

# Colony News

## Fair Oaks and Christian Endeavor Convention

We are now arranging the details for a Special Excursion to Fair Oaks on June 22nd next.

**Eastern Department.**—Special cars will leave New York, Boston and New Orleans in time to reach Chicago on the afternoon of June 22nd.

**Western Department.**—Cars from St. Louis; Ottumwa, Ia.; St. Paul, Minn., and St. Paul, Minn., will join us en route. We expect to make stops at Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake and Ogden, reaching California in time to investigate Fair Oaks and the advantages of the "Early Fruit Belt" and then go on to the convention. If you are going write us to place your name on our Endeavor Excursion list and we will send you rates, and all particulars, etc., as soon as arrangements are completed.

## Sunset Letters No. 2

### A SUBURB OF SACRAMENTO.

Sacramento is a business town and a busy business town. This is saying much for these gold basis times. "For Rent" signs in the windows are few. Every store and dwelling seems

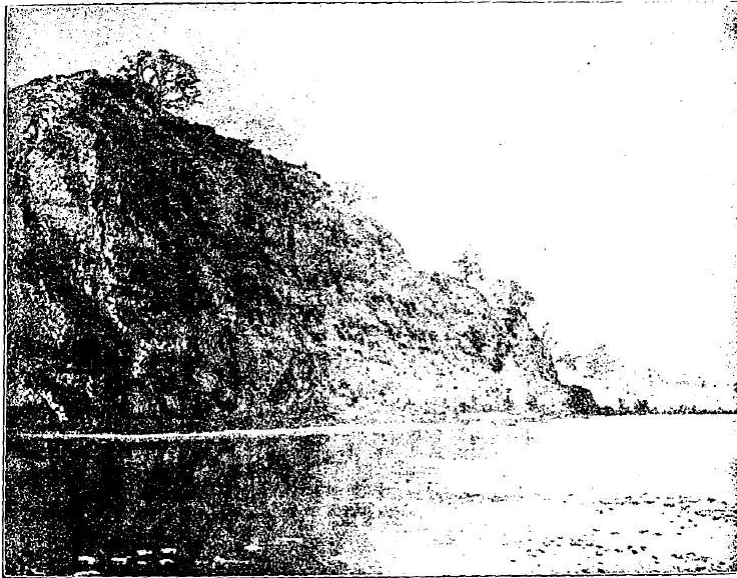
pected, also, that the government will make a like appropriation. This will be of immeasurable benefit to the capital city.

### SCENES ON THE WAY TO FAIR OAKS.

The Fair Oaks electric railroad, when completed, I am informed, will be equipped with powerful high speed motors, which will practically annihilate time and distance. As the electric current is not yet ready to flash me to Fair Oaks I am to be conveyed by the good old not-to-be-despised method in an easy surrey behind a spanking team. Another homeseeker, a gentleman from Minnesota, is to be my companion. Edwin K. Alsip himself holds the ribbons. Like most Californians, he seems to be at home behind a span of horses. Some of these Jehus seem to be at home behind a dozen span, more or less, judging by the easy way in which they handle any number of horses hitched to the great fruit wagons which we occasionally meet on the road.

We cross the American river on trestles and bridges, one mile along and we are on the famous Rancho Del Paso, comprising 44,000 acres belonging to two California pioneers, Messrs. Haggin and Tevis. The former is a Turk who, lured by the glitter of gold, came here in the early days and by that species of thrift by which millionaires are made has become immensely wealthy.

I cannot suppress a feeling of resentment against the owners of these large bodies of land so prevalent in California. It does not seem right for so large a body as this to be owned by two



BLUFFS FROM THE AMERICAN RIVER.

to be occupied, with a good demand for more. I find more buildings in process of erection in proportion to its population than in any city in the path of my wanderings either on this coast or in the east.

If I had the same value of rent property here, which I now own in one of Chicago's principal suburbs, my income therefrom would be nearly double. There is a good demand for good renting property at paying rates.

Sacramento also has some of the prettiest and most complete department stores this side of Chicago. Like Chicago this city is built on flat, level land. While this is desirable from a business point of view, it is not so attractive for residence purposes. In fact, Sacramento needs just such a residence outlet for her wealthy people as Fair Oaks affords. Fair Oaks also is the only attractive place about the city suitable for suburban homes, and I assure you as soon as the electric road is completed many of this class will build thereon. Negotiations are afoot, however, which give every assurance that it will soon be a reality. A \$25,000 hotel on Fair Oaks Park is also contemplated. The legislature just adjourned passed a bill to build a model road made of crushed stone prepared at the prison, from Sacramento to Folsom. This does not go through Fair Oaks. It is on the other side of the river. Sometime, however, a bridge will be built across, so that Fair Oaks will get the benefit of the improvements.

