The days of a man : being memories of a naturalist, teacher, and minor prophet of democracy / by David Starr Jordan
Jordan, David Starr, 1851-1931
Yonkers-on-Hudson, N.Y. : World Book Co., 1922

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I

I MUST now go back a little to catch up some loose threads in my narrative — that is, to speak of the special facts instrumental in the foundation of the university to which I had been called as head.

In the year 1885 Senator Leland Stanford, a former governor of California and one of the four builders and owners of the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific railways, made public his generous plans for a new institution of the higher learning in California. These had originated in the shadow of a great sorrow. On March 13, 1884, his only child, young Leland Stanford Junior, a lad of sixteen, died in Florence of what was then called "Roman fever." After a long and dreary night, the stricken father awoke with these words on his lips: "The children of California shall be my children." And from that moment the question was simply as to what form the noble service, transmuted out of pain, should assume.[1]

Leland Stanford Junior

For some time previous to his death young Leland had been enthusiastically gathering objects of art

[1] In the fall of 1891 it was stated in certain quarters that Stanford University had been founded under spiritualistic influences, and a claim was put forward in the name of Maud Lord Drake, a somewhat noted medium of the time, that she had been the guiding intermediary. In 1892, therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Stanford dictated to me the following statement for permanent preservation:

"Mr. Stanford made his will, looking to the endowment of the university, in Paris, April 24, 1884. Mrs. Stanford made her will also, and copies were sent to America. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake was unknown to them until they met her at a *séance* with the Grants in October, 1884. At about that time Mrs. Drake was detected in fraud." Mrs. Stanford further said: "No spirit-

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and curiosity for a small private collection, the nucleus of a great museum he meant some day to give to the city of San Francisco. Naturally, then, his parents first thought of carrying out the boy's own purpose, though on a more elaborate scale, with large provision for educational facilities, lectures, and the like. The idea, however, did not satisfy them as being sufficiently generous. Ultimately Mrs. Stanford fulfilled young Leland's general intentions as a small part of their benefaction to the youth, not alone of California, but of the whole wide world as well.

Plans for endowment

The museum project being set aside, their choice now lay between endowing a university or a great technical school. If the former, should they found an entirely independent institution, or should the money be given in some form or other to the University of California? The latter alternative was soon rejected, however, because the management of the state institution appeared to be deeply entangled in partisan politics — a fact quite obvious to Mr. Stanford, as once when he had been appointed trustee by the governor, the legislature, then controlled by a clique within the Democratic party, refused to endorse his name. Though to some extent a politician himself, he felt that party differences had no legitimate concern with education. And in the end,

ualistic influence affected the decision. Mrs. Drake had no more to do with it than a babe unborn."

It is, however, true that both Mr. and Mrs. Stanford were for some time deeply interested in certain phases of spiritualism which seemed perhaps to give the basis for a demonstrable belief in immortality, a faith in which they found great consolation. Accompanied by General and Mrs. Grant they attended several *séances* in Washington, though they never received through mediums any evidence they regarded as convincing.

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LELAND STANFORD, JUNIOR

JANE LATHROP STANFORD

From portraits by Bonnat, Paris, 1884

LELAND STANFORD

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after consultation with White, Eliot, Gilman, Walker, and others, the bereaved parents decided to found the Leland Stanford Junior University, located in the country about thirty miles south of San Francisco, on the beautiful Palo Alto Ranch which the boy had known and loved.[1]

Laying the corner stone

The founding grant having been executed on November 11, 1886, a board of trustees [2] was chosen, mainly from Mr. Stanford's personal friends, and the corner stone of the Inner Quadrangle was laid on May 14, 1887, the anniversary of the boy's birth. A formal address was then made by the founder, setting forth the general purposes of the institution, and from that time on construction of the first buildings — the Inner Quadrangle, Engineering Shops, Men's Dormitory, and Museum — proceeded with enthusiasm and vigor.

By the winter of 1890 Mr. Stanford felt that he could now prepare for the formal opening. Naturally, also, he was anxious to see work started in his own lifetime, and he had already begun to feel the warnings of age. Moreover, as he told me, boards of trustees are often dilatory in the execution of trusts, but, a project once under way, they could not do otherwise than support it.

[1] President Eliot had warned them that a university was a very expensive thing; that they should not think of an endowment of less than five millions of dollars. But as the Senator rated his property at over thirty millions, and expected to devote it all, he thought the requirement could be easily met!

From a personal letter from Dr. Eliot in response to my request for definite information as to that interview, I quote as follows:

"Mrs. Stanford looked grave; but after an appreciable interval Mr. Stanford said with a smile: 'Well, Jane, we could manage that, couldn't we?' And Mrs. Stanford nodded."

[2] As already stated, this body was not to function during the lifetime of either Mr. or Mrs. Stanford, unless specially called upon to do so.

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Seeking expert advice

In order, therefore, to proceed intelligently, the Stanfords again visited several different institutions of advanced learning—Johns Hopkins, Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Cornell. Johns Hopkins pleased them especially because of its well-deserved reputation for research, while Dr. Gilman, its head, they had known and admired as president of the University of California. General Francis A. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was one of their special friends, and as a valued adviser had spent a month with them at Palo Alto.

Cornell met Mr. Stanford's educational ideals more fully than any other institution, primarily because it gave to the applied sciences, engineering, and agriculture the same academic valuation and support as to the humanist studies, braced by equal attention to the securing of first-rate teachers. Mr. Stanford also held the opinions of ex-President White in very high esteem, having often applied to him for guidance and inspiration. On the occasion in question, he offered White the presidency of Stanford University. Concerning this matter the latter writes in his Autobiography, in part, as follows:

An offer declined

> This [position] I had felt obliged to decline. I said to them that the best years of my life had been devoted to building up two universities — Michigan and Cornell — and that not all the treasures of the Pacific Coast would tempt me to begin with another; that this feeling was not due to a wish to evade my duty, but to a conviction that my work of that sort was done.

