

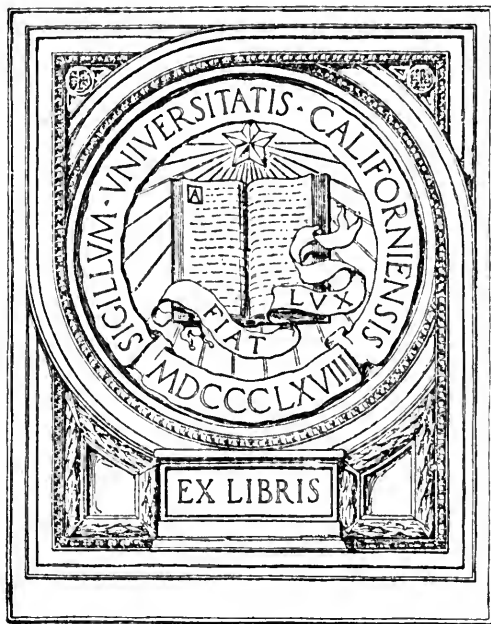


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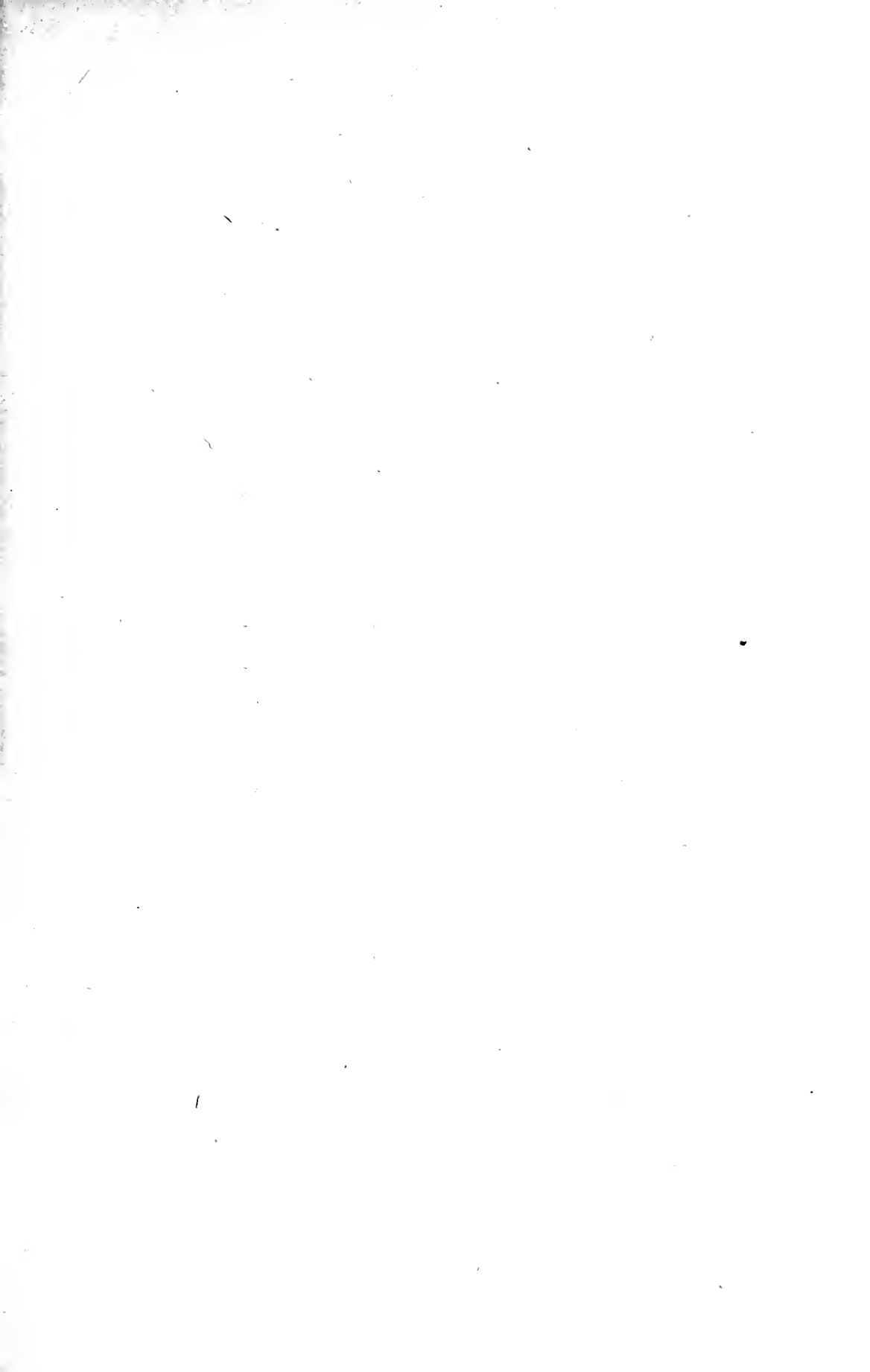
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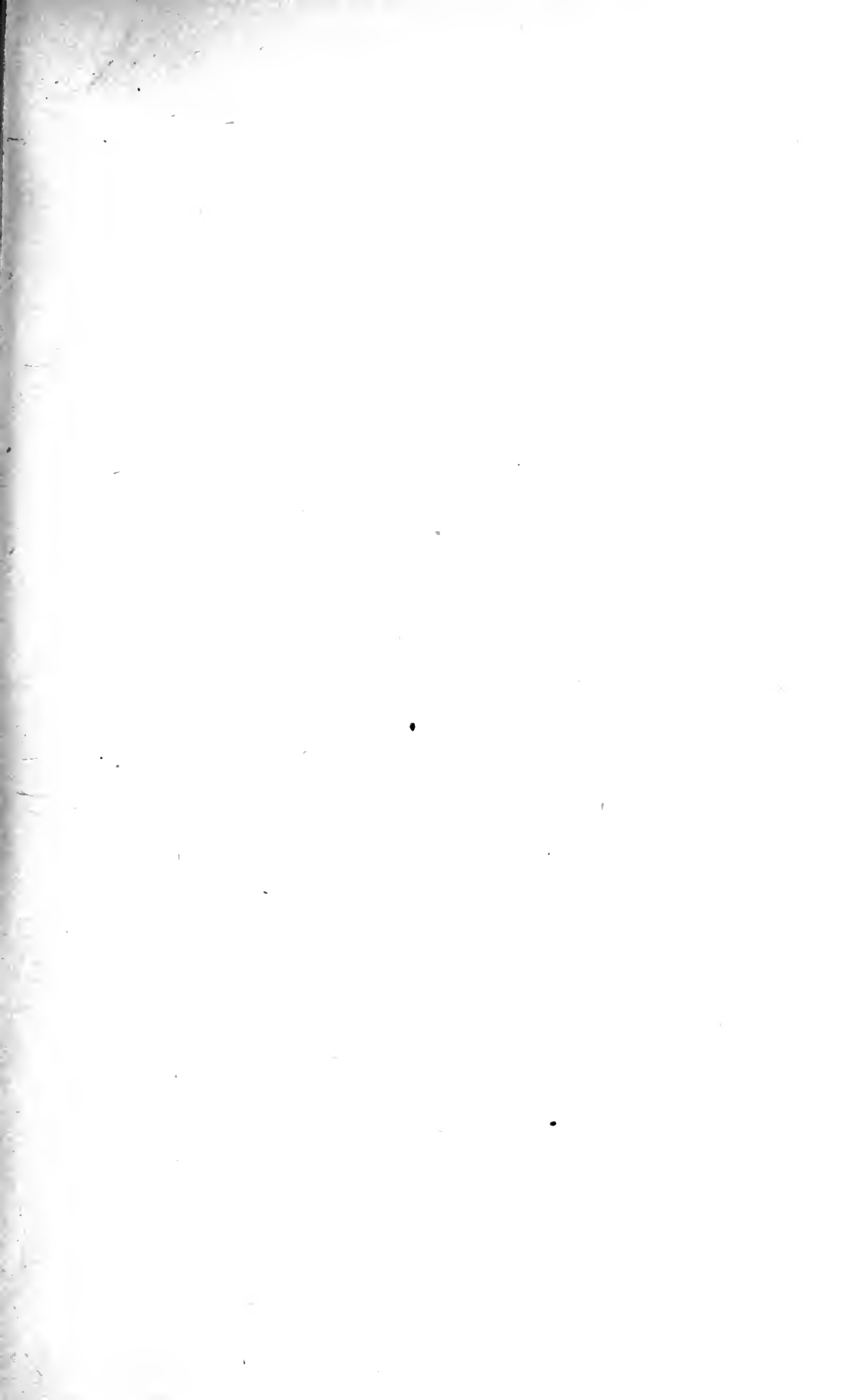
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CLUB LIFE



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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE CLUBWOMAN'S GUILD

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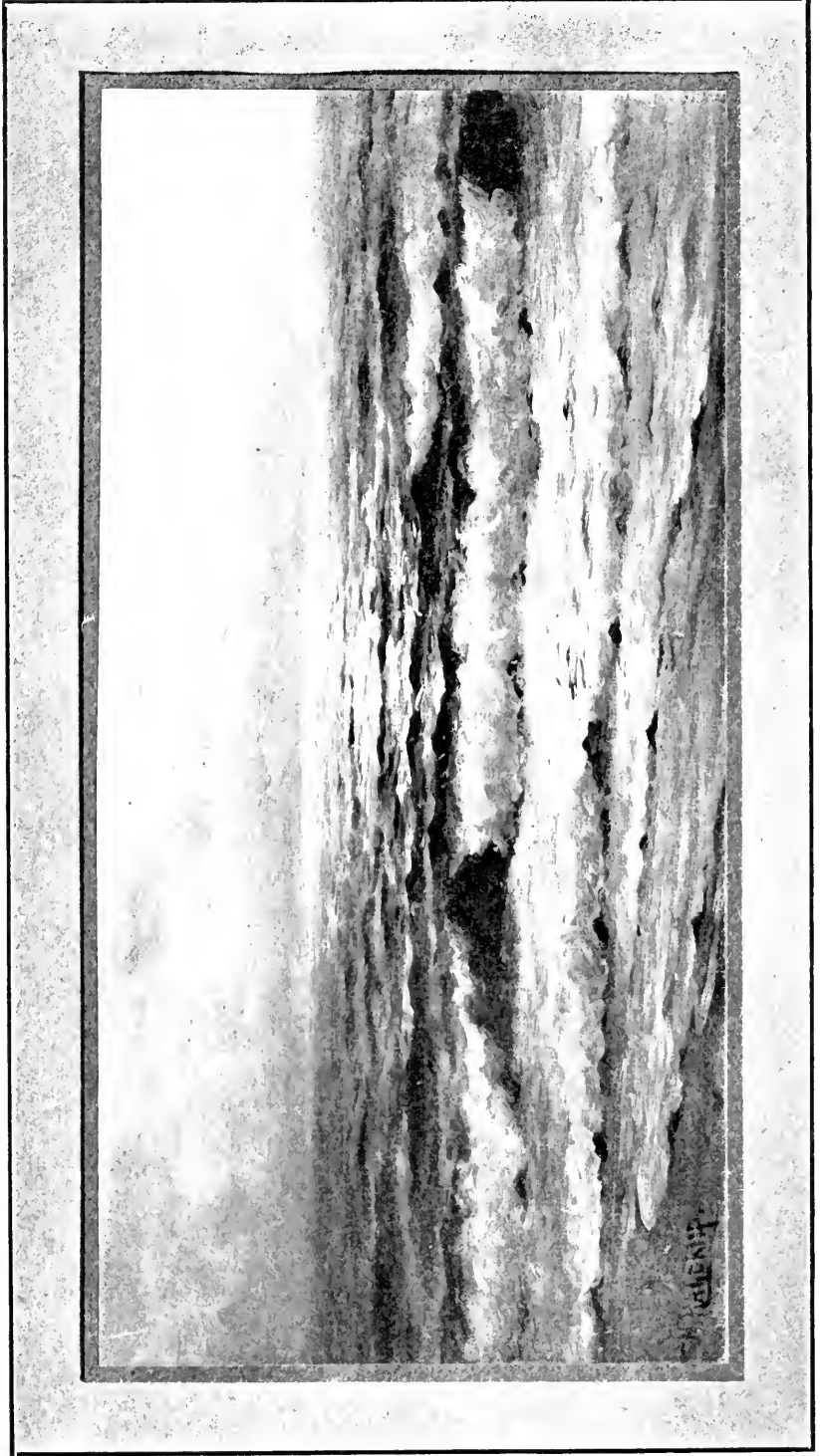
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Painting by NELS HAGERUP.
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Club Life

Vol. 4

SEPT., 1905

No. 1

Our fourth year begins with this issue, and for the convenience of the clubwomen we have reduced CLUB LIFE to the present size.

The new cover design by our artist, Mrs. H. Homberger, is especially artistic and attractive this year, as representing the different clubs and their wonderful growth.

Appreciations of prominent artists and examples of their characteristic work, reproduced from photographs by Adelaide Hanscom, will be a new and interesting feature in each issue.

A series of ten lessons or lectures on Parliamentary Law, by Mary Fairbrother, begins this month and ought to prove a valuable acquisition to executives in power and to those contemplating assuming the reins of government in clubdom.

Miss Mabel Adams Ayer is a distinctly unique figure before the public of California. As only daughter of the late genial and generous-hearted Dr. Washington Ayer, his mantle of love for his fellow-beings has fallen naturally on his daughter—a daughter of the Golden West, who has firmly held for many years the golden key to Sunshine, and likely to hold it for some time, for there is none magnanimous or self-sacrificing enough to be found to fill her place.