The roads, however, on the Fair Oaks side are kept in good condition. The legislature also appropriated \$300,000 for dredging the Sacramento river from Sacramento city to the sea, in order to keep the channel open for large vessels. It is ex-

pected, also, that the government will make a like appropriation. This will be of immeasurable benefit to the capital city.

people, while the many who want a slice cannot get it. Small land owners are the backbone of a nation's wealth, strength, and happiness. If some Almighty power would constitute me the constitution, legislature and governor of the state of California for about four years, I would tax these large land holdings so unmercifully, that their owners would be glad to divide them up, and thus give smaller holders a chance.

The portion of the Rancho Del Paso lying west of the river is a great horse ranch. They do not keep the common stock but thoroughbreds with long pedigrees. They pasture here with little care and twice a year are marketed. I am told that even in these gold basis times, and when electricity and the bicycle are supplanting horse flesh so that the noble horse is at a discount, the average price received for horses bred on this ranch is about \$200 per head. Horses can be bought at from \$50 to \$100 per span; this goes to show that blood counts.

The great pastures are a mass of vari-colored bloom of wild flowers. No state can equal California in its great profusion and variety of wild flowers. They are a never failing source of delight to the tenderfoot from the east.

Across the railroad, which cuts the ranch in twain, and we are out of the pastures into the great wheat fields. Thousands or more acres of wheat spread out before us, studded here and there were oak trees left over from the primeval forest. The wheat is about six inches high, and amongst it are great patches of bluebells in bloom.

Through the ranch over a good road and we are among the small farms which skirt Fair Oaks on the north. To the right an industrious farmer operating a plowing outfit, which would

surprise an Illinoisian, eight horses hitched to one gang plow operated by one man. They are rolling over the fertile soil at a great rate. They do things large in California. Now we turn out of the road for a string of teams, some four horse, some six, and one eight-horse outfit hitched to two wagons, one hitched behind the other operated by one man, thus to economize human labor. These are called "freighters." They are hauling Fair Oaks wood from the Colony to the City of Sacramento.

Some idea of the magnitude of the Fair Oaks enterprise may be gained by the fact that at one time seventy-five teams were engaged in hauling wood to the city, to say nothing of the many other teams pulling and hauling stumps, plowing, harrowing, hauling lumber for building, making roads, etc. Mr. Alsip scoured the whole country over to secure men and horses enough to do the work.

#### ARRIVAL AT FAIR OAKS--IMPROVEMENTS, PLANTING, ETC.

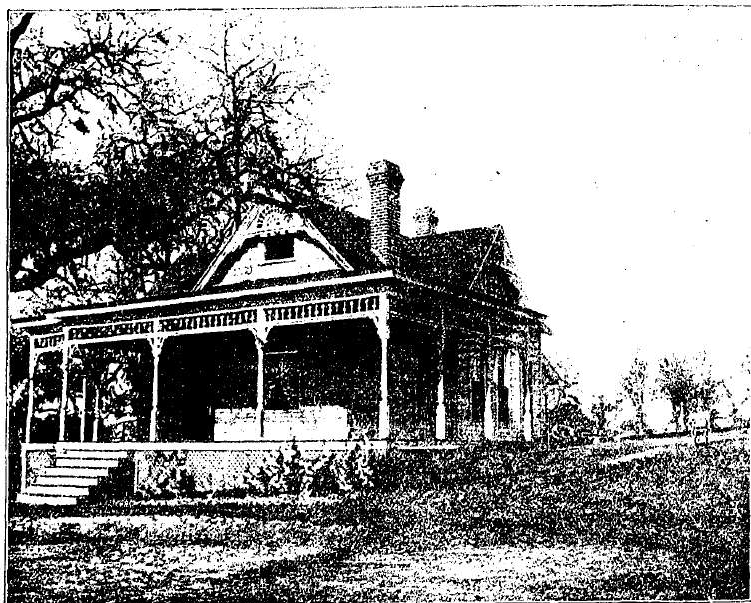
Now we come to the gateway and are told: "This is Fair Oaks." But where are the oaks? We see nothing but rolling black patches skirted with great piles of cord wood, and set out to rows of sturdy little fruit trees.

A mile or two more over a newly graded roadway, and we come to a stirring scene, six or eight four horse teams with plows and scrapers, and as many men, tearing down a hill and filling up a ravine to make straight a path for Fair Oaks visitors and

the third is the prettiest. O, dear! I am all mixed up. A toss of a penny shall decide which I take." Never was there a fairer location for a townsite. The surveyor, also, has laid it out with consummate skill, so that the streets wind around in the most picturesque, leaving the knolls and higher elevations for building purposes.

