

A RAILROAD TO WONDERFUL REDWOOD CANYON

THE COMPLETION OF A BRANCH FROM THE MOUNT TAMALPAIS LINE OPENS A VALE OF GREAT TREES TO SAN FRANCISCO

AFTER the builders of the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais scenic railway drove the last spike in the "crookedest railroad in the world" and crowned the beautiful height with the cozy tavern where all creature comforts are to be had they might well have rested on their laurels, having given to their own and all the coming generations a priceless heritage, but they did not. Within the next few months these men who "went to the mountain" will open up a two and a quarter mile spur that will take the eager public into the virgin heart of Redwood canyon in which is tucked away "Sequoia grove." This is not an approximation date, nor is the scheme a dream on paper. The road is built and simply awaiting its equipment, which is now being constructed.

It is an open secret that hardly a day passes but what some of the patrons of the road take the trip into the new wonderland, but for the present the number cannot exceed the accommodation of the gravity cars. These fortunate ones will be the heralds of this new chapter of the gospel of the mountains and the woods that lie in its shelter. The comfort, pleasure and consolidation it has to offer will be for all who seek it. The book will soon be open.

For the past decade people from every part of the world have, through the advantages of this alluring way up the mountain, learned all about its dignity, its splendid anatomy and its beauty, which is always new, because it is ever changing. They have spent hours, and even days, under the enchantment of the vista that is spread on every side, challenging every other in the world, because it is of ocean and bay, islands and peninsulas, cities and villages, highlands and lowlands, mountains and foothills, in fact, a combination of God made and man made things that insistently bring with them contemplation of the thought of the "Tending Genesis" and a realization of man's place in the universe as a creator.

The road to the redwoods is in the mountain top vista. As a feat of engineering it is as interesting as the far famed main road. It can be seen meandering around the shoulders of the mountain and, like the parent road, there are not many straight rails in it. The charts and the blue prints show that in some places there are a few tenths more than the seven per cent grade that was picked out in loops and curves from Mill valley to the tavern. Seven per cent grades, when considered in connection with the Mount Tamalpais railway, bring the safety consciousness of the comfort and safety assured. Seven per cent grades mean nothing when one thinks of the car wheels that fairly clutch the deep flanged rails and the sturdy little engines with all the mysterious little wheels and shafts that seem to whirl and revolve as they take the hundreds of people up and down the mountain every day. Then, too, this road has been cared for with nothing short of loving solicitude. By the most ingenious device, old boiler tubes have been used to tie the rails to the sleepers to prevent their slipping down hill, because of the inevitable expansion and contraction. There are over 6,000 of these tubes doing this yeoman service on the mountain. The regular engines of the line would not furnish power enough for this thing, but everywhere boiler tubes are being incapsulated, and so it was not difficult to get these aids to mountain railroading once General Superintendent William Thomas decided that they were the things wanted. The rails are automatically watered as the mountain trains climb up and slide down, and so they almost refuse to wear out. When the road was first built there were so many narrow gauge tracks that it seemed that the train was never quite off one; now these, with but a half dozen exceptions, have all been filled in and culverts, that are about as big as the sewers of Paris, give free play for the torrents, large and small, that dash down the innumerable cuts in the mountain. Even the half dozen trestles left will soon be of the past.

Out of all the experience on the main road the one leading to the Redwood canyon has been built. The original road cannot take any air into itself, for the new one has as many sinuous curves, as securely tied rails and as wonderful a panorama to present with the glory of the woods at last.

At the Bowknot

The new road starts on its pretty way at the double bowknot, where the track parallels itself five times within a distance of 200 feet—a fitting place for such a trip to begin. Once in the gravity car that spells a ride full of exhilaration, a carefully locked switch is opened and in an instant the first curve is turned and away the car starts down the sunny slope of the mountain side. With its four steady brakes, making a stop practically instantaneous, a ride to the canyon is like a spin through the air in a really up to date auto. Each curve brings something beautifully new to contemplate. At first the run is through the open country, but soon comes the carefully locked switch of the redwood grove. Once within the dappled shade of the trees comes an irresistible desire to put on all four brakes and stop the car. It is hard to move on even though you know that there will never be an ax raised to murder the sheltering trees.

"Yes, we got our redwood for the ties on the place," said Superintendent Thomas, "but we would not cut down a tree to furnish them. We got them out of fallen trees and the few that had to be taken down for the right of way. Ties cost \$1 apiece now, but the company would save \$5 apiece for them rather than sacrifice a tree." That spirit is the secret of the success of the Mount Tamalpais road.