Being thereupon asked to suggest some one else for the place, White recommended me, and the Stan-

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fords accordingly came to Bloomington for the interview I have duly described in earlier pages.

2

The tall tree

The Palo Alto Ranch took its descriptive name of "tall" or "high tree" from a weatherbeaten old Redwood — *Sequoia sempervirens* — long a noted landmark for the traveler, which still stands on the bank of San Francisquito Creek, at the extreme north corner of the estate. This is about nine feet in diameter at the base, over a hundred feet high, and some 950 years old. With the opening of Stanford University it was chosen as the most fitting symbol for the official seal. Originally one of two, it sturdily withstood the freshet consequent to a very high rainfall which undermined its mate some years before our arrival. But on the basis of a count of the body rings in the fallen twin, it was possible to approximate the survivor's age.

Even as early as March 26, 1776, these two Redwoods played their part in history; for it is related that on that day Lieutenant-Colonel Juan Bautista Anza gave the name "Palo Alto" to the Indian Rancheria on the Arroyo de San Francisquito, because of a tree which as seen from a distance "rises like a tower above the surrounding trees." Thus viewed, the pair would no doubt have seemed blended into one.

The original Palo Alto property was acquired by Mr. Stanford in 1870 from the estate of George Gordon, a business man of San Francisco, who in 1863 bought out several squatters on what had been the large ranch of Antonino Buelna, the first

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settler, secured in 1837. It then comprised two Spanish grants, the Rancho de San Francisquito, a level area on which the University stands, and the Rancho del Rincon de San Francisquito, comprising the hills to the southward. Later, to provide an adequate campus, Mr. Stanford bought also the "Matadero Ranch" lying to the southeast, the Coon Farm ("Adelante") at the junction of Los Trancos and San Francisquito creeks, and the "Rancho de los Trancos" (Felt Farm) higher up on the stream from which it took its name. In the original deed of gift, the whole estate, now comprising 8940 acres, was made the inalienable property of the University. And while most of it is ordinary farm land, it will ultimately have large value for residence purposes, as with the growth of San Francisco the demand for suburban homes will greatly increase.

The University estates

In addition to the campus estate, the deed of gift also ceded to the University the Vina Ranch (Tehama County) of 55,000 acres, considered the finest large farm in the state, and including a vineyard of 4000 acres in connection with which Stanford carried on experiments in wine-making, and the Gridley Ranch (Butte County) of 21,000 acres. These two properties were at first also made inalienable, but the clause concerning them was afterward rescinded by Mrs. Stanford, and all the land (except of course the Palo Alto tract) has now (1920) been sold.

On the home ranch were reared and trained the splendid horses in which Stanford delighted, and in the breeding and training of which he had for years been deeply interested. Planning beforehand the theoretical type he wanted, he bred to that ideal

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HORSES ON THE PALO ALTO RANCH

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standard. His method was to cross the Kentucky racehorse, sleek, slender, and fine-limbed, with the large and strong British "Thoroughbred," reputed to be descended from Arabian stock. In this effort he was wholly successful, several of his animals carrying off the highest honors of their time. To their owner they seemed almost human also, so thoroughly did he understand and love them. Sunol, a famous young mare, was relinquished for $40,000, but the sale (in 1892) of Arion, the superb young stallion, at $125,000, was a real grief to him; indeed, he had purposely set the price at what he thought a prohibitive figure. He afterward refused $150,000 for Advertiser, an older stallion, announcing him as "not for sale." Palo Alto, a magnificent creature which had trotted a mile in 2.08¾ on November 17, 1891, he declined to let go for the sum of $100,000, declaring that a million would not buy him! And when Palo Alto died, in July, 1893, most of us felt it in some sense a personal loss.

The fine art of horse breeding

Stanford used to spend hours at a time watching the horses as they sped around his private track. Thus absorbed one day, the thought came that it might be possible to make an elaborate series of instantaneous photographs which should record in detail the several stages in the fleet movements of a racer. To that end, he secured the services of Eadweard Muybridge, a clever English photographer, who by a special device produced a long succession of pictures disclosing each motion in trotting and running. Those experiments made earliest use of the methods out of which has been developed the cinema or moving-picture film. The details in human progression also were shown in a

Motions of the horse

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supplementary series, the whole being privately printed.

The kindergarten

One of the interesting features of the Farm was "the kindergarten," a trotting track for young colts on which they were taught to maintain the proper gait from the beginning, and which thus served as basis for an orderly and progressive training. With a somewhat similar notion in regard to human education Mr. Stanford often dallied, imagining a school which should receive only a limited number of children and train them continuously from kindergarten to university. The suggestion stirred up a certain amount of ridicule, but it held more than a modicum of sound sense, although it overlooked the necessity of a broader range of environment for the human colt.

During Stanford's lifetime, notwithstanding the occasional sale of a record maker at a fabulous sum, maintenance of the Stock Farm was a costly experiment, even though justified by the pleasure it gave its owner and the scientific results he achieved.

Sale of the stud

After his death, pressure of financial difficulties (due to matters I shall later discuss) made it necessary in 1896 to sell the whole stud for whatever it might bring. Obviously the University was in no position to speed horses on the turf, the only method of establishing their rank in the racing world and consequently their financial value.

3

Architecturally the buildings of Stanford University are of a type happily derived, though with some difference in detail, from the Franciscan

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Missions of California, that of San Juan Capistrano (as already stated) having doubtless furnished the acceptable motive.

Encina Hall

Encina Hall, a massive stone building accommodating over 300 students, though related to the rest by some characteristic details, had a different inception. In general elevation it repeats on a large scale that of a finely situated hotel at Silva Plana in the Swiss Engadine, where the Stanfords once spent a happy holiday.

