Mount San Jacinto, California, with a fragment of the Colorado Desert.
THE COLORADO DESERT

THE COLORADO DESERT AND CALIFORNIA. BY GUSTAV STICKLEY

In the old days, when transit and communication were slow, books and sketches of travel were eagerly seized upon by those whom circumstances bound to a certain point of the earth’s surface. Then, description was expected by the reader and was absolutely necessary to his understanding of the country or region treated, since his sources of knowledge were few: the principal one residing in the encyclopaedia.

But now, things separated from us by seas or continents, seem little more distant to our imagination than the next station upon our local railway. “There is no more near nor far.” Travelers, descriptions and pictures are multiplied to the point of becoming wearisome. Our neighbors every day depart for or return from some visit to strange countries and peoples. We are surfeited by our own or our friends’ experiences among the Filipinos or the Zulus; while the scenic effects of the entire globe are as familiar to our mind’s eye as the grove in which we picnicked only last summer.

By reason of the new conditions, those who treat of travel with either pen or pencil, can no longer simply describe, if they wish to produce something of interest and value. They must be impressionists and critics; not content to record facts, but eager to attempt the more difficult task of representing things as they see them, through their own medium of vision, physical or intellectual. The public now demands of those who use their powers for its instruction or pleasure, concepts and ideas, something personal, which tells that the things described have been approached with sympathy and studied with intelligence.

It matters not if the point of view be one of questionable tenability, or if the mental

Southern Pacific bridge over the Colorado River at Yuma, Arizona
lens distort, to some degree, the objects submitted to its power: some partial truth will be present in such transmission, and, in the suggestions so offered, there will reside a real value, which can be put to profit by the receiver.

In accordance with such principles, rather than as a narrative of travel familiar to many through personal experience and to many more through the medium of books, dream of which the most fanciful products can be seen, touched and tasted. The spontaneity of Nature inspires feelings in the human heart before unknown to it. The fullness pervading all life makes accomplishment seem easy, although necessity for effort is largely removed. The very names and abundance of the fruits are idyllic, the number of them not being exceeded in the faery feast described in

certain impressions of the Colorado desert and California are here recorded.

SOUTHERN California in springtime is perhaps paralleled in beauty by only one other region of the world, similarly situated, and when visited at the same period of the year: that is the Riviera, or northwestern coast of the Italian peninsula. The Golden Age of the poets then becomes in either country a realized Keats’s “Eve of St. Agnes.” Here are found in perfection oranges, lemons, limes, figs, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, nectarines, quinces, guavas, with the product of the loquat vine, the almond and the walnut trees. The eucalyptus everywhere makes its healing presence felt and the air is laden with delicate perfumes. The sight is no less flattered than the other senses, and it would seem that in this region, at this exquisite season, the climax of sensuous pleasure is attainable.
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But the idyl changes to a vital book of history, a lesson of stern endeavor, of religious zeal, of bold political and economic enterprise, if one is able to resist the Eden-like loveliness of one's surroundings, in order to study the memorials of the Spaniards in the Missions and Haciendas. And once again, the scene assumes a new character, if the motley population be taken into account, since this pronounced feature of

as it can not be too strongly insisted, the beauty of this charming region is thus enhanced, the interest and singularity of impression afforded by the Colorado Desert can not, presumably, be paralleled save by the experiences of travelers in the Far East.

First among the striking phenomena of the American Sahara must be placed the awful sandstorms which, when encountered, seem like the struggles of man with the Arch

An assembly of Yuma Indians

the great gold-bearing State presents one of the most varied studies of races to be found in the world: a place in which several radically differing divisions of humanity live and labor side by side, and can consequently be accurately judged by comparison.

The pleasure to be derived from the romantic beauty of the coast is enhanced by the contrast of the barren wastes which precede it for the traveler who arrives upon the Southern Pacific Railway. But while, Fiend, since almost superhuman strength and nervous force are required from one who grapples with their fury. It was my lot to experience one of these whirlwinds, although from the shelter of the railway carriage; the storm being of no unusual degree of violence. But even in its attenuated form, the phenomenon defies description. It must be witnessed in order that any adequate conception be formed of its character. Its effects, spectacular and physical, can not be communicated by
speech. As in the presence of all stupendous actions, whether of man or Nature, words fail one who would use them, and terms of qualification shrink until they seem too poor and mean to be pronounced.

