

# THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Is Most Richly Endowed College in the Country.

## UNIQUE ARCHITECTURE

Cornerstone Laid in 1887—Donors Left Thirty-Three Millions—Vast Income Derived from Rich Fruit and Farm Lands—Founded in Memory of Leland Stanford's Son.

The fortunate financial condition of Stanford University is due to the generosity of its founders, Leland Stanford and Jane Lathrop Stanford, his wife. The premature death of their only child, Leland Stanford, Jr., led them to erect this monument, and on Nov. 11, 1885, they granted to the first board of trustees about 85,000 acres of California land, and then worth in the neighborhood of \$6,000,000. The gift included the Gridley farm in the county of Butte, the great Vina ranch in the counties of Butte and Tehama, comprising 55,000 acres, and the Palo Alto farm in the counties of San Mateo and Santa Clara.

The gift of Gov. Stanford and his wife put the embryo university on a basis so firm that only some irresistible calamity like earthquake and fire could ever destroy it.

Its endowments at once exceeded the combined gifts of the founders of Harvard, Yale, Cornell and Vanderbilt universities. The \$3,000,000 endowments of Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, Md., was the only endowment that even approached that of the new Western institution.

The cornerstone of this memorial was laid on May 14, 1887, in Santa Clara Valley, on Mr. Stanford's Palo Alto farm, thirty miles from San Francisco.

Architecturally, a unique university was built. It was composed of a chain of low two-story buildings surrounding an immense quadrangle. The style was copied as closely as practicable from the old Spanish missions so graphically described by Bret Harte.

Tuition at Stanford was free, and it was possible for students to live there at a very moderate expense.

Further gifts from Mr. Stanford after his death, enabled the university trustees to construct additional buildings. An outer quadrangle of larger structures was put up, including a library and the Stanford Memorial Chapel, the most expensive church in the State. There were buildings for the engineering department, such as a museum, the most complete chemical laboratory in the country, and two dormitories, one for men and one for women, the former accommodating as many as 400 students. Another immense library and a gymnasium is in course of construction to complete Stanford University's ideal building scheme.

The university estate has 3,000,000 grape vines, with an output of 20,000 tons of fruit each year. A large part of the Vina ranch is used for raising horses, and other parts are employed as cow pastures, sheep pastures and hog pastures. The university's income from these natural sources is of great proportions.

Mrs. Stanford transferred to the university on December 9, 1901, bonds, stocks and real estate valued at \$30,000,000, the largest single gift ever bestowed upon an institution of learning. Of the total, \$18,000,000 consisted of gilt-edged bonds and stocks paying large revenue. The real estate deed to the university comprised much of the property originally given by Senator Stanford, the deeds of which had been found to be illegal. A third deed conveyed to the university Mrs. Stanford's residence on the summit of Nob Hill, one of the finest houses in San Francisco, worth, with the big lot, \$400,000.

The motive of all this beneficence lay solely in the love Mr. and Mrs. Stanford bore toward their son. After the death of Leland, Jr., it was said that sorrow had affected the balance of his parents' minds. The father became a monomaniac on the subject of his loss, the mother slowly became a Spiritualist.

### Wrong Side of the Door.

At the commencement exercises of one of our large colleges a prominent lawyer had been asked to address the graduates. Being very busy about that time, he neglected to give any thought to the subject of his discourse. On arriving at the hall where the exercises were held he was still at a loss for a topic. In passing through a large swing door which led into the hall itself the word "Push" painted on the door happened to catch his eye. Like a flash it occurred to him that here was a text that he could use very appropriately. When his turn came to speak he arose and addressed the audience in somewhat the following manner:

"Young gentlemen, the subject of my little talk with you this morning can be expressed in one short word: It is a thing that is especially applicable to you young men, who, in one line or another are going out into life to make your way. It is a thing without which no man is sure of attaining success. Gentlemen, on your door is the word I refer to."

Every eye in the room immediately glanced toward the door indicated, but on the inside the word "Pull" was plainly painted. The laughter and applause which followed were nearly deafening, and it was some time before he could explain his statement.

## WHEN FALLEN CITIES RISE

San Francisco's Disaster Recalls Other Conflagration.