The architects of Stanford University

The fortunate conception of a double quadrangle, a striking architectural triumph, is due to Charles Allerton Coolidge, a gifted disciple and associate of Henry Hobbs Richardson, the most distinguished American architect of his time. For the satisfying beauty of the Memorial Church in its original form, credit is due Mr. Clinton Day of Oakland, who was singularly successful in bringing this somewhat divergent structure into pleasing harmony with the general group.

Before submitting his designs Mr. Coolidge made a thorough study of the mission buildings still extant, as a basis for the completed plan subsequently evolved by him. His firm, Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge (successors to Richardson), now being commissioned to go ahead with the matter, Mr. Coolidge himself largely superintended the construction of the Inner Quadrangle and Encina Hall. The Outer Quadrangle, finished in 1900, follows closely, though not absolutely, the sketches originally submitted.

"The main group, composed thus of two quadrangles, one surrounding the other, reproduces on an imposing scale the open arcades, long colonnades,

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The Quadrangles

and red-tile roofing of the old Spanish Missions of California, enriched by the detail and ornament of the Romanesque, which is also distinctively the style of the Memorial Church. The Inner Quadrangle consists of twelve one-story buildings and the Church, the whole connected by a continuous open arcade, and surrounding a court 586 feet long by 246 feet wide — that is, three and a quarter acres in extent. The buildings are of a rich, buff sandstone [1] which hardens on exposure and is peculiarly adapted for chiseling because of its even texture and lack of breaks." The fourteen buildings of the Outer Quadrangle, two and a half stories in height, have their arcades on the outside, so that the two sets are placed back to back, but with generous garden spaces between.

The Patio

In the large inner court are eight circular plots, each about two rods in diameter, planted with palms of four species, besides camphor trees, loquats, *Paulownia*, *Brachychœte*, *Casuarina*, and other picturesque semi-tropical forms. Of very modest growth when the University opened, they now tower almost above the buildings round about.

The Inner Quadrangle, supplemented by the Chemical Laboratory which stands apart and the necessary shops sufficiently removed, served for ten years, though inadequately, the needs of the rapidly expanding institution. The Museum, planned from the beginning as a separate unit of a different type of architecture, was placed some distance away.

To all who have ever frequented the arcades and courts of Stanford University, its founders' choice of architectural theme and material seems inspired.

[1] Quarried at New Almaden, ten miles south of San José.

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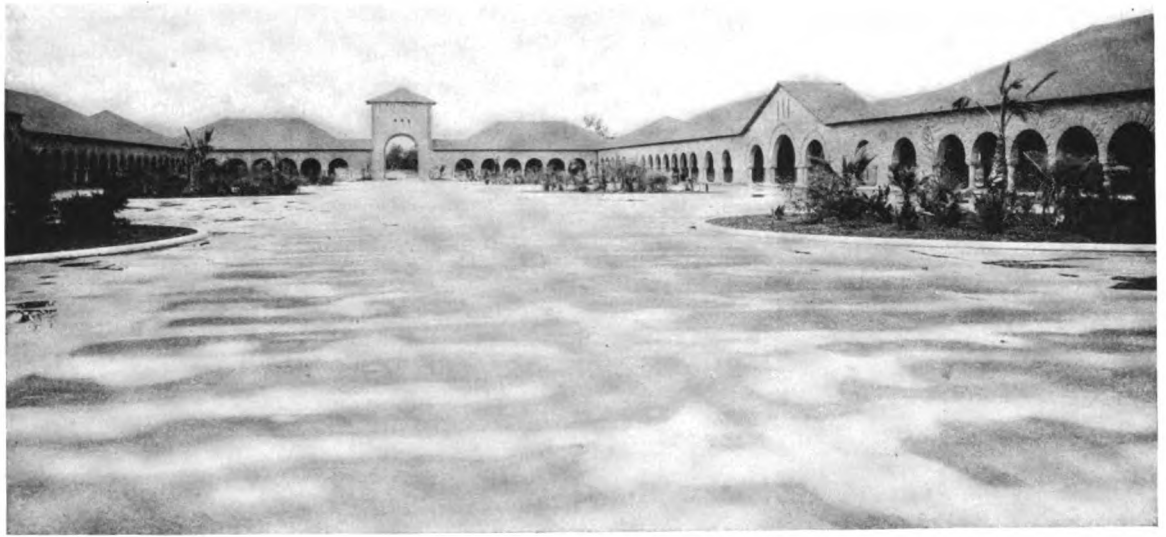

INNER COURT, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, 1891

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Color contrasts

The warm, sunny walls and red-tiled roofs, contrasting finely with our deep blue sky, blend into the tawny hues of the California summer, while in winter they stand out effectively against the green foothills and farther mass of the Sierra Morena. In the courts and arcades resides a special charm, peculiarly compelling at sunset or when illumined by the moon — reputed to look bigger here than in the disillusioned East. Something of all this grace I once tried to express in a little poem to my wife:

A Castle in Spain

There stands a castle in the heart of Spain,
Builded of stone, as if to stand for aye,
With tile-roof red against the azure sky;
And skies are bluest in the heart of Spain.

Castle so stately men build not again;
'Neath its broad arches, in its patio fair,
And through its cloisters, open everywhere,
I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
Its inmost secret unto me is known,
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone —
'Tis thine, O Love, to have and hold alway;
'Tis all the world's as well as mine and thine;
For whoso enters its broad gate shall say:
"I dwell within this castle: it is mine."