But such facts will not deter me from speaking "right on," as one to whom, from childhood, Nature has appealed in "a various language," fitted to hours of gladness, or yet again with equal power to the darker musings of the mind. Conscious also that the Desert has been described, as a party of friends whom I had persuaded to turn back that they might gain a closer knowledge of the region than can be obtained from a single rapid passage across it.

Upon our right, like a succession of majestic towers, rose the San Jacinto mountains: their loftiest peak capped with clouds and attaining a height of eleven thousand feet, while its base lay nearly three hundred feet below the level of the sea. On our left stood the no less imposing San Bernardino range, distinguished by two superb mountains: the one named from the saint of Clairvaux; the other, called San Gorgonio, showing a long, smoothly convex gigantic oval of granite which attains a height of twelve thousand feet. Between these two Titanic natural barriers, which seemed to lock us within a prison area, the train wound its way, delivered up to the fury of the storm. As we advanced, external Nature gradually assumed a single color, becoming a chaos of brown. The atmosphere showed a light café au lait shade, transmitting no blue of sky, no azure or purple of mountain, no green of vegetation. Spirals, whorls, fantastic shapes and formless masses of sand, reached apparently from the earth to a sky piled with denser sand-clouds; while beside the tracks, eddies, currents and ridges of sand, although subjected to a motion more rapid than the passage of the train, made the surface of the soil appear like the drained bed of some vast river or sea. Phy-
sical discomfort became intense; the exposed portions of the body are literally scrubbed by the sand, while the organs of respiration feel as if they were subjected to the same process of trituration. A similar effect is to be noted upon substances less sensitive than human tissue, for the telegraph poles are slowly being sawn in twain, and the clapboards of the railway stations consumed by the cutting power of the fine diamond-like particles.

If exposed to the open fury of the storm, and if the temperature be high—that is, ranging from 110° to 130° Fahrenheit,—all living things suffer to a degree which is almost indescribable. Horses lie down, pant, groan, and permit their heads to be covered with blankets, in spite of the intense heat and threatened suffocation. Men, because possessed of the fine natural instruments of self-preservation residing in the hands, can alternately hide and uncover their faces, and so mitigate their sufferings. They can drink quickly and easily, and by this means economize their water-supply, which, in such events, constitutes the chief means and hope of salvation. But the animals must be made to drink from bottles, thrust far into their mouths, and often they kick, gasp and struggle, defeating utterly the human purpose, and casting away the precious liquid to be absorbed by the sands.

Night during a desert sand-storm brings little of the relief and rest usually afforded by that restorative season, and morning elsewhere, fresh, sweet and invigorating, has a character perfectly expressed by Browning’s criminal, Sebald, who, waking, downcast and unrefreshed by sleep, exclaims: “Morning! I thought it was night with a sun added.”

But the storm, once experienced under the mild conditions which I have described, becomes a memory which one would unwillingly relinquish; since, as in all past events of travel, the mental impression of emotion and exaltation remains, while the sense of physical annoyance and pain, at the time so distressing and poignant, is forgotten as utterly as if it had never existed.

The objective point of the day’s journey during which I witnessed the overwhelming spectacle of the sandstorm, was Yuma, a town situated at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado rivers, on the confines of Arizona and California. Here, there awaited me experiences as new and unexpected as those occasioned by the desert sand-storm. I saw in full vigor a life which I supposed had been extinct for two or three decades at the least. The scene produced upon me the effect of a drama built up upon phases of California life, at the period of the “Gold Fever.” At first, I could not believe what I saw passing before my eyes to be spontaneous, unpremeditated action.
The men and women appeared to be playing parts, while the background against which they were projected, seemed ready to fall at any moment, and to disclose its shabby falsehoods of paper and lathing. But gradually I recognized that I was surrounded by true pioneer conditions. Yuma, owing to its comparative isolation, exists afford a vista into the past life of the mining districts of the Pacific Slope.

But yet, after studying this peculiar life, one must recognize that it can not last long; that, through the operation of science as applied to means of transit and communication, the "local color" of Yuma will be swept away, as a wind scatters a mirage,

as a survival. The character-types of its floating population are almost classic; so often have they appeared in tradition and literature. Like the gypsies in Granada, like the persistent people of the Spanish Basque country, the inhabitants of Yuma, although little cohesive and representing widely differing races, classes and conditions of men, form a distinct whole, and leaving the commonplace to pervade and dominate the town.

