

# AN AMERICAN ALONG THE RIVIERA

Interesting Impressions of Tourist From Pacific Coast on Trip From Valencia to Rome Through Europe's Greatest Continental Playground.

Written for The Journal by G. W. Burton.

Rome.—The carnival at Valencia being past, we went to Barcelona and from there on March 1, "Ash Wednesday," we were out of bed at 2 a. m. Spanish hospitality, which never fails, had coffee and hot rolls on our table at 4, and Spanish dilatoriness (also un-failing) was fifteen minutes late with the coach, so we had to "beat it," regardless of the condition of our foot-ware, in the station, get our tickets, have our baggage checked and get places in the crowded train before the man at the bell rope gave his signal to the man forward with the little cow's horn which gave the signal to the engine, in the cab of the engine, who gave the signal and then the train moved out at 5 o'clock. We were on our way to the French frontier at Cebre, and from there to Provence, where we were to sleep at a quaint, antique Arles, on the glorious Rhone.

The carnival is a "dead one" except at Nice, where it is kept alive as a corpse is made to sit up for a moment by an electric current. Nice keeps the semblance of life to the old custom for the sake of tourists, and even these are getting tired of the formal, meaningless performance of young folks who have not lived long enough to know what fun is. Only the common-places of the common people and the very immature persons of this class take any notice of the carnival. Yes, a few others. Hotels and restaurants, the establishments that sell women's hats and men's neckties, use the occasion to send inartistic "floats" through the streets to advertise their wares. But for these the old custom of "taking leave of the beast" by a debauch as Lent comes on with its austerities would be decently buried, laid away in museums with the stuff dug out of Pompeii and relics of the Caesars.

On to Rome.— But to our train. At 11 we were at Cebre, and under the French flag, having made 107 miles by slow train, the best way to see the country. Here we had to pass the customhouse, and at 2:30 p. m. were on our express train bound for Arles in Provence, in the south of France.

From Barcelona to the French frontier this bit of northern Spain is absolutely without charm of any kind. The country is rough, mostly mountains, at all places almost barren. The sea is not much in sight, and when it is the shores are low and the ground marshy. At Cebre the scene changes abruptly and from the Arles the south of France possesses an indescribable charm, excepting at a few points where the sea is near by and the shores low and marshy. This is notably so around Certe. Along the Montpellier and Nimes it was southern France with all its great wealth of fruit orchards, of flowers and all the signs of the "sunny south." Arles in the midst of the long and far famed Provence is a gem in its own right. We went to the end in the afternoon took a fast train which landed us in Marseilles, about 30 miles run, in about an hour. Spending the night here, we looked over the city next day, and then on for the Riviera.

From Marseilles to the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia is about 160 miles. We got away early, intending to stop at the frontier. The train was an express, and we were at Ventimiglia before noon. Here the time changes from French to continental Europe time, which is twenty minutes earlier. As we were not at all tired, the resolution was taken to go on to Genoa. In a great rush we got through the customhouse, rechecked our baggage, got new tickets, and were on an Italian train bound for Genoa before we had reached the frontier. The Riviera really begins at Cannes and ends at San Remo, just below the frontier. We were able to take in all the glories possible from the train. The distance from the frontier to Genoa is about 83 miles. From Genoa to Pisa is little more than 104 miles, and from there to Rome something more than 200 miles. We were at the "Eternal City" Friday night at 11 o'clock, having made a little over six hundred miles in twenty-four hours. From Pisa to Rome the route is absolutely lacking in interest from any point of view. The landscape presents the same appearance as the most commonplace and uninviting portions of the United States in the central states anywhere along the Mississippi valley on down to the Gulf.

Government-owned Railroads.— That redoubtable statesman-reformer, Colonel W. J. Bryan, and other statesmen and high privates in our country who are so deadfast in the opinion that the government must take possession of the railroads in order to hasten the advent of the millennium, should make this trip of nearly 1000 miles as we made it. The railroad service in Spain is proverbially European and meets the American standard. For the short trip we were obliged to use our second class kilometre tickets on a third class car, as there were none of ours on the train. But we were in the company of quite a number of well-mannered people without an exception. In France the train service was good from the standard of Europe and not bad if compared to our standard. The moment we left the French train, managed by a corporation, and took seats in an Italian train, state owned and operated, the difference could not fail to attract painful attention. The cost of mileage was the same, or if anything was a fraction less, and the baggage, which had gone all over Spain free and the same in France, here was subject to a heavy tariff. A steamer trunk from Ventimiglia to Rome, about 400 miles, cost 12 lire, or \$2.50. That was the least trouble. In the state-controlled train with a guard supervising to maintain order a couple of dogs quarreled by the hour, in a boisterous, threatening manner to the disturbance of all in the car. The political leader, misnamed guard, contented himself with a mild reprimand once or twice which did no good. A gang of boys in the next car kept up a bedlam all the afternoon, and from the train insulted any woman or girl who came in sight. At one station another dog got in the way which he kept by him on the seat. The guard took no notice of this transgression. The Spanish and French cars were in good order and clean at all points. The Italian cars were clean at no point. The trainmen in Spain were decently dressed. In France all were in remarkably good order. Those on the Italian trains were shabbily dressed; the clothes were not only threadbare, but not clean. The poor fellows were the pink of neatness to us, seeing that we got on the cars easily (for a few coppers), shutting us up to ourselves in a nice, well-warmed compartment, and treating us with every sign of respect. But their woebegone appearance excited our sympathies in a most lively manner. The Spanish and French trains were almost always promptly on time; the Italian almost never.

