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San Francisco the Exposition City

By RUFUS STEELE

Author of THE CITY THAT IS

COLOR DRAWINGS BY J. A. CAHILL AND W. FRANCIS

A FINE old man who, from the look of him, might have been a New England Methodist preacher, but who was not, sat in his office at winter quarters, and from several columns of figures at the wrong side of the ledger sought to determine the total loss for the season of The Greatest Show on Earth. Four men stood by and chewed their cigars.

"I never cracked a whip for better bareback people," said the ringmaster.

"My bunch certainly kept the reserved seats splitting their sides," said the old clown.

"Fifteen performing elephants, four giraffes, six bears that did everything but talk—Well, you can't blame the bad season on the animal tent," said the master of the menagerie.

The fourth watcher said nothing. After a while the old man looked at him until he grew nervous. "You needn't look at me!" he exclaimed. "I had nothing whatever to say about the big top; you made me responsible merely for the freak alley. What, I'd like to know, could the side-shows have to do with the general results?"

"Just about everything," replied Mr. Barnum. "Side-shows that couldn't draw the farmer away from his load of hay have caused The Greatest Show on Earth to lose sixty thousand dollars on the season."

It is not recorded that Phineas T. Barnum's circus played any seasons thereafter at a loss, but it is a matter of common knowledge that thereafter the

showman genius sent around the world for a white elephant, that he discovered or created Wild Men of Borneo, that no freak or wonder that could astonish or allure a crowd was ever too remote or too high-priced to be secured and brought to grace one of the side-tents that walled the avenue leading up to the entrance of the big top. The philosophy of Mr. Barnum, based upon his acumen, seems to have been that the inherent brilliance of a gem was wasted unless it had the sort of setting that would emphasize it.

When the World's Fair, celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, is held at the great port of the new ocean, San Francisco, the Exposition itself is bound to be "the greatest show on earth." Generally speaking, a world fair may be assembled with equal ease and equal effectiveness at any point of the continental United States which is adequately served by routes of rail and sea. The nation can amass its prize products at its western border as readily as at its eastern shore; Europe, with the canal in operation, can readily anchor its fleet-loads of Exposition wares in San Francisco Bay. The World's Fair gates will inclose an entity. Whether its palaces of stucco are reared a hundred miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico, as has been suggested, or on the hills overlooking the Pacific, the show within the turnstiles will doubtless hold the same allurements, will provide the same educational opportunities to all who come with an absorbing eye.

But to all who come—! The city where the Exposition is held must of itself afford the side-shows. "Side-shows that couldn't draw the farmer away from his load of hay," said Mr. Barnum, "caused The Greatest Show on Earth to lose sixty thousand dollars on the season."

The history of world fairs does not refute the philosophy of the circus sage; rather it confirms him. The asserted propinquity of the masses has not insured attendance. Of the sites of the last three fairs of national scope, one was unquestionably a "center of population." One of the trio was a failure. It was the same one—Jamestown. With reference to the masses of population, both Portland and Seattle were remote. Each was a success in the most difficult sense: each refunded the money invested and then distributed a dividend. The Portland fair was a success because of Portland's many attractions, not the least of which were the scenic wonders of the grand old Columbia river. People crossed the continent to attend the Seattle fair because at Seattle they could look in at the open door of Alaska. Whoever went to Washington to see the National Capitol without spending half his time climbing the Washington Monument and traveling up the Potomac to Mount Vernon? Would the Great White Way be forever crowded with tourists who had come from afar to see it, if New York held not the additional allurements of Bartholdi's statue, Grant's tomb and the Brooklyn Bridge? Verily a diamond dazzles because of its setting.

San Francisco is remote only to that American whose consciousness has failed to keep pace with the expansion of his country. Measured laterally, the United States presents five capital cities marking the westward course along which empire has taken its way. They are New York, Chicago, San Francisco,

Cliff House, Seal Rock, and the city's seaside pleasure-ground

Honolulu, Manila. San Francisco is the median capital—not the exact geographical medium, because it is nearer East than West, nearer to New York than to Manila. The logic of imminent events is to drive home to the Atlantic states, where they conjure finance, and to New England, where they manufacture goods for export, the significance of San Francisco's geographical situation. To-morrow's lesson in physical geography will be studied for imperative commercial reasons. Wall street and the Massachusetts factory towns will come to appreciate the astuteness of that president who commanded San Francisco to forget its racial school problem because, as the president said, San Francisco stands for the United States in the Japanese eye and mind. The Far East, which now looms so precious, has never known any front door to this country except the Golden Gate. San Francisco is guardian of the Goddess of Liberty in the awakening gaze of that Orient which lies at the extreme end of a ship's course through the Panama Canal.

If the hue of San Francisco's internal adjustment had not so dinned their ears, people everywhere would be quick to remember that its physical resurrection within three years of the day of its burning makes San Francisco rightfully the show city of the world. In the speed and scope of its rebuilding, the city has done that which was never rated among the possibilities of money and muscle, has accomplished that which never even was imagined unless in the dream of some Napoleon of an engineer. A new four hundred million dollar city was wrought with such expedition that the paradox is presented of old atmosphere clinging about new stone and steel because replacement came before the old atmosphere could drift away or could be banished out of mind. If the world was allowed to forget the feat in the hour of its completion, the fact serves but to emphasize a characteristic of the San Franciscan—he took his

first leisure hour to rest, not to boast. He is not boasting now, he is not pulling the construction record to curry favor with those whose official act will designate San Francisco or another city as winner of the fair.

The new city has all that the old city had to entertain and charm the visitor, and a great deal that the old city had not. For one thing, the new city, by reason of its extreme modernity, has accommodations for the visitor more commodious and more complete in every creature-comfort than has any other city on earth. If the entire standing army of the United States marched into the city to-morrow, every man of the ninety thousand men could be stowed away by nightfall in accommodations at least as good as those of the average member of Congress while he sojourns in Washington. If you give us the fair, Mr. Congressman, you, and as many thousands as come along with you in 1915, will find prepared against your coming accommodations such as you never knew at all. San Francisco has been a show city too long not to know that the finest economy is the lavish treatment of a guest. Its accommodations is but one example of how the city has improved. Take another example—take the buildings. Where else might the traveler study the newest ideas in great buildings on such a scale? Where else might he study skyscrapers of such recent minting in whole flocks? Take other examples. What a procession of municipal engineers will come to study a unique system of water provision against fire such as does not exist except here! The comprehensive scheme now being carried out will place San Francisco at the head of cities in the perfection of its streets before the canal is finished. And one of the streets is Market street, yesterday, to-day and forever worthy of a magazine article of itself.

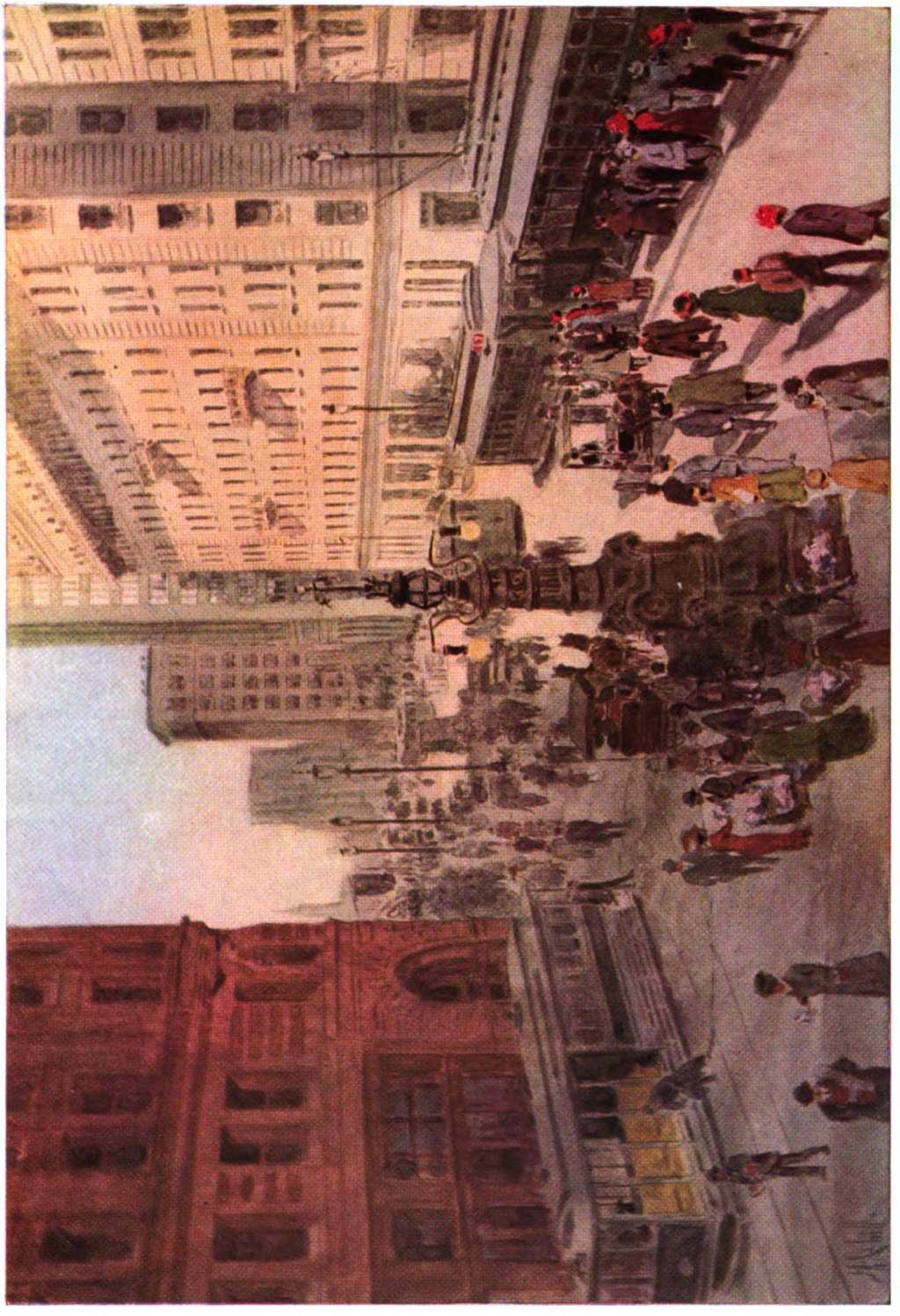
When the visitor from the eastern states or from abroad has come to the fair by way of the Yellowstone, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the grand cañon of the Sacramento, the grand cañon of the Feather, Yosemite and the Big Trees, Tahoe, the Missions, or has come up from the supplementary fair at San Diego through the greatest of all oil-fields or the most productive of all orange groves; whether the day of his arrival be soon after the fair has opened early in the year, in midsummer, or when the fair is near its close in the fall—he will find that the weather is to his liking. A climate that averages fifty-two degrees in winter and fifty-nine degrees in summer will impress the average visitor as being about ninety-nine per cent of his idea of meteorological perfection. Whenever he comes, he will find that after two hours of wonder-berrying among the bloom and verdure of Golden Gate Park he must consult a calendar to inform his puzzled senses what month of the year it is.