Mrs. Corrine Maddern, our dramatic editor, is a well known and popular clubwoman. As leader in the Dramatic Department of the progressive California Club, her contributions will be an expression of the trend of thought to be pursued during the club year.

Great public interest has been aroused of late for the welfare of the California Indians. The Northern California Indian Association, located in San Jose, composed of many noble men and women, who have devoted time and money on their behalf, do not allow that interest to lapse. Our readers are made acquainted with their doings through the earnest and able pen of Miss Cornelia Taber, San Jose, whose devotion to the Indian cause in practical good work is renowned.

Volumes 1, 2 and 3 are now on sale at the office, 1529 California street, San Francisco, and can be had, bound in red leather, as follows: Volume 1, \$6.00; volume 2, \$5.00; volume 3, \$4.00, net.

Corona Club held the first meeting of the fall session on Thursday afternoon, August 10th, the subject being "Vacation Experiences." Mrs. H. W. Thorpe gave an interesting account of her trip across the continent, speaking particularly of such points of interest as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Garden of the Gods, Manitou Springs, Niagara Falls, etc.

Mrs. H. N. Stevens read a delightful reminiscence of a summer she spent forty years ago in the heart of the Sierras, at a gold quartz mine, from which the party made trips through the mountains in many directions by team and on horseback, visiting, among other places, Donner Lake and Lake Tahoe. Her Portland experiences and the incidents attendant upon her excursions into the surrounding country were given by Mrs. John H. Bullock, and were diversified, humorous and vividly pictured. Mrs. A. L. Sobey's account of her journey up the coast to Victoria, where the red-coated Tommy Atkins holds sway, and the return by rail through Portland, was both instructive and laughable.

The musical numbers consisted of vocal solos by Mrs. G. Wentworth Kenneth, and an instrumental solo by Mrs. R. K. Roberts. The usual social cup of tea followed.

On the afternoon of Thursday, August 24th, Corona Club held an open meeting. Hon. Julius Kahn, Congressman of the Fourth Congressional District of California, gave an instructive and entertaining address, his subject being, "Washington Experiences." He spoke first of the executive side of Washington life, especially of Congress and the way work is carried out there. Starting in with the new member as he first takes his seat, he said it seemed strange that, after all the laws that Congress has passed against lottery, they should begin the session by the drawing of seats. He showed the arrangements of the seats, the Republicans on the left and the Democrats on the right, and alluded to the famous Cherokee strip. He then gave some amusing incidents of the discussions and speeches, and said that when the appropriation bills came up before the Committee of the House on the State of the Union, "any old thing might happen."

He then touched on the social side of Washington life, as exemplified by the numerous teas and receptions held between New Year's and Lent. The President's receptions, four in number, are given to the Diplomatic Corps, Supreme Court, Senators and the Army and Navy. He spoke of some of the discomforts of the former presidents' receptions, and said that public sentiment advocated a separate building for these formal functions. He remarked upon the intricacies of precedence, and cited a number of amusing incidents.

It is the President's habit, he said, to receive Congressmen every morning, except Tuesdays and Fridays, when the Cabinet meets, and there is always a crowd waiting on these days. Mr. McKinley always used to wear a pink in his buttonhole when he came into his office, and he always gave it to the first small boy who was introduced to him. Doubtless there are many of these pinks among the cherished treasures of our country's future statesmen and diplomats. He then paid a glowing tribute to McKinley, ending with the thought that it will be many a year before we will see his like again.

Mr. Kahn ended his able address by a few words about the beauty of the city of Washington, its parks, broad streets, public buildings and statuary, and in closing expressed the hope that when California places her two statues in the Hall of Fame, one of them will be Father Junipero Serra, the founder of the Missions of California and the pioneer of our civilization.

The music of the day consisted of vocal solos rendered by Mrs. W. H. Hyde, Jr., and Mrs. Agnes Boxton. The usual chat "over the tea cups" closed this enjoyable afternoon.

The new officers of Corona Club are: President, Mrs. Frances Cobb, 37 Hill street; First Vice-President, Mrs. John H. Bullock, 72 Pierce street; Second Vice-President, Mrs. George Fredericks, 781 Cole street; Recording-Secretary, Miss Emma Van Bergen, 720 Capp street; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William A. Ruthrauff, 1219 Jones street; Directors, Mrs. Robert Wallace, 2724 Howard street; Mrs. William H. Dalton, 1833 Buchanan street; Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first street; Mrs. Edward Knight, 751 Guerrero street; Mrs. B. R. Keith, 3376 Twenty-first street.

MRS. CLIVE A. BROWN, Historian.

P. C. W. P. A.

Three months have elapsed since the last regular meeting. On next Monday afternoon, September 11th, will be held the first meeting of the new year. Unusual interest surrounds this first formal gathering of these literary women. During the summer months thoughtful minds have been searching for material—original, whole-souled material—for sketches, books, poems and other writings, and so at this social reunion there will be an interchange of bright thoughts.

The bulletins, which the association is issuing, prior to Monday, specify this occasion as a "house-warming." For in addition to the vacation "experiences," the members will have an opportunity of inspecting their new club room pleasantly located on the second floor of "Wheeler's Auditorium," 1215 Sutter street. New carpets, freshly tinted walls and ceilings, curtains, crisp and pert, and a handsome mahogany book-case, constitute some of the appointments of the P. C. W. P. A's. new home. Only members of the association are to be invited to this meeting.

The regular business meeting will be held on the fourth Monday. At the conclusion of business transactions, the members devote their attention to the criticisms of stories, which have been submitted for that purpose. This study is excellent, not only for the writer of the story, but the wise suggestions of the critics—though severe—can readily be turned to good account by others ambitious with the pen.

We are most happy to state that Miss Ina Coolbrith, the poet, is regaining her health.

Mrs. Abbie Krebs, President of the association, started east August 31st. Mrs. Krebs expects to be gone several weeks.

The officers for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Abbie Krebs; First Vice-President, Mrs. Josephine Foster; Second Vice-President, Miss Ina Coolbrith; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Clare O. Southard; Fourth Vice-

President, Mrs. Alice K. Cooley; Fifth Vice-President, Mrs. Mary Hart; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. C. Morrow; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Josephine A. Martin; Assistant Recording Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Gardiner; Treasurer, Miss M. De Neale Morgan; Librarian, Mrs. Sara Reamer; Auditor, Mrs. Amelia Truesdale; Directors, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Mrs. Grace Hibbard, Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster; Chairman Programme Committee, Dr. M. E. Kibbe. Retiring President, Mrs. Laura Y. Pinney.

JOSEPHINE MARTIN, Recording Secretary.

Dixie Chapter, U. D. C.

For some time past invitations have been issued to a transportation of an "Evening in Southland" to the hospitable residence of Mrs. Calhoun Bryant. Mrs. Frank Walker, President of this chapter, assisted by members (prospective Southern belles), made an enjoyable evening in reviving negro melodies and anecdotes to the satisfaction of a large audience. The Dixie Quartette opened the entertainment with "Suwannee River," the same being Misses Claudia Massie, Ethel Avis, Anna Dazey and Christine Bernard, accompanid by Mrs. Massie, the selection being well rendered. "Dixie," with its fascinating tones, floated over the audience and was met with deafening applause. The violin solo of Miss Schorcht demonstrated skill and training, and proved she was mistress of her instrument. The tones of "The Mocking Bird" made us almost dream we were in "God's own country," amid the oranges and magnolias. Recitations, typical of Southland, were enjoyable, as given by Miss Violet Verdolyack, and Louise Cleveland, the talented daughter of our once famous elocutionist. Master Forrest Bryant used professional skill in manipulation of Indian clubs, and was loudly applauded. Major W. J. Barnard closed the exercises with "remarks." They consisted of amusing negro anecdotes, and the reading of a Boston paper published in 1796, where rewards were offered, viz., \$6 and \$8, respectively, for the return of runaway slaves, either to their owners or their incarceration in jail. The point made was to exhibit to the young Southerners the fact that slaves had been owned and used in the "Hub of the Universe." Between numbers the audience were regaled with "Old Black Joe," declaring he was coming to "Massa in the cold, cold ground." "Turkey in the straw," by a jolly darkey, and "My Old Kentucky Home, Good-night," a banjo solo of "Old Log Cabin in the Lane," was peculiarly attractive. The coming beaux and belles of Southland tripped the light fantastic toe with grace in threading their way through the mazes of the quadrille. The room was then cleared for dancing and delicate refreshments served in the spacious parlors of the Bryant home. The executives of both San Francisco chapters were present with a corps of their officers and members. A vote of thanks is surely due the hostess, Mrs. Calhoun Bryant, Mrs. Walker and her chapter.

VIRGINIA B. HILLIARD.

La Puerta del Oro Chapter, D. A. R., members have decided to hold their meetings in the afternoon during the coming year, morning meetings not meeting with favor. The first assembly of the year will be held on Tuesday, September 12, 1905.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU, Historian.

Cap and Bells Club

The Board of Directors have already held a special meeting at the residence of Mrs. S. V. Mooney, the President, to consider and outline the work of the club for the coming year. At the suggestion of the President the Directors have decided to form two new sections: Parliamentary Law and Oratory, in addition to the Shakespeare, French and Psychic sections already established.

California State Floral Society

Is preparing to give a grand flower show in the Ferry Building on November 9th, 10th and 11th. The Pacific Coast Horticultural Society will join in the exhibition. A fine display of chrysanthemums will be made, also dahlias, roses, carnations and all other flowers. Gold and silver medals and money prizes will be offered for meritorious exhibits.

Mrs. W. S. Chandler read a paper before the society on Friday August 11th, on "Gardens, Old and New."

The "Garden of Eden," "Gardens of Gethsemane," "Hanging Gardens of Babylon," and "Floral Feasts of the Romans," were beautifully contrasted with the gardens, parks and flower fiestas of modern times. Mrs. Chandler's paper was one of the most interesting of the many delightful papers that have been read before this society. Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins read a poem on "Mother's Garden."

The September meeting will be a complimentary dahlia show to be held in Central Hall on Friday, September 15th, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. All interested in dahlias and dahlia culture are cordially invited. Prizes are to be given for the most meritorious exhibits.

MRS HENRY P. TRICOU, Secretary.

The New England Society have deferred their meeting until late in September, as so many are out of town, and the blanks sent to New York cannot be acted upon until the return of the New York women to town. All those having blanks are requested to send them in at once, as there is still room in the first hundred charter members, and many applications are being sent in now. Those forming the first hundred are assessed admission \$1.00 and dues \$1.00 per year, the second hundred \$2.00, and so on up to 1000, when the dues and admission remain \$10.00. Members are charged at the same rate at which they entered, no matter how high the dues rise.

Letters received from Mrs. Henry Clarke Coe from New York report Colonies formed at Portland and Chicago on her return home. Everywhere Mrs. Coe met with the most flattering reception, as the New England women enjoyed the idea of banding themselves together in a social, literary and philanthropic colony.

Officers of the San Francisco Colony are as yet incomplete, as Mrs. Coe has the appointing. First Vice-President, Mrs. John F. Swift; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first street, Phone Capp 1288; Treasurer, Mrs. F. B. Carpenter; Directors, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker.

JENNIE PARTRIDGE, Corresponding Secretary.

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

A Chat with Players—Florence Roberts

"Transition periods are dangerous," says Emerson, the wise, and I wonder if Miss Roberts will find them so, for this summer we watched her transit from melodramatic trash to the vital, soul-searching work of Sudermann and Ibsen.

Enthusiastic play-goers are very apt to wish to know the player, behind the player's mask. What idea, what emotion, what experience, is responsible for such and such an interpretation?

We hate to think that it is possible for a "mere player in a dream of passion" to take an audience to a height unknown to himself.

So when Miss Roberts played Nora, of the Doll's House this summer—apparently, in a day, forgetting her old melodramatic method, and playing, quietly, naturally, convincingly and *intelligently*, the difficult, psychological role, we went behind to ask her all about it.

In the first place, Miss Roberts explained what we all know and never remember, that a stock actress has the stupendous task of memorizing a long role thinking out and getting together a costume "that will keep one in the picture" (and all this while playing to the limit of one's strength every night), in one short week.

"There is no use," said Miss Roberts, pathetically, "one *must* get the words, and coax the conception afterward. Sometimes even under that terrible strain a flash will reveal the character a living, breathing reality, again one stumbles on, conscious of missing the vital spark, but thankful that the mere words at least, are at command."

"I like to play Nora. I think that I never will play Hedda Gabler; the situation is false, and I have not Mrs. Fiske's genius to wrestle with a false situation. But Nora—I feel that I understand Nora; I like her gay irresponsibility; I enjoy portraying her weaknesses, and oh, I do feel intensely the anguish of her suspense in the scene where she keeps her husband from discovering the letter." "But that," I interrupted, "savours of theatrical trickery, mere technique." "I know, I know, but that is my way of taking the audience with me, carefully from point to point in Nora's fearful lesson. It is all right to merely 'suggest' to an audience what they, some time or other have experienced,—but what is the use of 'suggesting' merely,—points, with which they have never had any mental contact whatever. It is safer to act it all out for them. I like all that idea in the play about the 'miracle.' Nora was only a child, and children depend, somehow, upon 'miracles' to justify this humdrum world,—yes, it all seems natural—the bitterness of poor Nora's disillusionment is just like life, is it not?" The question as she turned to me, and the little sigh, convinced me that Miss Roberts' Nora was her own, thought out, and played, as she plays it, because she feels, as she thinks Nora would feel under such circumstances.