I share the enthusiasm of a wealthy Chicagoan, Mr. H. who, on arriving, climbed to the top of these hills and said: "Let me fill my lungs and yell." I have no desire to go back to Chicago and again be cooped up between four walls at the everlasting grind, fighting my fellow men to make a living. I made the city; the Almighty made these hills, ravines and oaks. I like God's work best, and would greatly prefer to make my home here. This I will do, if God wills."

There are about eighty families already located on the place. They seem to be a very desirable class of people. The minister, Mr. Sheldon, says he has preached in many parts of California, and in the West to many congregations, but esteems Fair Oaks as the most satisfactory church he has ever undertaken. He finds her people intelligent and religiously inclined. They are the kind who fear God, attend church and appreciate a good sermon. The people also seem to be very well satisfied. I met a reporter from the San Francisco Post who was doing the story, and interviewing the people. He told me we would find them satisfactory but enthusiastic partisans as well.



A FAIR OAKS VILLA IN WINTER.

dwellers. This is worthy of a snap shot from the camera, and we will stop and take it.

Now we come to some oaks—but what is this? Some great, sturdy Japs cutting them down. It is murder in the first degree. I feel as if they were killing some dear friend of mine. Am inclined to get out of the surrey and rout the whole gang. I am consoled, however, by a prophetic glance into the future, when these erstwhile black hills, now bereft of their giant oaks, will be covered with groves of oranges and lemons loaded with their golden fruit, and the olive with its beautiful foliage, and the sweet-fruited fig, and the vine with its purple clusters. While here and there on the top of the hills will peep out a "Fair Oaks Villa," rose-embowered and surrounded by vines, trees and flowers, such as California only can produce.

Upwards of 1,200 acres have been cleared, plowed, piped and planted at a cost of about \$160,000. This great sum of money has largely gone to the working people. It is such enterprises which keep the world moving, and the people who do such things are worthy of honor.

Two years more and it is estimated that 4,000 acres of this land will be in fruit; a few years hence and the fruits of Fair Oaks will be known throughout the country, and also prized and marketed as the best. None but the latest and best varieties are being set out.

A mile further and we come to a big sign which reads "Fair Oaks Townsite." Now we find the oaks in plenty. I do not wonder that some people grow enthusiastic over Fair Oaks, and I myself feel like saying: "Here let me dwell. On this hill I will build my home. No, that other one will suit me better. No,

#### IMPROVEMENT CLUB ORGANIZED.

A mass meeting of the citizens was held on the evening of the arrival, the ostensible object being the organization of an improvement club. Such organizations when properly conducted are always commendable and of great benefit to those connected therewith. In this case it can be made particularly useful especially if it takes the form of an institute for gaining and circulating knowledge in regard to fruit growing, irrigation, etc.

The science of irrigation especially needs careful study. The tendency of the tenderfoot is to irrigate too much, to irrigate when he should cultivate. Too much water or water too late. The tendency of the latter especially is to bring the roots to the surface instead of allowing them to run deep.

There is plenty of practical literature on this subject, and practical men at hand whose experience could be utilized. The same is true as to fruit culture. It is of the utmost importance at the outset, first, to know what variety to plant; second, what varieties of fruit are best adapted to the soil of the Colony; third, how to select good soil; and, fourth, how to properly plant it.

I note that some mistakes have been made in the outset, which doubtless will result in the necessity of replanting many trees. For example, in some instances oranges, lemons and almonds have been planted on low levels. These should only go on the high lands, the lower land being better adapted to olives, prunes, figs and the like.

There are many varieties of soil in the settlement. It is important that the varieties of fruit should be planted on the soil to which they are best adapted. To this end those who do not know should get expert advice upon planting. The promoters

of Fair Oaks are anxious that every purchaser should be successful, and for this purpose are willing at any time to furnish this expert advice free of cost.

Those who come to California must remember that eastern methods must be abandoned. By discussing these matters, securing papers from experts, and holding institutes with experts who can be questioned, much good can be accomplished by this Improvement Club.