As the climate of the old city is the climate of the new, so are the people unchanged by the holocaust through which they passed. San Francisco was and is, as Robert Louis Stevenson called it, "a modern cosmopolis." Years ago, Samuel Williams wrote a description of the people which still fits them like a glove. "San Francisco is probably the most cosmopolitan city of its size in the world," wrote Mr. Williams. "Nowhere else are witnessed the fusing of so many races, the juxtaposition of so many nationalities, the Babel of so many

tongues. Every country on the globe, every state and principality, almost every island of the sea, finds here its representatives. Your next door neighbor may be a native of Central Asia; your vis-a-vis in the restaurants may have been reared in New Zealand; the man who does your washing may have been born under the shadow of the great wall of China; the man who waits on you at table may be a lascar from the East Indies. If you go to the theater you may find sitting next to you a lady from the Sandwich Islands; if you go to the opera, you may hear, in the pauses of the music, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Swedish, Modern Greek, spoken by people dressed in the most scrupulous evening costume. If you take a ride on the street-car you may find yourself wedged in between a parson born in Massachusetts and a Parsee from Hindostan, if you go to the bank you may be jostled by a gentleman from Damascus or a prince from the Society Islands. In three minutes' walk from your place of business, you enter an Oriental city—are surrounded by the symbols of a civilization older than that of the Pharaohs. If you are tired of French or American cookery, you may feast on the royal delicacies of bird's-nest soup, shark's fin and chop suey. If you are fond of the drama, you may vary your amusements by witnessing a play spoken in the language of Confucius, performed with all the appointments of the barbaric stage. You will find thousands listening on the Sabbath to the Christian Gospel, and thousands listening to the dogmas of Buddha and kneeling at the shrine of Joss."

Three decades ago that description was written, and it might go into the guide-books of to-day. But it tells nothing of a central development which in twenty years has moved San Francisco into the front rank of American cities. The cosmopolitanism of the city rests in its physical branches, does not dominate its life, does not essentially influence its temper. When, from their hills, their hollows, or their corners, they come forth into Market street, the man in the red fez, the queued merchant in silk breeches, the swart connoisseur of wines, the banana prince, the pearl trader long away from his native South Seas, speak, think, barter and joy in carefully articulated American. While maintaining the household gods of their several fatherlands, they are annealed, as nearly as one of foreign birth may be, to a commonwealth that is peculiarly and integrally American to the core. San Francisco is western; it is not foreign except in those decorative attributes which are not its nature, but its shows. Even a Cook's visitor cannot mistake the fact. The man who tells you that the city is foreign is the same man who says that the city is unmoral because, forsooth, when it engaged in the proper business of setting its house in order, it was too sincere to pull down the blinds. Could any but a very American city and state raise seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of a world's fair, depending upon Congress not for money, but simply for authority to go ahead?

This is what Mr. Williams says of San Francisco climate: "There are not only days but weeks when the skies are indescribably glorious. The Nile valley is not so sweetly balmy, southern Italy not so rich in mellow splendor. The golden sunshine permeates every pore, quickens every pulse of life. The



Lotta's Fountain, on Market at Kearny, where the tides of traffic and humanity mingle. At the right is the new Palace Hotel on the world-famous site of the old

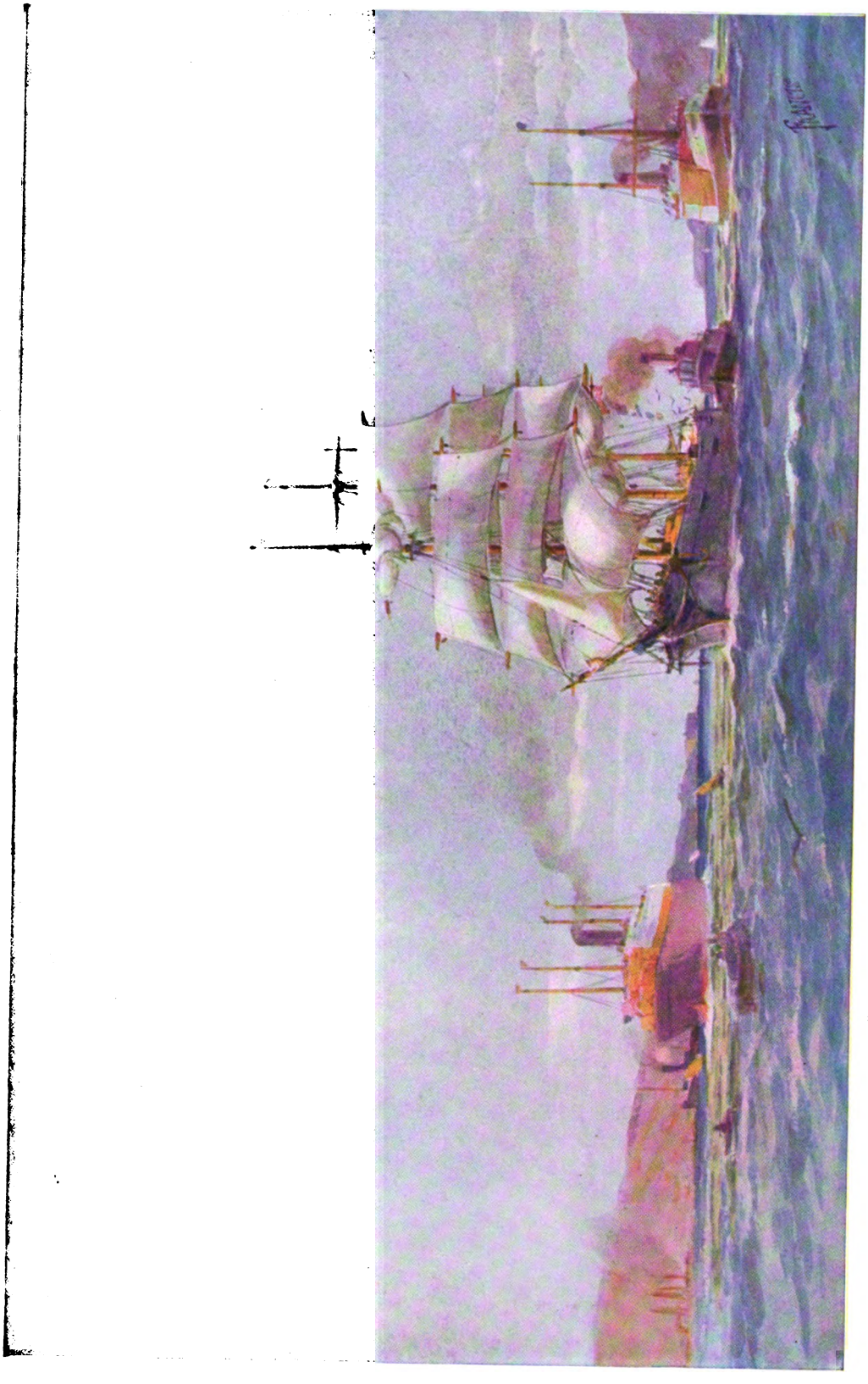
air has an indefinable softness and sweetness, a tonic quality that braces the nerves to a joyous tension, making the very sense of existence a delight. We may cry for blankets while the East swelters in dog-day heat; we throw open our doors and windows while you are cowering beneath the sharp stings of winter. A wine you know not of is the dry, clear, intensely electric air of this land of the Setting Sun."