The Arboretum

The University's main avenue of approach, a mile long, passes through the Arboretum, an interesting and delightful feature of the Campus. This occupies a generous tract of level ground between the Quadrangle and the state highway following the old "Camino Real," originally a bridle trail connecting the Mission of Santa Clara with that of San Francisco de Los Dolores. In addition to many fine native live oaks, the Arboretum contains a choice

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collection of trees, mostly evergreen, from all parts of the world. Intermingled are many specimens of the Tasmanian Blue Gum — *Eucalyptus globosus* — a tree of very rapid growth which quickly formed a forest while the conifers (cedars, cypresses, deodars, firs, spruces, redwoods, and sequoias) were still small. Through this woodland several pleasant winding ways radiate from the Stanford mausoleum, a dignified marble structure in classic style. Near by is a curious cactus garden exhibiting interesting species from the Yuma deserts.

Palm Avenue

Along each side of the broad avenue, Mr. Stanford (at my suggestion) planted in 1893 a row of palms, alternating the fan palm — *Neowashingtonia filifera* — a native of San Diego County, with the Canary Island date — *Phœnix canariensis*. Unfortunately, for the first eight or ten years the general effect was greatly marred by the depredations of the pocket gopher — *Geomys* — an underground rodent which becomes a veritable pest in California gardens as well as in alfalfa fields. At intervals, therefore, a dozen or so plants had to be replaced in one part of the avenue, thus breaking the evenness of the series. Nearer the University, fan palms and dates give place to the Japanese form — *Trachycarpus* — and the New Zealand dracæna — *Tætsia indivisa* — known in its native land as "cabbage tree."

4

We reached our new home toward the end of June, 1891. Leaving the train at Menlo Park, I carried in my arms our little boy, being at the same time further burdened with hand baggage. This

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modest arrival commended me highly to "Steve" Gage, one of Senator Stanford's cronies, who was waiting with him at the station, curious to see what manner of man I might be. When asked later for his first impression of the new functionary, Gage replied: "I guess he'll stand hitched."

A California Trianon

On the Campus there was then but one available house, a secluded furnished cottage to which we gave the name of *Escondite*,[1] "hiding place." This is a picturesque little structure with rooms arranged one after another in an L-shaped building of one story. During our occupancy, most of the walls were hung with French chintz; the whole house, indeed, was modeled somewhat closely after the Petit Trianon of Versailles. About it extended a pretty garden with fine shade trees and a good supply of water, as well as a number of fig trees and a vineyard. The vineyard yielded mainly a small light-green, seedless grape called "Sweetwater." When Knight, not quite three years old, had tasted a few of the delicious little globules, he said to his mother: "I want some more of those little pills!"

Peter Coutts

From Mrs. Stanford we heard partial details of Escondite's romantic history. It appeared that some years earlier, one Peter Coutts, vaguely known to the countryside as "the Frenchman," had bought the Matadero Ranch lying to the south of the original Palo Alto estate. Possessed apparently of considerable wealth, he built the Trianon cottage as a temporary dwelling only, pending the erection of a mansion on one of the adjacent hills. Meanwhile a spacious park was being developed along French lines, with a poplar avenue, a small pine forest, and

[1] Pronounced *Escondee'tay*.

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Adorning nature

an artificial lake with a tiny island bearing a ruined castle, to enhance (as the owner thought) the charming natural features of the property. Opposite the cottage rose a plain but substantial brick building, the lower floor of which served as office, while above was housed a considerable library of Elzevirs. In the immediate neighborhood several small barns provided stalls for a hundred blooded cows, groomed regularly each day. When Stanford acquired the property, this particular corner was used for the Thoroughbreds and became known as the Running Ranch — in contradistinction to the famous Trotting Ranch, a mile away.

In vain search for enough water to supply the elaborate arrangements he contemplated, Coutts tunneled many of the hills, and built on Matadero Creek a brick water-tower of medieval type and still of romantic interest to succeeding generations of Stanford students. Unfortunately, however, there was something amiss about it all, some important matters the French Government wished to have explained. Yet the preliminary inquiry conducted by a French agent seems to have turned out satisfactorily to both sides. But with the advent of another consul in San Francisco, Coutts suddenly found it necessary to take his family East on important business, leaving the place still filled with guests and the children's playthings scattered about on the floor. Investigation then revealed that the estate had been bought in the name of Eugénie Chogensen, the "governess." Rumor further said that Coutts had fled from France with Alsatian funds entrusted to his bank during the Franco-Prussian War in order that they might escape sequestration.

Disappearance of the "Frenchman"

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Be that as it may, the Matadero tract was later bought for Stanford by his agent in London from Mademoiselle Eugénie, and as already implied, became part of the university Campus.

One of our early callers at Escondite was a mining man from Nevada, a mineralogist of some ability, who walked the twenty miles from Los Gatos where he had been taking the "gold cure" to try to get rid of the snakes, "jack rabbits with ribbons on their ears," and other peculiar fauna which were beginning to haunt him. The so-called cure was apparently some salt of arsenic which exerts a powerful influence on the nervous system but is reputed too dangerous for ordinary use by physicians. Not finding his condition improved, my acquaintance had come over on a very hot day, hoping to borrow money enough to reach his home in Nevada, where he said he should kill himself. I gave both money and sympathetic advice, but never heard from him afterward. While he sat there, forlorn, dusty, and soggy, Knight entered and, taking him for a real man and a friend, walked up and offered to shake hands. It was a long time since he had been thus humanly treated, and he nearly broke down. But suddenly he pulled himself together, a great change came over his appearance for a moment, and I heard him repeating softly the words from Dickens' little poem, "The Children":

Alcoholic fauna

> I know now how Jesus could liken
> The Kingdom of God to a child.

For two years we lived picturesquely (if not with entire comfort) at Escondite, and in this quaint

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cottage, a bit of France translated to California, was born on November 10, 1891, our beloved daughter Barbara, the sweetest, wisest, comeliest, and most lovable of children.

