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# A Room, a Farm, and a Desert at the San Diego Fair.

By Frank R. Arnold.

"You are exactly the two hundred-thousandth person who has come here looking for just that shade of persimmon red. That dye was made especially for the furnishings of the Women's Headquarters at the Exposition and you can't find it anywhere else in the entire world. If we didn't watch out every cheap restaurant in San Diego would be having persimmon red curtains. I tell you our exposition is unique down to its toe nails."

Thus a voluble clerk on the fourth floor of a San Diego dry goods store squelched my shopping ambitions and rubbed home the keynote of the exposition. It is the most unique, most beautiful, and the most enjoyable fair ever known to commerce and that is going some for fairs are usually a bore, though few people who spend their time and money on them will admit it. The San Diego fair has a room for its Women's Headquarters that is as large as a hotel lobby but is full of intimate charm and abounds in such beautiful furnishings that every artistic impulse in you rises up to admire them and longs to imitate. The fair has also a ten-acre model farm which is ten acres of concentrated California. And thirdly, it has an Indian exhibit which is simply transplanted New Mexico, and everywhere it has gardens which are full of damp tropical smells and are as quiet and remote from the world as those of the Vatican. If Europe or America has ever had anything more attractive

in the fair line, we have yet to see it. For pure joy and beauty, for ability "to be taken in" and for originality of ideas give us the darling little sectional exhibit of the southwest.

The mere male approaches the Women's Headquarters somewhat gingerly. The term smells of rest rooms, but there is a sign at the entrance saying that gentlemen are welcome, too. That "too" is very reassuring and you find yourself in a long room, cozy, comfortable, full of hospitable charm and unique features. The color scheme runs from canary yellow, supplied by a bird chirping a welcome to you from his cage in the window, to a persimmon red that you see first in a bunch of persimmon branches and fruit in a vase on a central table. "I don't like this room," said one woman visitor; "it's all tomatoes."

But you do like it the more you look about. The persimmon shade of color glows at you from the big upholstered easy chairs, from the borders of the window curtains and from the Japanese tassels that hang from the indirect lights. The yellow notes are repeated again in the tank of gold fish, in the wicker furniture, the fan-shaped Filipino chairs and the kidney-shaped desks and settees that were designed by Miss Alice Klauber, a San Diego woman, to whose good taste and originality most of the honor of the room belongs. She also designed from an old fashioned square piano the huge desk in the center of the room at

which you register. It is a superb piece of furniture and easily the noblest use to which a discarded piano may be put. It is a desk on which you can sprawl and clutter to your heart's desire and it is provided with cubby holes enough for the business of a trust. Big, solid, and roomy, it is all that a desk should be. It is by far the most interesting piece of furniture in the whole interesting room which also contains such unusual things as a

though all kinds fit in well, perhaps zinnias, calendulas, and the Jerusalem artichokes harmonize best.

Out of the persimmon room you pass to the bridge room with its Toledo like outlook on to the group of California buildings on the one side and the park on the other, and a little further on is the tea room. This bridge is situated over the main entrance to the exposition grounds and connects the California building with the other side of the



THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE WOMEN'S HEADQUARTERS AT THE SAN DIEGO FAIR.

Chinese theatre curtain, a Japanese chest, and a bishop's chair. Intimate features of the room, besides the canary and the gold fish, are odd volumes about California, scattered around or filling a window shelf. You long to sit right down and browse in these alluring volumes and learn all about California flowers, legends, and history. Then there are fresh flowers every day to make the room homelike, and

quadrangle. Part of it is taken up with a blue tea room which gives access to a balcony from which is to be had one of the finest views of the park. The hillsides are yellow and red with the mimosa or yellow acacia and the poinsettia. Underneath the shrubs is a green carpet of ice plant or mesembryanthemum. That word was one of the wonders of my childhood and would have been so still more if I had realized

that it could grow in carpets of verdure as well as window pots, that there were other varieties than the pink flowering, and that the early pioneers, dying of thirst, found in it a most unsatisfactory substitute for ice and thirst quenching liquids. That view from the balcony will linger long in your memory. There is not only the nearby parks but also the distant bay and ocean, and the air is heavy with the smell of California, a dry, pungent perfume made up mainly of pepper trees and citrus blossoms with a dash of rose, mignonette, and mimosa that is good the year through.