The Season for It.— You may say, "It was in Italy." I say it was because the state owns and runs the railroads, and politics control not business considerations. I will hold this opinion until I meet a vote chaser who attends to business as does the



Top—Wharf at Marseilles where the Transatlantic steamers land. Bottom—Catalan promenade, Barcelona.

man employed by a corporation which seeks to earn profits for its shareholders by seeking to merit the patronage of the public and insists on the employe attending to their business. So we journeyed for nearly a week under three flags, two of monarchies in which the king rules by tact and diplomacy rather than by his arbitrary will, and one a republic of recent origin. The Latin type of humanity prevails in all, and the influence of ancient Rome remains in Spain and France almost as potent as in Italy, while the Roman ruins at Sagunto and other places in Spain and at Arles or other places in France are only just less impressive and interesting than those of Rome itself. Yet the modifications that have taken place with long lapse of ages are more impressive and interesting than it is to note the sameness remaining after the lapse of these centuries.

What interested and impressed me most were the things of today. Barcelona is proudly named by its busy people "Little Liverpool." Marseilles, lying across the Gulf of Lyons, might well dispute the sobriquet. But these cities are only "in a way" and far off way, the type of thing one sees all through America. The real interest to me, and practically to a person from the Pacific coast, is the Riviera. It one stretches the term to the breaking point and says the Riviera lies all the way between Marseilles and Pisa he has a stretch of about 350 miles. If he restricts the term and says it includes Cannes to San Remo, it will be less than 100 miles. Let us look at the subject from both points of view.

A Road of Many Tunnels.— Whether the state or a corporation built the railroad along the Riviera, it was a great undertaking well performed. Whatever language one should use would sound like rank hyperbole to the ears of any reader who had not gone over the road. I would like to have the facts so as to speak by the card, but cannot get them. From Cannes to San Remo, how many tunnels are there? On a former visit to Italy, crossing the Apennines from Florence to Milan I counted 37 tunnels, when we got tired of the arithmetic and do not know how many more there were on the line. From Cannes to San Remo the count could hardly be made. If made at all one should hire a bright person to devote all his time to the job. Are there so many tunnels on this small stretch of road? I am sure of it. Are there 1000? I am sure there are not. Here the Maritime Alps come down in a great broad spur almost into the waters of the Mediterranean at all points, quite into the sea at many. The road could not bridge the waters nor gild the heights, so it runs most of the way under the ridges, and as these are coppering great things with small after the fashion of Milton in "Paradise Lost," as close together as the fingers of one's hand, the line is mostly in the dark. So the train files along in Egyptian night, flashing now and again into the daylight and then back to darkness hour after hour. I am sure of it. I think of the hard hearted millionaire or long ago who fared sumptuously all his days, clothed in purple and fine linen, neglectful of the beggar at his gate to whose misery the dogs were fain to show compassion, but in after times this rich man in Hades felt the tortures of the worms as he held the beggar in heavenly bliss. So flashes the sunlight into one's eyes and disappears along the Riviera as the one flash of celestial light broke on the sinner's eyes in the dim smoke of hell. The misery came from the sharpness of the contrast.

Nothing But Climate.— Just as sharp is the contrast of the dark, smoke-filled tunnel to the glory of the sunlight on these hills. Are there all of verdure, so painted with brilliant colors. It is the paradise of all Europe when snows lie thick on northern hills and fog brood on all the plains, when the music of the streams is silent, held in fetters of ice, and life has been bereft of all its comforts and most of its joys. To the Riviera flee all who can spare the money and the time to bask in almost perpetual sunshine and warmth. This stretch of territory has absolutely not a possession but its climate. A more inhospitable shore there is not, did not the sun fill it all with light. The most forbidding spots are those most in demand, and the higher up the slope the "villa" clings to the cliff the more attractive it is. And it is only so small a strip of territory! Rome lies much farther south, but its climate is awful. Naples has a climate less desirable and lies so much farther from Paris, London or Berlin that the Riviera has come to be the resting place for all who, like birds of passage, flee from the wrath to come when winter is on there.