Ordered out

The evening after our arrival, going over to see how the university buildings had progressed, Mrs. Jordan and I were at first naturally ordered out by the watchman as intruders. Later I came to feel more at home in the Quadrangle than anywhere else in the world, although the first impression of us all was of being on an extended picnic in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

The next day I chose for the executive offices a building on the north side of the main entrance, and there Elliott, Richardson, and I used to spend the day, eating our luncheons in the shadow of the beautiful arcade. There was plenty to do in preparation for the opening; and regularly one of us drove or walked to Menlo Park, two miles away,

Pioneering

to bring back the growing bag of official mail. For there was practically nothing at what is now the city of Palo Alto, only a flag stop for the convenience of workmen employed at the University itself or about the Stock Farm. Later, as a town began to develop northeast of the railway, an old freight car served temporarily for station, to be ultimately replaced by a fairly satisfactory structure disturbed from time to time by growing pains.

When we came, a great wheatfield stretched away to the north, with only a little farmhouse and an old barn in sight. Soon, however, streets were laid out and lots plotted and sold; people began to build, a merchant and a grocer set up shop, a bank was

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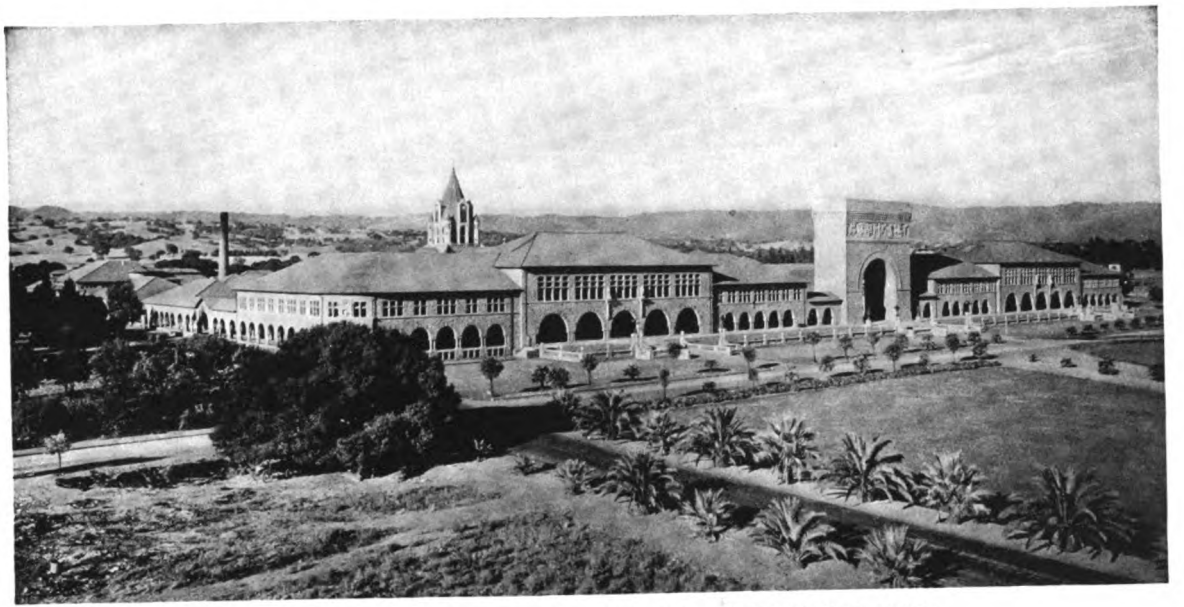

OUTER QUADRANGLE, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, 1903

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opened, schools were established, and, behold, we had a town. A particularly good one, also, because it at once drew to itself a selected population attracted by the intellectual advantages of the University and the assurance of a clean environment for children. As to the last, every lot was bought with the accepted proviso that no alcoholic drinks should ever be sold on it. That this restriction has not been infringed without reversion to the original owner, Timothy Hopkins, as arranged for in the deeds, I cannot assert. Nevertheless, it stands in law, having been established by a test case, and as a result the community is to a large extent a picked one, with relatively little of evil influence to combat.

A prohibition town

The settlement was first called "Palo Alto Park," but it later took possession of the shorter form which really belonged only to Stanford University property, all of which lies on the other side of the railway. In 1920, Palo Alto had reached a population of 6000, and is now a favorite place of residence for men who commute daily to their business in San Francisco but prefer to live in the country and in a college town with progressive schools, both public and private.

Palo Alto is also noted for the success of its municipally owned public utilities. In the introduction and management of these, two members of the Stanford faculty, Charles B. Wing and Charles D. Marx, the former especially, have continuously given invaluable expert advice and much time, without thought of pay. Wing and Robert E. Swain have also served the town in the capacity of mayor, the latter for two terms. Others have meanwhile contributed their due share in various ways to the common good

City fathers

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and often at a real sacrifice, which they would, however, modestly disclaim![1]

Saving the live oaks

The special beauty of Palo Alto (aside from climate and general surroundings) lies in its abundant growth of fine live oaks, many of which are still left standing in the less-frequented streets where they are not a menace to traffic. Apropos of this I recall with satisfaction an incident wherein I figured somewhat autocratically. Learning that a number of splendid trees near the station were likely to be cut down by road makers, quite unnecessarily as it seemed to me, I sent word that if any more were sacrificed I should close the main university gate and transact our business with Menlo Park. I had no special authority to do this, but the threat was sufficient. As a consequence "the Circle" retains much of its original beauty.