#### THE CHRONIC "KICKER" OUT OF A JOB.

Naturally, among so many new settlers coming from nearly all sections of the United States and Canada, there will be some of that class known as "kickers." What they find to kick about at Fair Oaks would puzzle a person with ordinary intelligence. Allow me to say, however, that I found only two of this class, and on investigation of their complaints found that they rested on no substantial basis. They were simply habitual kickers, and would find something to grumble at even in the Kingdom of Heaven. First, they prophesied that the water system would never be built. Indeed, they knew it would not, and it was utterly useless for any one to expect that it would, but it was and is one of the best in California. So powerful, indeed, is the pressure that with an ordinary hose water can be thrown over the tallest oak tree on the Colony, and this, too, on the highest elevations. The water also seems to be of excellent quality and unlimited in quantity. They have said the company had no in-

tens of thousands of acres of them. Fields were red with bloom so that you could scarcely see the ground, while on the other side of the mountains, in Southern California, I only saw one field covering probably five acres. This is the field down there that everybody talks about. They did not seem to know that there were other poppies in California. The more I see of the state, the more I am impressed that there is nothing better than Fair Oaks."

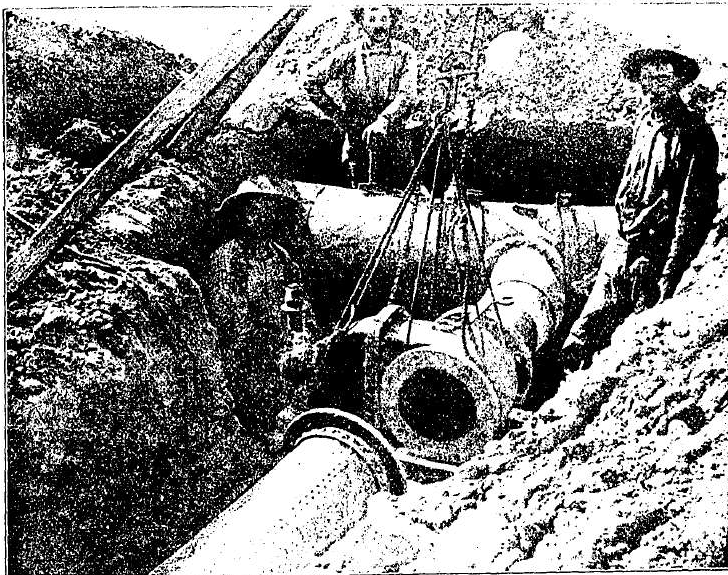
There is also a reference to the progress in the road-making which many will be pleased to see as follows:

"I wrote the office in regard to Mr. Miller's palms and cherries to be planted in the road. You remember how matters were last year, that we could not grade the roads until the pipes were in and could not safely plant the shade trees until the roads were graded. They are now all planted, I believe, and all these matters are in good shape. Mr. Alsip is neglecting no details, but is managing everything, so far as I can see, to the best interests of all parties concerned."

#### Fair Oaks--A Private Letter

Friend Shaffer: We reached here safe and sound last Wednesday and enjoyed the ride from Sacramento with Mr. Olsen very much. Mrs. Hodge stood the long journey very well, and the ride out here of fourteen miles did not tire her at all.

The whole country is a-dame with wild flowers, which strikes



PIPE CONSTRUCTION.

tion of building roads. The talk about roads was only a real estate ruse, but the roads are being built, and what is more will be the best roads hereabouts. Now they say the electric road will never be built. This is their last resort, their last stronghold, so to speak, and will afford them a topic for the time, but what they will find to talk about when the electric road is built is a mystery. Something, however, will come forward to their relief. When a person is disposed to look on the blue side of things and distrust all humanity they will always find something in this world about which to prophesy evil.

A Wandering Tourist.

#### A Glimpse of Fair Oaks

From a personal letter to Mr. Shaffer.

The latest letter from Mr. J. W. Wilson from Fair Oaks—a business letter to the office and not intended for publication, gives so vivid a picture of some of the beauties of the northern California landscape that we quote:

"As I shall be unable to return for another week at least, it is my intention to spend two or three more days at Fair Oaks while awaiting developments here. I do not see how any one could take a ride through California at this time of the year without being impressed with its beauty. The wild flowers are now in full bloom, especially the poppies. The great fields of them down the valley look like a vast prairie on fire. I was very much amused at some intelligent people in Los Angeles who were surprised when I told them there were poppies on this side of the mountains. In my ride down the valley, I saw

one coming from the bleak weather of Chicago as remarkable.

I have been all over the colony lands pretty much since I arrived, having been driven about by both Mr. Kleffer and Mr. Spencer, and I wish it was in my power to tell you how it impresses me.

Through your many talks with me about Fair Oaks, I thought I had a pretty good idea what the place was like, but of course made considerable allowance, in your glowing descriptions, for your enthusiasm, and thought you very, very often threw in too much red paint when picturing the natural beauty of the place.