Stevenson loved the waterfront: every reader of *The Wrecker* knows that. Often he referred to the bay as "the inland sea," and resting on its bosom, he found the rare collection of ships whose spread of canvas, whether in square-sails, leg-o'-mutton or lateen, were to him the very wings of joy. "There is perhaps no place on earth," he says in *A Modern Cosmopolis*, "where the power and beauty of sea architecture can be so perfectly enjoyed as in this bay." Perhaps a new Stevenson will be inspired by the spectacle of that multiplied navy of steam and sail which will put to use the unutilized proportions of this bay when the canal is in service.

"Choose a place on one of the huge throbbing ferryboats," wrote R. L. S., "and when you are midway between the city and the suburb, look around. The air is fresh and salt as if you were at sea. On the one hand is Oakland, gleaming white amid its gardens. On the other, to seaward, hill after hill is crowded and crowned with the palaces of San Francisco; its long streets lie in regular bars of darkness, east and west across the sparkling picture; a forest of masts bristles like bulwarks about its feet; nothing remains of the days of Drake but the faithful trade-winds scattering the smoke, the fogs that will begin to muster about sundown, and the fine bulk of Tamalpais looking down on San Francisco, like Arthur's Seat on Edinburgh."

From the deck of his ferryboat in mid-bay Stevenson might best note the physical changes which the new city presents. Crowning Nob Hill, within a stone's-throw of the spot where he himself dwelt, he would behold the classic white palace which is the Fairmont hotel, a structure said by an eminent architect (not the one who designed it) to be of the six most beautiful buildings of any age. On a lower summit to the southeast sits a smaller kindred palace, not the home of a Cæsar, but of a life-insurance company. Many a shining new spire, many a freshly gilded cross would he see. A fine jungle of sky-scrapers narrows to a procession that sets forth to bisect the very peninsula; and the bisector is Market street, joint mart and boulevard of fine memories, down which national gatherings love to march twenty-four abreast on the day of the grand parade.

Such residence districts as may be seen from mid-bay show that home-building has undergone a change. On Russian hill the costly residences display a striking and original architecture, combining the Moorish, the Mission and something that belonged to neither, developed for the first time upon this very hill, with materials of stone, concrete and plaster. The frame dwellings are more pleasing than were the old because they show some striving for harmony and lack the gimcracks and over-ornamentation with which the city's first carpenters set out to give the inmates chronic sore eyes. Newton J. Tharp



The sunlit waters of San Francisco Bay, finest harbor on the globe. Golden Gate in the distance

once said that Providence was to blame in that it covered the California hills with the redwood tree, most abundant provider of the forests, and withheld the settlement of San Francisco until after the steam-saw and jack-plane had been perfected. With too much soft lumber and with not enough time to think thoughts of art and refinement, the builder forsook all simple forms, and twisted and grilled the abundant redwood into weird architectural expressions; he did not hesitate to introduce the arch and other forms characteristic of masonry alone. Redwood is not so plentiful now, and art has come with leisure: those dwellings that do not delight the eye at least refrain from offending it.

From the ferryboat in mid-bay one takes in at a sweeping glance topographical eminences which compose the geography of an illustrious library of fiction. From Bret Harte to Earle Ashley Walcott, through about forty years, novelists of note have written their stories around these hills, not by chance, but because on the slopes and summits they found the material which made literature of their books. The writers never peopled the hills; rather the flesh and blood denizens of the hills stepped bodily into their books, with so fine a verisimilitude that no changing of the names could cloak the actual identity of the characters. The writers who were big enough to measure the richness of their find, copied rather than created; they seized upon living men and women to give to their pages life; and life was what all the world hungered for and would pay for, even when it did not approve.

The white Fairmont crowns that same Nob Hill where were built the palaces of Flood, Mackay, Fair, Huntington, Tobin and Crocker—the hill to which came the bonanza kings to enjoy the fortunes the Comstock had yielded, and when they discovered that no horse-drawn vehicle could climb its steep sides, they had the cable-car invented to lift them to their aerie. Stevenson knew every flat and uptilted square yard of the hill, though he did not love the display of its wealthy possessors, and he makes pointed reference to it in *The Wrecker* and other of his tales. You get a description of the costly homes on the hill in Kipling's *Captains Courageous*, for it was there that Harvey Cheyne settled down at last to a life of quiet and ease. In *The Californians* Gertrude Atherton has told of the hill folk at play: the possessors of the new fortunes suddenly come out of mines, taking time to catch their breath and speculate upon the new world that had opened to them, live on in Geraldine Bonner's *Hard Pan*, *To-morrow's Tangle* and *The Pioneer*. A cathedral is rising to-day upon the spot where the homes of the Crockers were destroyed; the Pacific Union Club has reconstructed the Flood mansion, finest of them all; while across California street from the Fairmont, the San Francisco Institute of Art, upon the Hopkins site, uses the matchless seascape to inspire the budding painter.

It was while he conned the bay from Russian hill that Dodd of *The Wrecker* encountered the unnamed traveler who set the spell that carried him off to hunt for the golden fleece in the South Pacific. Frank Norris led Blix and others of his characters up the precipitous slope down which he himself used to drift to the Barbary Coast or across to Chinatown. On the hill lived Ellie,

heroine of *The Other Side of the Door*, whose author, Lucia Chamberlain, lives on the hill to-day.

Telegraph Hill, "a peak in the wind," is known to every lover of *The Wrecker*. It marks the extreme northeastern corner of the city, its cliff almost roofing the wharves where the "windjammers" and the "lime-juicers" discharge their cargoes from mysterious climes. Off the hill the ship *Gleaner* came to anchor, and in its shadow Nares met Dodd. Up steep streets and wooden stairs the Latins climb to their homes on this hill, for, as Gertrude Atherton says in *American Wives and English Husbands*, the hill is "passed over in contempt by the dwellers on the fashionable heights." A colony of writers and artists have not been so contemptuous. Where the hill slopes down into old Broadway, stood Luna's Mexican restaurant, and there Norris' Blix and her lover watched the development of the romance between the captain and the milliner, the fruiting of their own intrigue. Before the place burned, Ricardo, the waiter, used to bring you Norris' book with your soup and you never could get your enchilades until you had spent a quarter of an hour over Norris' pen picture of the very man who served you.

Back of the docks of the Oriental liners rises the much carved remains of old Rincon hill, the tremendously exclusive precinct of fashion in the city's earlier days. The hill became the literary heritage of Bret Harte and Mrs. Atherton. He was entertained there in the heyday of the elegant establishments, knew the people intimately and introduced them into his stories with no very thick disguise; she was born there and grew up in the atmosphere she has etched upon her pages; she witnessed, if indeed she was not party to, many of the incidents she describes. Before aristocracy finally forsook Rincon for the hills to the north of Market street, its summit was converted almost into a fort by proud defenders who resisted commercial encroachment and the city engineer's determination to reduce its highways to his official grade. The hill stands to-day a truncated monument to the lavishness of its first residents, even in days when all their fripperies had to come around the Horn.

Chinatown rebuilt occupies its accustomed slope. Above it looms the Fairmont; below is Portsmouth Square, where a miniature Hispaniola forever bellies its bronze sails in remembrance of Stevenson. Chinatown above ground is not the Chinatown which Blix surveyed from the balcony of the teahouse, nor underground the Chinatown of Norris' little masterpiece, *The Third Circle*. In several respects the Oriental city of to-day is not the same that Arnold Genthe caught with his camera and Will Irwin with his pen; yet it has lost nothing of its glitter, and comparatively little of its mystery. It is as of old a transplanted fragment of China. In reconstructing its physical parts it has not hesitated to gratify the American love of show in such respects as were not displeasing to its heathen gods. The visitor to whom any sort of Chinatown is novel, finds the Chinaman himself more definitely articulated in the new quarter than he was in the old; there are more pagoda towers than there used to be and more dragons visible from the street. Chester Bailey Fernald could fit "The Cat and the Cherub" into the quarter as it is to-day.

A thousand acres of foliage and flowers make Golden Gate Park a place of peerless beauty

Barbary Coast has changed since the days that Earle Ashley Walcott covers in *Blindfolded*, but it is nothing lacking in attractiveness for the Rube and the sailor and for the opulent visitor who sees it with a guide, secure in his superior wisdom and wariness.

In new Polk street, "McTeague" would have no difficulty in finding the site of his queer dental parlors before which hung that milestone in his career, a gilded wooden tooth fit for the gum of none but Atlas. At the corner of the first alley north of Sutter street stood the little chophouse where the gripmen and conductors from the huge brick carbarn were served "hot victuals on cold plates." A French restaurant with a glass front covers the spot to-day and has not yet extinguished the tradition. Trina the doomed, while musing upon her startling winnings in the lottery, might gaze down from the windows of the living-rooms back of the toothshop upon a procession of small buyers hurrying into the unpretentious stores, the fruit-stands and the butchershops, and recognize some of the persons whom Norris drew—drew with an accuracy that was not photographic because every one of them stood invested with interest and meaning. Polk street has a bank now and moving-picture shows, and under the changed conditions it is more necessary to the neighborhood even than it used to be.