"I am quite sure," said Miss Roberts, "that were I in Nora's place—I should go—I should shut the door between me and the home that kept me

in a degraded, false position. Yes, I am quite sure I should leave it all, just as Nora did, of course. I have never had children of my own—perhaps”—and I thought that Miss Roberts' face had never looked so wistfully pretty —“perhaps it *would* be truer to life if Nora had snatched the littlest one.”

Miss Eugenie Thais Lawton

“You know, I don't think that this is such a wonderfully fine life,” said Miss Lawton, when we had congratulated her upon creating the first London role in “The Great Interrogation.”

“It seems,” I suggested, “as young as you are—doing such good work, receiving such appreciation, and all ——”

“I know, it looks fine from the front, but it is a hard life, isn't it, mother?”

And mother, in a charming Southern drawl, complained that it was,—no home, no quiet time with congenial friends, no—— “And I never have time to study other artists' work—that is the pity of it,” broke in Miss Lawton, in that quiet but warmly colored voice of hers that is her fortune.

“I often wish that I could meet and talk with great writers and artists, or even have time to read, oh, I would like to learn, *learn*—you see, I went to the stage right from high school, just an amateur performance of Juliet, and an engagement followed—no rest or time to study since.”

“Did you enjoy,” I asked, “having a new kind of dialogue to work with in this London play?” “Well, now,” said Miss Lawton, “that is just it. We don't talk like that in real life, and those words of Mr. London's were hard to memorize, ‘race affinity,’ ‘the dominant evolved race,’ etc., etc. I admit if one had time, thinking out such a role, would give one new thoughts about life and art, but there it is, we must get the words, think out the ‘business’ that is natural, get the proper costume,—why, you know, some thought that I should dress, Karen Sather in white, and so I had a white suit made; there it is,” pointing to an unopened box—“there it is; I had to get some kind of an outing-looking thing at the last moment. Now, imagine being all neat and clean, and in *white*, after that long trip to the Klondike.”

Miss Lawton liked the ending of the play—we differed; but I realize that it is from two vastly different viewpoints. I was thinking of the *play* as a work of art,—she was thinking of the opportunity for a “scene.” “And you know that it was a fearful temptation to act, act, *act*, all over the stage, but—I didn't.”

“That is mostly why I came to see you,” I said. “Where did you learn what *not* to do? Certainly cheap stock companies hardly furnish a good school in the art of repression.”

“Now, I wonder,” said Miss Lawton, “if you think that Mrs. Fiske, or any of the great artists, know at the very first, *why* they do thus or so—no, I think not; I think they act as they *feel* it ought to be, and perhaps deduce the rules afterward, or let the critics do it for them.”

The energy and dignity with which she settled the question set me to wondering where Miss Lawton would find herself in the coming years, supposing she had time to read the books, and meet the people that illumine and interpret this panorama called life.

MAJESTIC THEATRE



JAMES NEILL.



EDYTHE CHAPMAN NEILL.

James Neill and Edythe Chapman Neill, the new leading people at the Majestic Theatre, are probably more widely known and more popular than any actor and actress ever seen in San Francisco, and are already firmly established favorites with the Majestic patrons.

Next week they will be seen in Augustus Thomas' most successful play, "Alabama," said by the ablest critics in America to be the best American play. It is a pretty drama of life in the South during war time, and is replete with interest, abounding in sentiment and has the true atmosphere of the South.

The interest hinges largely on the estrangement of father and son. The father is a staunch adherent of the Confederacy, the son a follower of the Stars and Stripes. Associated with Mr. and Mrs. Neill in the coming production of "Alabama" will be Franklyn Underwood, Robert Wayne, Reginald Travers, L. R. Stockwell, Frances Slosson, Mina Crolius Gleason and others.

THE MODJESKA TESTIMONIAL

News of the successful climax to the testimonial entertainment given for our beloved Madame Modjeska came too late for publication in our closing issue—not too late, however, for our readers to enjoy the newsy chat of our New York correspondent:

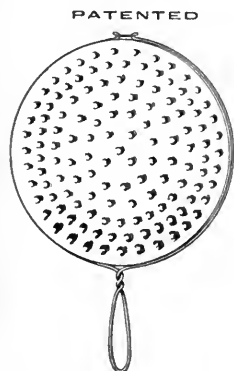
To have been permitted to be a close observer and a participant in the Modjeska testimonial at the Metropolitan Opera House was a great privilege due to the kindly courtesy and thoughtfulness of Mr. John J. Donnelly, for sixteen years associated with Mr. Daniel Frohman, and Mr. John W. Rumsey, the present manager of both the New Lyceum and Daly's Theatres. Surely Heaven intended the day as a testimonial to this wonderful woman who has adopted America as her country, for the weather, which had not been pleasant, was as balmy and beautiful as California on her best behavior. To your correspondent, who went in open-eyed and watchful of every possible bit of news, the actresses, flitting about,—up and downstairs,—in their prettiest frocks and hats, were sights for the gods. Fancy rubbing elbows with Hilda Spong, and feeling all the pleasure of a close inspection of the dreadful "Madge Larrabee" of Mr. William Gillette's "Sherlock Holmes"; passing stately Olive Oliver, whose chief duty seems to be to make herself just too lovely for anything; hearing Dorothy Tennant, whose "College Widow," it is whispered, was all the result of her stunning get-up when applying for that position in Col. Savage's office; trotting about at the heels of Cecilia Loftus, in her trailing gray gown, who carried roses in an artistic tray and seemed the reincarnation of Bulwer Lytton's "Nydia," though her bright eyes were not closed to the light of the beautiful day, and be it noticed, were quite open as to any chance of selling her wares; casting longing glances up to the second balcony to where happy Florence Worden MacGregor was capturing the many who made their way up to her and hearing her delightful voice inviting them to buy; actually calling Mabel Taliaferro's attention to possible purchasers of Huyler's candy, with which she was laden, and hearing her saucy remarks when she failed to make a sale; peering into a crowd and catching only a glimpse of Julia Sanderson, whose gorgeous kimono in "Fantana," has been a sensation in New York; looking into the purple eyes of beautiful Dorothy Hammond, losing my senses and gasping out, "How beautiful your eyes are!" and then running away and pretending that it was a mistake; helping clever Jessie Busley eat part of a box of candy which had been presented to her by one of her admirers; trying to pacify Grace Filkins as she was sweeping from the tea-room with her two escorts—for her beauty was apparent to others besides myself, and she lacked in no way for attention—though it was impossible to serve her party more quickly; sharing the work of pretty Mabel Wilbur, who is playing the part of the California girl in the "Song of the Cities" in "The Prince of Pilsen," charming Vera Stanley of the same company, and Doris Hardy, who played Juliet in New York at 11 years of age, and who made the record of the entire day on single sales, and that to Herr Conried, himself; listening to Margaret McKinney's tuneful voice calling out to the rushing assembly in invitation to buy; returning time and again to Miss Emma Frohman to set matters straight, as this clever

sister of the wonderful Napoleon of the drama and his brother, could do; then quite mixing up Dorothy Bertrand, Jean Calducci and Jessie Crane, when they were pointed out to me, as time grew short and the marvellous performance began. Programmes, bon bons, flowers and photographs were all left behind as the committees made headlong rushes to hear the liquid tones of Vladimir de Pachmann in a Chopin nocturne! And he played three numbers, with his hands on the instrument, his mind on the music, but his eyes wandering over the enthusiastic audience, which had assembled to show its admiration for "Madame." How his heart must have been uplifted to see and realize that his was an art of so much perfection that he was a partaker in this act of appreciation of his compatriot. In a box, near the stage, her hands upraised in applause, sat Mme. Paderewski, and later on, she was an interested listener to the exquisite letter sent by her husband (read in the glorious tones of David Bispham), in which his break-down, which he characterized as brutal, was excuse for his absence. Ada Rehan and Guy Standing gave, delightfully, a scene from "The Country Girl," and when the end of it came, one might not be quite sure that Miss Rehan was not the artist for whom this testimonial had been arranged, so generous was the applause. Madame Ella Russell sang "Dich Theure Halle," from Tannhauser, and responded to the demand for more by giving "Ave Maria." Then out upon the stage came Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in a gorgeous gown of black velvet, embroidered in golden bees—a most wonderful effect—wearing long light suede gloves, and in that marvelous singing tone for which she is famous, recited "High Tide on the Coast of Lillconshire." We heard her "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! Calling," and listened to a further recitation of "A Hungarian Love Song," an odd little minor plaint, and neither of these will ever be forgotten by those who listened to her elocution.

But all this was not "Madame," as the air of expectation told, and there was a sort of waiting for something to come in the attitude of each one present. Then the curtain rose on Act I, Scene VII of "Macbeth," with Madame Modjeska as Lady Macbeth and Mr. James O'Neill as Macbeth. This was the first opportunity of many present to witness the art of this great artist, and one could but wonder at the intense hold she quickly assumes upon her audience, in spite of her foreign accent. Plotting the murder with subtlety—with a courage which is manly in quality —(attained by so few women without losing the chief charm of womanliness, which the part requires), the revelation of her art in this scene was worthy of much study by the younger generation. Scene I, Act II, gave her little or no opportunity, but utilized the talent volunteered, for with James O'Neill, Louis James, John Malone, Vincent Serrano, Horace Lewis, Edith Taliaferro, Wright Cramer, Douglas Wood and Morgan Coman to support her, there was a result which could seldom be bettered. When the curtain fell on these two scenes, the enthusiasm which had detained the actors at beginning, so vigorous the applause, was perfectly infectious. One could not look on unmoved. Time after time the curtain was raised and lowered and raised again, while Madame stood tearfully bowing, with her hands on her overfull heart, speechless and thankful. During one of these ovations, Edmund Clarence Stedman came upon the stage to make the testimonial address. Then, indeed,

the audience broke all bounds. Flowers were showered upon Madame, handkerchiefs were waved, and tears fell as fast in the audience as they did on the stage when she tried, in response to the desire for a speech, to express her grateful appreciation of the kindness of America to her, but finally her voice broke pitifully and she ended with a greeting in her own language. It was almost an impossibility to get the curtain down, so frantic were the appeals for another sight of her. In the sleep-walking scene—which was the more interesting that Barton Hill, who was the director of Madame Modjeska's first appearance at his theatre in San Francisco, played the Physician and was ably seconded by Margaret Illington, who subdued her strenuous style of acting for this occasion, which is an improvement of which one may hope to see more,—so beautiful was the picture made, so plaintive the tones of the unforgettable voice, so perfect her art, that one wonders how the scene, in which the troubled mind sways the sleeping body, could be played other than as Madame Modjeska played it. Another demonstration took place at the close of this scene, which rivaled all that had gone before. It was some time before Mr. Bispham could give "Who Knows?" and "Danny Deever," in his inimitable style, and he found it hard to escape the plaudits. Then the curtain rose on the third act of "Mary Stuart," with Madame Modjeska as the martyr Queen, supported by Mary Shaw, Kate Denin Wilson and John E. Kellerd, in their original roles with her, together with William Courtenay, John Glendinning, and Charles B. Kelly. Surely Mary Stuart's sad life and pitiful struggle against the jealousy of Elizabeth was never shown more faithfully, and one wondered to see such a strain upon the talent of this extraordinary artist endured without the slightest trace of fatigue. The younger actresses who sat in the boxes and through the audience, paid her tender tribute by their tears and exclamations of admiration. Altogether, when the final curtain fell, one looked about at these young creatures just entering upon the path of histrionic endeavor, heartily aiding the retreating form of this wonderful example of thorough devotion to the art of acting, and wished them one and all the "God Speed," which I realized was in all their hearts for each other and Madame!

HELEN AVERY HARDY.



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It is painfully and laboriously wrought. It is a work of time and of long, patient toil. But at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed and immutable in the solid marble.

So does a man carve out his moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work.

And in this most serious and important work of character-building everything counts, either for good or for evil, for weal or for woe.

In this life of ours there are no trifles. Everything has its importance and should be treated with the most serious consideration it deserves.

From the viewpoint of its potential influence upon character—and hence upon one’s failure or success in this world—the commonest thing in our experience is invested with a tremendous dignity and sacredness.

Details, like comparisons, are “odious,” and yet there is no successful business man who will not tell you that his prosperity is largely owing to the fact that he always attends carefully to the details. It is from his knowledge of the thousand and one minutiae of his office, and from his strict attention to the same, that he is able to manage his affairs so as to make his business a profitable one. It is precisely the same in the matter of character.

If you are slack in your attire; if you forget to be polite; if you let fall the rude or unkind word; if you fail to keep your appointments, even when the appointments happen to be of minor importance; you may be sure that there is something the matter with you. Your character is not what it ought to be.

Nor is the explanation far to seek. You have been in the habit of saying of these things: “They are mere trifles, and I will pay no particular attention to them.” You do not stop to think, as you should, that, in the language of Michael Angelo, “trifles make perfection.”

If you will take care of the little things, giving them the emphasis that belongs to them, they will take care of you. If you scorn them, the success to which you aspire will never be reached.

Take care of the little things, and the great things will look out for themselves.



TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAM- MENTARY PRACTICE

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor street.

First Lecture, THEORY OF PARLIAMMENTARY PRACTICE.

"Parliamentary Law is for the purpose of protecting the rights of the minority."

The law of deliberative assemblies is based upon the fundamental law of the land. A thing that is unconstitutional in the United States is unparliamentary in this country. Government from Russia to America is based on force—physical force. The small child walks in safety by the side of the largest man because back of the child is the policeman. Back of the policeman is the State militia and back of that the United States Army and Navy.