I want to tell you right here, old man, that you never did! and it would be well nigh impossible to give an accurate description of how bountiful Mother Nature has been in bestowing her favors in this neck of the woods. I never saw such a beautiful tract of land—with the "gentle depressions" and lovely old oaks, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

There is an immense amount of work being done here, hundreds of men and teams busy grading, plowing, planting and blasting.

Our three tracts are now all ready for planting, and Mr. Spencer says he will start in with the olives before I return to Chicago.

I saw Mr. Wilson to-day, and he seems to think the electric railroad and hotel proposition is very likely to be consummated before he goes home. I hope his expectations will be realized.

Yesterday Mrs. Hodge and I spent half the day in examining blocks 53 and 54 on the River front (town site.) They are "beauts," both of them, but I wish they were nearer the ranch.

I often wish you were along with me when looking at the different places here, but every one I meet is very willing to tell me which way to go, etc.

Yesterday I went for a long drive with Mr. Welch, foreman for Cox & Clark. He took me up the river nearly to Palsom, and showed me the mines being worked by the "heathen Chinese." Yours sincerely,

A. J. Hodge.

Fair Oaks, Cal., March 29, 1897.

—"New Occasions" is a magazine of social progress published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. It is proposed to change its form in May to that of Scribner's, McClure's and other standard magazines, which will give more space for miscellaneous reading matter. Heretofore the contents have all been along reform lines. The key-note of the publication, at the present time, is free coinage of silver, but all reform movements have a place in its pages.

—"Our Republic" is the name of a new paper published at

Elgin, Ill., by G. B. Bartley. Vol. 1, No. 2, is before us a filled with interesting reading for those who are at all interested in any of the reform movements of the day. It is 25 cents a year. Send for sample copy.

Saturday, April 10th. A letter was received by General Lee from Capt. Gen. Weyler, denying the report by Gen. Lee nearly two weeks ago, asking that facilities afforded, or at least that no obstacle be placed in the way of Crittenden Marriott in his efforts to secure the effects of Crosby, the Chicago Record correspondent, killed in San Santa Teresa or Juan Criollo.

—Many a farmer has been kept poor by buying more than his crops will warrant. Do not buy this year's until you see your crops.

—"Ask your druggist for the Kindergarten Novelty House That Jack Built."



OAK AVENUE, FAIR OAKS TOWNSITE

#### ADVICE TO FARMERS.

How to Market Their Crops to the Best Advantage.

There is never an emergency but some man or some body of men are found equal to it. Buffalo, situated at the foot of lake navigation



has been a sore spot to the grain trade of Chicago and to every man raising or handling grain which was destined to the seaboard. A great pool it was reported was formed by the Buffalo elevators. There developed a trust which has crushed the life out of many an enterprise in grain elevators. It has threatened

to cripple Chicago and the lake shipping interests. The trust's profits last year were said to be over \$2,000,000, or more than was paid for all lake transportation of grain from Chicago, Duluth, and other big points to Buffalo for the entire season. The killing charges are for transfers of grain. Take one item, the charge to transfer a ton of oats is \$1½. But the trust is to be blown out of water. The most reliable advices state that Armour and other capitalists of Chicago have steel elevators now nearly completed and the plans laid for others at New York, which will drive the trust out of existence. An authority says of this Buffalo fight: "The effects of the pool's collapse will be widespread. Nothing could be more potent to preserve the lake route's supremacy in the grain trade, which is now so seriously threatened by gulf ports and more southern routes to the Atlantic. Every farmer in the west will feel its benefits by an added value to his grain. The railroads leading to Chicago and other lake ports and the steamboats taking the grain from them to Lake Erie will also share in the reward." Why do we call farmers' attention to this?

Because it benefits farmers. It brings the producer nearer the seaboard. It takes a tax off the grain he raises. H. H. Carr & Co. are engaged in taking a tax off farmers. We welcome anything which relieves in any permanent way the burdens resting on farmers. Ten thousand farmers over ten states have of the Farmer Commission House, a plan. Half of this number have tried direct shipments to the Chicago market; they have pocketed the shipper's profits. They know what a tax they have been paying other people—middlemen—to do their shipping and many write: "We are with the Farmer Commission House in its shipping reform from now on—we believe in your declaration every man his own shipper—and we believe in it to the extent of beginning at home. We will practice first, preach afterward." Mr. H. A. Bernardin of West Brooklyn, Ill., writes: "I again write you about Mr. Chaon. Once more he wants me to tell you how he was satisfied with his returns. He said that his gain was about \$40 better than if he had sold to the home dealer. Will get all I can to ship to you hereafter."

H. H. Carr & Co.