Those who believe in San Francisco say the spirit of Forty-nine will assert itself, that confidence will be restored and that soon a new city, buttressed against the elements, a city of steel and anchored masonry, will defy fate and establish itself more firmly on the site where now are broken columns and shapeless piles, says the New York Herald. The period of recovery is surprisingly quick in American cities. Rebuilding begins within a few days, and in two or three years scarcely any trace of the disaster remains.

Beyond all question, the double ruin which fell upon San Francisco represents the worst catastrophe which has ever befallen a municipality in the United States. It greatly exceeds the Chicago fire of 1873, for when the Queen City of the West was laid low she had only a population of 334,000, as compared with the 450,000 inhabitants who dwell within the limits of San Francisco. The area burned in Chicago was about four square miles, while the district devastated by earthquake and by flames in San Francisco is approximately seven and one-half square miles. The death toll of Chicago bore 275 names, while there is every reason to believe that twice as many persons lost their lives in San Francisco, taking conservative estimates of army and navy officers as a basis.

Twelve thousand buildings were destroyed in Chicago, and certainly more than that were reduced to ashes and to broken beams by the double disaster which spread havoc through the city by the Golden Gate. The monetary loss sustained by Chicago, using careful estimates made by the National Board of Underwriters, was \$160,000,000, while that suffered by San Francisco is conservatively placed at \$250,000,000. In Chicago the homes of nine-eighth thousand persons were destroyed, and in San Francisco the reports of General Funston show that three hundred thousand were without habitations. The disaster which has befallen San Francisco easily exceeds the one which devastated Chicago, which had before April 18, 1906, been considered the worst which had ever befallen any American city.

Boston's fire in 1872 swept over sixty-five acres of the business part of the city and entailed a loss of \$70,000,000. The Baltimore fire of 1904 destroyed 2,500 buildings, situated in eighty blocks, representing 150 acres of territory. The loss has been estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$70,000,000. The amount of insurance actually paid as a result of the conflagration was \$29,000,000.

Chicago was as near nothing as it was possible for the city to be after the fire which began on October 7, 1872, had burned itself out. The business district was a black void and what had been hives of industry were blackened ruins. Merchant princes were reduced to beggary and establishments which had done thousands of dollars' worth of business in a day were nowhere to be seen. Stones and bricks had not begun to cool before Chicago began to recoup her losses and to prepare for rebuilding anew.

One of her citizens, standing amid the city's ruins, said that by the year 1900 Chicago would have more than a million inhabitants, and his prophecy, as all the world knows was more than realized. Chicago was the scene of the world's fair a little more than two decades after the "burnt outers" walked among the smoldering embers waiting for the time of rebuilding.

Boston, which had been the beneficiary of Chicago, was swept by fire in 1872, and yet within a year she was blithely celebrating the centennial of the throwing overboard of British tea in the harbor. Within five years all traces of the conflagration was obliterated from her streets as thoroughly as was the clog which disaster brought removed from the spirit of her citizens.

Baltimore began deliberately to rebuild after much of the business center had been destroyed. Two years have passed since those fateful days and a more beautiful city has arisen from the ashes.

How a city may rise superior to the worst attack of the elements is shown by the history of Galveston, Texas, swept by a tidal wave and a hurricane in 1900 and yet four years later celebrating amid restored prosperity and the building of new defenses against the encroachments of the sea.

In comparing the catastrophe in San Francisco with others it must be borne in mind that the Western city has of recent years not been considered heavily insured, as comparatively small losses by fire caused many merchants to make comparatively slight provision for the work of flames. Many of the structures were hardly considered insurable on account of their light and inflammable material and their great age.

### House Moving in Surrey

A large farm building on the estate of Arthur Bird at Great Bookham was moved from one end of the village to another the owner wishing to convert it from a farm shed into a dwelling house. The building was 54 feet long, and was mounted on rollers and drawn across some fields to its new site. The movement was executed without the displacement of a single roof tile.—London Tit-Bits.

German women collect what are supposed to be the smallest potted plants in the world. They are cacti growing in pots about the size of a thimble.

# INDIAN BURIAL CUSTOMS

Strange Ceremonies of Tribes of the Southwest.

## THEIR HORROR OF DEATH

Brings Out All the Superstition in the Red Man's Nature—Grave Prepared When Medicine Man Pronounces Recovery Impossible—Open Graves of Pima Cemetery.

