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San Diego's Dream City

The Exposition Located in the, Harbor of the Sun

IT was a happy idea and a thrifty proposal to have twin expositions on the Pacific Coast at the same time. It induces nearly all tourists to visit southern California as well as San Francisco. The plan recommended is to see San Diego first, and then go on to San Francisco to view the Exposition climax.

More important than the mere extent of time in which the Exposition is held is the diversified character of the agricultural display which this extraordinary climate makes possible. Not a barren wall appears, but everything is aglow with the rarest colors of southern California's semi-tropical foliage. Even the wire fence which surrounds the grounds is covered with flowers, and the pigeons in the campaniles have to force their way through a thick network of vines. Even the balconies, where a sloe-eyed senorita sits, are half concealed by flowering shrubbery. Beauty reigns triumphant in San Diego.

Climate has made possible more than beauty. It has enabled the Exposition to present an economic display of extraordinary importance. The world's fair of the past thought that in building a pyramid of oranges it had devised a splendid orange exhibit. San Diego has its oranges, but they are not stacked in a pyramid in an exhibit building. They are growing on the trees of the great citrus orchard which stretches along the Alameda. In the rows adjoining them are trees which bear lemons, others which bear grapefruit, kumquats, tangerines and other citrus

fruits. In the blooming season the incomparable fragrance of the blossoms is swept through the grounds.

Adjoining the citrus orchard is the tea exhibit—not a row of tea boxes of varicolored grasses which appeared at world's fairs of the past—but a tea plantation brought to this country from the great estates of Sir Thomas Lipton in Ceylon, carried across the sea under glass to protect them from the ocean breezes, tended all the way by one of the head nurserymen of the Lipton estates, and transplanted in American soil by the natives—the first tea to take root in this country for a definite experiment. The British yachtsman-merchant planned this display solely as an exhibit, but it has passed that stage and now stands as an experiment to determine whether or not tea can be grown in this country. The early growth promises well.

Up the Alameda a little further is the display of agricultural machinery. This machinery is in San Diego, but it is not idle. It is in a great tract over which the heaviest tractors pull the giant steamplows, the cultivators and reapers, which do the work of a hundred men. The normal human being has a passion to see the wheels go round. The same man who would not spend five minutes looking at idle machinery will watch intently while that machinery is in motion and doing the work it is supposed to do.

Next to the International Harvester Company's tractor exhibit on the Alameda



H. O. DAVIS
Director-General of the Panama-California
Exposition

is the display of the Mechanical Irrigation Company, which shows a new mechanical irrigator invented and patented by James A. Norton. Whereas other irrigation devices made it necessary that the land be levelled, the mechanical irrigator is built to spray water over any kind of land. The machine can be so regulated that any given amount of land can be irrigated with any specified amount of water for any definite length of time. The mechanical irrigator consists of a feed-head connected with a system of pipe, all of which is carried on wheels five feet in diameter, thus enabling the device to travel over any kind of ground. The irrigator is drawn by cables attached to a tractor.

Here, then, on the Alameda, the farmer of the present day, or the farmer of the future, can see the giant machinery in operation. He can discover what modern invention has done to lessen the drudgery of the farmer's life. He can get a genuine

understanding that farming conditions of the old days have changed. He will see a single machine operated by one man, doing in half a day exactly as much work as that man's grandfather and half a dozen farm hands could have done in a full week. He will see the work is done not only more quickly but that it is done better. He will see that modern machinery has done much to take away the terror of the storm which the next day may bring.

The particular point about this exhibit is that it is of interest not only to the farmer, but to the city man within whom there is a real desire to go back to the land. He has had that desire for some time.

"But," the visitor says, "I can't afford to buy the large acreage which would be required for the economical operation of this large scale machinery, and if I could buy the land, I could not equip it, and I could not operate it."

There is an answer to that man's argument. If he is not equipped physically or financially to join the "back-to-the-land" movement to the extent of taking up a large acreage, he is still able to do something with a small acreage.

On the other side of the Alameda is a five-acre tract which is called the Model Intensive Farm. It is dotted with peach and apricot trees, with walnut and apple and cherry and pear trees, and beneath these trees lie a thousand rows of vegetables, some northern and some semi-tropical, but all growing in the profusion which is possible under intensive cultivation.