Near the tea room is a kitchenette, which is an admirably planned closet ten feet long and two and one half feet deep. The long glass door curtained with dark blue and canary yellow swings around into a screen behind which tea may be prepared for as many as 1,200 people. It is served in cups designed also by Miss Klauber. They have persimmon red borders with black lines which in front run into a combination of "W" and "H" to remind you that you are still in the women's penetralia.

These women's headquarters

show more than any other part of the Fair the artistic feminine touch. They are mainly for women's use and are also the official reception rooms of the Fair. Here have drunk tea and hobnobbed at receptions such distinguished guests as Madam Montessori, Mrs. McAdoo, Taft, Seth Lowe, Potter Palmer, and Billy Sunday, and countless others, for the list is long and democratic.

I was not there on a tea drinking day and so had nothing to distract my joy in rooms so fittingly furnished as to appeal to every sense. I sauntered back through them in order to see again the pictures on the walls which I have not yet mentioned. They are all by Donald Beauregard, a Utah painter who died two years ago at the age of thirty. Mr. Frank Springer, the Los Angeles financier, had supplied him with funds for his studies in Paris, and when he died he left him all his pictures. Mr. Springer had them framed and lent them to the Exposition, and they form almost its chief artistic treasure. They are just what an impressionist would get out of Paris, Brittany, and southern Utah. They are painted

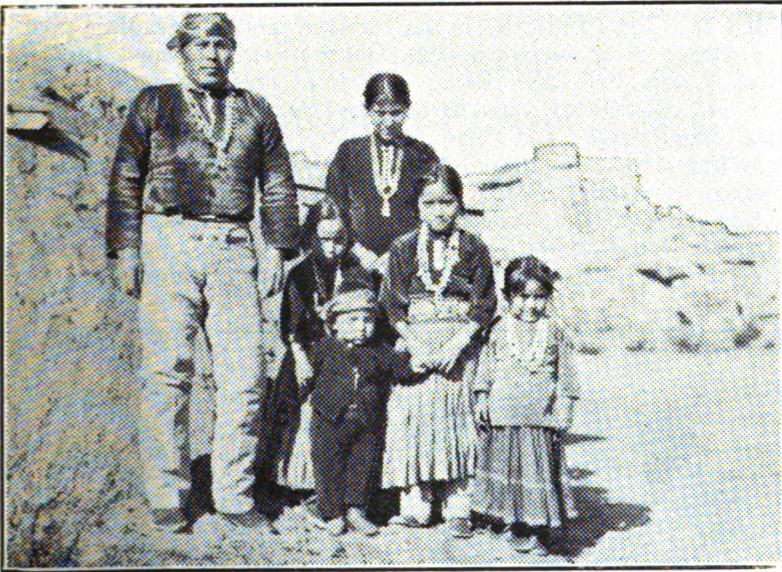


THE POULTRY YARD IN THE MODEL FARM.

in the pointille manner and their riot of color is full of sap and sunshine. Spain isn't the only foreign suggestion at San Diego. There are mimosa whiffs, reminiscent of Paris flower markets, and these Beauregard pictures are like a whole room from the Paris Salon.

Before leaving the California building, so like a transplanted quarter of Toledo, you want to climb the tower to take in the whole fair at one glance from the Via de

the next place for you to go, if you are merely hitting the high lights of the fair and wish only the novel. You pass through quiet quadrangles which are banked with ferns, heliotrope, geraniums, or roses, and ten minutes will bring you to the model ranch, of which the orange grove is a part. The whole farm is a specimen of what California can do in the fruit and flower line. She puts all her cards down on a table of ten acres and says, "Look at me, I am



INDIANS AT "PAINTED DESERT," PANAMA-CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