The Cliff House, fourth structure upon its overhanging rock, is not the Cliff House of Mark Twain, not that of Bret Harte's *Gabriel Conroy*, nor yet the Cliff House to which Norris sent Hilda and Annixter on their bridal trip, but it is a place for devotions and potations of which visitors and people of the city seem never to tire.

San Francisco has more than it used to have of Bohemian eating-places such as Gelett Burgess describes in *Lady Mechante*. Campi's and Coppa's could not be reduced to ashes. Restaurants there are to make steady boarders of gourmets who trot around the globe in quest of a meal that can captivate their jaded palates with a surprise. The best cooks love to ply their art in San Francisco because they are certain of more than a monetary reward—they are certain of appreciation.

The life which was, is and must ever be the city's own—a life which the far-off places misunderstand because the city does not bother to deny or smother the swift-winged news of its faults—has made famous the names of those writers who could reflect its phases. The city's blood is red, its heart clean, its hospitality as rich and undiscriminating as the breath of its flowers. In the sunshine it is all rubies and diamonds and turquoise; canopied with fog, it is a place of pearls. Nomads call it the most interesting city on the continent. Only an Exposition of world scope and world importance could provide upon this peninsula a better show than it contains.

San Francisco's nursery is out-of-doors

What California Offers

By GOVERNOR JAMES N. GILLETT

OUR government will soon finish the greatest piece of engineering work ever undertaken by any nation or individual, one which will change the highways of ocean commerce and immortalize our government. In commemoration of this great event there ought to be held an International Exposition in some city in the United States, participated in and under the sanction of the general government, to which all nations of the world should be invited and in which they may join.

This Exposition should be on as great a scale as any heretofore held and should be in some industrial and commercial city connected with the construction of the canal and directly affected by it. We of California believe that it should be held on the Pacific Coast and because the digging of the canal was for the purpose of joining the waters of the Atlantic with the waters of the Pacific and to develop the commerce of the latter, which is destined to be the greatest and most important in the world and from which our whole country will be greatly benefited. Also for the further reason that such an Exposition will tend to settle up the great Pacific slope, which to-day, with its millions of fertile acres, rich mineral lands, magnificent forests and healthful climate, offers opportunities for homes to thousands of homeseekers that cannot be excelled anywhere in the world. We also believe that San Francisco is the place to hold this Exposition for the following reasons:

First—It is now and always will be the greatest commercial and industrial city on the Pacific ocean.

Second—It is midway between the great nations of Europe and Asia, and in the center of the Pacific Coast.

Third—Foreign nations desiring to participate can sail their ships from their home ports into the harbor of San Francisco.

Fourth—It has a harbor where the united navies of the world may safely anchor and maneuver if they so desire.

Fifth—San Francisco and California will put millions of money into the enterprise to insure its success upon a scale magnificent enough to gratify the people of this nation.

Sixth—There are living around San Francisco bay to-day over one million people.

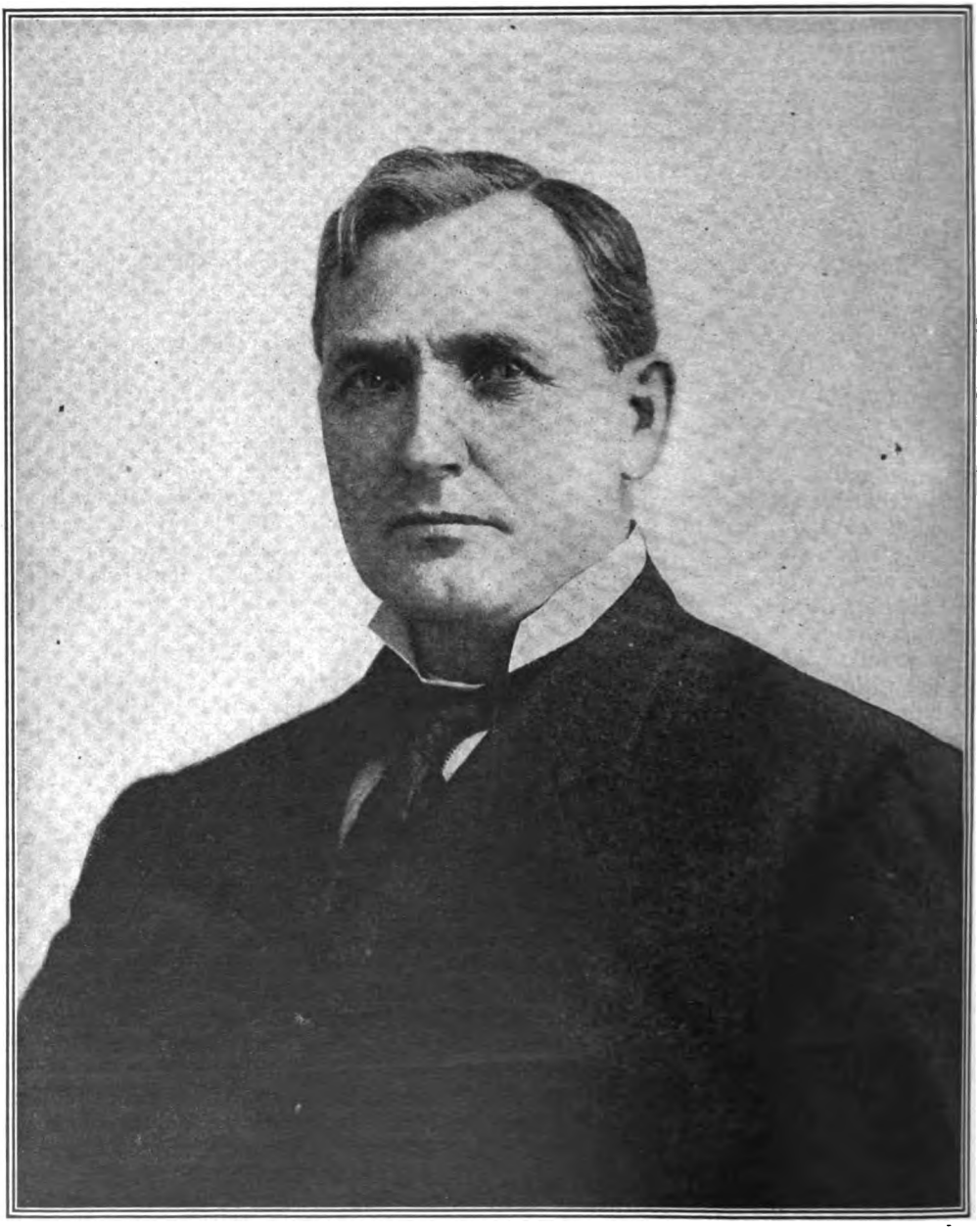
Seventh—San Francisco has the finest climate for an Exposition of any city in the world, the thermometer ranging in summer from fifty-six to seventy degrees, with no rains or storms of any kind to interfere.

Eighth—From the beginning San Francisco has enthusiastically favored the construction of the canal because of the great effect it would have upon the commerce of the Pacific, and as early as 1904 commenced to plan for an Exposition celebrating the canal's completion.

Ninth—The canal itself will be an exhibit of the greatest interest and by holding the celebration in San Francisco those people living in the East, the South and in Europe, can pass through the canal going or returning from the Exposition and thus see this wonderful piece of work—an opportunity denied to everybody if the Exposition be held on the Atlantic Coast—and such a trip will induce many to travel who otherwise would remain at home.

San Francisco has started out in earnest to secure this Exposition; the enthusiasm and good faith of its citizens was first shown in the raising of over four million dollars in less than two hours. In September the Legislature at a special session authorized the raising by taxation of the entire state of $5,000,000, and San Francisco was authorized to amend its charter so as to issue bonds to the extent of $5,000,000. These amendments will doubtless carry at the November elections, so that the Exposition project will go before Congress next December with $17,500,000 assured, and asking no government aid.

San Francisco has been fully reconstructed and to-day is a clean, modern, up-to-date city, full of life and enterprise and rapidly forging ahead. No city in the world, not



James N. Gillett, Governor of California

even New York, has finer hotels, and nothing in that city is superior to our Palace, St. Francis and Fairmont.

Our people are in earnest about this Exposition and we want it, and we desire the government to give us recognition and to help us to make it the greatest ever held anywhere or at any time, and one which will do full credit to the spirit, enterprise and intelligence of our people, displayed in agriculture, commerce, all of the industries and fine arts.

San Francisco wrote its name somewhat conspicuously on the 1906 page of history with its appalling calamity. It has also been making history since. It has expended upon

reconstruction since 1906 fully $300,000,000, and will spend as much more by 1915. It has a pardonable pride in desiring to show to the world a city constructed, not in part but in whole, according to the highest architectural knowledge and designs of the twentieth century. It desires, moreover, to show by its hearty welcome to the world its profound gratitude and appreciation of the spontaneous and generous aid which the world gave in its hour of need.