The road runs into clearing on the edge of the forest. And here it is

that very soon, when material and labor are available, one of the most beautiful resorts in the country will be built. It will face the south as well as the woods; it will be of reinforced concrete; it will have every convenience that the experience and art of man can devise; it will be a place where people can stay a day or forever, where they can rest every moment or can walk to the ocean as well as to the woods. Taking into consideration the value of sunshine in California, the hotel will be so placed that not a corner of it will be in shadow. Then, too, it will be on the up side of the road, so that the people bound for the forest will not have to go through and around the hotel, thus insuring the greater comfort of the guest for a while and the casual visitor. Before the last polish is put on the last bit of finishing in this new hotel, the company will have expended upward of \$100,000.

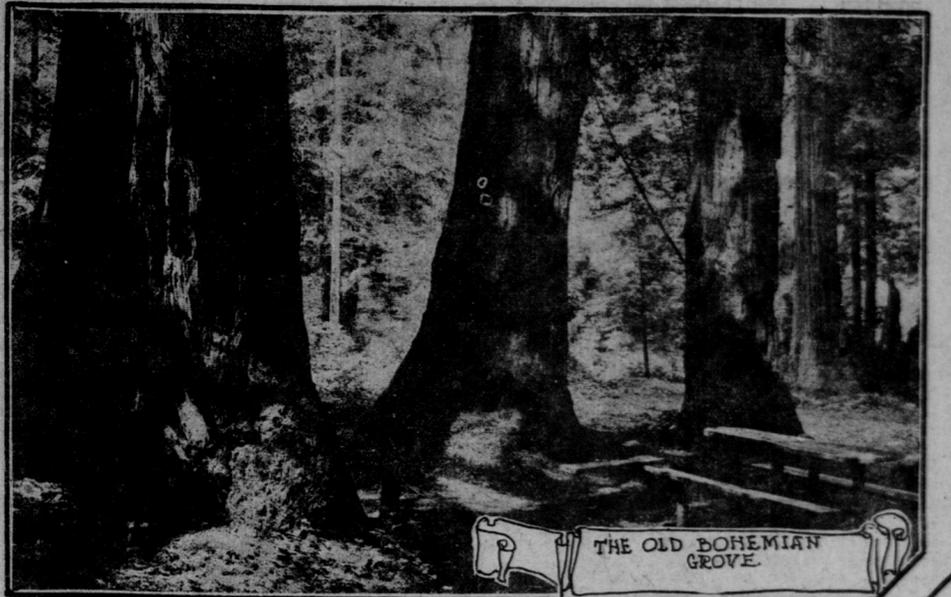
The trails beginning at the terminus have been so blazed through the redwoods that there will be enough of them to swallow up in an instant carloads of people. But every one of these trails will lead the happy men and women and children out for a holiday to the most wonderful parts of Sequoia canyon. The trails, several of which are already cut and ready, will be kept in good order, as is everything belonging to the company. No contingency of travel has been forgotten. A broad road suitable for wagons or automobiles has been cut from the end of the car line to accommodate those who prefer riding to the grove instead of strolling along the trails. The necessary vehicles will be put on the road by the railroad people, making it possible for the veriest invalids to go to this heaven in the woods that otherwise would be lost to this forever. Thinking farther along the directors are planning for a short gravity road, like the one at Mount Lowe, that will run from the end of the road directly into the canyon, a convenient drop that will mean for passengers in the forest in a twinkling.

Sequoia canyon is the precious holding of William Kent, but as he owns a large interest in the Mill Valley and Mount Tamalpais railway this wonderland of giant trees is in reality one of the ideal expansions of the railway. Mr. Kent, more than any one else in Marin county, has stood guard over the redwoods, and to insure their preservation finally acquired the entire grove. Not for himself alone does he care for this valuable heritage. To the public, he says, you are welcome to all the pleasure and comfort and inspiration of the woods. Come into them by the outside lands or by the railway. One of the chief charms of the forest, the stream that purrs musically through its entire length, is crossed by several rustic bridges, so there is no need to fall into the water crossing the stones, unless one dares their moss covered or glassy sides. On the other hand, there is to be special provision for those who find delight in wading through a mountain stream. There has been talk of a swimming tank fed by these same streams, and with all that has been done there and all that "is to be" it is quite within the range of possibilities that this feature will be added in due time.