In America things are everywhere settled by majorities. A majority has one opinion, a minority has another. The majority enforces its opinion by force, if necessary, so the minority submits or consents. But society, nations and organizations have learned that the minority is frequently right and the majority wrong. Out of that fact has come what we call the rights of minorities.

Progress comes when the minority grows into the majority. If every member of an organization who belongs to a minority were put out of the organization it would never learn anything and would soon pass away. Thus the minority is of value and must be protected, as it cannot protect itself. It is for the protection of the rights of minorities that Parliamentary practice has been adopted by mankind.

Every member of an organization has the right to hold and express an opinion of every subject that properly comes before the organization. She also has the right to refuse to express an opinion. If the minority consists of only one member that member has every right that the others have, and no matter how weak, should be upheld in that opinion by the organization, by its officers and members, as though she were a giant with all the powers of the spheres.

When a member has expressed her opinion by vote and the president has announced which side has the majority, the incident is closed. It is true that it may again be brought before the organization, but it then becomes another incident and requires different methods. Almost all of the hard feelings, disorder and unparliamentary conduct from members happens when there is no motion before the house.

It is very lovely when all members of an organization agree on all questions. It is much more lovely when they all disagree, say so, vote so, and then

drop the subject. Any member who is not willing to submit to the majority quietly and cheerfully is out of order and has no rights until order is restored. It is, of course, necessary to take subjects up a second time and vote differently upon them after more thought and more information, but debate after the vote has been taken does not bring that result, nor any other result, except misunderstanding and tumult. Any member who is not willing to do just as much to help conserve the opinions of an opposing minority as of her own majority, needs a great deal more experience in organizations, and indeed in life itself.

All parliamentary practice must enforce the theory of our government of equal rights to all special privileges to none. It is because of difference of opinion as to what constitutes equal rights and special privileges, that organizations have adopted these rules. They have been found to bring about that result with least waste of time and energy. Whenever a member of an organization is anxious to preserve the rights and privileges of other members and stops claiming her own, that member has no need of Roberts' Rules of Order or of Reed's Manual. She will never be out of order.

Thomas B. Reed says: "If the student has once fixed in his mind the idea that Parliamentary Law is not a series of arbitrary rules, but a plain, consistent system founded on common sense and sanctioned by the experience of mankind, he will have gone far toward understanding it."

It makes but little difference, therefore, what authority one selects so that the organization has an authority and follows the procedure there laid down. There used to be considerable talk about authorities, but now almost everyone knows they are all practically the same. They must agree on principles, a few minor points of practice do not amount to anything—just a little different method of getting at the same result. In the Middle West, Reed's Manual is in high favor. In San Francisco more than nine out of ten organizations use Roberts' Rules, hence these lectures will be according to Roberts.

It has always been my endeavor in teaching this subject to so instil into the minds of the students the theory of democracy and of deliberative assemblies, that the students will themselves know upon hearing a motion whether it is in order or not, without referring, actually or by memory, to any person or authority. If the motion works any injustice to a member it is not in order. There are, of course, a few arbitrary rules which must be learned, either by memory from a book or by practice or experience in organizations. Other rules are either that the organization may do what it desires to do or that it may refuse to do what it does not desire to do, or that it may decline to go on record in the matter at all. Every organization has the right to do any one of these three things, and the rights of the organization are greater than the rights of any member.

The next lecture will be on organization, the one to follow that on duties of officers and the next on duties of members.

NELS HAGERUP

(THE MARINE PAINTER)

The sea in all its phases has an exponent in Nels Hagerup, the Norwegian marine painter, who has been among us now for eight years. Artist Hagerup is widely known, especially among the high-class dealers, who are not slow to recognize good work and profit by it.

This distinct individuality in painting emanates from a natural genius assisted by his early and earnest studies in the Art School of Christiania, Norway. In the annual competition, prior to his leaving, his picture was the only one accepted by the Art Association, out of six or eight submitted, a mark of the highest distinction and honor.

Filled with ambition to perfect his studies, Mr. Hagerup went to Berlin and studied under the late Professor Gude, whose style of old-school methods did not please the aspiring young artist, and losing no time he departed for Copenhagen, where he met the younger class of modern marine painters. Mr. Hagerup's studies were resumed under the supervision of one of the best teachers there, Carl Locher, and he liked him so well that he remained three years. By this time, Mr. Hagerup had acquired a style all his own, and having produced prolific examples of his work, they were soon taken up by a discerning public. Not over robust, his health began to fail under the severe strain of long study and he came to the New World, landing in New York, and then on to Portland, Oregon.

As instructor of drawing in the Bishop Scott Academy, now called the Hill Academy, Mr. Hagerup remained in Portland a few years, and during this period his generous efforts were directed to starting the Art Association, now in such solid standing. To Astoria, for a few months for studies of the water and then to San Francisco, where he has made his home until the present time. At once Mr. Vickery shrewdly engaged him to paint exclusively for him, which he did for a few months only. Mr. Hagerup's affection for the sea is incorporated in all his best work. In stormy weather scenes he uses dark, threatening colors; his breakers are superb productions, so real and so intensely natural that on looking at his pictures one can feel the fresh breeze of wind and sea. The calm seascapes are equally entrancing, for he just as divinely portrays the sun, peeping in and out of the white clouds, shedding his shafts of light on the water. The moon, too, plays her part in the soft evening scenes, with, maybe, a lonely barque spreading sail to leave the Golden Gate. The marine view reproduced in this issue was painted from the beach out at the Ocean Boulevard.

Those magnificent expressions of nature in all the possibilities of effect from the ocean have their stamp on the man himself. The outdoor life of his sojourn here has eradicated the delicate tendencies of his earlier life, but instead of bearing the strong, fair physique of his Norse ancestry, he is tall and slim, and what with his dark eyes and limp, soft locks would form an ideal study for a Rembrandt!

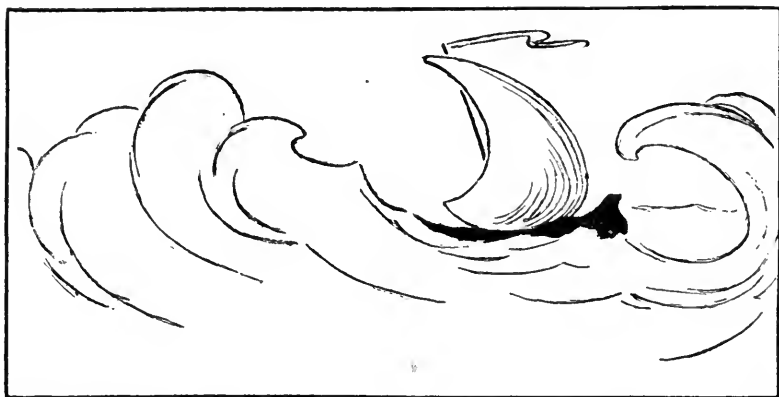
Mr. Hagerup married a playmate of his boyhood days, who also was his companion in the course of art studies. Their only child, a fine looking, clever girl of fourteen, is the very image of her mother. Mrs. Hagerup has

long ago discarded painting. Her penchant for art, however, lends her aid peculiarly valuable as a critic on her husband's life work, to which she is entirely devoted.

Attainment

We sigh for things we scarce may hope to gain,
And which, if all our own, would give no peace;
We vainly toil and struggle to release
To knowledge nature's secrets; we complain
That 'tis not given us to break some chain,
To scale some peak, to win some golden fleece,
To do some mighty deed whose light shall cease
Only when moons no longer wax and wane.
'Tis thus we empty all the springs of life,
To lose the blessing at our very hand:
For Faith and Love, with glory as of sun,
Illumine the path to Peace through every strife;
No work is futile that is nobly planned;
No deed is little if but greatly done.

—From "Visions and Other Poems," by Edward Robeson Taylor.



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**The Northern
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Indian
Association**

San Jose, California

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The Northern California Indian Association is rejoicing in the attitude of the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Francis Leupp, in regard to our California Indians and their landless condition. We believe that the whole of the ten thousand dollars granted by Congress last winter for the benefit of these Indians should be used for the purchase of land, and also that further provision should be made by the National Government so that all of these homeless ones may have "a foothold, from which to go out to work and to learn," to quote his own expression. He is also heartily in favor of the multiplication of field matrons among our Indians, bright, practical, devoted women, who can enter their homes and teach them the acts of civilized home-making, knowledge they have been left sadly deficient in, by their white neighbors.

These women help to educate white sentiment as well as Indian.

Through Russian Eyes

A Russian lady, Mme. Katharine Breshkofskaya, in a recent letter to the *Boston Transcript* tells of some Indians who crossed on the steamer from America to Europe with her. The Indians were on their way to Paris to join a Wild West show, and it is probably fortunate that her impressions were gained by seeing the Indians *before* they joined the show and not after. She says: "They seemed to me a race so handsome and so worthy of admiration that the mere thought of their vanishing from the earth made my heart ache with grief, and with shame for humanity, which seems careless about this irreparable loss.

These sixty men and women were so beautiful and so grave, and bore themselves with so much dignity and grace, that I could not weary of admiring them, for hours at a time; while a hundred cowboys, who were part of the show, young Americans, half Yankee, half Mexican, seemed puny, and without grace or dignity in comparison with the Indians, strong, supple and proud. Many of their faces reminded me of our peasants of Northern Russia, both in their features and in their glance, at once melancholy and scrutinizing. There were classic figures among them, and involuntarily I pictured side by side with them the figure of the Venus of the Tuileries, and thought with sorrow that our descendants will be able to admire these beautiful creatures only in museums. What a fine race! Merely by looking at them, one is transported into a world of grandeur, strength and freedom. How I should like to see them roaming their broad prairies, inhaling the pure

air of the desert, gazing deep into the infinitude of the horizon with their eyes, the eye at once of an eagle and of a philosopher! What a pity to see disappear such a masterpiece, come down from ancient times, which we can never reproduce!

"We who exert ourselves to preserve the remnant of disappearing species of animals, are crushing in our heedless march a whole race of men. I am touched to the bottom of my soul! You who are always taking the part of the oppressed, say a word of justice and common sense now and then in behalf of these beautiful children of the desert!"

Not so slow. A Canadian Indian watched some Englishmen working while a supervisor directed. The latter asked: "Why don't you work?" The Indian replied, "Why you no work yourself?" "Oh," said the white man, touching his forehead, "I work head work."

A few days later, after several business transactions between the two men, the Englishman asked, "How is it that you so often get the better of me?" The Indian replied, "Me work head work."

Hupa Indians

The following is an interesting letter about the life of the Hupa Indians by their missionary and friend, Miss M. E. Chase, whom we expect to have the pleasure of hearing from again on the superstitions and native religious life of the Indians:

Editor of CLUB LIFE: Very likely you have never peeped over the mountains at this beautiful Hoopa Valley. It certainly is beautiful for situation, entirely shut off from the world by chain upon chain of mountains, and traversed by the gold-besoiled Trinity River. We are 34 miles, by trail,



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from the nearest railroad station at Kerbel, and about 50 miles if one must go over the wagon road. The entire distance is up one side and down the other of the mountains, until we turn a sharp corner of the last elevation, when lo! before our expectant vision lies the verdant Hoopa Valley, the home of the Hupa Indians. Its general direction is southeast to northwest for eight miles, by one-half to one mile in width. The Indians are scattered all along the river and on both sides of it. Many of them have good frame houses, and others still cling to the old-time smoke-house. This smoke-house is a square hole in the ground, 10x12 feet perhaps, or smaller, with immense boards of hewn timber for walls, placed upright; from this is a rough roof, stretching out far enough over the hole to enclose a shelf, on which is kept every conceivable article the Indian house-wife might need.

The first object of interest to the tourist eye is the collection of beautiful baskets of all sizes, shapes and designs, many of them so old and sneaked as quite to conceal the pattern. The finest specimens have been captured by the curio-seeker, and the present work is intended more for market than for use by the Indian. The introduction of white man's food and habits has done away with the need of the old store baskets, but the one staple article of Indian "grub" is the sahow, made from acorns. This acorn soup requires no less than six widely different baskets, a fine bristle brush, a paddle and a pounding stone or pestle in process of its manufacture from the acorn. When the meal is lifted from the sand bed in which it has been washed until quite free from the natural and bitter taste, it is put into a big sahow basket with plenty of water, and cooked by means of red-hot stones, thrown in. No matter how much white man's food an Indian has, he wants the good old sahow when he is sick, and as many other times as he can persuade his grandmother, or some other old woman, to make it for him.

There are 400 Indians in the valley, comprised in about 100 families. The first white settlers came into the valley about fifty years ago and planted orchards, which still bear quantities of good fruits, apples predominating. Later came the soldiers, and they brought all the immoralities an isolated camp is heir to, and the Indians were, and are today, great sufferers in consequence of their immoral practices. The government established a boarding school here in 1893, very soon after the valley was abandoned by the soldiers. That school has from 160 to 200 pupils in attendance, according to the number that come from neighboring tribes. Several boys and girls have been to Carlisle, and many more to Chemawa, Phœnix and Riverside. The moral tone is improving steadily, and I trust that the time is not far distant when the Hupa Indian will become a veritable citizen of the United States and prove a help and not a hindrance to the great machine. The Woman's National Indian Association established a mission here in 1896, and turned the property and the work over to the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church in 1900, since which time I have been ministering to the wants and needs of the families, and teaching the gospel in great simplicity in season and out of season.