It should be added that the commercial bodies generally throughout the state of California are unanimous in recognizing San Francisco's claims, a decision in which all the other Pacific Coast states are in hearty accord. We, therefore, expect Congress to recognize these claims and give us the indorsement necessary to make the Exposition correspond in magnificence with the undertaking in whose celebration it will be given.

California's Exposition Ambitions

By HOMER S. KING

President Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company

OF late popular terminology, inspired, no doubt, by the result of a late unpleasantness in a neighboring state, has dubbed San Francisco "the city that came back." I know of no expression that suggests more graphically the recovery of the city that four years ago groveled in the dust of disaster.

Though I lived through the work and wonder of reconstruction days, following week by week the rise of brick upon brick, the thousand puny signs of returning strength that have combined and grown into the city we see to-day, even so it seems incredible that the metropolis of the Pacific Coast has risen in greater life, and, backing her claims with millions, asked to be granted the honor of celebrating, in America's name, the completion and opening of the Panama Canal in 1915.

Before all American cities she asks the honor, and in every way she is prepared to perform her duties creditably.

For the Exposition does fall upon California and the West as both a duty and an honor. For the West the Panama Canal was begun, and to the glory of the West it will be completed and opened. Not merely to claim the honor of connecting the two oceans did the United States undertake the greatest engineering achievement man ever has attempted. It is to dominate the politics and commerce of the Pacific, that our country is cleaving two continents. It is to rule the Pacific, threatened in war and peace by evermore aspiring nations, that Congress gave the word to force a fairway where nature had built her barriers of mountain and rock.

Through the Pacific states—Oregon, Washington and California—America will carry on her trade operations with the Orient. Through this trilogy of states our country must deal with the dominance of the Pacific. Upon the states fronting the Pacific will fall the duty of sending America's influence to the eight hundred million of people along the opposite shore. Upon these states, too, will fall the duty of protecting America against possible invasion, of bearing the brunt and force of every encounter, whether of commerce or of war.

It is fitting, then, that California, greatest of Pacific Coast states, larger in area, in population, greater in wealth, of longer coast line than her far western sisters, should assume the responsibility of an Exposition that will announce to the world America's jubilee at the completion of the canal, and inaugurate, in a world celebration builded magnificently, the era of progress that will make the Pacific the "Twentieth Century Ocean."

It is not fitting that the commemoration of a purely maritime achievement should be

held by an inland city or in any city not upon the Atlantic or the Pacific seaboard.

Such is California's contention. Such is the conviction of the men behind the Exposition project. Such is the judgment of the West, for to this land on the sunset side of the Rocky mountains the canal means a newer and a broader life—the realization of dreams of conquest. To the eastern United States the year 1915 will mean greater trade accessibility with the Orient and with the Pacific Coast of our country, a shorter passenger route by sea, a better outlet for west-bound traffic. To the western United States 1915 will be the year of prophecy. It will mean the culmination of a decade the events of which have flowed toward a preparation for this dawn of greater burdens and glories. It will present long-sought opportunity to the West—opportunity for world-wide power and fame and prominence. It will witness the promise of the West fulfilled.

Homer S. King

Not idly, I am sure, not with vain vaunting or the bluster of big words do we seek co-operation. We do plead guilty to enthusiasm, to earnest intent, to an eagerness, even while we realize the magnitude of the undertaking, to be about the tremendous work of building. In the spirit with which we are entering upon this work we of San Francisco have subscribed $6,500,000 to the Exposition fund, and the state of California, through her Legislature, has voted us $5,000,000 additional for the state's citizens to pass upon in November. The municipality of San Francisco has been granted her desire to be made an equal shareholder with the state, and in December we will have $17,500,000 to complete gloriously and fittingly our self-appointed task.

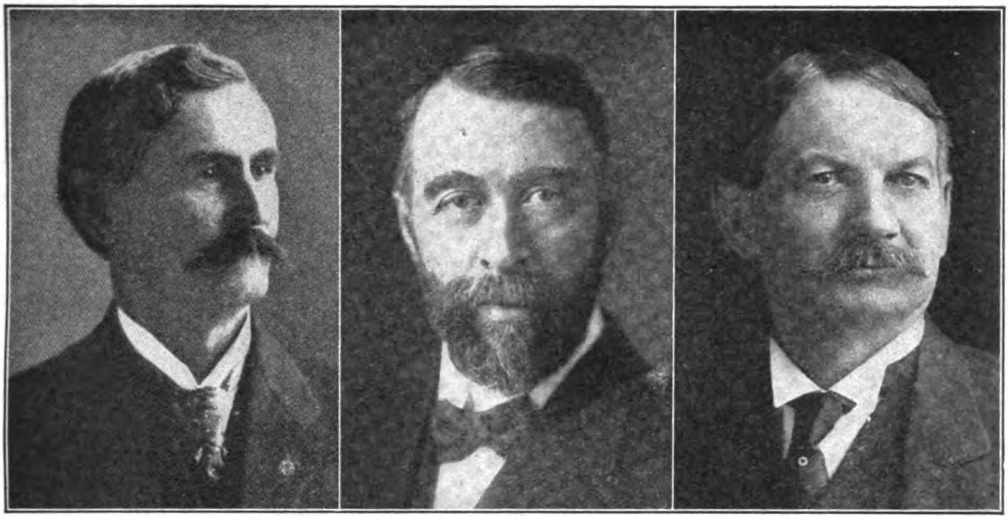
Expositions have not all been successful. Those nearest the population center have often proven the direst failures. San Francisco's Midwinter Fair, Seattle's Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Portland's Lewis and Clark Exposition, though not international in scope, were fairs that went down in exposition history as successes to be prayed for.

It is a fact that the West has a charm no other part of the United States possesses. An air of romance, of mystery, of beckoning enticements lures people westward, and they are not disappointed. Her cliffs and caverns, her giant trees, her waterfalls and rich inland plains, her crags and delta-lands, her orange groves and oil-fields, her mountain lakes and white beaches that look out toward the Orient, the Bay of San Francisco, where ships come from the Arctic and the South Seas and the Far East, her thousand wonders and natural marvels have bred in every heart a desire to see the land of gold. In the West there is the unusual, the change, the healthy relaxation that men's minds long to experience. This is the Exposition side of the continent.

We feel, too, that the West deserves an International Exposition. There have been four in the United States—one at Philadelphia on the Atlantic seaboard, one at Chicago in the Mississippi valley region, one at St. Louis on the Mississippi river, and one at New Orleans on the Mississippi river. California asks no money of the government—only the approval of the American people. We of the West never have had a great International Exposition.

San Francisco's citizens have prepared as well as may be for such an event. Working harmoniously and with enthusiasm, they have subscribed a fortune to the Exposition idea and in disregard of their own interests they have devoted months to detail work, to plans and action. Everyone must know of it, and come, for during the next four years we will be saying:

"SAN FRANCISCO: THE EXPOSITION CITY, 1915!"



W. F. Englebright | E. A. Hayes | S. C. Smith
Congressmen from California

San Francisco the Exposition City

With Portraits of Men Who Are Helping to Make the Exposition a Success

A Fireless Fair

For the First Time in the World's History an International Exposition of the Arts and Sciences May Be Held Without a Smoke and Ash Factory

By JOHN T. BRAMHALL

THE greenhorns are not always as green as they look. We used to laugh at the story of the country miller who exclaimed at Niagara Falls (it was way back when our fathers were boys): "Lord! what a waste of power!" Now we own that the miller was right, and that our fathers made the mistake of their lives in not monopolizing the falls then and there. And it was a greenhorn from Vermillion county, Illinois, where they mine soft coal, who, on visiting the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, exclaimed: "Why didn't they tap a coal-mine with a trolley-wire and run their whole darned fair with it?" In one little word he had the whole secret of modern power engineering. Electricity, in the form of what we call "long-distance transmission," is "it." Only St. Louis didn't know it and will have to be shown by San Francisco in 1915.

San Francisco, already doing wonderful things, will make the world sit up and take notice when it comes to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. And thereby hangs a tale.

Let us go back and take a peep at the other great world shows. From the Crystal Palace at London in 1851 and its prototype in New York a few years later, down to our Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, Chicago's Columbian Exposition, St. Louis,

Seattle and the rest, the energizing center of the whole exhibition—the power-plant—consisted of a steam-engine or engines, with the accompanying steam-boilers and fire of coal or other fuel.

Chicago, indeed, in 1893, made a step forward, but did not set the pace, for others did not follow in her footsteps. For the Columbian Exposition, remembered chiefly for her incomparable Midway, cosmopolitan indeed but decent, was not only the wonderful White City, an architectural dream as yet unexcelled, but it was the magic city of invisible power. Great engines were turning their ponderous wheels, an elevated railroad carried hundreds of thousands of passengers—or was it millions?—silently and without accident; thousands upon thousands of electric lamps in a profusion up to that time unthought of turned night into day in the immense buildings and upon the extensive grounds, stretching more than a mile along Lake Michigan and as far westward into the city. No wires were visible, and if one sought the great power-plant, although he would find a mammoth boiler-room with a score of leviathans trembling under the strain of several thousand horsepower apiece, the fiercely burning fires beneath seemed to be fed by invisible hands. No swarthy stokers were feeding those fiery mouths from bunkers of sooty coal. A lady's cambric handkerchief dropped upon the floor of the furnace-room would show no soil. Firemen in natty white jackets walked slowly up and down before the chained giants, turning a wheel here or a valve there; but there was no other sign of the throbbing heart of a great industrial city.