On the model farm one observes a section given over to an intensive vineyard. He will see a poultry yard so arranged as to utilize every foot of space. He will see that not only can the farm be made fertile, but it can be made beautiful, for about it is a hedge of honeysuckle and trellis of roses. About the bungalow at the centre and about the gardener's cottage and garden are thick beds of flowers and long trailing vines. Even the front of the poultry yard is half concealed by a trellis of clematis.

While the man of the household is looking about in wonder and discovering that machinery has saved the present-day farmer most of the drudgery which grand-



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THE BEAUTIFUL LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES

father had to accept, his wife will be spending her time in the model bungalow at the centre of the tract, and discovering that in just the same way modern invention has saved her the drudgery which was the load her grandmother had to bear. She will discover that in leaving her city apartment she is not losing the advantage modern invention has brought to the city, but that it has all been transplanted to the farm.

When people see that others can make a good living and a good profit on the tract adjoining them, on the other side and across the street, and down the highway, naturally they will realize that this means colonies, and wherever there are colonies, there must be good roads and schools and churches and the other advantages of community life. That is an argument which will appeal to both, for the



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THE MUSIC PAVILION AT NIGHT

communication with neighbors and the education of children is a most important factor in farm life. There has been much argument about how to keep the boy on the farm. It is just as important to get the girl to go to the farm and to keep her there once she has arrived. San Diego and the

There is concerned not only the development of the West, which today is barely tapped, but the same complete development of the Middle West and the East and the South.

San Diego tells, to be sure, by its irrigation display and the other agricultural features, how the desert has been converted into gardens. That lesson applies to the Southwest. It applies just as fully to some three million acres in Wisconsin, where the timber lands have been cut over and nothing is being produced today. It applies just as well to the "flats" all up and down the banks of the Mississippi River, potentially as fine farm-land as there is in the world, but today absolutely idle. It applies just as well to the waste places about practically every city in the country which, today, are either simply barren—or worse than that—actual eyesores.

* * *

Three years ago in the heart of the city of San Diego, the southernmost of Uncle Sam's Pacific ports, there was a fourteen-hundred acre tract of land on which there was not a single building. Neither was there much in the way of foliage. For longer than the memory of man that tract

of land had been untouched by water, only by the rare rainfalls which strike the city of the Southwest by the Harbor of the Sun. As a result, the adobe soil was packed hard and seared by the almost constant sun. In the canyons and on the mesa there grew nothing save cactus and sagebrush and chapparal. On one side of the mesa was a scattered grove of pepper trees, battling desperately for life without any assistance in the way of water.

That was three years ago. Today on that mesa stands a gorgeous city of old Spain, and the land about the buildings, even down to the depths of the canyons, is covered with a thick growth of semi-



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LOOKING WESTWARD IN EL PRADO

model intensive farm do much to explain how that is possible.

The principal feature about the agricultural exhibit is that it shows to the prospective farmer, not what can be done in the great West, but how he can set about doing it. It furnishes him, for the first time, with definite information as to just what he should do to join the "back-to-the-land" army. It places before him the possibilities of agriculture and tells him what he can do to realize those possibilities.

That was the weakness of the land shows of the past, in that they simply supplied the desire without supplying any information as to how the desire could be gratified.

tropical foliage, with lofty trees and spreading shrubs and low bushes, through whose deep green flashes the crimson of poinsettia, and the tecoma, and the bright gold of the California poppy. The magic garden has taken the place of the desert. He who saw the land three years ago and sees it again today, would think that some modern Aladdin had come this way and rubbed his lamp, or that a Merlin had waved the magic wand, and caused the Dream City to spring up. It has been a species of magic, but not the sort affected with the wand. Styles in magic have changed in the last few centuries, and the only wand which the magician of San Diego used is known more commonly as a spade, or a trowel or a garden hose.

The effect, however, is as tremendous as the effect of old-time sorcery. Across the deepest parts of the Canyon Cabrillo the engineers threw a majestic quarter-mile bridge of seven arches, the piers rising from the depths of a lagoon in the canyon one hundred and thirty-five feet below. It is over this mighty viaduct, the Puente Cabrillo, that a great part of the visitors to San Diego's 1915 Exposition march on their way to the sights within the old stone gate by La Puerta del Oeste.