Yours in the Master's Service,

MISS M. E. CHASE, Missionary.

California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

President-General, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden,
96 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
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Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cecile Rogers,
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Recording Secretary, Miss Meta Stofen,
1400 Hyde Street, San Francisco.

Now that vacation is over members are returning well stored with sunshine for the winter, and first to begin active work is the Alden Club of San Francisco. The fifth annual entertainment of the club is in progress, and this year it will take the form of a card fete. The management of the St. Francis has offered the use of the White and Gold Room for the occasion, and the games will be five hundred and seven-hand euchre. Judging from the sale of tickets the success of the affair is already assured, and from the proceeds of the entertainment the club will be enabled to carry on its philanthropic work during the winter. The date of the affair has been set for Saturday afternoon, October 7th, and the admission one dollar. Officers of the club for 1905-6 are: President, Miss Cecile Rogers; Vice-President, Miss Marie Denervaud; Business Secretary, Miss Elsie Young; Recording Secretary, Miss Linda Priber; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Heinrich Homberger; Treasurer, Miss Virginia Dare; Chairman Entertainment Committee, Miss Jennie McFarland; Chairman Visiting Committee, Miss Lavinia Giesting. Tickets may be obtained from any of the club members or from the office of the St. Francis Hotel.

WADDINGTON SUNSHINE.

The members of this branch, the Faith, Hope and Charity Club, are not behind in active work, and their annual ball held in July, proved the success of the season. A financial offering was made to the State officers. In this club the young ladies are busy sewing children's garments to meet a special emergency, and their Christmas box for State work is also in progress.

SANTA CRUZ.

In Santa Cruz one of the junior members, Miss June Lindsay, has been the means of bringing sunshine into many a home where good cheer was needed. In the latter part of July, Miss Lindsay opened her home for a little entertainment and sale, which proved so successful that many people became interested in the work, and Santa Cruz is in a fair way to have a large membership. Miss Lindsay is also preparing her Christmas box, which comes every year, laden with good things to delight the hearts of children and older ones, too.

SAN JOSE.

In San Jose there is a little band of workers under the leadership of Mrs. Mary T. De Haven, who has recently come here from Tennessee, where she was an interested member of the society. Mrs. De Haven has organized a branch of young children, who find a number of ways to scatter sunshine. Sometimes they visit the sick ones, carrying material comforts, and in all ways trying to be helpful in the home. These children are now preparing their Christmas work following the lead of the older ones. Among the individual workers who report pleasant results are, Mrs. J. H. Dudley of Callahan, Cal.,

and Mrs. J. A. Davis, who has had a number of Sunshine outings at her home at Ocean View. Little Edna Goss and Georgia Goss of San Jose are two of the junior members who are ever thoughtful of others.

Mrs. Alden sends the following for publication :

Dear SUNSHINE Friends: Again I come to you with a greeting. Although it is the month of August when I write, it is to suggest your "One Kindness" for September. First, I must thank for the hearty help the Sunshiners gave for July and August. The blind babies will be kept out of the city for two months. Little children from the congested districts are being sent away every day, and trolley outings and park picnics care for many frail ones that could not leave their homes for over a day. One of our members, Mr. George Crossman, of Broad street, New York, enabled us to take care of one hundred and fifty in Central Park one day, giving them, as one boy expressed it, the time of their lives. Their good time cost Mr. Crossman something like \$300. It was his way of paying his "One Kindness."

Among the many things done in the last two months you will be glad to note that we got the artificial foot for the working man in Virginia. The little crippled girl has had three months' treatment with Mr. Hilgert on Twenty-fourth street. She now throws aside her crutches and goes about alone. I had hoped to enclose her picture, but it was not good. The paralyzed man has thrown aside his crutches, too. We still owe \$60 on his bill. The Hillcrest Fresh Air Lodge has been kept full to overflowing. I sent up a tent that would accommodate fifty extra boys at a time. The Bridgeport Fresh Air Home will care for one hundred children during the summer.

Now it may please you to pay your September dues by answering one of the following calls:

1. First, my heart is set on sending two orphan boys to Alfred University. They are thirteen and fourteen years old. I want them to go into the Preparatory Department and stay until they have won their diplomas from the university. I feel sure that we can find places among the Sunshiners at Alfred for them to work for their board. The yearly tuition in the Preparatory School is only \$35. We have two scholarships there and we would like to prepare these boys to go through college on them. It seems as if we ought to be able through the "One Kindness" acts to collect \$70 to pay the tuition. The school opens in September. It only takes seventy one dollar bills, so if seventy Sunshiners would send a dollar these boys could go to school. They are now on the farm where they have been for the last year because we could not raise the money for their care. One hundred and fifty will not only pay the tuition for one boy, but their care, as it will cover his board bill, too. These are two orphan boys that Sunshine has in a way adopted, having taken them from the asylum, promising to do the best we can for them.

I am most curious to know whether this appeal will touch the hearts of our Sunshine members or not. If seventy answer the call it pays their tuition. If three hundred answer the call it pays the board and tuition of both for a year. At vacation time they will come home to the farm again.

2. The second great thing that we are trying to do is explained more fully in the circular enclosed. I mean the Life Saving Stations. It makes

our hearts ache to walk through a New York street any day when the garbage barrels are out, and see the men, women and children that are seeking food in the refuse.

I followed one child home the other day and learned that a family of seven was living on \$2.00 a week, the money going for the rent and the only food that any of them had was what they got from garbage barrels. The father was able to get only two days' work a week and the mother ill in bed with a new-born baby.

Do you remember now that we are striving here at Headquarters to bring to a general depot all good garden productions and orchard fruits that are going to waste simply because it "doesn't pay to ship them?"

I will be glad to have you become a member of our Life Saving Station and for "good luck" get one of the certificates that will show you are one of the first to assist in the movement.

3. For anyone enjoying particularly good health I would suggest sending a mite for the paralyzed man who since my other letters to you, has thrown aside his crutches and with a cane hobbles about, much to his delight. We still owe Mr. Hilgert \$60 for his treatment.

4. We are still giving the ten-cent round trip trolley ride to children that are too sick and frail to leave their homes for any length of time.

5. We are enlarging the Blind Babies' Home to accommodate 20 children. Two dollars a week pays for the care of a baby.

6. Two dollars will pay for a child for a whole month in the New York State Sunshine Day Nursery.

7. Two dollars will keep a child on the farm for a week. We have one little boy, six years old, whose mother is in the New York Sanitarium. She must stay there at least till December. We want to keep this boy on the farm, if possible. His board is paid up to September 1st.

8. We got a horse for the Fresh Air Sunshine Farm for \$125. We still owe \$64. We are going to ask the one who sends the most for the horse, to name it.

9. We still need children's books, baby clothes, nurses' aprons, canned food of all kinds, sugar for preserving fruit, hammocks, jumping ropes and especially are we short of clothing for boys from 6 to 14 years old.

The mite box collection I should be glad to use for milk. Thanking you for any kindness you may do for Headquarters, by answering any of these calls for September.

Faithfully yours in sunshine or shade,
CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN, President-General.

Not color but costume. A hotel proprietor in Portland, Oregon, declined to receive as guest Majuna, the Indian actress, not because she was an Indian, but, as he says, "She wore a peculiar Indian costume, and it would attract a great deal of curious attention that I did not like for one of my guests." What a dangerous precedent! Must all ladies who will go to the Portland Exposition and happen to go to his hotel have to display their wardrobes for the landlord's approval? What a responsibility for the poor man, to decide which guests are arrayed in "peculiar garb"! Has he never been to an exposition and seen the array?

THE LIBRARIAN: A TRUSTEE'S VIEW

By THOMAS GAY,

President Chariton (Iowa) Library Board.

Club
Life

There is a Mohammedan maxim which the rulers of that faith have long since ceased to practice and which I wish was better observed in our own Christian land. It reads like this: "Any ruler who appoints a person to a public office in his realm, when there is any available person better qualified to administer its affairs, commits a sin against God and the State." This maxim is a suggestive one for a Board of Library Trustees, for we must remember that we will be judged by the measure of success morally as well as otherwise which the library attains, and that success can only come in full measure through the personal influence of the librarian. If that office is not filled by a capable person, it lacks the one thing needful.

You may judge a Board of Trustees just as this maxim estimates a ruler—by the character of its appointees as exemplified in the administration of their official duties.

Now, assuming that trustees have been wise and have installed a proper librarian, tactful, with a good and ever increasing knowledge of authors and their productions and with a deep-seated love for the work, can the individual members of a Board of Trustees from that time assume that their whole duty is done and ignore their creation?

The librarian may be accomplishing much in making the library a success, continually bearing the cross of all the annoying and petty details of administration. The public sees it and the trustees realize it, but does the librarian know that you know it and appreciate it? Has she been commended personally in a hearty manner, and, if not, why not?

That the faithful employee should give her strength and a portion of her life to an institution for a stipend, building a solid foundation for her community's interest and never receiving a word of commendation, seems pitiable. We should give our librarian her due in this respect, and we are paid abundantly when it is received with eyes shining with happiness. And, remember that such commendation not only gives your librarian additional happiness, but also gives her additional power for good and adds a moral force to her work which can come from no other source. While this is being done, inquire into the details of her work. We should know something of how to direct, or at least how affairs are being directed in an institution of which we are trustees. At any rate, such an interest manifested is a source of happiness and power to the librarian. Study then to make your librarian happy, and the patrons will feel the influence of an added power in administration.—*From the Quarterly of the Iowa Library Commission.*

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NEW BOOKS

Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie

In Stephen Conrad's new book, a sequel to "The Second Mrs. Jimmie," he has given us a real home book, full of humorous anecdotes and love episodes, among them being the singularly pathetic figure of Mark Williams, whose prospects seemed to have been blighted by a permanent injury at the very beginning of his college career. The working out of the aftermath for him is of deep significance to all young men starting out in life, and the pleasure to be found in the reading for just this one fine character will evoke a wholesome stimulus rarely found in these days of strenuous grasp.

The other characters are equally interesting and cleverly drawn, especially Mrs. Bell, who pulls the strings on the lovers to a proper understanding and happy ending for all. Published by L. C. Page and Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50.

Our Little Korean Cousin

Another little cousin has arrived from foreign parts—this time from Korea. The story of Pak (by H. Lee M. Pike), the little new arrival, tells of his unique manner of life, interwoven with many interesting stories which form reading of absorbing and wonderful interest to all his little American cousins, who are lucky enough to read the book. Colored illustrations by L. J. Bridgman enhance the interest of the story and it is published by a firm who knows well what little boys and girls like. They have sent you twenty-five little cousins from all parts of the world—to greet you in a friendly sort of way and you can have them all beside you to form a library solely for your own pleasure! L. C. Page and Company, Boston. Price, 60 cents.

The Return to the Trails

It is perfectly wonderful how grown-ups are just as much interested in animal stories as little boys and girls and a real boys' book called "The Return to the Trails" is a most fascinating one, written by Charles G. D. Roberts, author of many books of the same nature. The illustrations, which are fine, are by Charles Livingston Bull. The story is of a bear who had a most diversified fortune through life, and the telling of it is exciting enough to the end of its career. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, in cloth. Price, 50 cents.

Theodore and Theodora

This is another children's story of a distinctly different style, but none the less excitingly interesting. It is one of the popular Cosy Corner Series and by Marion W. Wildman, who wrote Loyalty Island. "Theodore and Theodora" is a continuation of the wild adventures and exploits of two mischievous little people in the former story. The sketches are good and the two little folks referred to are printed in gay colors on the outside of the cloth cover. L. C. Page & Co. Price, 50 cents.

It is interesting to note the attention given to an American expositor of recent science by the leading scientists abroad in the case of Prof. R. K. Duncan's remarkable book, "The New Knowledge," published by A. S. Barnes & Co. Of this book Mons. Becquerel, the great French scientist, has written:

"The New Knowledge' is abreast of the newest ideas evolved from the study of radio-activity, and I felicitate Prof. Duncan on the manner in which he has condensed for the reader the subject matter of the whole science."

The September Sunset

Decidedly the most interesting description of the "American commercial emigrant" to the far east, which has appeared in a long time, is an article by Arthur I. Street in September *Sunset* Magazine. For those who are after trade across the Pacific, it is full of suggestions. Agnes J. Murphy's article, "On the World's Highway," proves that through San Francisco's Golden Gate the trade of the world must pass. Other features of this number are: "China the Silent," by Amourette M. Beecher; "The Nevada Piutes," by Sam Davis; "Francesca of Mexicali," by Arthur W. North; "West Texas, Present and Past," by Vinton L. James; "The Cup of the Golden Serpent," a story by H. M. Mayo; and an essay by Chester Bailey Fernald, "Can the Art of Fiction Be Taught?"

Impressions Quarterly

The September issue contains the third and closing paper in the series, "Art and Life," by Regina E. Wilson, treating of "Line and Color." In discussing the disfigurements arising from the commercial conditions in America, the author very pertinently says:

"But the people interested in educational, artistic and other quiet pursuits of life who know that acquisition is only directly valuable for what it may produce, are very prone to watch things from afar, to lament, and to say, 'We must learn to look above the disfigurements which make beauty an impossibility in our land.' And the ultimate result of this philosophy of indifference always fitting the wearer, more or less, as a hair shirt does the penitent, is an apathetic exterior and a restless, dissatisfied spirit. Action is the only demonstration of ideals, and

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Impressions Quarterly is published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. Price, 50 cents a year; 15 cents a copy.