Frank P. Flint
United States Senator from California

The idea of the Vermillion county man was very nearly realized, or at least was but a step away, for if Chicago did not tap the coal-mines it tapped the oil-wells way down in the Ohio field, piped the oil to subterranean reservoirs near the power-house, from which it was pumped automatically to the furnaces. From the great dynamos, connected to the shafts of the powerful engines in the machinery building, insulated cables carried the electric current through a roomy subway beneath the court of honor to the mining and electricity buildings, and thence through tile conduits to the other buildings and the most distant parts of the grounds. An old Scotch engineer among a party shown the engineering features of the Chicago Exposition, and who had himself stood beneath the walking-beam of the little engine in Hyde Park, exclaimed: "All the rest of your great show does not count beside this. Here you have done wonders!"

This was in the year 1893. Only two years before, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, German electricians had crossed an ocean of space as wide and uncharted as was the western sea to the Genoese sailor, by conducting on a slender wire power to run a dynamo from the falls of Schaffhausen on the Rhine, a hundred miles away. And only another year previous, both at Geneva in Switzerland and at Tivoli in Italy, power had been generated in a similar manner by a water-wheel and conducted electrically long distances and applied to the running of various machinery with entire success.

What wonder then that a Chicago newspaper man, with the arrogance induced by his city's successful engineering feat and with an understanding of the meaning of electrical progress abroad, should address the director-general of the Paris Exposition of 1895 with the suggestion that the power-plant for that demonstration of a rehabilitated France be not located in the constricted grounds selected in the capital city but at the coal-mines in the north near the Belgian frontier! It would be cheaper, pointed out the newspaper man, with the effrontery of technical ignorance, to take the power at the pit's mouth and conduct the energy to Paris on a copper wire, than to haul it down to the Seine in their baby freight wagons, stoke it to the furnaces, remove the ashes, pay high rentals and insurance and maintain a smoke nuisance besides.

Of course the Chicago newspaper man received a gold medal and a blue ribbon for

Julius Kahn | James McLachlan | Duncan E. McKinlay
Congressmen from California

his ingenuity and enterprise! Of a certainty, non. He might as well have addressed the Akhoond of Swat, for he neglected to have his proposition engrossed in French, and when Consul-General Gowdy brought the matter to the attention of the directory, the steam power-plant was being installed. When Mr. Thomas B. Bryan, who was vice-president of the Chicago Exposition, went to Antwerp a few years later to attend the Belgian Exposition, he mentioned the scheme of harnessing the neighboring coal-mines and relieving the metropolis of the Scheldt from the disadvantages of a local power-plant. The Belgians smiled. It was an idea American, they said, and most admirable for the twentieth century. And so it is.

We have had our St. Louis Exposition right at the gate of the Illinois coal-fields, and the expositions at Portland and Seattle both within touch of the unlimited power generated from the mountain streams, but the old coal-steam methods of generating power and the time-honored shafting and belting used by our ancestors for distribution were employed to run the machinery. It was splendid, but was it art?

And now we are planning for another International Exposition to demonstrate to the world the relations of the empires of the Pacific with the western world at the period of the cutting of the isthmus and the uniting of the oceans. *Qui bono?* What of Zipangu and Cathay, sought by the fifteenth century navigators? Exploited already by Europe until they can bear it no longer, the one has set up for herself as a modern world-power and the other is preparing to follow in her footsteps. On the American shore of the Pacific sits a new empress, not to be conquered but to be courted. San Francisco, like Tyre of old, is situate at the entry of the sea, and is "a city of perfect beauty." Her borders are in the midst of the seas and her builders have perfected her beauty. All the ships of the sea with their mariners are in her markets, and their merchants occupy in her fairs with emeralds, purple and broidered work, fine linen, coral and agate and a multitude of all kinds of riches. The ships sing of her in her markets and she is replenished and made very glorious in the midst of the seas.

San Francisco in her Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915 will present a magnificent object-lesson to the world in setting up and operating a great Exposition whose power and light shall be supplied, not from coal-burning furnaces as in the past but from the "white coal" of the mountain streams. This will be its most notable feature in the eyes of visitors from the East and from abroad, for although they may be familiar with the sight of towns lighted and factories operated by electricity, there is yet no precedent of its exclusive use at an exposition. San Francisco will take the attitude

George A. Bartlett
Congressman from Nevada

Joseph R. Knowland
Congressman from California

J. C. Needham
Congressman from California

of the Japanese at the Columbian Exposition when they declined to exhibit the jinrikisha and the palanquin in the transportation department. "We are exhibiting," said their commissioner, "as a modern, up-to-date nation. The jinrikisha belongs in ethnology." And they filled up their space in the transportation building with naval models and armaments. What man is doing to-day in California will be best exemplified in the modern power-plant of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Just what that power-plant will be we can form a reasonable idea from the present electric power equipment of San Francisco, and allowing for the improvements that may be expected in the coming five years.

George C. Perkins
United States Senator from California

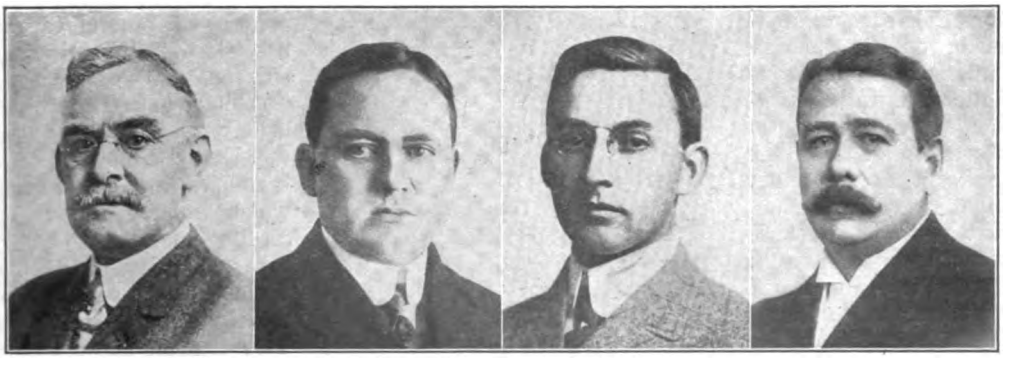
The most important power-plant, by far, is that of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and its eight or ten subsidiary companies. This consists, in the aggregate, of upward of thirty reservoirs on the slopes of the Sierra with a capacity of over a million and a half miner's inches every twenty-four hours, or a gross quantity in cubic feet of three and one-third billion. There are six hundred and thirty-three miles of ditches, making a canal long enough to reach from New York to Columbus, Ohio, or to Wilmington, North Carolina; enough flumes, twenty-eight miles, to run all the water-mills in New Hampshire; twenty-eight pipe-lines, operating fifteen power-houses containing forty generators with a minimum output of close to a hundred thousand horsepower, or more than that used by Manchester and Lowell and a dozen other manufacturing cities on the Merrimac. The power thus derived from the mountain streams is conveyed to a hundred sub-stations by means of seventy-four transmission lines, having an aggregate of over fifteen hundred miles of circuits and carrying power at sixty thousand voltage. The power-houses may be operated as separate units or synchronized, so that power may be distributed from the extreme northern end of the system to the southern over transmission lines three hundred and twenty miles in extent. It is, so to speak, a Brobdignagian "twenty-mule team," that hauls the street and suburban "trams" and turns the wheels for factories

as well as heat and light plants for San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Vallejo, Stockton, Sacramento and a dozen or more cities. It is a power-plant unrivaled anywhere in the world, and its initial energy, be it remembered, is taken from the inexhaustible streams fed by the melting snows of the Sierra Nevada.

In addition to the above, but in general resembling the plants already described, three other large plants are turning into the cities on the bay another thousand horsepower. These are the Great Western Power Company, deriving its power from streams on the slopes of Mount Lassen, in Sierra county, conducted through a tunnel two and a half miles long from which several thousand dollars in gold have been taken; the Stanislaus line, taking its power from an immense dam near Angel's Camp, immortalized by Bret Harte, where the waters of the Stanislaus, after being led through fifteen miles of tortuous cañons, make a final plunge of fifteen hundred feet to the turbines; and the Northern California Power Company, whose plant, fed by the icy streams of Mount Shasta, is supplying power and light to San Francisco, over two hundred miles to the south. Another big company, taking its name from the same mountain, is putting in a plant with every improvement known to electric power engineering, and other projects are almost daily filing upon the streams of the Sierra. The definitive choice of San Francisco as the site of the Panama-Pacific Exposition will of course give an additional impulse to power development and by 1915 San Francisco will probably have at her disposal no less than five hundred thousand horsepower of electric energy, or more than any other city in the country.