At present, the first impression there gained is the sense of openness. Vice is everywhere apparent and seemingly waiting for the coming of its brother Crime. The seven mortal sins can be committed rapidly and without effort by him who so wills, and it would seem that the atmosphere of the
place might easily generate seven others
more unclean even than those which are
known to the Church.

At night, the streets appear to serve no
other use than that of paths to the saloon,
the dancehouse and the gambling hell, and
in my experiences of travel I can remember
nothing quite comparable with what I may
be permitted to call the enthusiasm for evil
which is manifest in Yuma. There, of
course, the element of danger for the spec-
tator is no greater than in Mediterranean
seaports; nor are the types of humanity
encountered more depraved than those
found in the vicious quarters of any im-
portant focus of population. Simply,
the type of town represented by Yuma is aban-
donied to a perpetual carnival of passion;
there being no opposing current of educa-
tional movement or business enterprise.
The memory of one among the many places
of resort which I visited, remains in my
mind, fixed there by the sonorous voice of
a negro who sang melodiously the ballad,
“If I but Knew;” while the “wheel of
Fortune” turned, and the strident voice of
the croupier, if such he could be called,
commanded: “Make your bets, gents,”
“Name your p’son,” or articulated other
more “technical” phrases, such as variegate
the pages of Bret Harte and his imitators.
In such assemblages as these, found at
every street-turning in Yuma, slang is felt
to be the proper standard mode of speech,
suited to the surroundings to the same de-
gree that conventional evening dress would
be unsuited. And to the places themselves
what designation could be more appropriate
than “dives,” since in them descent is made
to the very slime and mire of human in-
stincts? Alike the places and the assem-
blages are object lessons for the traveler,
be he never so little given to reflection and
moralizing. For, in order to prevent
overpowering despondency, one must turn
to the streets which show a moving pano-
rama quite as picturesque, if not so impos-
ing, as any offered at the meeting places of
varied races in the old world. Indeed,
many times in my passage through this
town of the Far West, I was reminded of
La Cannebière, the famous boulevard re-
garding which the inhabitants of Marseilles

Yuma mother and papoose

express their civic pride, by saying that if
Paris possessed such a promenade, it might
boast of equaling their own city. But lest
I may be accused of contrasting the sordid
with the splendid, I hasten to say that I
make the comparison only between the race-
types encountered in the two places; setting
aside the brilliancy of the French seaport,
with its lavish display of free space, its fine
trees and shrubbery, its dazzling lights, its
shops stocked with costly wares, and the ele-
gance of the majority of its promenaders.
But as far as the race-types are concerned,
the comparison remains valid. It is true that in Yuma there are no Moors to accent the throng with their white turbans and burnouses; but, in their place, we find the Chinese with their pendent queues, blouses and wooden shoes; Indians swathed in blankets and flaunting the gayest of bandanas, plumes and other head-ornaments: their long, straight black hair beneath, irrigable lands; gold miners, prospectors and promoters; scholarly-looking men who, upon inquiry, are found to be Government experts in geology; finally, an occasional priest, or parson, whose face, bearing and garments are no more unmistakable than those of the professional gambler also mingling in the motley throng, and believing himself to be perfectly disguised. Still

beaten by the wind and adding to their weird appearance; also, slender Mexicans, marked by their sinuous movements and subtle eyes, wearing their sombreros with the airs of Spanish grandees; cowboys in the full costume of their kind, forming a sharp contrast with soberly dressed farmers from the Middle States in search of other types there are and in profusion; but those already enumerated will give some slight idea of a street scene in a town whose singularity overtaxes the descriptive faculty of all save those who have genius in the use of pen or pencil.

As one might infer from the scene, the population of Yuma is an indeterminate
quantity. These curious types, fascinating by their picturesqueness, their ugliness, or even their sinister quality, are there to-day and gone to-morrow. But the assembly is ever renewed and the town is an old one. More than a century ago, it was the site of the labors of certain monks of the Franciscan order, who established two Missions vanced to plant the standard of the United States upon the Pacific coast.