The Raven

The last issue, the Monterey edition of this interesting magazine from San Jose, has some very good reading, beginning with the "Romance of Monterey Bay." A fine picture is given of the last of the old Mission Indians. The clubwoman's past, present and future, as set forth by Martha Murray Bookmeyer, Florence Roberts's points on dramatic success, and other articles, stories and verse ought to attract the attention of the reading public. California Monthly Publishing Company, San Jose. \$1.00 a year.

JOHN LANE COMPANY, The Bodley Head, is the full name of the incorporated publishing house in New York, formerly the American branch of the English house. Mr. Rutger Bleecker Jewett, vice-president of the new company, is the managing director. Associated with him on the board of directors are: Mr. Spencer Trask, Mr. Robert W. DeForest and Mr. Acosta Nichols. The new company will follow the general style of publications already associated with the name of the Bodley Head, and plan to extend and broaden the scope

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of the *International Studio*, which has already become established as the standard art magazine of the country.

Fair "Hustlers"

A party of sixty-four American girls is "doing" Europe in a month—a round of sight-seeing which only an American girl would even contemplate, much less attempt.

The adventurous sixty-four hail from Pittsburg, and have descended upon London after the first part of their programme, which consisted of a flying visit to Scotland and Mr. Carnegie. They have already given earnest of their capacity for "hustling."

They were allowed six days to see Scotland, but managed it in one day less. "We saw all there was of Scotland in five days," they say.

On Monday De Keyser's Hotel rang with their accent and the rustle of their silk skirts, and was generally "on the jump" with their impetuosity.

Saturday was a busy day. It was all sight-seeing. It began with the Tower and went on with the National Gallery, Westminster Abbey, and ended with what they speak of as Parliament House. On Sunday they rested—or were supposed to—which merely means that there was no organized sight-seeing, but there is hardly a stone in St. Paul's Cathedral which they did not criticize.

On Monday and Tuesday they hustled from place to place all day in a string of brakes, but Wednesday was consecrated to shopping.

"Is it really possible to see London in the 'time?'" was what was asked the fair "hustlers." "You'll know when we've done," was the answer. "We guess we'll try."

At Skibo Castle they had "a great time." Mr. Carnegie, whom they

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claim as a fellow-townsmen, must have had one also.

"You should have seen us go in to lunch. A piper marched at the head, then came Mr. Carnegie with Mrs. Cox, our official chaperone, and the rest of us followed. It was great—all except the haggis.

"By the time we have done London, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Brussels and Paris, not to mention what we have seen already, we shall have had a full four weeks." They certainly will!

The party is the outcome of a competition in an American newspaper, the *Pittsburg Leader*, in which readers were asked to vote for the most popular girls in the district. The prize for the winners is this rapid European tour.—*Scottish Peoples Journal*.

To have a voice in choosing those by whom one is governed is a means of self-protection due to every one. Under whatever conditions, and within whatever limits, men are admitted to the suffrage, there is not a shadow of justification for not admitting women under the same.—John Stuart Mill.

Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him, to prepare the world for his coming.—Hare.

Too much today means too little tomorrow.



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Mr. M. C. Ansbro, art collector and picture dealer, who recently moved to larger art galleries at 531 Sutter Street, San Francisco, has now arranged his elegant store, which is replete with a magnificent stock of etchings, engravings, proof-colored prints, antique and modern, and an endless variety of large Rembrandt photographs. Many are suitably framed and exhibited in the proper light to bring out all their fine points.

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James Kendall, formerly located in the Starr King Building and well known in San Francisco as a direct importer and agent for one of the noted linen manufacturers in Ireland, has just opened elegant premises at 580 Sutter Street, where he will cater to the very best trade. Those who are desirous of replenishing their house and table linen, will do well to call and see for themselves the quality of goods offered, at the most reasonable prices.

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Mrs. S. P. Bartley, 72 Sixth Avenue	Second and fourth Tuesdays, Cal. Club Rooms.
Mrs. H. Chase, 1208 Clay Street	Second and fourth Mon., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall.
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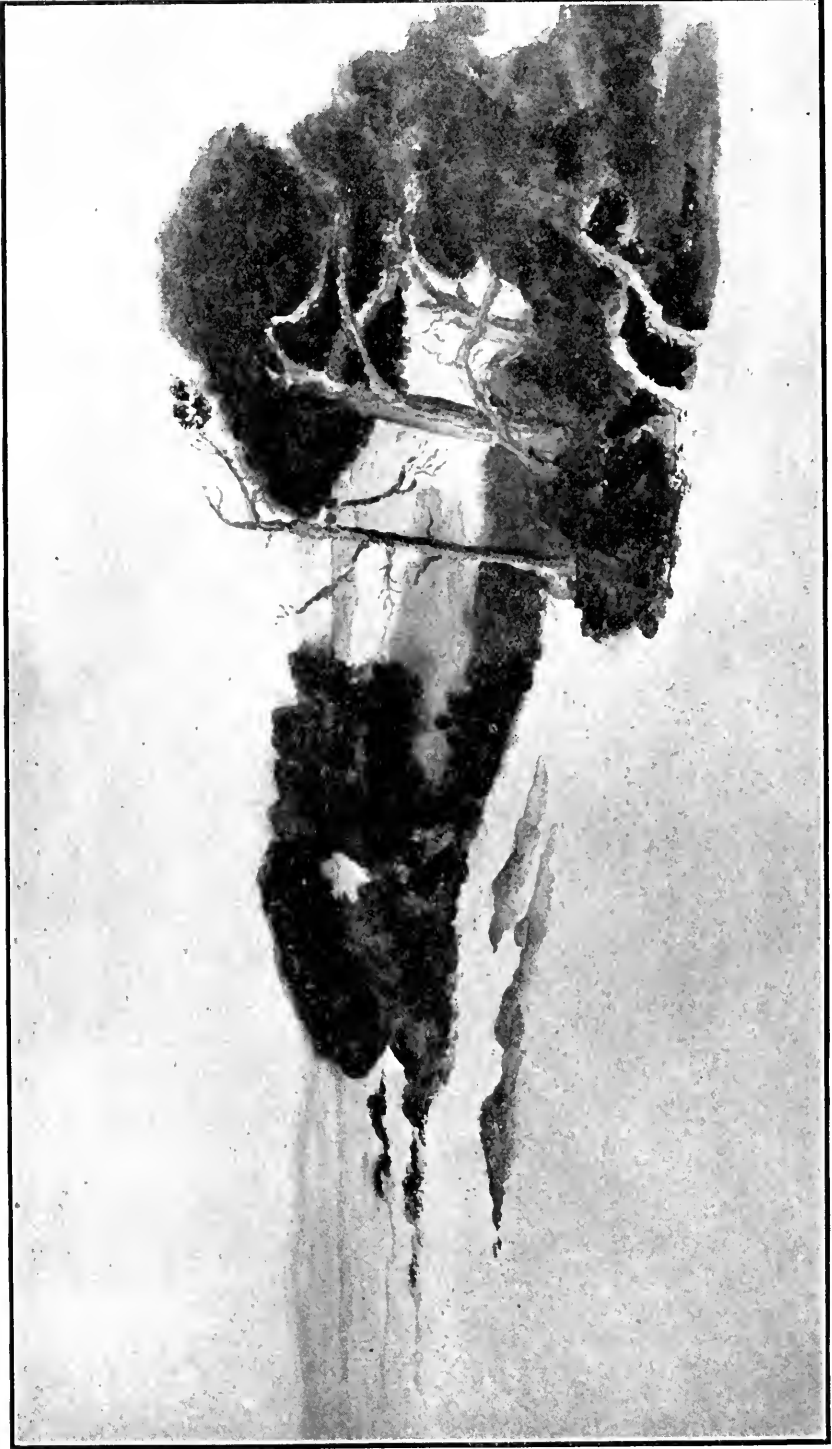
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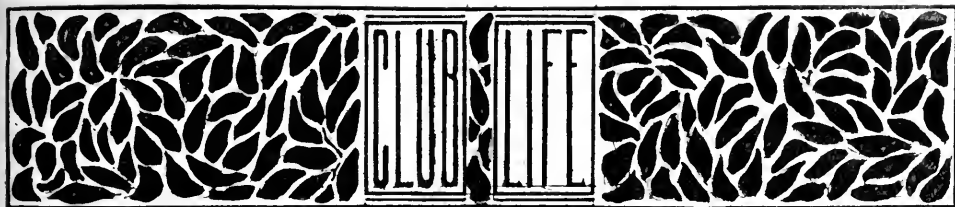
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Painting by Edward Wilson Carrier.
Reproduced from photograph
by Adelaide Hanscom,
Flood Building, S. F.



Vol. 4

October, 1905

No. 2

CALIFORNIA CLUB

The Outdoor Art League Department

The Outdoor Art League Department of the California Club, Mrs. Lovell White, Chairman, held meetings September 11th and 25th, for the purpose of organization, after the summer vacation. Various committees have been formed, and the work for the ensuing year is now well outlined. Letters have been sent to the mayors of various towns in California asking their co-operation, that the original names of towns in our State may be retained intact, without change or abbreviation. Our own city was given special attention in the meetings, as investigation has proved that the term "Frisco" is being adopted by theatres, warehouses, cars and in business names, to an extent that would naturally annoy all of our citizens desirous of upholding the dignity of San Francisco, as one of the representative cities of the country.

The ladies have decided upon a monthly lunch, in furtherance of a plan for the development and cultivation of extemporaneous speaking. Each month a chairman or mistress of toasts for the lunch will be chosen who will select a subject of thought for the day. The subject will be announced in time for the members to make preparation to speak thereon. Various members will be called upon to speak on the subject, each lunch having a new leader who will select her speakers from those hitherto unchosen, and it is expected that much profit, as well as pleasure, will result from these lunches, which will be served in the California Club Building. The first occasion of this kind will be on Saturday, October 14th, and Mrs. Lovell White will preside.

The monthly outings of this Department always tend toward the solving of some problem in the beautification of our city, and will be continued, as heretofore. Committees have again been formed for the work of preserving Telegraph Hill, of saving the Calaveras big trees, for the extension of window gardening, the ornamentation of public buildings by vine planting, and for work in several branches of municipal improvement.

MRS. MARY CHENEY CLARK.

Daughters of the Confederacy, U. D. C.

San Francisco for the last month has called forth the choicest elements, which has resulted in unprecedented weather, as if acknowledging the honor

of the distinguished guests it has cordially welcomed. The Palace Hotel, the headquarters of the National Convention, has been decorated with blossoms and ferns and put on its brightest array of holiday decorations. The members of the U. D. C. in this city vied with each other in ornamenting the private rooms at the hostelry to be occupied by their honored sisters of the "sunny South." The Southerners of this city, who have been taking a Rip-Van-Winkle sleep, have arisen from their dream, buoyant with joy at the meeting with friends long parted. The President, Mrs. Smythe, from Charleston, S. C., with a dignity and grace befitting the honorable position she occupies, wields her baton with justice to all, and her corps of officers are worthy of their head. It is a sad regret that Louisiana and some of the Southern States so scourged with the yellow fever have no representation. The outings to the Park, Cliff House, University, etc., provided by Albert Sydney Johnson Chapter, have been royally enjoyed, and no less attractive will be the reception at the St. Francis by the Jefferson Davis Chapter. A magnificent picture of Mrs. Goodlet, founder of the order, has been unveiled, and it really must be a matter of surprise and congratulation to her to see her idea of forming an organization only a few years back realizing such a harvest, it being one of the largest women's organizations in the world. As the lateness of the hour before going to press denies me at present further mention, I will contribute for next month's issue a more detailed account.

Virginia B. Hilliard.

P. C. W. P. A.

When the members of the Press Association picked their way toward "Wheeler's Auditorium" Monday afternoon, September 11th, it was with a mingled feeling of interest and expectancy. For, aside from the relaxation of the vacation months, there was unusual concern attending the summons to new quarters. The Press Association was to have a room of its very own, so small wonder that the officers and members tilted their heads a little. But this first meeting was attended by a small cloud, which cast a shadow across its rosy horizon; the Press Club room was not in readiness, so the meeting was held in the reception rooms of the Auditorium instead. Mrs. Josephine Foster, First Vice-President, presided, in the absence of the President, Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs. A large attendance marked this first meeting, and a busy one it was with all its new plans, generous donations and enthusiastic coöperation among these women writers for the advancement of their Association and its work. Mrs. Mary E. Hart, First Vice-President of the L. P. E. Hostess Association, and the Special Alaska Press Representative, was present on this occasion after an absence of some time, and received a cordial greeting. Miss Ina Coolbrith, very much improved in health, was able to attend. Miss Coolbrith is a constant and helpful member of the Press Association, her presence and wise suggestions being ever a guarantee for something wholesome and worth while.

On September 25th was held perhaps one of the Association's most interesting meetings. Although only one of its "regulars" it was essentially a memorable occasion, for the members who ascended the flight of stairs walked into their new room with a gratifying expression of ownership. The

pretty green carpet, the new desk and chairs—everything spick and span—and, best of all, the wealth of sunshine which permeated the room, created an inviting home-atmosphere. It is the intention of this Association to hold open house. Visitors to our city, literary folks, talented people, members and their friends, will be cordially received on afternoons from 2 to 5 o'clock.

The President, Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, just returned from the East, while at Denver, met Mrs. Platt Decker, President of the National Federation, and her sister, Mrs. Kingsbury. Mrs. Krebs was delighted with the courtesies extended to her and speaks highly in praise of Mrs. Decker and her excellent work.