"Uncle John"

A unique figure in Stanford affairs appeared with the rise of Palo Alto. This was the famous "Uncle John," whose "surrey" plied between the station and the University. Devoting himself with zest to the enlightenment of visitors, he told amazing yarns which spread his fame far and wide. The four marble statues of Greek celebrities[2] on the Museum roof he described as great librarians, and provided for each an elaborate if not veracious history. The different university buildings he described as centers of musical instruction, a "diaploma" from this one

[1] A. W. Smith, J. C. L. Fish C. H. Gilbert, L. M. Hoskins, W. W. Thoburn, F. Angell, A. G. Warner, F. Sanford, A. T. Murray, G. H. Marx, J. P. Mitchell, A. M. Cathcart, and others. I may here mention also A. B. Clark's excellent service as mayor of the neighboring town of Mayfield while he was a resident there. For further particulars concerning the academic relations of most of these "City Fathers," see Chapter XVII, page 398, and Chapter XVIII, page 439.

[2] Thrown down in the earthquake of 1906.

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or from that signifying proficiency in this or that particular instrument. Another yarn concerned the "ground squirrel" or spermophile — *Otospermophilus* — with which our region was then infested and the many holes of which were visible along the roads and by the railway. According to Uncle John, the Southern Pacific Company had ordered the holes burrowed at its own expense for the accommodation of the animals. Few ever knew his real name, which was Asa Andrews, or that he had once been a prosperous merchant in Chautauqua, New York.

5

That a flourishing little city would soon spring up just without our gates we hardly dreamed when first set down on a great country estate adorned by a group of beautiful (though empty) collegiate buildings which seemed somehow marvelously to fit their environment.

Meanwhile Escondite and Cedro Cottage, another picturesque retreat which was soon rented by Dr. Jenkins, were the only occupied residences on the Campus proper. Streets had been graded, however, and on one of them several simple frame houses for professors were being completed as rapidly as possible. Requested by Mr. Stanford to give names to the streets already finished, I decided, with his approval, to commemorate thus modestly several fine figures in the early history of California. Accordingly the line of new dwellings became Alvarado Row in honor of Juan B. Alvarado, an early governor. Next comes Salvatierra Street, recalling the Jesuit father in Mexico who first urged the

Naming the streets

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founding of missions in Alta California. The road on which the Quadrangle fronts we called Serra Avenue in memory of the Franciscan padre, Junípero Serra, who built the first missions, performing marvels of energy and patience in dealing with the Indians, for whose salvation, temporal and spiritual, the work was planned. Lasuen Street is named for Firmin Lasuen, the self-contained successor of the impulsive and visionary Serra.

Other streets bear the names of Cabrillo, first explorer; of Portolá, first governor; of Arguello, a later one; of Padre Crespi, historian of Portolá's expedition; of Costanzo, its civil engineer; and of Flores and Rivera, two of its officers. For it will be remembered that the gallant Gaspar de Portolá had come up the coast from Monterey, seeking the lost "Bay of St. Francis" recorded long before by Vizcaino, but which is in reality Drake's Bay, lying to the north of the fog-hidden Golden Gate. Crossing the hills behind Point San Pedro, Portolá and his men looked down on what they termed "a Mediterranean Sea," and named it for the founder of their order, Francisco de Assisi. Descending then toward this great sheet of water, they halted on the little "Arroyo de San Francisquito," at the ford by the present Middlefield bridge, not far from the "tall tree." Here the characteristic tangle of brush, added to the unfriendliness of the Indians, caused them to turn back and make their way along the shore to Monterey again.

Don Gaspar de Portolá

During the summer, the Inner Quadrangle and Encina[1] Hall, a fine big dormitory for men, were

[1] The Spanish name of the live oak — *Quercus agrifolia.*

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rushed to completion. But for the young women a very special effort was necessary, as the original idea had been not to admit them until later, when another huge dormitory, already begun, could be made ready for their reception. But it had seemed to me that they should be present from the beginning, so that their admittance might not appear in any sense an afterthought, or their relation that of an "Annex." Mrs. Stanford at once agreed and immediately gave orders for the erection of Roble[1] Hall, which, though not begun until early July, must be finished and furnished for the opening on October 1. Haste being the prime essential, recourse was had to the "Ransome Process," recently patented — namely, the use of reinforced concrete. Roble was thus the second building for which that method was ever employed, the Museum, already practically completed in its original form, being the first. In both cases the material used was made up of crushed sandstone chippings from the Quadrangle and Encina.

Provision for women

The Museum, as well as the Memorial Church finished in 1902, came very near to Mrs. Stanford's heart. Architecturally it reproduced the Museum at Athens, which young Leland had fixed upon as model for the one he meant to build.[2] At the rear, two special rooms were set apart to hold his collection. These duplicate in size and form those allotted to him on the upper floor of the great San Francisco residence, where an elaborate series of photographs

The Museum

[1] *Roble* (Latin *robur*) is the Spanish name for the White Oak — *Quercus lobata*. In 1918 it was transferred to a large and beautiful new dormitory for women, the original Roble being rechristened Sequoia Hall.

[2] In 1900 Mrs. Stanford added to this structure a series of two-story wings which passed around from either side, and meeting behind, enclosed a quadrangular court.

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was taken so that everything might retain the same relative place in its new location.

Installing the general collections

The collections Mrs. Stanford herself had long been making were now rapidly installed. The picture galleries contained many original paintings, some of which, especially those by Russian artists, were of decided merit. There were also a number of copies of masterpieces by Raphael, Murillo, Del Sarto, and others. Several of these latter, together with a noble work by Benjamin West, were, however, soon transferred to the walls of the old Chapel, in which for ten years all religious services were held. The main part of the lower floor housed a mixed assemblage of objects of varied merit. One room contained half of the well-known Cesnola Collection excavated in Cyprus. Others displayed Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Egyptian, Roman, and Indian objects and antiquities.