From that viaduct a most commanding view is seen. Over the side parapet one looks down the winding canyon, over the roofs of the city of San Diego, into the Harbor of the Sun, and across to the strand of Coronado to the marine and aviation camps on North Island, and to the rugged outline of Point Loma with the bristling guns at Fort Rosecrans. Along the outline of the Coronado Islands, and about them, and thousands of miles beyond, stretches the silvery surface of the Pacific. Over the other parapet of the bridge and beyond the canyon, as it winds its way through fertile valleys of olive and oranges and grape, lie the foothills of the snow-capped Sierras, and to the tablelands of old Mexico.

Then come the palms—tall ones of the cocos plulosa variety, the thick-bodied phoenix, and the graceful swainsonia, and a score of others. There is a succession of other trees with bright blooming flowers scattered among them.

Within the grounds an entirely new array appears. Along the Prado, lined with its

double row of black acacia and the thick green lawn, stretches a hedge of coprosma with its waxy green leaves interspersed with the triumphant crimson of the poinsettia. Up from the ground where the poinsettia roots, rises the brick-red bougainvillea, which clambers up over the arches of the arcades unto the roof, and then up the sides of the buildings, almost



G. AUBREY DAVIDSON
President and official host of the Panama-
California Exposition at San Diego

to the point where the towers and the domes begin, and where the Mission bells swing in their belfries.

Along the driveway, El Paseo, which leads the way to the south gate, lies the pepper grove, which is as foreign to the Easterner as many of the more brilliant forms of floral life in southern California. There are no buildings at all in the grove with the exception of the Exposition Hospital. It is just a quiet, shaded retreat, where he who is tired can go and rest and bask in the sun along the edge of the canyon and breathe salt breezes which sweep up from the sea. The lawns are of

clover and of blue grass, and of a strange growth known as lippea, or better known in southern California as the lazy man's lawn, by reason of its confining its growth to a height of two or three inches, which removes the necessity of frequent mowing.

The most extraordinary floral work on the grounds, however, is that which is to be found in the Botanical Building, and the gardens which surround it. Flanked by the quiet pool, La Laguna de las Flores, these gardens occupy the entire space



FRANK P. ALLEN, JR.
Director of Works, who designed and built the Exposition, with the exception of the west quadrangle

between the Prado and the defile which leads into the Canyon Cabrillo and the north and south space between the Cafe Cristobal and the Home Economy Building. Within the Botanical Building itself, one of the largest lath-covered structures in existence, is a rare collection of semi-tropical and tropical plants.

There is an open pool thick with lilies, almost into which falls from the ceiling the growth of vitis, one of the air plants

and the sweeping fronds of tropical ferns planted along the edge. There are also the tree fern, the insectivorous pitcher plant, and other rare contributions from the tropics, but far more impressive than these strangers, is the sight of the trees and shrubs which are occasionally found in northern conservatories, where they reach a moderate growth. In San Diego they grow out-of-doors in their natural state, and reach a height and splendor which is impossible indoors.

The cactus of the desert country is shown, and over the view of the distant hillsides, still lies the great mantle of the sagebrush and the chaparral.

I shall always be glad that I visited the San Diego fair on Sunday. True, there were not throngs of people jamming here and there, but it seemed a fitting and veritable gem of the great exposition year in California, for the San Diego fair has been called a gem, while the San Francisco fair is a collection of gems. There is more of the early Mexican influence evidenced at San Diego than California. The great massive California building seems like some great cathedral.

The ride to Point Loma from San Diego at sunset was a treat. There is an old Spanish lighthouse, now abandoned, on the hill, and beneath was the battleship Maryland going out to sea for target practice. In the distance was Coronado Island, reserved as an aviation field by the United States government. On one side was the Pacific and on the other the Bay of San Diego. Far away were the Mexican hills, just across the border line, seeming to veil the mystery of the revolution-ridden republic to the south.

Near Point Loma the famous theosophical institute is situated. It is now conducted by Madame Tingley, the successor of Madame Blavatsky. The great glass domes of the buildings have a suggestion of the occult, and it is here that the great green lizard said to contain the soul of Madame Blavatsky is preserved.

Point Loma itself has been reserved by the government. One would hardly think, standing on the crest of this peninsula, that here are located the fortifications considered impregnable for the protection of San Diego.