The members of the Press Association have been contributing manuscripts for a portfolio, which has been completed under the direct supervision of the President, Mrs. Krebs. This portfolio, which appears under the title of "A Cup of Gold," is a most beautiful compilation of excellent work. It is most artistically illustrated and contains choice poems, short stories, sketches, and is withal a literary gem. It represents the talent of the Press Association and is deservedly a credit to our women writers. Copies will be placed on the market at an early date. As this book teems with local color and settings, it will undoubtedly appeal to all Californians—and to every visitor to our State as well.

The writers of this coast are looking forward to the pleasure of greeting Miss Geraldine Bonner, who will stop at San Francisco en route for the North, where she expects to collect material for a new book.

JOSEPHINE A. MARTIN, Rec. Sec.

Corona Club, under the direction of the Chairman of the Program Committee, Mrs. E. D. Knight, is to take up for its fall course of study "Prominent Americans," including both men and women. The meeting held on Thursday, September 14th, was devoted to John Hay, America's great diplomat and Secretary of State. First on the program came Current Events. Mrs. W. A. Johnston read two interesting articles, one upon the discovery and excavation of an old Roman city, near Chester, England, and the other about the new telescope, larger than the one at Lick Observatory, to be placed in the observatory at Mt. Wilson, Cal. Mrs. T. L. Seaton gave a fine account of the fortitude of Japanese women during the war. The able and interesting paper on "The Life and Works of John Hay" was given by Mrs. W. A. Ruthrauff. This was followed by selections from John Hay's poems—"The Enchanted Shirt" and "How It Happened," by Mrs. G. H. Fairchild; and "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches," by Miss Hettie Corlett. Anecdotes and quotations apropos to the subject were given by Mrs. E. L. Peltret, Mrs. J. H. Bullock, Miss Partridge, Mrs. E. F. Treadwell, Mrs. A. R. McCullough and Mrs. B. R. Keith. The music of the afternoon consisted of the rendition by Mrs. Emma Casey of a hymn by John Hay, and a vocal solo by Miss Ella Walsh.

On Thursday, September 28th, Corona Club gave a reception to new members, being a social afternoon for members only. The President, Mrs. Frances Cobb, presided, and the entire afternoon's most delightful entertainment was furnished by the director and students of the Jenne Morrow Long

College of Voice and Dramatic Action. The program consisted mainly of a play, "In Honor Bound," by Sidney Grundy, and the cast of characters was as follows: Sir George Carlyon, Q. C., M. P., Mr. Jack Pendleton; Philip Graham, Mr. Lee Millar; Lady Carlyon, Miss Constance Crawford; Rose Dalrymple, Miss Clara Galloway. Scene—Sir George Carlyon's.

At the close of the meeting the new members, escorted by First Vice-President Mrs. John H. Bullock, formed in line and received the greetings of the older club members, after which the club adjourned en masse to the banquet hall, thus fittingly closing a most enjoyable afternoon.

MRS. CLIVE A. BROWN, Historian.

The Heather Dings Them A'

ALAN REID.

There's rowth o' praise for gaudy blooms
In gairdens far and near,
But isna Scotia's heatherbell
The glory o' the year?
In hardy grandeur, see it haps
The mountain an' the shaw—
'Mang gems that deck fair Nature's face
The heather dings them a'.

The burnie bickers doon the glen,
An' saft the sang it sings;
It's a' about the heatherbell,
Wha's partin' kiss it brings.
There's gayer forms and brichter hues,
But this chaste floorie sma'
Will haud its ain whaur they would fail—
The heather dings them a'!

Amang its shade the fairies play,
The birdies lo'e its bield;
An' flichtest beasties, sairly press'd,
Find in it's hap a shield.
It's bonnie, aye—but, oh, it's grand
Whan hairst time comes awa',
Its royal tints croon our auld hills—
The heather dings them a'!

Ring, bonnie bells, sweet heatherbells,
Ring oot your blithest strain;
An' waft the sang to leal Scotch hearts
In far isles o' the main.
There's mony there that mind ye weel,
Sae bonnie, aye an' braw;
We'll sing your praise owre a' the lan'—
The heather dings them a'!

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

A Letter to Miss Ethel Barrymore

Miss Barrymore, dear, it is not fair; indeed, indeed, it is not—you have broken faith with us. We don't want the old-fashioned melodramatic excuse for strong situations and flashlight scenes. From *you* we want *life*. To be sure, *life* presents situations far more thrilling than the wildest melodrama, but we could trust you, and Mr. McRea, too, to handle them sincerely and convincingly. After Cousin Kate and Carrots we had come to identify you with plays which were in the nature of revelations, and, dear me, there are few enough players and plays that suggest, even remotely, truth, reality and revelation. As Cousin Kate, in that heart-to-heart way of yours, you told us charming, fascinating things about young womanhood. It was lovely to sit there, so intimately, with one so thoughtful as Cousin Kate. We became proud, and settled down into our seats in a sort of determined privacy, our next seat neighbor should not guess how it was between us, Kate. That quaint idea you had about companionship—we had had some such thoughts about life and love and marriage, and somewhere in a stifled, heart-hungry hour we had been desperately lonely and felt the futility of ever expecting any one to understand. And there, right over the footlights, to meet that same intimate experience, why, Kate, it was too good to be true—if the drama of the future meant *that*, that our smiles and tears, our hopes and fears were to be interpreted in such a merry, wise fashion—well, then, the millennium of play-making and acting had come.

And Carrots—we have fallen into the habit of speaking of Carrots to those only who “know that they know.” We looked upon your playing of Carrots as a compliment to our taste, refinement and intelligence. In playing Carrots you had slipped away, you beautiful, sophisticated Miss Barrymore, and in your stead was that wistful boy, heavy-hearted with his poor little secret. It was as though a proud, shy soul going through life with a fatal hurt had in an intimate moment bared the wound that our prying eyes might see what the matter was—and behold another of Life's secrets. We felt that it was a tender confidence and we promised in our tears, Carrots, to think deeper about those awful things that dwarfed and darkened your poor little life.

Just God, it was wonderful to be companioned like that, in a marveling crowd of people with lights and music and stage convention everywhere. And, dear Miss Barrymore, we said, “See what intelligent artists like these will do for the stage; see what the future holds for us in the way of beauty and *truth*.” We talked like that whenever Miss Barrymore or her plays were mentioned. We said the little shameful tragedies of youth had never been told like *you* could tell them.

And then—you came with Sunday—artificial, cheap and meaningless, with “box office” written all over it, in big type. When there is so much that *ought* to be laughed and cried over, you have no right to waste time on things like Sunday.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

October offers much of interest at the Majestic Theatre. Edythe Chapman Neill will give her interpretation of Paul Leicester Ford's very human heroine, Janice Meredith. This romance will be played against a series of vivid pictures of the fierce Revolutionary struggle. It is a story that lends itself easily to stage representation.

Mr. H. W. Bishop is gaining reputation for his fearlessness in trying new plays. He believes in the encouragement of American play-writing talent. Dramatists are always sure of his consideration. All plays submitted to him are carefully read, and if one shows merit enough to warrant a trial, he is willing to take the risks.

"The Light Eternal is a new play to be given a production at this theatre in the near future. It is a play with an interesting history. Martin V. Merle, a Santa Clara student, is its author. Mr. Merle wrote the play originally for the Dramatic Club of his Alma Mater, and it was produced by these talented young men last November for three performances in their college theatre. Its success was remarkable, and requests came pouring in to the college to have it reproduced in other cities. The college faculty consented to repetitions of the play in San Jose and San Francisco, where it repeated its original success. Had the college faculty permitted, it might have had a metropolitan run in the Bay City. Encouraged by his success, Mr. Merle then rewrote his play, put in a love interest, and adapted it to the requirements of a professional production. The scenes of the play are laid in the early Christian era, and the story is built on the dramatic struggle of the early Christ followers.

Mr. Bishop has made an offer which ought to interest the literary aspirants in the various women's clubs. He has agreed to produce, some time during this winter, the best play written on California life that shall be submitted to him. The scenes must be all laid in this State, and the story must be the outgrowth of California conditions. The history of California is rich in dramatic possibilities, and has been but little used. Some good plays should be the result of this offer.

It is contended that our heroic ideals have changed since woman has found her way into the professions, and various commercial pursuits. Students of life declare that she does not now worship the same characteristics in man that she did once. To discover if this be true, and if the stage hero must be changed to meet the ideals of the modern woman, Mr. Bishop has offered two prizes—ten and five dollars—to the two women who shall send in the best written short papers in answer to the question, "What is your favorite type of hero?" These papers must not be more than five hundred words, and they must be sent to Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, before October 15th.

Edward Wilson Currier

A Typical California Artist

Beautiful San Francisco and surroundings is the Mecca of artists from all parts of the globe, a great number of whom will eventually make it their home. Once here, the scenery, the natural artistic situation and the grand old Spanish traditions hold them with a strange fascination.

Mr. Currier is one of these artist folk, who, in true artistic fashion, drifted here in search of nature's beauty and found it among the old Missions, the noble oaks of Berkeley and the lanes winding around the romantic hills of Sausalito, where so many fine homes lie nestling in the sun all the year round. Chinatown, too, came in for a large share of Mr. Currier's attention, and, owing to his easy aplomb and genial manner, he readily made friends among the Chinese, eventually becoming a favored one with certain influential characters, thus facilitating his access to the grotesque interiors of their exclusive homes. Mr. Currier made the most of this privilege, for he painted for a long season the old dens, religious and otherwise, quaint street scenes of their festivals, with the Chinese themselves in all the glory of their brilliant hues and gorgeous dress. People who have never been in San Francisco's Chinatown to see for themselves would imagine the rich coloring of Currier's oils and water colors was indeed from native soil.

It is to be regretted that from an artistic point of view all these places are demolished to make way for a more sanitary state of affairs, and a source of satisfaction and joy to Mr. Currier to have secured on canvas the fascinating and picturesque scenes now obliterated forever from San Francisco's Chinatown.

Mr. Currier is an ardent angler and goes out of town occasionally with his friends to the well-known mountainous trout streams within easy distance of the city, where he takes care to secure some good effects of the scenery. And his later and more serious work is incorporated in this reproducing of grand silent nature in all its pristine beauty.

It is gratifying to learn that this is Mr. Currier's natal month—on the 11th day, 1857, he was born in Marietta, the oldest town in Ohio. His grandfather was one of the old settlers, the well-known David Pratt, also related to the George K. Fitch family and a distant cousin of Colis Huntington. Mr. Currier may be said to be a self-taught artist. He had very little instruction, but was unremitting in study to develop a natural taste acquired from his mother, who dabbled in water colors. As an ambitious lad of sixteen his first public effort was an order for an apple from a gardener, to illustrate the kind of apple for a horticultural catalogue. He was twenty-four years of age when he left home for Auburn, N. Y., where he remained ten or twelve years painting portraits and studying at intervals under George L. Clough. Afterwards Mr. Currier opened a studio in Chicago, but was burned out. In the Chicago Academy he had the benefit of drawing instruction from Professor Spread.

He came to California in 1894, remaining six or eight months in Los Angeles, finally landing in San Francisco, painting and doing illustrative

Club Life

work for leading magazines and newspapers, also pen and ink portraits, at the same time pursuing his studies under the direction of G. W. Shaw. Since his arrival in San Francisco the move upward has been gradual, but none the less sure and there is no manner of doubt but that Mr. Currier has won for himself a place among our leading artists.

Mr. Currier has exhibited in the Newspaper Art Association, New York, of which he is an associate member; is a member and exhibitor in the San Francisco Art Association, and also a prominent member of the Ohio Society of California.

Mr. Currier married when a struggling young artist in Auburn, where his two children were born. They are now aged seventeen and fourteen. Both favor the father in looks and possess his artistic talent. Eunice, the elder, is inclined to be quiet and thoughtful and is a sweet, wholesome girl. The boy, Charles H., who has a keen sense of humor, which runs to clever caricature, inherits musical ability from his mother.

Of tall and commanding physique, Mr. Currier is an exceedingly handsome man, with an irresistible charm of manner which makes him popular with all his friends, and their name is legion. His confreres in art like to drop into his studio for a friendly chat, and old-time friends are happy to go, knowing full well the glad welcome of the big generous-hearted artist.

The sand dunes of Pacific Grove, painted in water color by Mr. Currier some time ago and reproduced by photograph on the fore page in this issue, is a representative sketch of his style of work.



TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

Second Lecture, ORGANIZATION.

"An organization is greater than its members."

When we join an organization, we take upon ourselves the responsibility of becoming an integral part of a body that has rights and privileges greater and more inclusive than those of any member of it. If an injustice must be done to the organization, or to a portion of its members, the members must suffer, for the organization has first rights. The parts are merged into the whole. The organization is paramount, and of more import than any of its members. Whenever we forget this, we are guilty of treason to the club or society and should be disciplined.

In the formation of an organization a call is sent out to a number of persons to that effect, stating the object of the society that is to be formed. Someone, generally the one who issues the call, presides, calls the meeting to order and asks for nominations for a temporary chairman. Election is held, if there is more than one nominee, and the one chosen by the majority is given the gavel and takes charge of the meeting. The first thing in order is nomination for a temporary secretary. After this election, the organization is complete, in the simplest form known to parliamentary procedure.

Nominations for permanent officers may follow and a committee on constitution may be appointed to report at the next meeting, or a constitution may be presented at the first meeting, and adopted. This is part of organization, whether it be at first or later, the constitution will provide for the officers by naming the ones the society will need in going forward and they will be elected immediately and then the constitution may be adopted, or vice versa. All societies need a president, a recording secretary and a treasurer.