George S. Nixon
United States Senator from Nevada

This will be the power-plant of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, when San Francisco, establishing a precedent for an admiring world, will set up and operate a splendid Exposition whose sources of light and power shall be the "white coal" of the mountain streams. No unsightly smoke-stacks belching forth clouds of soot will mar the beauty of buildings and landscape. No coal-burning furnaces will take up space in the Exposition grounds and insurance rates will be low. For the first time in the world's history an International Exposition of the arts and sciences will be held without the accompaniment of a smoke and ash factory. It will be a fireless fair.



John Britton S. Fred Hogue P. T. Clay C. W. Hornick
Members Board of Directors, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company

Charles S. Fee
Member Board of Directors

California's Opportunity

By ROBERT E. CONNOLLY
Chief of the Bureau of Publicity

Charles de Young
Member Board of Directors

CALIFORNIA will receive $50,000,000 of judicious advertising within the next four years. Almost dollar by dollar a statistician expert in the affairs of expositions could tell you how the money will be placed, its immediate effect, and its permanent benefit. Almost man by man the gain in colonization could be given, the numbers of new homes on the land, the farms opened, the added impetus to business all over the state.

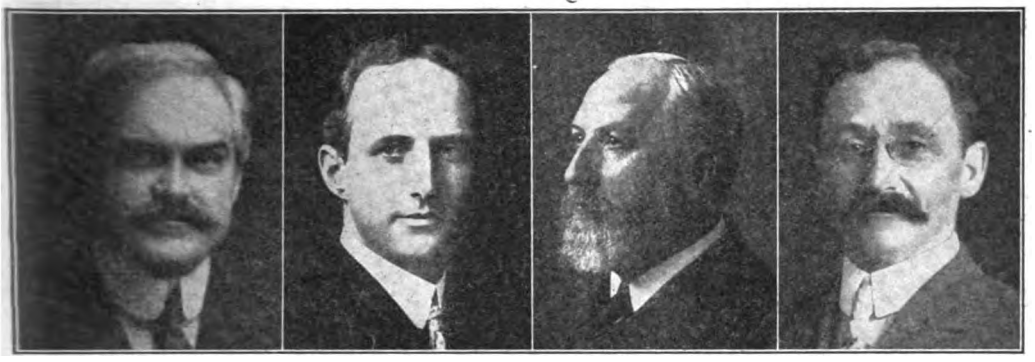
Ever since Marshall discovered gold at Coloma — or, at least, ever since Californians discovered agriculture — chambers of commerce, development boards, promotion committees and various other organizations have been advertising this state in an endeavor to induce people to come here and develop the resources of the most productive and by far most promising part of the Union. They have worked hard, and done much, but in the last analysis their efforts, no matter how enthusiastic, could not achieve the impression that their hopes urged them they might make on farmers, factory owners and business men throughout the country and the world. It is a fact that California is known outside of her own boundaries only by piecemeal. Show me a spot in California well known to the world, and I will show you a spot that some organization, some railroad or business body, has spent money upon in much advertising.

This is a self-evident proposition, well understood. Perhaps it is not so well understood that there are parts of this state now, equal in productivity to some of its best known sections, that are not appreciated by Californians themselves. There are beauties in it that are blushing unadvertised. There are opportunities for wealth and happiness that no colonist, poring over his books of information, ever sees.

What California needs is a world advertisement, then, of all California, backed by all California. This, and more, is what the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be.

It is not hard to convince anyone that the sections of this state are best known in which citizens and organizations have united in publicity work. Throughout the United States, it is certain, the districts in which isolated and uncertain advertising has been done are seldom made the mecca of the colonist or the capitalist. This is a big state, and

George E. Chamberlain
United States Senator from Oregon



Frank L. Brown R. B. Hale A. W. Foster Andrew M. Davis
Members Board of Directors

it needs advertising on a big scale. When it is realized over the globe that California is not a collection of giant trees, orange groves, oil-fields and waterfalls, set around in a circle easy of access to tourists, but a great empire, larger than some of Europe's kingdoms that have filled books of history, richer than any kingdom ever has been, all California and every part of it will benefit more than in all the years of individual publicity efforts.

But our state is so large, its varieties so many, its resources so varied and abundant, its differences in climate and soil and opportunities so marked, that only a colossal advertisement indeed can convey the true impression of its character.

Someone has said that the Panama-Pacific Exposition will result in two kinds of publicity for California—intensive and extensive. However apt that expression may be, it expresses the idea: the Exposition will be made interesting to the people of every state and country; the people of every state and country will be themselves brought to an intense and personal interest in the Exposition.

Passing by other matters for the moment, consider the way in which the citizens of France and Connecticut will regard an event in California to which they are to send a great exhibit that will compete with and stand among exhibits from all the world. These people will feel personally interested in that Exposition; they will read everything they can find concerning it; they will want to know about the other exhibits; they will want to see them, and they will, finally, want most ardently to see the state in which the great fair is to be given.

Consider too the personal element that enters into the Exposition which celebrates the completion of a marvelous achievement of the American people. Every American will be interested in that Exposition, just because of his interest in his canal. And if he can't see the canal and the Exposition, he will at least want to see the Exposition itself. And all California needs to secure colonists is to show herself to colonists. Once here they must stay if they are at all dissatisfied with their home land.

Wesley L. Jones
United States Senator from Washington

But behind this very desirable personal interest in our fair, and building upon it—using it to the very best advantage—will come the flood of Exposition advertising, penetrating to every corner and cranny of the world, finding a place in theaters, country newspapers, metropolitan

James Rolph, Jr. M. H. de Young John Barneson Alfred I. Esberg
Members Board of Directors

dailies, picnic programs, magazines, hotel directories—everywhere that publicity can go. And the burden of it all will be:

"Come to California."

For four years the wonders of this state, of the West and of the Exposition, the product of the West, will be placed before every eye. Every conceivable method of whetting the interest of the traveler and the stay-at-home alike will be used. Every lure that can be devised will be practised. And as a foundation for it all, as the best foundation for any publicity concerning anything Californian, will be California, the land of promise.

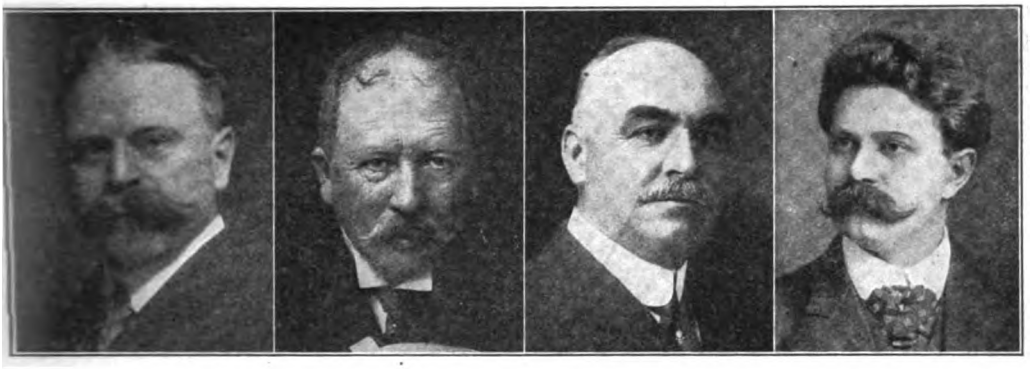
Not a booklet but will contain the California idea. Not a newspaper article, a Sunday magazine feature story, an advertisement, an interview, but will have running through it the wealth of a state that can give the most magnificent Exposition that history knows. There will be multiplied articles and speeches upon California alone, and how the resources of the state have been called upon to make America's jubilee at the canal opening.

All this will be designed to bring people here. That will be the effort, of course, of all Exposition publicity. Aiding this will be that undercurrent of comment and discussion that sweeps around a country, penetrating as no outward advertising can do, into homes and clubs and the interests of men and women, concerning the building of the Exposition, the things that are being prepared for display there, the gossip of visitors to California, returned home to tell of the towers and turrets that are arising by the Golden Gate. All the bustle of appointing special commissioners to the fair, of receiving commissioners from California, of voting exhibits and preparing them and fighting about it, will advertise the Exposition and the state.

Francis G. Newlands
United States Senator from Nevada

The Exposition itself will be successful or unsuccessful in proportion to the thoroughness with which the charm of California is presented to the world. All who come will not be disappointed in the state. Those that do not make their homes here will be life-long advertisers of the opportunities and beauties of the West. Through succeeding years the benefits of the Exposition will flow to California in increasing ratio. The whole state will be advanced at least ten years in population, power and wealth.

Already, in anticipation of California winning the approval of Congress, plans for promoting the Exposition are being formed. The publicity scheme is a broad and inclusive one. No Exposition has been advertised as this one will be, and this not so much, perhaps, because of the activity that will be displayed by the Exposition publicity department as from the very nature of this Exposition.