Family treasures

In the rooms immediately above Leland's, Mrs. Stanford gradually placed a multitude of intimate and interesting things of all sorts — family photographs and heirlooms, gifts from relatives and friends (some of no intrinsic value, perhaps, but dear to her as expressions of affection), as well as a number of her own elegant dresses representing earlier modes of fashion, besides a superb collection of lace and one of splendid shawls, historical relics, and I know not what else.

Critical visitors of former days sometimes laid scornful stress on the extremely personal nature of a part of the family collection and the heterogeneous character of the one just below. But for most of us who came close to the donor and knew her noble devotion, the emotions aroused were very different.

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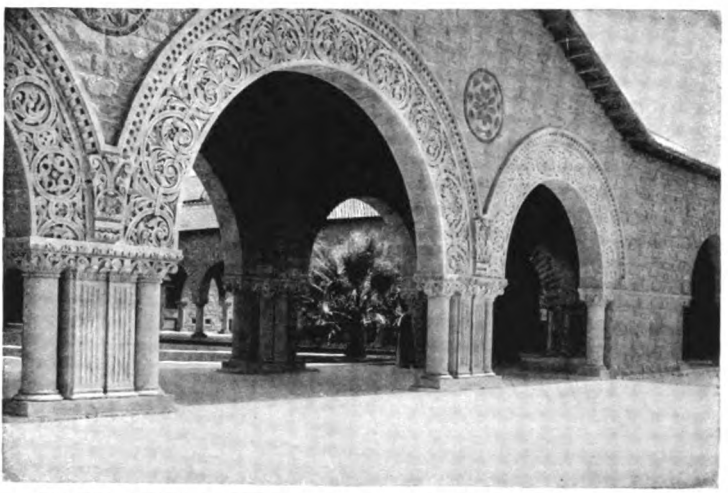
INNER COURT AND MEMORIAL CHURCH, 1909



LOOKING THROUGH TRIPLE ARCH, INNER COURT,
INTO MEMORIAL COURT

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Moreover, she had the long future in mind. Many things that might possibly seem out of place in her own lifetime would no doubt later acquire a museum value and would certainly be of special interest to the university community.

The boy Leland

In the collection made by the boy were many fine objects well chosen and giving proof of dawning artistic judgment. As a whole it serves to fix forever the warm human quality underlying the dedication of the Stanford millions to the training of American youth. For young Leland was a real boy, with healthy interests and undoubted promise. The significance of his life to the uncounted numbers who shall pass through the institution that bears his name it would be impossible to compute. That fact alone should hallow the toys with which he played, the books he read, the nucleus of a collection he left. Moreover, while most lads of his age and social position were spending their pocket money on trivial even if innocent amusements, his chief joy was to pick up treasures for his projected museum.

6

Our new environment

During the weeks of preparation Mrs. Jordan and I, alone or with friends, explored the mountains and shores within easy distance of Palo Alto. Little by little, then and afterward, the great and varied charms of the four counties of our new environment — Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Mateo, and Monterey — unrolled before us. And even at that early period we felt that we should never want to live anywhere else. In such a frame of mind I wrote for my wife the following verses:

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SANTA CLARA VÍRGEN Y MÁRTIR

Now that the throng has left me,
I softly close my eyes,
And one by one before me
The fairest visions rise, —
The best that Life can give me
Of all Life signifies.

I see a sunlit valley
Between two mountain chains,
Where roses bloom and lilies
Along the grassy lanes
Aflame with golden poppies
And wet with fragrant rains.

I see from purple mountains
The lengthening shadows creep,
Touching the lanes of poppies,
Closing their eyes in sleep;
And Earth's uneasy clamor
Is hushed in silence deep.

Again, through sprays of jasmine,
A woman's face I see;
I care not what her beauty
Or her attractions be —
There may be many fairer
But none so fair to me.

Again, a gentle lady
Who lived in other days,
A virgin and a martyr —
So the old legend says —
Who in her name enfoldeth
Delicious destinies.

O blessed Santa Clara!
Her spell be over thee,

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To keep thee bright and joyous
As all her roses be;
May her sweet influence cover
The hours 'twixt thee and me.

The Santa Clara Valley, averaging about six miles in width, extends southward fifty miles and more from near the head of San Francisco Bay. Bounding it on the southwest rises an irregular series of Coast Range ridges, known collectively as the Sierra de la Santa Cruz, — *Sierra de la Santa Cruz*

A misty camp of mountains pitched tumultuously.

Immediately behind the university estate, and forming its higher background, is the wooded Sierra Morena, 1300 feet high, its cloak of redwood, oak, and *madroño* diversified by thickets of *chemisal*.[1] Farther south this merges into the domelike height of Monte Bello, 2400 feet, the east face of which is locally known as Black Mountain. Still farther to the southward, beyond Los Gatos Creek, appear a number of other wooded knobs, Loma Prieta, the dominating one, "looming" in gracious beauty 3800 feet high above the valley.

On the east, opposing the green ridges of the Holy Cross, stretches the innermost or landward bulwark of the Coast Range — the long, relatively barren, and treeless Sierra del Monte Diablo. Mount *Sierra del Monte Diablo*

[1] Properly "the place of *chemiso*" — *Adenostoma fasciculatum* — a brushy, rosaceous plant which covers large tracts of barren hillsides of moderate height. *Chaparral*, a parallel and more common term originally given to the dwarf live oak of Spain, means "the place of *chaparra*" or brush in general. Both *chemisal* and *chaparral* are almost impenetrable except to the bobcat, cottontail, and road runner. The latter — *Geococcyx* — is a species of cuckoo with a very long, thin body, long tail, and longer legs, which seldom flies but runs over the ground with amazing speed, and is, all told, the most fantastically delightful feature of California ornithology.

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Hamilton, its culminating point, 4440 feet above the city of San José, bears the famous observatory founded by James Lick, of which more presently. Close beside it, and nearly as high, is the twin peak, Santa Ysabel, still dark with *chaparral* of evergreen scrub oak. What an asset to California are the Spanish names scattered by Father Crespi around each of Portolá's camping grounds!