The separate stages of development, as is usual in all settlements, are recorded in the buildings of Yuma. Adobe structures stand side by side with frame houses and with the most modern brick buildings, just as, sometimes, at an unsuspected point, an old formation of rock pierces the stratum lying nearest the earth's surface. But the sterility reigning in the great, circumscribing desert, seems to have stricken the brain of the men of Yuma. Bare necessities of shelter and trade alone produced the habitations and public buildings of the town, rigidly excluding therefrom all pro-

Irrigation Canal: Palm Springs, California
visions for the gratification of the eye. Yuma is simply a halting place in the desert, where routes meet, hostelries thrive, traffic is active, enterprise abounds, and the vices of many races unite in a maelstrom of evil.

On the day following my arrival, I visited the school maintained by the United States Government for the local tribe of Indians. The school is housed in the officers’ quarters, and the barracks of the old and now dismantled Fort Yuma, situated on the California bank of the Colorado river. The incidents of this visit—consisting of the inspection of dormitories, the examination of school work, listening to the school band, conducted by an Indian leader, and seeing a pupils’ meal in progress—would not have made a deep impression upon my mind, had it not been for a spirited, although friendly discussion which arose between the superintendent in charge, Mr. J. S. Spear, and myself, regarding the policy to be pursued in the education of these representatives of a primitive and presumably inferior race.

The superintendent expressed his strong belief that the shortest road to civilization for the Indians lay in teaching their children how to do everything in the white man’s way. He maintained that there should be no compromise, no absorption, no amalgamation of ideas, such as occurred, when the pagan world gradually became Christianized. He advocated enforced and radical changes in the dress, food, games, social customs, arts and religion of the nation’s wards: regarding all these manifestations of taste and feeling as ties to the old, free, irresponsible life, and consequently as obstacles barring progress and education.

Certain features of such radicalism appearing to me as revolutionary, destructive and deplorable, I made an earnest plea for the preservation and fostering of the arts of basketry and pottery-making among the Indians, especially among the tribes of the Northwest, who, if left to themselves, produce exquisite objects which join usefulness with beauty, embody a delicate symbolism and possess indisputable claims to be regarded as works of art.

To this plea I received the equally earnest reply that no such favor should be shown these two crafts, which ought to be swept away, together with the other employments of blanket-, mat- and bead-weaving, savoring yet more of the man of the forest and primitive life. The products of such barbarous art, Mr. Spear urged, were museum objects, beautiful from a certain point of view, but most of all, worthy of study as examples of racial limitations, like the Egyptian hieroglyphs in which we see the ideographs of a people who, however hard they labored, were not able to produce an alphabet. “We do not,” concluded my opponent, “leave the feeble-minded of our own race to multiply their kind without question. We study their infirmities by scientific methods, restrain them for the good of humanity at large, and seek to bring them as near as possible to the normal standard. The same means must be employed with the Indians.”

In reply to those strong statements I again pleaded for the preservation of the original handicrafts of the Indians; directing my strength toward the rebuttal of the policy outlined in these sentences directly
quoted from my adversary: “I would abolish all their barbarous arts. They must be made to relinquish their own life and to accept ours. The only way to reach this end is to deprive them of everything to which they have hitherto been attached.”

On the contrary, I maintained that the North American Indian expressions of art are excellent of their kind; that between classes of types comparisons are idle; that such objects must be judged by their adherence to certain fixed laws, or their depart-

A semi-tropical paradise

ure from the same; but that no one critic or body of critics chosen from a single race is capable of establishing standards which are perfect and permanent. In my efforts to argue, rather than to assert, I instanced the two great systems of art,—the Oriental and the Western; emphasizing the fact that while the external differences between them are wide, the investigations of connoisseurs have proven them to be built upon the same laws of beauty, symmetry and unity. I reasoned that artistic sentiment, or the lack tended and differing radically in themselves, while remaining obedient to the same principles of art, as many races of varied languages and customs might unite in a single religion. If, therefore, it is obedient to these laws of form, color and unity of design, the basket or blanket becomes a work of art. It matters not by whom it is woven or fashioned: the Hawaiian or the Navajo woman, or yet the graduate of Wellesley,—the preference, if any, belonging to the barbarous expert, because of her
disposition toward originality and invention. The object itself being accepted, we should, I continued, leave all further considerations to ethnologists: to those who study the races of men. It is for them to decide the relative rank of the races, to declare that the predominance of plant-forms in design shows the higher possibilities, while that of animal shapes denotes low powers and early racial decay. We are here concerned solely with a question of what is good or ill in art, and it were a pity to deprive these Indians of their traditional skill, in order to impose upon them some fragment of our civilization for which they are ill-prepared and against which they will rebel, or which, at best, they will accept with sullen apathy.