The coast is honeycombed with nooks that nestle between the ridges of the mountains, bask in the sun and listen to the music of the sea. Along these ridges grow the scrub oaks and pines of northern latitudes, while in the nooks bloom the orange and the lemon, the

asaña and the rose. Knowest thou the land where the myrtle grows, where the spicy breezes of all kinds blow? It is these nooks along the Riviera. It has cost fortune to carry water to these nooks and on to these ridges. But the water is free. And all the nooks are full of magnificent hotels, of comfortable boarding houses, of villas to let and of chambers to rent. The cities are large, the towns are many, the population is dense, and they have but one harvest, which is gathered in the water. It needs no reaping, threshing nor marketing. It comes in ready gold in the pockets of at least 250,000 tourists who come here yearly to spend money lavishly. The lemons have no juice; the oranges cannot be eaten. Birds and bees may subsist on these spurs of the Alps and goats manage to browse on the herbage. That is all. The climate produces tourists, and they pay the landlord and the butcher and the baker, and pay all well.

America's Riviera Excels.— What an old, old, threadbare story! And what is it all to us? "Ay, there's the rub." What of it to us? Much more than in any other story I ever heard. California may well boast of 50,000 carloads of oranges and lemons, of its millions of pounds of prunes and raisins and its millions of gallons of wine. San Francisco may be proud of its commerce and the currency in its banks. Oregon may swell her big broad breast over her apples and wheat crops, and the commerce of Portland. Washington may make as much noise as a brass band on the Fourth of July, or when the insurgents hold a meeting about her apples and forests. The coast and its cities have more behind them than has the Riviera, rich as old Italy is. And it has its Riviera more attractive than the one I have tried to describe and one to produce more wealth in the future than this one does in the present. From Santa Cruz to San Diego there is twice the coast there is here, and in all respects capable of being made more of. There is not a mile here to compare in natural endowment with Half Moon Bay, Santa Cruz, Caples to San Remo, how many tunnels are there? On a former visit to Italy, crossing the Apennines from Florence to Milan I counted 37 tunnels, when we got tired of the arithmetic and do not know how many more there were on the line. From Cannes to San Remo the count could hardly be made. If made at all one should hire a bright person to devote all his time to the job. Are there so many tunnels on this small stretch of road? I am sure of it. Are there 1000? I am sure there are not. Here the Maritime Alps come down in a great broad spur almost into the waters of the Mediterranean at all points, quite into the sea at many. The road could not bridge the waters nor gild the heights, so it runs most of the way under the ridges, and as these are coppering great things with small after the fashion of Milton in "Paradise Lost," as close together as the fingers of one's hand, the line is mostly in the dark. So the train files along in Egyptian night, flashing now and again into the daylight and then back to darkness hour after hour. I am sure of it. I think of the hard hearted millionaire or long ago who fared sumptuously all his days, clothed in purple and fine linen, neglectful of the beggar at his gate to whose misery the dogs were fain to show compassion, but in after times this rich man in Hades felt the tortures of the worms as he held the beggar in heavenly bliss. So flashes the sunlight into one's eyes and disappears along the Riviera as the one flash of celestial light broke on the sinner's eyes in the dim smoke of hell. The misery came from the sharpness of the contrast.

to San Diego, North of San Francisco and all around the great bay are nooks as full of charm as San Remo or San Rafael. All up the coast through the great woods on the Oregon along the Rogue river the same matchless attractions lie as thick as blackberries. The Riviera has no summer trade at all. Puget Sound has more in landscape charm than any part of Italy. Santa Cruz and Santa Monica are as good in August as in January. Like an orange grove, they bear fruit all the year around. Italy has 33,000,000 population. The coast has 5,000,000. When California is peopled like Italy it will have 50,000,000 people. The coast will have as many as all Europe has today. The days are here and more of them coming fast when the Pacific Riviera will compete with the Italian for the tourist trade of the world. I can look a little ahead when the coast will be the "playground" and the sanatorium of the world, and I hope, old a man as I am, to see for myself the day when the tourist crop of the coast will be counted by 250,000 a year or more.

REAL ESTATE ACTIVE IN WALLA WALLA.— Walla Walla, Wash., July 1.—June was the banner month in real estate transfers for the year, the total of mortgages and deeds recorded in the office of County Auditor Jack W. Sweazy amounting to more than two and a quarter millions of dollars, about twice the amount of February, which was the best preceding month. This makes the total deeds and mortgages for the six months \$6,572,900. Deeds for six months totaled \$3,542,475, and mortgages \$3,030,425. This is the first year that records have been kept, but it is believed these sales are better than last year's, although probably not as good as those of 1909.

NUMEROUS PLANS FOR IDEAL SCHOOL OFFERED.— (Salem Bureau of The Journal.) Salem, Or., July 1.—The request published by Walter Pierce and other boosters of Hot Lake, Union county, for suggestive plans for the construction of a model public school building, regardless of the cost, has aroused general inter-

est throughout the state and a large number of plans has been sent in. State Superintendent Alderman, Mr. Alderman will publish a pamphlet in the near future on the subject of public school house architecture which it is thought will have an influence in preventing mistakes and waste in building the structures. One of the central ideas in Superintendent Alderman's pamphlet on this subject will be that, as far as possible, upstairs rooms should be avoided because of the noise and also the lighting. Modern educators are advocating skylights wherever possible, he says, so the light may be made to fall uniformly upon the pupils' desk from the rear and left. All communications regarding the model school have been forwarded to Mr. Pierce at Hot Lake.

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