

CALIFORNIA
STATE

SAN FRANCISCO SUNDAY CALL

HIDDEN TREASURES IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

FEATURE

MAGAZINE SECTION
MAY 4 1913



“THE LAST LAKE”

THIS is the realm of the twilight, where the shadow family dwells, with eternal calm as its star boarder.

And all the shadows live there. The robust amazon that stretches her inky tresses to soften the worker's noonday rest; the courtly shades that bend their supple lines in profound solicitude with each passing breeze; the fluttering, fussy maiden aunt shadows that rustle around the outskirts and see that all the household is running smoothly; the rounded, motherly shadows; the gray and experienced fatherly shadows, and the elder son and daughter shades, quiet of demeanor, and in conduct the echo of their elders.

There are gentle, girlish shadows, whose touch is a caress; beetling, bristly little brother shadows that cuddle the coots and ducks in their laps; shadows warm and shadows cool; some purple as the coat of Nero, some ruddy as the cheek of labor—and the greatest and the least of them constantly spreading their banquet of rest.

You are welcome there with your tired brows. Come, plunge them deep into the cool blue under that lily island. The discords of the downtown dazzle, the jangle of the city glare, lose their talons, and peace floods your spirit so real that you expect to open your eyes upon cool hospital walls with the sweet Sister bending over you.

Here the light is an alien, the unbidden guest, and the sparkles that flit across the amethyst calm of the little lake seem naughty schoolboys in a lady's garden.

Here all of the animal kingdom of Golden Gate park seek their rest in the shadow sweetened silences, where the rustling of the reeds brings us to our tiptoes as surely as the finger on the mother's lips in this habitat of the holy hush.

CHARLES H. DICKSON.