Whatever partakes of the mysterious appeals to the mind of the Indian. Superstitions by nature and education and imagination to an extreme, all that is unknown and unfathomable is associated with the macabrous and supernatural, and he lives in an atmosphere of mysticism. Death is to him a circumstance of the highest degree of mystery, says the Los Angeles Times, and the ceremonies attending the funeral and burial are, therefore, elaborate and in many cases imposing.

The services over the dead vary greatly with different tribes, and the methods of disposing of the bodies are many. Inhumation is, perhaps, the most common method of putting away the dead, but even here there is a variety of customs. Some bury the dead in a sitting posture. Others double the body together and bind it with cords. Still others stand the body upright, and in other cases the corpse is given a recumbent position. Several of the tribes of the Southwest practice cremation; some dispose of their dead by placing the bodies upon elevated platforms; others entomb them in stone cists, caves, huts or other buildings, while some of the coast tribes sink the bodies in the waters of the ocean.

The Pima Indians bury their dead immediately, or as soon after death as possible. The burial generally takes place in the night time. The body is prepared for the grave by being tied double with ropes passed under the knees and around the neck. When the medicine man of the tribe pronounces death inevitable, the grave is prepared. This is a perfectly round hole, four or five feet deep, just large enough to receive the body. It often happens that the medicine man makes a mistake in the diagnosis of the case and the patient recovers. His grave is then left unfilled till such time as he is ready to occupy it. Should other members of the tribe die first new graves are prepared for them, the other being left to yawn till it gets the one for whom it was made. It therefore happens that nearly every Pima cemetery contains several open graves.

The burial is accompanied by chanting by the mourners, words laudatory to the departed being improvised. The grave is filled while the weird songs are being sung and a pole fence or covering is then constructed to protect the grave from the depredations of coyotes or other wild animals. The immediate relatives of the departed cut their hair as a sign of their mourning, and they cease their occupations several weeks.

Immediately after the services at the grave the house and personal effects of the departed are burned and his or her cattle and horses are slaughtered and cooked. A great feast is then made in which all members of the tribe in the vicinity take part.

The Navajos have a horror of death, and will not approach a corpse save of necessity. When death occurs in a dwelling it is immediately abandoned, and as soon as practicable a new house is built. In the meantime the surviving members of the household camp out or take refuge with other members of the tribe.

Sometimes the house where the death takes place is made to serve as a tomb for the dead, the doorway being filled with sticks and mud. It is more usual, however, for the body to be buried in a grave prepared for it, the remains being conveyed to the grave the next day after death by two perfectly naked Indians who, after the funeral, purify themselves before resuming their apparel.

The Ute Indians place the bodies of their dead in caves, many bodies being entombed within a single cavern. After each entombment the mouth of the cave is stopped with sticks and stones to keep out animals, and the place is not again visited till the next interment takes place. The preparation of the body for burial is simple. No change is made in the clothing, the limbs being straightened and the weapons of the deceased, if a male, or household implements, if a woman, being placed beside the body. The male friends of the deceased shoot the horses and cattle which belonged to him and burn his house and personal effects. The female friends, whose duty it is to prepare the body for the tomb, bear the remains to their last resting place, uttering hideous cries during the march to the sepulcher.

### Greatest Lumber Town.

Portland is the greatest lumber port in the world. Recently there were loading at one time, or under charter to load, for China, Japan, Australia, South America and Europe, steam and sail vessels with a capacity of more than 20,000,000 feet, and for coast ports there was loading a fleet with a capacity of 5,000,000 feet. Following these vessels, under charter to arrive from foreign ports, was a fleet with a capacity of 10,000,000 feet and a coasting fleet of 6,000,000 feet capacity, making a big showing for the lumber trade.—Portland Oregonian.

## That Fawn Coat.

The shock was tremendous—almost unbearable! How could he now go through with the introduction awaiting them at the other end of this on-coming two hours' railway journey? How could he let the matter welcome her new future "daughter" while the girls gushed over their fresh "sister," with the knowledge of Lynette's treachery at his heart and the proof of it in his cigarette case? It wasn't fair to his people, and yet he couldn't have two kit-bags and a dress basket hauled out of the luggage van when the train was due to start in less than a quarter of an hour!

"To L— from eternally thy Emil." Those awful words written across the portrait of a fierce-mustached, fierce-eyed Frenchman—a portrait which Lynette Holcombe had unknowingly whipped out of the pocket of her fawn travelling coat, and which now reposed in her lover's cigarette case!