In pursuance of this point I expressed my sincere belief in the advantages of primitive simplicity over certain features of our own too artificial life; condemning the policy of depriving a people of the handicrafts which they have slowly developed from their necessities, and still pursue with the fervor and keen intelligence born of such conditions. I concluded by suggesting that against the suppression of their handicrafts the Indians might raise, in a crude way, the same argument that was used learnedly by the Chinese Minister at Washington, at the time of the Boxers’ war, when he described the differences separating the Yellow from the White race; pointing out that each had arts, manners and customs, systems of philosophy, and a religious faith suited to it; and that the interference of proselyting agents of Western ideas was useless, because, being directed toward ideas which had stood the test of centuries upon centuries and par-

took of the very life of the native people, it could have but a superficial and hostile effect.

If, perhaps, such things be true in the more important case, I argued, why should they not extend to the lesser? Why not pursue toward our nation’s wards a course of development, rather than one of interference: allowing them to exist side by side with our own people, and to test, by comparison, the value of our ways; since historical examples prove the success of the policy of assimilating conquered peoples or tribes, and the folly—even crime—of the contrary policy of suppressing them. Arrogance is as much to be regretted in nations as in individuals, and all those who are in power would do well to stop upon the threshold of action that they may ask themselves: “Are the changes which we contemplate suggested by justice, or are they instigated solely by the desire of personal, selfish domination?”

At this point my reflections were interrupted by the arrival of the wagon sent to convey us to various points of the reservation, and during this extended drive I observed much to confirm the beliefs which I had already expressed. I saw how much is necessary to be done by our Government for the health and happiness of these representatives of the primitive people of our continent. I recognized also in the people themselves germs of intelligence and goodness, which, if properly fostered and developed, might lead to the most desirable fruitage.

At first, I was depressed by my surroundings. Here were large areas of land sus-
Façade of Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, California
ceptible to cultivation, lying waste; marred for the sight by great fields of burrs; dotted here and there by sad-looking willows and mesquite trees, with a patch of tilled soil at rare intervals. The houses, or rather huts, corresponded to their environment. They were poor, dilapidated and neglected to the point of filthiness, as may be inferred from the fact that their floors were of sand long-used and contaminated, which rose in clouds when trodden upon. There was no attempt at brick-making, and no use of mud, far preferable to the sand, in that it would harden and form a concrete mass, comparatively cleanly and susceptible to washing. These conditions appeared to me to reach the limits at which the barbaric retrogrades to the savage life. But the observance of other facts soon afterward led me to take a more hopeful view of the possibilities of these Yuma Indians. I remarked in certain individuals evidences of their desire to surpass their fellows in personal adornment, and this desire I remembered Carlyle to have declared to be the first spiritual impulse of the barbarous man. I remarked furthermore a general and very strong interest in athletic games, and the efforts made by all the males to excel in them.

These hopeful indications were corroborated by the marked individuality of each face and the invariable erectness of bearing, while other noticeable evidences of intelligence lay in the inventive power of the men as shown in their pastimes, and the dexterity of the women in their methods of crude craft-work. I watched, with much interest, a handsome brave who was catching fish in the Colorado river, by means of a simple but ingenious willow snare. But I devoted an even longer time to a woman-potter who, with grave, emotionless countenance, plied her art, as if unconscious of my presence. She sat with her clay before her; the material being already rolled into long strips. These she coiled into a shape, the ideal of which she carried in her mind, and slowly realized, as she pressed each coil upon the one preceding it, expanding or compressing, smoothing and modeling the work.

Apart from the favorable indications revealed in the work and recreations of the Yuma Indians, there existed other evidences of their capabilities for social progress. These appeared in their affection for their families and their veneration for old age; two sentiments necessarily strongly pronounced among the builders of society, since the family is but the State in miniature. Indeed, as I passed from “kan” to “kan,” visiting the separate families inhabiting those singular shelters, I thought more than once that in the matter of reverence for age and domestic affection, the barbarous Yumans might teach our own youth a wholesome lesson, which must be enforced if we would not see our most important institutions fall into decadence.