Monte Diablo

Etched against the sky, straight north from Stanford University and visible from every angle, rises Monte Diablo itself, a rocky cone 4000 feet high, and our best point of orientation, because otherwise one never knows which way is north from Palo Alto. In this valley, neither ridges, streets, nor buildings are set on the square; even the compass betrays, for it responds to the magnetic north, here at its farthest — seventeen degrees — from the North Star.

"The Devil's Ridge" with its tawny summer cloak of ripened wild oats, overwashed at sunset by translucent amethystine hues, faces in impious contrast the dark, purpling slopes of the Holy Cross.

The golden poppy

By July the local wild flowers are practically past, but our brief visit the preceding March had revealed California's amazing resources in bloom. Most showy of all, and flaring in every field where not routed by the plow, crowds the golden poppy — *Eschscholtzia californica* — the *Copa d'oro* of the Fathers, with great orange cups which drink in the sunlight but close with the shadow. Behind its somewhat uncouth scientific name lies a romantic incident. In 1817, while on the way to explore the North Pacific, Kotzebue's vessel, the Russian *Rurik*, cast anchor off San Francisco. With the expe-

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dition were two naturalists, Adelbert von Chamisso, the poet-botanist, an exile from the French Revolution, and the surgeon-zoölogist, Johann Eschscholtz, professor at Dorpat. Returning from a shore expedition with a sheaf of brilliant flowers, the poet said to the surgeon: "I have found a beautiful new plant and I shall name it for you."

Miles and miles of bloom

But it was not until the following spring — and increasingly with succeeding seasons — that an especial glory of the Santa Clara Valley was disclosed to us. Usually at about the end of March the burst buds of thousands upon thousands of fruit trees seem from the hills above to blend into a gigantic garden of fragrant bloom. On the valley floor and looking through the long vistas which often extend farther than the eye can reach, one gets a different impression. It is then as if he found himself in an ethereal forest where blossoms take the place of leaves. Everywhere the sight is indescribably beautiful.

The hamlet of Saratoga, boasting a fine carbonated spring, and the little city of Los Gatos sit in beauty on a rich upland at the foot of Black Mountain, where the fruit is at its best and the outlook, both up and down, of the fairest. In this favored region with a Riviera climate are many charming homes, none more delightful than the "Rancho Bella Vista" of our friends the Blaneys.[1] Their beautiful Italian villa, the combined triumph of the owners and two California artists, Willis Polk and Bruce Porter, fits perfectly into its encircling landscape of vineyard, orchard, and foothills.

At Saratoga the people celebrate each year a

[1] Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duchêne Blaney.

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"Blossom Day Festival" on the Saturday which falls nearest the prime of display, and on Sunday special services are held in the local churches.

The Lick Observatory

Shortly after our arrival we visited Lick Observatory as the guests of its versatile head, Edward S. Holden. Through the great telescope, which reveals any object on the moon larger than a barn, we viewed the glittering craters, and had a superb glimpse of Saturn and its rings. Dr. Holden entertained us royally, but seemed a bit cynical about the apparent cordiality of my reception in California. Referring to the many requests for lectures I was then receiving, he warned me that early popularity meant nothing. With the second year came reaction, and any man whose vogue endured was distinctly fortunate. Later, with characteristic humor, he spoke of my efforts in "diffusing over California the rich culture of the Middle West." But again, and more graciously, he remarked to Mrs. Comstock: "Oh, the youth of Jordan's faculty must make the gods pale with envy!"

As a memorial, Lick had first contemplated a monstrous statue of himself in Golden Gate Park. But George Davidson, then director of the United States Coast Survey, urged that a monument to science would ensure undying fame, while the statue would be promptly knocked to pieces in the event of war. The outcome of that good advice was the admirably equipped Lick Observatory, completed in 1884 and turned over to the University of California in 1888, and the endowment of the struggling California Academy of Sciences.

Another memorable trip was our first visit to the "Felton Big Trees" — a grove of *Sequoia semper-*

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virens (not the *Sequoia washingtonia*[1] or *gigantea* of the Sierra, to which the adjective "big" is usually applied) — in the Santa Cruz Mountains. This is a cluster of some dozens of stately redwoods from five to twelve feet in diameter and 200 or more feet high. Close set, with their luxuriant foliage lifted far above, they inevitably suggest the pillars of a great cathedral. Second in size only to the giant of the Sierra, this species is the pride and glory of the Coast Ranges from San Luis Obispo to the Oregon Line, though by an interesting feature of distribution one never finds it beyond the reach of fog from the sea. Its chief peculiarity, however, is a sort of longevity not shared by any other conifer. Fire rarely kills it, and from a huge, naked stump springs up a more or less complete circle of daughter trees which rapidly attain considerable size.

The Coast redwood

A third and very delightful excursion took us to the bold summit of Monte Diablo, from which we looked over the golden harvest of the San Joaquin to the white-cloaked Sierra a hundred miles away, and, toward the west, across the blue Bay of San Francisco and the green slopes of Tamalpais to the great ocean beyond. The top was then reached only by trail. Our easy ascent was due to the hospitable courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd, who provided two excellent horses and entertained us over night in their charming *rancho* home at the foot of the mountain.

A noble outlook

[1] The specific name *washingtonia* is not so old as the more appropriate *gigantea*, but the latter name had been previously given to a different *Sequoia*, which turned out to be the common redwood. Fortunately, however, the generic term *Sequoia*, name of the famous Cherokee Chief who invented an alphabet, holds over *Wellingtonia* and *Washingtonia*, later bestowed through misapplied patriotism, the one by an English, the other by an American botanist.

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