the train load. It is the home also of the apricot and the English walnut, both of which are here grown without irrigation.

On the north side of the little city is the Ventura River, which heads in the celebrated Ojai Valley. A branch railway, fifteen miles long, runs up to Nordhoff.

Ventura has one of the old missions, well preserved, the fine "Hotel Rose" and the "Anacopa," with other caravansaries to provide for the pilgrim.

Santa Barbara.

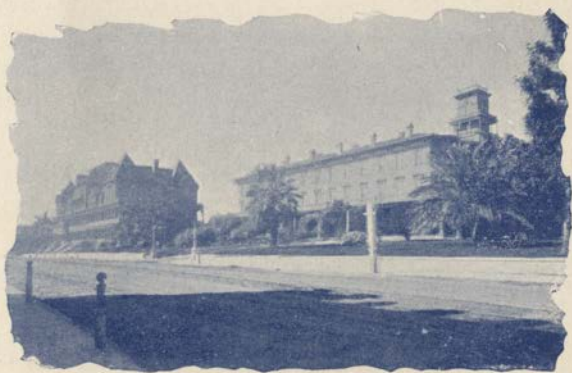
This is the end of our little itinerary, a good place to stop at in any season, warm in winter and cool in summer. It has a great attraction for a large number of people in the East, who spend part of the year here with great regularity.

There are not many places in all the world having the fascination which attaches to Santa Barbara. It is doubtful whether there are any resorts in Europe having so perfect a climate. It was said of some place in Persia that "they had no weather." So delightful were the conditions, that the weather was not a subject of remark. But no one knows where that place is. It has not become famous as a health resort.

Land-locked Santa Barbara, sitting beside the Pacific and looking out upon the stretch of placid water between the shore and the Channel Islands, is known in half the world for the spring-like character of its seasons.

Electric lights and cars; fine hotels; handsome streets; elegant suburban homes and splendid driveways; a boulevard on the beach, and a beach that cannot be excelled; the charm of golf and tennis; the excitement of polo; the diversion of boating and fishing; the romantic old mission and its famous garden; a wealth of flowers, and trees, and shrubs from every quarter of the world, combine to make a setting which the visitor is loth to leave.

The Hotel Arlington is one of the substantial home-like hotels which needs no commendation. Its reputation has grown with the years. The popularity of Santa Barbara has necessitated the building of a new hotel, and one to cost half a million dollars is now in course of construction. It is located close to the beach, on a beautiful mound, overlooking the Grand Parade or Boulevard.



HOTEL ARLINGTON, SANTA BARBARA



NEW BATH HOUSE, SANTA BARBARA

Handsome new bath houses have lately been erected on the beach.

Montecito, a beautiful oval valley near by, full of elegant homes, of palms and bananas, and fruits and nuts of many kinds; Carpinteria, the location of the great lemon orchard and curing house; of the Santa Barbara Country Club with its club house and cottages; of San Ysidro and its picturesque stone building, and Miramar, close to the ocean upon the bluffs; farther on, a valley of walnuts; Summerland, but six miles beyond, with its oil wells in the ocean; or the Sulphur Springs in the hills, reached by stage, six miles from Santa Barbara—all are interesting and will repay a visit. And the season from May to November will be marred by no storms, will have no hot days or sultry nights, and the outing will bring refreshment and renew physical vigor. "The three W's, work, worry and weather, break us down," Longfellow said, and it is true. Play here with freedom in this pure air, and you may afterwards work with joy.



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