William H. Crocker | Henry T. Scott | James McNab | A. W. Scott, Jr.
Members Board of Directors

First of all, remember that the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be the only International Exposition ever given by the United States in a rich, undeveloped country, possessing in abundance the charms of nature that appeal to all mankind. The first International Exposition held in America, that at Philadelphia in 1876, was in a state long ago pioneered and robbed of its virgin richness that appeals to the intending settler. Even then it was a congested state, stale and bare of allurements. The International Exposition in 1893 found Chicago in almost the grown-up condition that Philadelphia had presented eighteen years before. The International Exposition at St. Louis in 1904 was certainly not held in a land that offers many inducements to the settler who is looking for rich land and lots of it. The International Exposition in New Orleans in 1884 was a dismal failure, given by a dismal city in a dismal state.

At Seattle the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was a tremendous success, and so was the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland and the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. But these were not International Expositions. Whatever advertising was done for them was uphill work. They endeavored to interest the world when the world was not interested in the exposition. That personal element which will make every citizen take an interest in the Panama-Pacific Exposition was lacking.

The Jamestown Exposition was a failure, though held, like the exposition at New Orleans, near large population centers, because there was no charm to the country in which the exposition was held. Not the air of history in which the Jamestown Exposition was given could bring people to its gates. The call of spots studied by every schoolboy and girl, and woven into our early traditions, was not sufficient to draw people from their work. The call of the West always has drawn eager throngs, though never has the appeal of the West been brought home to all Americans and all the world. That is what the Panama-Pacific Exposition will do.

P. H. McCarthy
Mayor of San Francisco

Indeed, it would be a blind policy that would overlook the publicity possibilities of California in aiding to bring the Exposition to the point of genuine interest in the public mind. To the average man, perhaps, an exposition is like another exposition—buildings, so many water courts and towers, the number of exhibits and a

R. J. Taussig Charles C. Moore I. W. Hellman, Jr. Thornwell Mullally
Members Board of Directors

concession thoroughfare. That the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be more than this, it will be the aim and purpose of the publicity department to convince all mankind. That the state and the West are worth a visit by themselves, that the Exposition is not more wonderful than the West, will be the tenor of all advertisements.

Perhaps a glance at Jacksonville, Florida, away down in the southeast corner of the map, may do much to convince Californians how greatly this far-western rim of the continent will profit from a general and continued advertisement. In 1900, Jacksonville had a population of 28,429, and folks called it a sleepy town. But Jacksonville was far from slumbering, and in 1901 and 1902 and thereafter until Uncle Sam's enumerators came around to count Jacksonville's inhabitants for the 1910 census, Jacksonville was advertising herself all over the East, and in Europe, too.

And on the census rolls of 1910, Jacksonville, Florida, the "sleepy town" of ten years ago, is listed with 57,699 people, an increase of 103 per cent over the population in 1900.

Wise advertising, in which everyone in the city took a part, is responsible for Jacksonville's marvelous growth. Had the state of Florida united her people in a great advertisement the whole state would have benefited as the city did, and in the same ratio. If Californians unite in the four years of advertising that the Exposition will give them, their state in 1915 will show a rate of growth even more remarkable than that of Jacksonville.

Railroad passenger agents in the eastern states predict a colonist travel rush to California this year forty per cent greater than that of 1909. At the announcement of dates for the sale of colonist tickets in the Atlantic and middle western states the call for accommodations justified the agents in their prophecy for the present season. The great throngs crowding for tickets justifies also the extensive advertising the western railroads and many western cities have been making during the past winter and summer. Such advertising must have beneficial results, for advertising based on the resources and opportunities of the West cannot fail. It is legitimate advertising, and must bring good in proportion to the way it is presented and the extent of territory it covers.

And the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be a colossal advertisement, presented in the most enticing and alluring way, carrying conviction in its exhibits and proofs of the state's wealth and covering the whole world in its effect.

But we are not compelled to cross the continent in order to discover cities, and whole communities, that have increased in size and wealth and prominence in startling fashion, and all through the globe-encircling medium of advertising. There are municipalities enough in California that attest the value of telling the world of what we have here. Southern California, from the Mexican line to Tehachapi, owes its remarkable prosperity and fame to the continual advertising that has sent the story of its oranges and oil-fields and vineyards everywhere.

It may be objected that other parts of California have oranges and vineyards and oil-fields too, and this objection will be sustained. But these other parts of California, growing slowly because they have made no effort to progress, will never spread their praises over the land until they have put into practice the lesson the south has taught.

The richest land in America will lie idle if news of it is not sent out to intending settlers, while less worthy districts may become prosperous and progressive with the aid that advertising can give.

Every California county will have its exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and every county will have its commissioners and agents ready to prove the state's resources. Transportation lines will carry visitors into all sections of the state on special coupon tickets, issued at rates unusually low, for the western roads are as much interested as Californians are in bringing people out of the congested districts into the country where they can produce more wealth. Not a county in the state, whether its chief industry be mining or agriculture or manufacturing, but will benefit by the fair in hundreds and thousands of new citizens.

And statisticians show that every settler is worth $1,000 per year to the state in which he makes his home.

Of course it must be considered, in computing the various ways in which visitors will be drawn westward in 1915, that most people are only too anxious to come West and see the sights they have heard of and read about. The Exposition will give them the excuse to come, and with the Exposition announced four years ahead, presented to them in the proper light, and the West again brought to their attention, there are few who will not have sufficient saved, by the time the canal is done, to come to California.

The Exposition does present her opportunity to California. Californians interested in the advancement of their state should aid the Exposition idea with all their might. Offered to them is the chance they say comes once to every man and country; let us not be asleep or indifferent when Opportunity knocks, but rather let us prepare a feast and make things so pleasant that Opportunity will remain with us alway.

A Fair at San Diego in 1915

The entire southwest is interested in a complementary exposition to be held at San Diego during 1915. It is to differ, in many respects, from anything of the kind ever before attempted and it will prove of especial interest to the great element that is concerned with the cultivation and products of the soil. Irrigation, reclamation and scientific agriculture are to be exploited on the broadest scale possible; historical treasures of the southwest will be gathered in one imposing exhibit and visitors will be given an opportunity to inspect the habits and environment of the Aztecs, the Cliff-dwellers, the Zunis, the Apaches, and the more modern Indian tribes.

San Diego already has assured a fund of $2,000,000 to be devoted to the building and needs of this exposition. It will serve to advertise more widely than anything else the climate of California's southwest coast and will accelerate a growth that has broken many coast records. The work of preparation is already under way and the San Diegans, while advancing comprehensive plans for improvement of a splendid natural harbor, are building hotels, business blocks and other improvements against the coming of the stranger in 1915.

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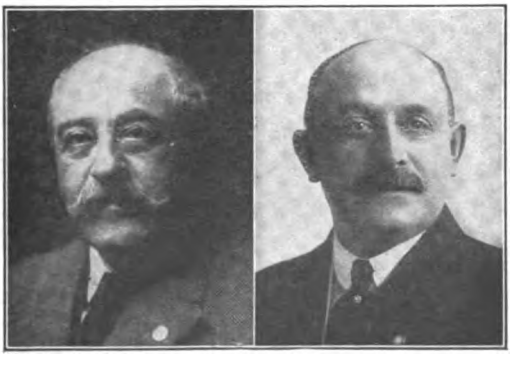
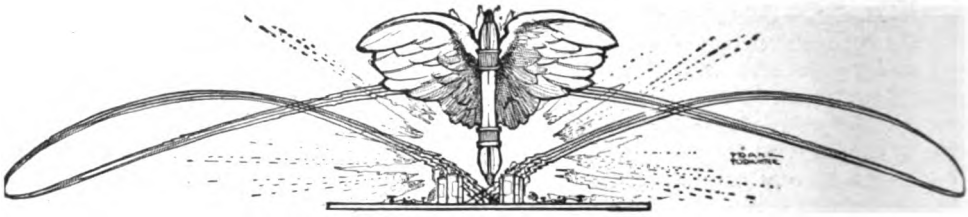


Leon Sloss M. J. Brandenstein
Members Board of Directors



1915

By WALLACE IRWIN

Editor's Note—Here is a notable and prophetic song of 1915, by a Californian whose fame as a humorous philosopher is world-wide. But in considering the tremendous possibilities for the Pacific involved in the completion of the Panama Canal, Mr. Irwin necessarily becomes serious and emphatic, and gives an impressive forecast of the future:

We have tunneled the heart of darkness, we have traversed the upper air;
For who shall write in the Book of Man, "This thing thou shalt not dare?"
So we of the Race of Dominance, masters of hand and brain,
Have wielded the staff of Moses now and smitten the Lands in Twain,

Saying, "Let two great ocean tides never be sundered more,
Salt of the East and salt of the West mingle from shore to shore;
For our land is an undivided Land, and surely, if we be One,
Then a Union of Seas shall aid our strength as a Union of States has done."

O open the gates, my people! to the mingled seas give sway,
To the ships of peace and the ships of war that furrow the cloven way,
To our steel-constructed watchdog pack charged with destruction fleet,
To our peaceful train of merchantmen laden with coal and wheat.

For the races of men shall mingle when the seas of the earth are wed
And the ships of a hundred kingdoms the path of the sun must thread,
Till the treasure-galleys of Commerce, borne by the winds of Fate,
Shall cast their magnificent anchors down in the tide of the Western Gate.