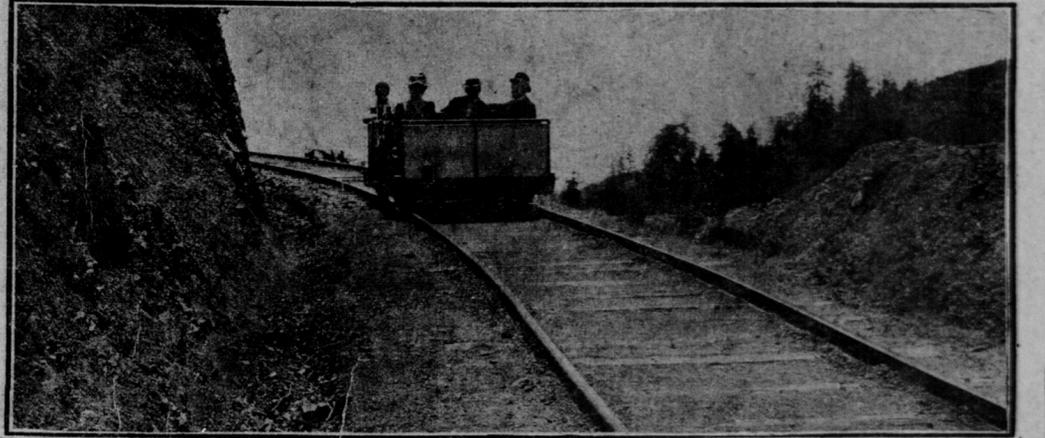
Nature's Tales

There is no gardener but nature in Redwood canyon and Sequoia grove, as this great forest is officially known, and the care taken of the growing things is beyond compare. In looking at the grove as a whole it is easy to recall John Muir's description of the virgin forest in Australia that he trav-

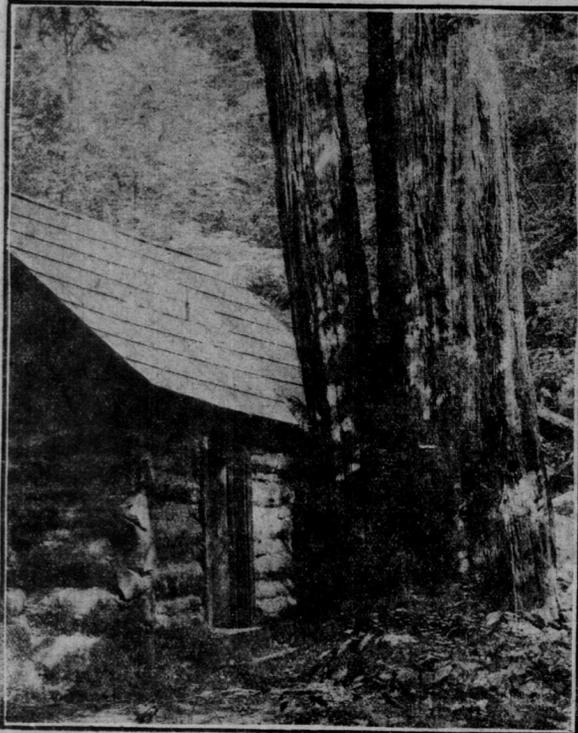
eled hundreds of miles to see. He spoke of the "different stories" made by the tree ferns, the pines and the mammoth eucalypt. So it is with Redwood canyon and Sequoia grove. Hazel and laurel and the trees that are content to live in the shelter of the forest giants make one story and the redwoods and the sequoias the others. Carpeting this forest, nature has planted in all the shaded places that exquisite delicate creeper, wild oxalis, and every variety of fern she has ever devised. She has put the more ordinary kinds at the outskirts, but safely in the heart of the forest are the sword ferns, the maiden hair, the gold backs and some so beautifully fashioned that the botanist would be busy with classification. Some of the most wonderful displays of ferns are to be seen on the steep



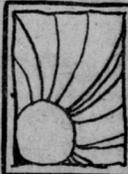
THE OLD BOHEMIAN GROVE



RUNNING DOWN TO REDWOOD CANYON IN THE GRAVITY CAR



THE LONE CABIN IN THE CANYON



A BATH AMONG THE GIANTS

to be quite to themselves. That they felt that way is nothing short of a blessing. Their move saved the place to the public.