Beside visiting several of the “kans,” or shelters, upon this reservation, I also attended a powwow or conclave of the Indians belonging to the hostile faction, which is composed of those natives—and they exist in large numbers upon all reservations—who, while making no open resistance, are yet unwilling to renounce their own religion, social customs and occupations, in order to assume those of the white race. The cry of this faction is: “Why trouble us? Leave us to ourselves! We ask noth-
The Adobe, Glenwood Hotel, Riverside, California: President Roosevelt planting an orange tree
ing but to retain our old methods of life.” On the contrary, the “friendlies” avail themselves of school privileges, associate with the “pale faces,” and eagerly seize upon the fragments of loaves and fishes which fall to them from the Government table.

Upon the occasion of the conclave, our interpreter was an aged squaw, passing under the name of Maggie Scott, who speaks English readily and has an interesting personal history. She it was who translated into simple, poetic words the legends told by the old rhapsode, or “Elder,” who, as he discoursed, carried one away to youth and school-books, for, like Ovid, he began his history of the universe with chaos and ended it with the age of war and strife for which no name sufficiently base could be coined. In a kind of monotonous chant, he related that “when the people of the earth were created, each family was given its own home, language and color. The great Ko-Ko-Mat made all men, yet he did not wish them to live together. So, he separated the tribes from one another by rivers, mountains, canyons, deserts and forests. Each family lived for many ages within its own limits. But gradually these were passed. Indians fought among themselves, and white men fought them all together. Then, the whites seized the Indian lands, and we were told that the Big Father at Washington was to be our Chief. We were few. You were many, and we had to do as we could.”

Here the old man ended a strophe, and, turning sharply to me, asked in more ordinary tones: “What would you have done?” Upon receiving my answer, which counseled resignation, he continued: “We did surren-

der. Men are everywhere the same. Their hands and feet and bodies may be red, or black or white. But inside they are all the same. We are like you. So we say to your President: ‘This part of my body (indicating the lower half) I yield to you. But this (pointing to the upper part) is my own. This I give to no man.’”

In pronouncing these words the old man took on something heroic and grand. One again turned in thought to one’s school-days, and the vision arose of those old Gallic and German chieftains who resisted to the bitter end the power of the invading Romans. And with the vision there came also the feeling that we Americans are also the makers of a history, in its way, second to no other recorded chronicles; and that, this being true, we should strive to avoid injustice toward the weaker, less civilized races, lest our own memories be stained, like
those of former dominant peoples, whose crimes so detract from their glory.

The old rhapsode, dignified and melancholy, preoccupied me for hours. But on the following day he became merely a striking figure projected upon the background of my reminiscences of travel. I returned from Yuma by train, through Coachilla, all parts of the country,—one might better say, of the world,—to work at the preparation of salt, gathered from the soil by steam plows, or to engage in the culture of melons which, as we remember from the Arabian Nights, are products of oases, and constitute almost the only solace of travelers through the great desert of Asia. The

Indio and Salton, to Palm Springs Station, which is situated at the upper end of the Colorado Desert. The country traversed, once a complete waste, is now rapidly being converted into fertile and profitable lands, by means of irrigation from Artesian wells. Within three years, a population of five thousand persons has assembled there from American fruits can not, it is said, be surpassed; lacking only the flavor of romance, just as our own Hudson bears comparison with the Rhine in all save the legends which cluster about the German river.

My point of destination, Palm Valley, I found to be an ideal oasis, which receives its name from the Blue Palm (Washingtonia
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Filafera) having here its original home, and now scattered from end to end of California. At Palm Springs Station, five miles away, the wind was still high; but as we neared the valley-oasis, great buttresses of the mountain range stretched out their walls to offer protection against the elements. Orange, lemon, fig, almond and apricot trees were in full bloom; the air, of a caressing softness, was laden with mingled perfumes; the eye was intoxicated with the beauty of sky, foliage and flowers, and the outside world seemed a troubled dream.

That evening, resting in a tent cottage belonging to the hotel of Dr. Wellwood Murray, I remembered those other delightful _alberghi_, scattered along the Bay of Naples, which so often bear the name _Quisisana_—(Here one is restored to health.) Then, my thoughts reverted to a scheme long cherished in my fancy, but for which I had vainly tried to find a suitable place of execution. My scheme was the establishment of a community in which men and women could work out together the problem of a useful, moderately laborious life, which should assure health, provide against the corroding action of care, and afford sufficient leisure for the pursuance of means of culture and recreation.