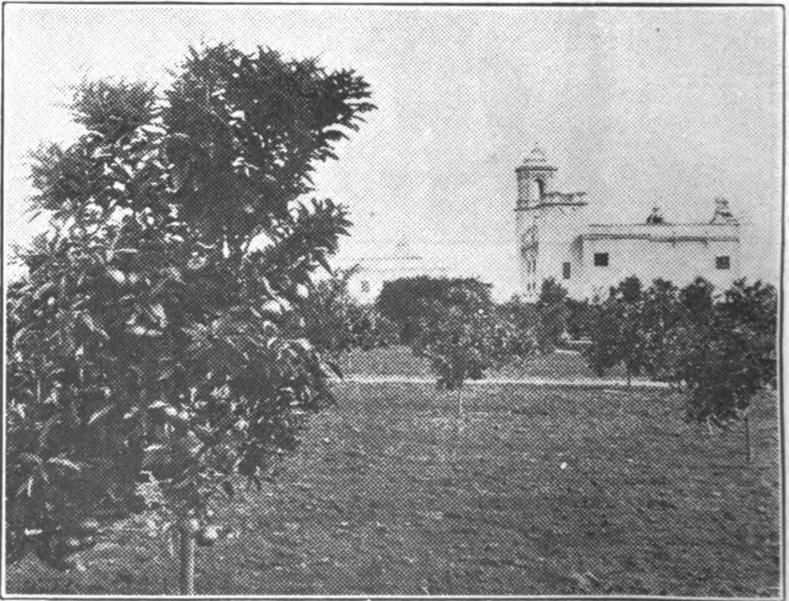
los Estados at one end to the sandstone cliffs of the Pueblo Indians at the other. As you climb the tower you will note with disgust that the walls are black with the names of tourists who have preceded you but, if you are from New England, you will note with pride that all the names are from the middle west. Out toward the Indian territory you will notice an orange grove with a bungalow in the midst and that is

a winner in the following fruits, flowers, vegetables, and poultry." And the list is long. First there are five and one-half acres of citrus fruits, such as grapefruit, limes, kumquat, mandarin, valencia, and navel. One tree is grafted to fifteen kinds of citrus fruit and mother and foster children are all doing well. Around the \$4,000 bungalow are other fruits: apples, crabs, quince, pear, nectarine, prune, plum,

peach, apricot, fig, grape, almond, pecan, chestnut, and walnut. I've probably left out some, but may San Diego forgive me. Then there are berries and vegetables innumerable, and bees, hens, and a cow for live stock, with flowers tucked in everywhere. Intensity could not be more intense nor variety more varied on ten acres. You can easily spend a day there talking with the manager, even if your horticultural cells are only elementary.

This model ranch is perhaps the most modern sight that the Southwest has to offer. Close by is the most ancient. How ancient no one knows. It is called the Painted Desert and consists of villages of Acoma, Hopi, Taos, and Navajo Indians living today as they did in the sixteenth century when they were first discovered by Coronado. The minute you pass the gate you step back four centuries at least

and find yourself in the midst of the deserts of New Mexico. You watch the artistic work of the Pueblo Indians as they make their baskets and pottery, you climb the ladders and wander through their many roomed dwellings, you see the Navajo women weaving rugs and the men making jewelry and you get a truer idea of the American Indian than you have ever had before with all your study of American history or reading of Cooper's tales. It is Indian life to the core. There are the ovens, the goats and sheep, the khivas, and the trading post. For most of us the word Indian has a halo of illusions made up of countless youthful dreams and impressions, and these Indians of the Southwest will put no jarring note in our preconceived ideas. They are the real thing and, notwithstanding Mark Twain's assertion to the contrary, show that there are



LOOKING ACROSS THE CITRUS ORCHARD.

many good Indians who are not dead.

House furnishing, horticulture, and red humanity—the San Diego Fair is educational as well as restful and beautiful. It is a good thing that the whole is to remain open another year and that much of it is to be permanent. Many international features imported from San Francisco were added in February, but nothing can spoil its unique southwestern cachet. At

Christmas time the chief present given in San Diego homes was a season ticket to the fair. It cost only \$2.50 for children and \$5.00 for grown-ups. One trust company took \$167.50 worth to distribute to its employees. One banker took 100 tickets to give to his friends. Charity begins at home and the San Diego people love their fair and every tourist who sees it falls in love, too, with its beauty and infinite variety.

## Fear of Death Removed.

*By Valeria De Mude Kelsey.*

“Dark angel with thy veil of light,  
Floating near me, solemn, bright,  
Is thy hand outstretched for me,  
Or for some one nearer thee?”

“I have stumbled oft and much,  
And I fear thy rending clutch;  
Angel with the shining brow,  
Hast thou come to take me now?”

Dark the night and soft the wind,  
Pale the far-off stars defined;  
Hark! a voice my soul sustains—  
Leagued, 'tis true, with all my pains:—

“Life is endless, timorous soul!  
Rouse thee! seek a worthy goal!  
Only when from self thou'rt free  
Shalt thou lose thy dread of me.

“Still thy fire of life burns bright,  
Many sad ones seek its light:  
Give thyself in love to these—  
Service to thy brother frees!”

Down my cheek the happy tears  
Wash away the useless fears:  
For I see my way at last!  
Christ, 'tis this way Thou hast passed!