Bernard King's face grew formidable, his eyes blazed ominously though slumberously, and his jaw took an alarmingly pronounced curve as he watched Lynette (looking unquestionably adorable in a distracting new fawn travelling coat lined with cerise, worn with a tragically becoming new cerise toque) as she leaned out of the railway carriage window, making an infidelious fashion and fiction selection from the bookstall boy's tray.

"Are you sure you have all you want?" he asked politely, as he took advantage of his masculine privilege, and paid. The politeness was of the sort that grates. Miss Holcombe returned to her seat. "If you are going to speak to me as if I were a new client, and glare at me like you glare at opposing counsel, I don't think I have," she replied semi-saucily. "I had contemplated talking to you between here and Severbridge," she continued, "but with those two lines just over your nose I think I had better read! Bernie, I do believe you are in a bad temper! I've often imagined what you'd be like in a bad temper!"

"And does realization come up to expectation?" replied Bernard, with an effort at banter.

Lynette looked troubled.

"I wonder why you are almost cross?" she mused. "It's either that you are angry because we got to the



"As she leaned out of the carriage window."

station in comfortable time (I know men always like to dash in just as a train's starting, with the unlabeled luggage left looking after them on the platform), or because you think your people won't like my new hat and—er—coat."

"My people have quite excellent taste even though they live a hundred and twenty miles out of London, therefore the latter theory fails to the ground; while, as regards the former, well, as long as I'm with you, it—wouldn't much matter if I were waiting all day in an unlined 'smoker,' or—er—"

Mr. King broke off abruptly. For half a moment—just when two tender gray eyes met his own—he had forgotten that frustrating proof of infamy lying among his cigarettes! (Oh, how could she, how could she when he had so entirely loved her!)

Lynette laid down her Whirls, and under cover of the travelling rug, put her gloved hand quite conveniently for taking purposes. It was such a pleasing matter!

Bernard succumbed to force of habit and—other things! "Where's Mikado? I thought you were going to bring him with you," he said, alluding to Lynette's pocket-sized Japanese spaniel in order to fill the conversational gap.

There was no reply for a moment, and then Lynette, who made a point of never losing her composure if she could possibly keep it, stammered out a half-inaudible chaos of words, while blushing—very little less brilliant than the cerise silk lining of her coat—suffused the fair flower of her face.

"Oh! I—er—he—er—might be in the way, so I put him—er—left him—didn't bring him, you know."

Why this extraordinary confusion concerning a small dog? What did it all mean?

Bernard released the hand he had taken from force of habit, looked gloomily out of the window, and wondered what connection a Japanese spaniel could have with a fierce-mustached Frenchman who signed himself "eternally thy Emil." Suddenly the lock-gates of his English composure opened wide—longer restraint was impossible. "For Heaven's sake, Lynette, tell me—who is 'Emil'?"

Miss Holcombe raised her delicate brows with dainty hauteur. "Your methods of entertainment

during a railway journey are far from peculiar," she replied distantly. "Pravardication is a case like this is useless," thundered Bernard. "Then you cannot tell me that you do not know what I mean! Who is this—Emil—with mustaches like a patent pipe cleaner?"

"Considering I have never known seen or spoken to as 'Emil,' in the heat of my belief, I can only think



"For heaven's sake, tell me—who is 'Emil'?"

that stress of professional work must have caused some temporary mental aberration on your part. Kindly open the door for me—I wish to go and find the paper boy, as it is evident I shall require a large selection of reading matter during this journey, which, out of courtesy to your family, cannot very well be put off. No, thanks, I prefer to get them myself. . . . Be good enough to let me pass. . . . Thanks."

Although he knew he was very much in the right, Bernard experienced the humiliating sensation of feeling very much in the wrong as his fiancée swept past him with that unseeing gaze which women practice with such disconcerting effect on "mere men."

How dare she! How dare she dare

Bernard King's mental query remained forever unfinished—his eyes became fixed with a stare of bewildered rage on—on—yes, on "Emil!" To make assurance doubly sure, the condemning photograph was dashed out of the cigarette case, and compared with the face and figure of a man carrying a small basket, who, after looking anxiously up and down the platform, suddenly caught sight of Miss Holcombe's fawn-lined back as she bent over the bookstall youth, and then without a second's further delay accosted her with a sweeping bow of overdone continental elegance.