At Palm Valley, it seemed to me, all the preliminary requirements of my scheme were fulfilled. Intrusion and interference were remote evils little to be feared. Out of door labor was not only practicable, but even alluring. A central, co-operative dépôt could be established for the purchase of supplies and materials at the lowest consistent prices. Each worker could make whatever he desired in his own home or workshop, thus precluding all vexing questions of capital against labor. A board of managers might be chosen to examine articles intended for sale, which after being successfully subjected to a thorough examination, should be stamped with the community seal, as a final and absolute mark of approval. All foodstuffs, with the exception of a few luxuries could be produced in the region, and each family could own a producing area large enough to supply its wants.

Thus, that evening, I fitted the outlines of my scheme to the beautiful region of which I had caught glimpses on my way from the station. The following morning, a disappointing surprise awaited me. On visiting the immediate neighborhood, I saw everywhere marks of neglect and indolence. As in many places in Italy, it seemed here as if the generosity of Nature had proven a curse, rather than a capital upon which to build fortune, comfort and happiness. All
the properties, with their once fine groves and orchards, were neglected, while many places were utterly abandoned. The settlement was a practically abandoned one; but the reason for the desolation was not apparent. I subsequently learned that the regrettable conditions existing were largely due to a lack of coöperative spirit, and to the selfishness of a single individual, who, several years previously, had gained control of an irrigation-canal finely constructed from stone and cement, leading a distance of fifteen miles, and capable of supplying water to the entire community. Having once obtained control of the canal, this man sought to give laws to his neighbors and to bring them to his own terms, which he did with the disastrous result of ruining their promising industries and of reducing a wide area of bloom to a scene of desolation.

Upon learning these facts, I became yet more strongly convinced of the feasibility of my scheme, and every detail, as well as the principal features of the region, confirmed my first judgment, or rather inspiration. I saw in mental vision my ideal community realized and active: men and women not living in a golden age, as a first glance at the surrounding Nature might suggest, but working in groves, vineyards, orchards and fields, or at handicrafts fol-
lowed in their own dwellings; leading no idyllic existence, but free, at least, from the more depressing anxieties, and circumstances far more happily than if they had remained in the crowded cities, or upon the unproductive farms of the East.

It would have been my will to linger longer in that place, in order to advance farther with my long-cherished scheme. But the exigencies of time hastened me onward. I next spent a day with my party in the Palm and Andreas Canyons, the former of which is destined to become one of the noted scenic places of the world.

This valley, also, I could imagine as the seat of a flourishing community, devoted to date-culture, since it is positively asserted that the fruit of commerce will grow there. At present, the attractions of the spot consist in aged palm-trees: their gigantic trunks scarred by the festival fires of the Indians, and their fan-like crowns of graceful, bluish leaves giving an Oriental effect to the landscape. Fully as interesting as the famous Big Trees of California, they need only time and acquaintance to make them equally renowned. Their fruit, hanging in long pendants, fibrous and small, has yet the precise flavor of the Arabian date, a fact which would in itself argue for the establishment of a scientific culture.

From another canyon, the Chino, visited upon the following day, and reached by a rough and difficult road, we obtained a superb view of the Desert, as through a frame made by the high, dark walls rising on either hand. The eye swept over vast areas of sand, leading to a distant mountain range, which separates the Colorado from the Mohave Desert; the masses differing from one another in color-tone and varying with the hour. In presence of this magnificent picture, I remembered Professor Van Dyke’s “Studies of Natural Appearances,” in which he analyzes the phenomena of light in the Desert, and I was led to profound admiration of that writer’s scientific accuracy and his yet keener artistic sensibility.

Leaving Palm Valley, I next visited Riverside, the great orange-producing city,
streets themselves, shaded by graceful palms, acacias and peppers are so delightful as to cause one to forget time and to abandon all desire of shelter.

And yet, a unique place of rest and recreation is provided for visitors in the Glenwood Hotel, which, because of its most interesting architecture, I made an object of special study. Its builder and owner, Mr. Frank Miller, sensitive to the atmosphere of historical romance investing the region, has allowed no vitiating element to enter his carefully planned structure, which may be designated as a successful example of the Spanish Mission Style.

But yet this title is a too restrictive one by which to designate a building so intensely suggestive. The Glenwood is first of all, Californian: that is, perfectly adapted to climatic and local conditions. And this result would seem to have been accomplished through the study of buildings existing in places similarly situated.