Hunts of the Deer

There have been years when Redwood canyon was leased as a preserve when it was no longer the happy home of the deer. Now it is restored to them, although they are not quite sure of it yet. They come very cautiously over the ridge and show themselves. The

walls that at places distinctly mark the line of the canyon. Besides the adornment of the canyon, nature finds some of her most artistic work in covering up blemishes. In the long years a few trees have fallen and the purring stream, which sometimes in winter is a torrent, has washed the earth from those on the bank leaving roots displayed. In every instance of this kind nature has planted delicate ferns and grasses and pretty things to creep over the roots which were meant to be in the ground. Unmolested some of the trees have played curious pranks in the forest. A few have fallen as if they were laxy to stand up, but have kept on growing faithfully. Some have taken root in two or three places quite comfortably and so continue to be luxurious. From the fallen trunk of one tree a soldierly line of baby trees is growing.

Where the sunlight streams azaleas are growing adding their perfume to that of the pungent greens. Here and there are tiger lilies. There are a few pines to add their beauty to the ensemble and their little cones and needles to the rich soil. A great variety of low growing things make a lacy green and wild flowers give pretty bits of color.

After a while there will be a little sign to tell the stranger what bridge to cross and what trail to take to reach the particular part of the woods where in former years the members of the Bohemian club held their midsummer high jinks. There are the two sentinel trees between which the buddha sat and, although time and the rains have been busy readjusting the ground and the growing things, there are marks of the confines of the amphitheater where the merrymaking was held. The Bohemians did not move because they did not like the grove, but because it was too near civilization; they did not have ground enough

keeper who lives at the edge of the canyon knows all about them. As a memento of the days of the hunter, there is a log cabin not far from the wagon road entrance.

It is hard to say which of the charms in Redwood canyon is the most alluring, but certainly the birds are not the least of them. They are there and have all the airs of proprietorship, flitting and singing with as much abandon as birds must have when they know that no pot hunters are allowed to cross the grove. But the treestops are so beautiful it is quite likely that the birds share them with Peter Pan and his fairies.

It is hard to leave the forest, but the time comes when one of the faithful little engines comes down from the tavern to haul the gravity cars up to the double bow knot. And at this point, in these informal days before the regular equipment has arrived, the engine uncouples the gravity cars and quite alone they make their merry run into Mill Valley.

But up or down, from Mill Valley to the mountain top and from there down to the loop and on to Redwood canyon and Sequoia grove there are alluring things on every side. Even where the trees are not there is rare beauty, for there is never a month in the year when something is not blooming on Mount Tamalpais from the early days of the wild lilac to the red berries of the Christmastide. There is so much in the big distances to see that the pretty things growing just at hand are not always noticed.

Not long after the road to the mountain top was finished General Superintendent William Thomas, who, besides knowing every tree and shrub from their savens to the farthest corner of the forest preserve, has a penchant for putting up directing signs, marked a trail leading from the loop: "This way to Redwood canyon." Somehow the directors of the railroad looked at the sign long enough to do some hard thinking about making that trail into a road, and so, tradition says, the road to the forest wonderland came into being.

But after everything has been said and done by the casual visitor, it is this same Superintendent Thomas who is the best authority on the mountain and the forest. His heart is quite divided between loyalty to the mountain and devotion to Redwood canyon, but when he is asked to choose between the majesty of the mountain, he says: "I'm not bothering about golden stairs, but I want you to know that if heaven is half as good as Redwood canyon, you will not find me complaining."

Why Should the Eyeball Be White?

Did it ever occur to you to inquire why the eyeball of the eye is white? asks the Pittsburg Gazette. The reason is rather curious. The blood vessels which supply its surface are so fine that they do not admit the red corpuscles of the blood.

The eyeball is covered with a coat known as "tunica sclerotica," which is amazingly tough and elastic and covers the entire eyeball with the exception of the part behind where the optic nerve enters, and of the cornea in front. The pupil of the eye is a deep hole filled with a transparent lens and fitted with a most exquisite arrangement of muscles which widen it when the light is dim and narrow it in a strong glare.

Do you know that you have a "blind spot" in each eye? That is, a small portion of the retina is incapable of exhibiting the sensation of vision when it receives the image of an object. This blind spot corresponds with the artery lying in the center of the optic nerve. By a wonderful provision of nature the blind spots do not correspond when the eyes are directed toward the same object, so they cause no inconvenience, and few beyond doctors and opticians are even aware of their existence.

Practically all persons are right- or left-eyed, although they may not know it. One eye is nearly always a little stronger than the other, and consequently is more used. Of course, the difference in many cases is so great that it has to be artificially corrected.