Yes—pointed nose, pointed ears, pointed mustache, pointed beard, and fierce eyes—the same!—EMIL!

"To L— from eternally thy Emil!"

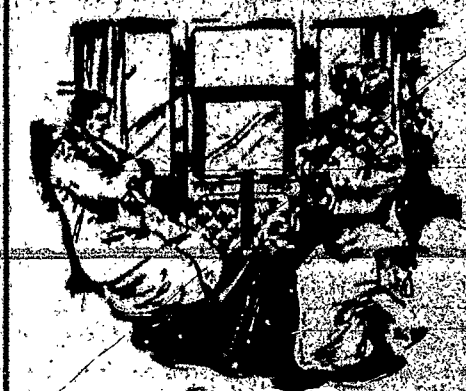
With rage that was almost stifling in its effect Bernard King just looked out of the window and watched—watched—"Emil" slip a note into his (Bernard's) ex-servant's hand; watched her relieve him of the basket; watched her open and skim hurriedly through the letter, and then, with a few rapid words, a bow and a smile, turn away. In another moment she was once more seated under the larger half of the travelling rug, while with a shriek from the engine—it sounded almost like exultation—at a woman's treachery—they steamed out of the station. "Shall I put your basket on the rack?" (Lynette started from a reverie which was very gray to judge from the drawn puckers of her delicate brows, and blushed for the second time in twenty minutes.)

"Oh, no! no! I'll manage him—er—"

The basket finished the lame explanation by commencing to bark! In another second the fastening was withdrawn, and a tiny wriggling ball of black canine fur was almost exhausting its wealth of dog devotion in welcoming its mistress.

In grim silence Bernard watched then, when Mikado was comfortably tucked away under the fawn coat, he said in a terribly squeaky voice:

"A dog can forgive a man any—er—unfortunate, what? . . . Miss Holcombe, to save you any further



"In grim silence Bernard watched."

necessity for—er—misleading facts, if they be well for me to mention that I witnessed your assignment a moment ago, likewise your reception of a billet-doux and a dog; and I would also add that owing to the existence of this portrait, which you accidentally dropped from your coat pocket, I was able to identify the gentleman who appears to have taken temporary charge of Mikado as—eternally thy Emil!"—Miss Holcombe made no reply save to bury her flower-face on the tiny ball of black canine fur. (Was she laughing? Was she crying—or both?) Bernard wished she'd answer—a man cannot grapple with a silent woman.

"Have you nothing to say, Miss Holcombe?"

Feeling like a man who closes the golden gates of his own bright future land, Bernard King took "Emil's" fatal letter from Lynette's outstretched hand, and read as follows:

"Dear Madam—  
"Regarding our transaction arranged by the Exchange and Mart column of Women's Whirls, I shall have to ask you to send me

a check for \$1,000,000, which I enclose herewith. . . . I have been thinking of you very much since you requested the coat in the week when catching the 1.15 from Severbridge to-day! I have asked my husband to bring Mikado to the platform in order that you may be able to take him away with you.

Yours very truly,

"Emil!"

"By the way, I enclose with a portrait of my husband—taken during our engagement—his name is 'Bernard King.' Would you be good enough to return it? Please send the sentimentality of a wife!"

"You see," concluded a girlish voice, high and clear above the roar of the train, "I had come to the end of my quarter's dress allowance, and was on a new smart travelling coat to wear when I went to see your people, so I was obliged enough to put with my one little true, faithful and believing friend, in order to please another who—only deserves what I have been punished, and Mikado—my little d-d-dear Mikado—is avenged! Oh, d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d!"

Quite a long silence before Bernard felt his collar grow looser, but then—

"Oh, my sweet, my darling head, be merciful! Lynette, Lynette for



"For the sake of all that has been, and that can be, forgive me!"

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"What do you say, Mikado? I forgive him as you have forgiven me!"

Quite deliberately Bernard's mantle silk quivered his upper lip, and, with a series of gasps and backs, leaped as he knew.

"I think Mikado has been with all Lynette's—er—"

Setting himself at bay, he said: "Mikado, Mikado, Mikado! Look! will you be good enough to take a memory of me to your Ours, who, I am sure, will be very glad to have you. I have called the letter 'Emil' for you, and I think it is a very fitting name for a dog who is so fond of his mistress."

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