The Spanish Mission Style certainly predominates in the façade of the Glenwood, but traveled visitors will recognize in the structure features borrowed from more distant sources: borrowed, but well assimilated, and united naturally and gracefully into a pleasing and consistent whole.
THE COLORADO DESERT

The original inn built of adobe, has been utilized with picturesque effect: being now joined to a screen-like wall pierced below with a great carriage gateway, and above with niches for bells, and for this reason, receiving the name of campanile, although it does not in the least resemble the cylindrical or square towers in Italy, which were so to use the crude and humble adobe construction which, in itself, is a reminder of the Mexican ownership of California. The tiles roofing it were brought from one of the old Missions, while the campanile, it is unnecessary to say, is a successful reproduction of the Franciscan style. By this ingenious use of a relic which most archi-

isolated from the churches of which they formed a part, in order that the vibrations of the bells should not shake the masonry.

The adobe building and connected campanile standing thus across the space enclosed upon three sides by the modern building, suggest the barbacans, or advanced gateways seen often in the Moorish structures in Spain. It was a happy thought

teets would have destroyed ruthlessly, the visitor, at his very entrance, is put in sympathy with the region and given a foretaste of the experiences which await him. For one would be indeed dead to all sentiment who could not imagine what possibilities of enjoyment, incident to Southern life, lie concealed within the walls.

The exterior features of the Glenwood
are simple, in accordance with the principles usually observed in the domestic architecture of warm countries. The façade might easily be mistaken for a street-front in Rome, Florence, or Seville. The plastered walls, the disposition of the windows, the terrace, or *paseo*, with its balustrade the marks of the brush with which it was applied, the simple window- and door-frames, are all elements of a system of architecture which presents, so to speak, an emotionless countenance to the street, while reserving for the interior courts its good humor and smiles. It so acquires the same

supporting potted palms—all are familiar, because before seen in many different places; all are perfectly adapted to this special locality. The simplicity which is here observed, partly for its own sake, and partly to limit expense, could not be destroyed without disastrous result. The very roughness of the plaster, which shows interest that is awakened by a silent person. It is tantalizing and mysterious. Who, in continental towns, has not stopped before grilled gates and small, blinking windows to wonder what delights and beauties they sheltered and concealed?

The advantages of simplicity are also plainly evident in other portions of the
exterior, two of which I have chosen for illustration. In the long wall of the Wing, the classic severity of line, perfectly maintained, and the color scheme, confined to the gray of the plaster and the dark green of the projecting second story of wood, contrast finely with the natural curves and the luxuriance of foliage displayed in the opposite line of tropical trees.

At certain points, also, the architecture relaxes its severity, breaking into curves, as in the “broken-arch” pediments seen above the balconies. And here the narrow fronts of the Venetian palaces are suggested without making the spectator long to be in a gondola, upon the Grand Canal—for California has charms which bear comparison with those of the Bride of the Sea.

Another view of the wing—this time facing the interior of the hollow square—shows an almost conventual effect. With its well, named from a much honored saint, and its eucalyptus pergola, it translates us from our work-a-day existence into that old world of peace, cloistered and quiet, in which silence was broken only by the step of the sandaled monk upon the stone pavement, and the musical note of *Aves* and *Pater Noster* rising through the calm air to Heaven. But yet the pergola tells us that a new missionary has taken the place of the old Franciscan. An age of science has succeeded to the age of faith. The eucalyptus, native to Australia, has been transplanted to the wildest and most malarial regions, in which, absorbing the evil about it, it gives out, in return, a gospel of life and health. In California, it continues, under a modern form, the work of Padre Serra.

From the point of view of architecture also, the pergola is eloquent. It demonstrates more plainly than many dry lessons could do the groined-arch construction; the pseudo-capitals of palm-tree wood adding greatly to the effect. It reveals, like a flash light, the origin of those wonderful vaults of the English Gothic builders, which culminated in the chapter-house in Salisbury and in Henry Seventh’s Chapel at Westminster.

Time fails me in which to treat of the interior of this building, so simple, strong and suggestive, as it would be my pleasure to do. I shall, therefore, merely allude to my illustrations of the *mezzanine* and the dining room, which latter I should prefer to call a refectory. For were this room stripped of its modern table appointments, the plain round arches, the exposed rafters, the crude masonry and plaster work would form, in all respects, such a place as that in which the vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience were assumed, and from which the light of St. Francis, like a new sun, streamed out upon the world.