This lecture refers to the formation of a society and not a convention. A society is composed of members, a convention of delegates. The rights and privileges of members in societies and conventions differ somewhat. In a society we represent ourselves, and in a convention, we represent our constituents. In a society we vote our own opinions or we have no expression, no one can vote for us. In a convention one may vote opinions of twenty delegates and the twenty may represent a thousand members. We have proxies or alternates in a convention. No such thing is possible in a society, under democratic rule.

It is always well in adopting rules to adopt a method of voting. As the system known as the "Australian ballot system" is in vogue everywhere just now, it is preferable to any other. Later we will have a lecture on elections

and then the cowardly scheme known as the "nomination committee" will be analyzed. It is a woman's scheme, mostly. One thing is almost certain. The more democratic a society is, the more stable and dignified it will become in the long run.

When the constitution is ready for submission to the members, a motion is carried that it be adopted, section by section, *ad seriatim*, or one by one. Each article is then read and if no objections or amendments are offered, it is declared adopted. This saves a motion in each case. If a change is desired, or an improvement suggested, it must be by motion and when the article finally suits the majority it is declared adopted as amended. After all are passed upon, the preamble is adopted and then a motion to adopt the constitution and preamble as a whole is made and carried.

This should not take much time and if the time of a few people is spent and a constitution devoid of a wilderness of words is presented, much weariness of spirit may be prevented. A constitution should provide for its own amendment and this should not be an easy matter for it should be almost correct in the first place. It should stand for the spirit and ideals of the society and should say what it means and mean what it says, and it should be very brief and lucid, so that all may easily understand it. It is the fundamental law of the organization. The by-laws should contain the working rules and should be easily amended, flexible and inclusive.

If an organization is to be incorporated, that must be according to the laws of the State and should be under advice of an attorney.

In completing the organization, standing committees to take the direction of the work of the club in hand should be nominated by the club or appointed by the president, always keeping in mind that the larger number of members engaged in active work of the club, the more successful it is bound to be. It has seemed, also, that rotation in office is a good thing in deliberative bodies, as it is in the United States Government. One person never claims the organization then, while, if one person is re-elected perpetually, the organization becomes the reflex of that person. All people are limited and the organization thus becomes limited before it has exhausted its strength of character as exemplified in all its members.

The procedure for a temporary organization, or committee, is the same, except that no officer but a president or chairman is required. If there are to be no more meetings, it is useless to keep a record, that will never be read. It is not true that the first named is chairman of a committee. The committee is competent to elect its own chairman when it has its meeting. The first appointed, calls the meeting.

The next lecture will be on duties of officers.

California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

President-General, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden,
96 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
State President, Miss Mabel Adams Ayer
1622 Clay Street, San Francisco.
Honorary President, Mrs. Jno. F. Merrill,
1718 Washington Street, San Francisco.

State Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Caswell,
1921 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cecile Rogers,
Hotel Colonial.

Club
Life

Ever since the first announcement of the Alden Club card fete, which is to be held at the St. Francis Hotel on October 7th, we have had many inquiries as to the object and motives of Sunshine. The prominence given to the work by the press throughout the country makes it seem that few of the reading public would not have learned at least some part of the magnitude of this great organization. However, for the benefit of strangers and those who are daily being brought into contact with Sunshine, we will try to give a brief outline of what we are doing right here in California.

"What is Sunshine?" In answer we say, The Sunshine Society is a philanthropic organization, which has tried to do away with that much-abused term, "charity." Charity, in its real meaning, that of love for our fellow-beings, and benevolence in its widest sense, might still be used, but unfortunately, by contact with much that is unpleasant, the word has lost this sweet significance, and Sunshine has come to take its place. The founder, as we all know, is Mrs. Westover Alden of New York, and the International Constitution declares that the membership fee shall be some act or suggestion that will carry sunshine where it is needed. This may be the exchange of books, periodicals, etc., loaning of useful articles, ideas that may be of benefit to the sick, work that can be done by a "shut-in," holiday suggestions, a general exchange of helpful ideas. Our aims are high, our ideals are high, but the cultivation of the spiritual does not lead us beyond the realms of the material. There is a practical side even to idealism, and the "castles in the air" must have their foundation upon the earth. For instance, Uncle Sam, kind as he is, would not carry one of our letters of good cheer without that little two-cent stamp, and we all know the countless ways by which trifles make large amounts, so as to meet these necessary expenses entertainments are given to provide funds for the work. In California there are some twenty branches, the largest work being done in Los Angeles, and by the Alden Club of San Francisco. The Alden Club has a limited membership of young women, who for the past four years have given their services in visiting and reading to the sick in hospitals, and among friends, paying rent and giving provisions when necessary. At one time a Christmas tree was given to the poor children of a certain district, an artificial limb purchased, partial payment toward the purchase of a wheel-chair for a blind cripple, and in numberless other ways have these young women fulfilled their obligations.

The card fete which the club is to give at the St. Francis is for the purpose of raising funds to enable the members to carry on their work in San Francisco. The funds for each branch are used for local work.

During the past five years summer outings have been given to women and children, the country branches paying their dues by taking these needy ones, two Indian reservations provided with food and clothing when they

were in great need, medical aid given to the sick, in several cases positions provided for men who were eager for work, and in fact, almost every branch of philanthropy has been touched upon. It is the object of the California Society to promote an interest in all things that tend to the betterment and happiness of others, and while it is impossible to give an adequate conception of the work through printed pages, yet we trust these words will prove our desire to make California, in all ways, a State of "Golden Sunshine."

Los Angeles News

The annual meeting of the Los Angeles Society was recently held at the home of the President, Mrs. Wallace McLeod. Reports of officers and committees were read, and officers for the following year elected as follows: Mrs. W. W. McLeod, President; Mrs. Willis M. Dixon, First Vice-President; Mrs. John Kaust, Second Vice-President; Mrs. John Fowler, Third Vice-President; Mrs. J. H. Phillips, Secretary; Mrs. W. E. Pritchard, Treasurer; Miss Lulu A. Crawford, Corresponding Secretary. This club began its new year with \$170.80 in the treasury. The object and work of this society is to help the sick, the crippled and the infirm. Among its many philanthropies the ladies of the society keep for the use of those unable to get about in the sunshine by themselves, comfortable wheel-chairs, which are reported to be in constant use.

An Appeal from an Invalid

Miss Almira Patterson, State Hospital, Middleton, N. Y., writes to ask if some member in California will write to her occasionally, or send some little souvenir of the State, such as pressed flowers, ferns, views, sea-shells, etc. Miss Patterson is a great lover of the beautiful, but her surroundings do not yield much in that line, so one may understand how much such trifles would be appreciated. We hope there will be many who can find ways of remembering her.

Sunshine Powders

Now that the holidays are approaching we are reminded of the dainty trifles by which we seek to express our thought of others, and surely, among these trifles none could give more pleasure than a box of "Sunshine Powders." Who does not wish to live in the atmosphere of sunshine? And who among us would not like, as did the small child, to swallow a "spoonful of sunshine?" Now to most of us the secret of these little boxes has been revealed, but to those who have not used them, there will be an element of mystery which will, no doubt, prove an added inducement to their purchase and if the directions are followed, the results are sure to be beneficial. The tiny boxes are carefully prepared by our patient invalid, Mrs. Henry M. Goodell, 797 East Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena, Cal. The price per box is 25 cents, postpaid.

Note

Mrs. P. J. G. Fox, of Escondido, who has been for years one of the most active among the Sunshine workers, writes occasionally of her many ways and opportunities of passing on good cheer. It is always a pleasure to learn that members have not forgotten us.

OFFICERS

President, Mrs. T. C. Edwards
156 South Ninth St.

Vice-Presidents
Mrs. David Starr Jordan
Mrs. George C. Pardee
Mrs. J. R. Lewis
Mrs. J. W. Dinsmore
Mrs. Edward Williams

Secretary, C. E. Kelsey
Room 70, Auzeiras Building
Assistant Sec., Miss Cornelia Taber
813 South Tenth Street

Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Bacon
123 South Eleventh Street

Associate Treas., Mrs. S. W. Gilchrist
460 North Third Street

**The Northern
California
Indian
Association**

San Jose, California

DIRECTORS

Hon. J. R. Lewis
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Rev. H. C. Meredith
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Mrs. Augustus Taber
Mrs. A. S. Bacon
Mrs. Joel Bean
C. E. Kelsey
Mrs. S. W. Gilchrist
Miss Cornelia Taber

Hints and Helps

MRS. DORCAS J. SPENCER.

The Indian problem of the twentieth century is a different proposition from any that preceded it. The day of the tomahawk and scalping knife is past, and the blanket Indian is no more. The Indians of this time are, it is true, a somewhat uncertain element, not yet recognized as a civilized people, but fast emerging from uncivilized life. Their primitive conditions are reduced to tradition. With transcontinental travel and the commercial greed of the white race, the wondrously prolific animal life of our great plains was destroyed, and with the disappearing game, the Indians' resources were reduced, and poor Lo must civilize himself or die of hunger and cold. No Indian will clothe himself in skins when jackets of woolen fabric and duck overalls can be had ready made, nor will he browse on roots and berries when flour and bacon can be had. With these wants of life come others, day by day developing civilization with the supply of every new want, and with an appreciation of creature comforts comes the aspiration for mental and spiritual development.

The vast sums of money formerly appropriated by the Government to fight Indians are now spent on education, and it proves better economy to enlighten them for purposes of citizenship than to brutalize them by the war-path.

Those who would help the Indians must first realize that the Indians are not a peculiar people. They are precisely what we would be with their antecedents and environment, and are fast becoming what we are—citizens of a great country—with all the responsibilities of citizenship.

To assist in the preparation for this is a worthy object. The line of least resistance is the educational one. Be ready to co-operate with teachers and schools at every opportunity.

There are throughout the West many scattered bands of Indians, too small in numbers to justify a Government school or often a district school. They appear at special seasons where irregular work may be had and disappear when that is done. They are treated as objects of aversion, despised for their degradation, and held at arm's length by all. They present a special opportunity for the effort of the individual woman. If there are children of school age among them, write to the superintendent of the nearest Indian

school to send for them, and at the same time make the acquaintance of the parents and convince them of the advantages their children will have in these schools.

The Government will bring these children long distances and keep them a long time, until they can read and write and have industrial skill enough to earn a living anywhere, but it does not take them without the consent of their parents.

Many of these children could and should be placed in the public schools, and might be so placed without detriment to the white children. This is often done, but race prejudice excludes them from many district schools where they are enumerated in the school census and the white children have the benefit of the Indians' share in the school funds.

These children and their parents can be drawn into rural Sunday schools near their homes and are often very appreciative of such attentions, making an effort to be clean and decent for the purpose, that is highly civilizing in its effect.

Employment in the homes of white people is a valuable industrial education.

The Indian's love of music may be utilized to good advantage. The children love to sing, just as other children do, and if they can be taught sweet and wholesome songs their mothers will soon be singing them. The simple hymns like: "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old," and "I Love to Tell the Story," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and other old favorites have gone into the lives of many a household through one little Indian who has been taught them outside and carried them home.

For religious teaching "the old, story of Jesus and his love" is ever new, and should be presented in the simplest forms, as we would teach children, remembering that the Indians are largely grown-up children. Pictures are extremely helpful; illustrated Sunday school papers always please them; the *Christian Endeavor World*, with its attractive pictures and allusions to current events, is very valuable among those who can read, as they read to the others and all get glimpses of the outside world.

The wild Indian of past generations has forever gone, and if his posterity do not yet reach our standards, remember that our own race has been thousands of years in achieving it, and be patient.

Show them always the ideal of cleanliness in all things, next will come godliness.

Above all—treat them like other folks, and not like objects of curiosity, treat them as you would like to be treated, put yourself in their place, and think how you would best receive the idea you wish to impart to them.

The effort to stoop to their comprehension is unnecessary, and secures only their contempt or derision. Speak to them in plain English; there is no need of the figurative speech of our forefathers. In short, be up-to-date. Even an Indian has no use for back numbers.

Aunt Kitty

ROSA FAIRFAX LEE.

[Miss Lee is a young Southern woman of Hampton, Va., niece of Judge Baker P. Lee, of a prominent Virginia family and a Daughter of the Confederacy.]

It was a pretty picture the firelight danced upon, in a spacious, cheery room of one of the few old manor houses left standing in the South after the war. The room, with high ceiling, walls and woodwork of snowy whiteness, heavy mahogany furniture, and high four-poster bed, made a fitting background for the two little Taylors and their red-turbaned, white-aproned, aristocratic "ole mammy" vainly trying to brush Betty's hair and button Harry's night-gown as they danced and bobbed about her, begging for "just one 'fo' de wah' story, Aunt Kitty, please, before you tuck us in." "Yes, and 'bout Ned, and finding Henry and bringing in the Yule log!" cried six-year-old Betty, with a soft little hand on each of the black wrinkled cheeks, as she looked coaxingly into the loving old eyes. "Ki! honey, Mis done tol' you ter be in de bade ersleep, time de clock struck seben; reckon ole Kitty bettah wait twell ter-morrow," said the old mammy, knowing she would not be let off, and as eager as the babies for the talk; but easing her conscience with this mild protest.

"No, Auntie, dear, now!" and both Harry and Betty settled the question for themselves by curling up on the rug on either side of her, while each took one of the hard, bony hands and held it tight. Aunt Kitty settled her turban and herself and began.

"Hit wa' all diff'rent in dose days, honey chile, hit wa' all diff'rent! Dere wan' no wuthless gals in de house den, a-smashin' ob de china, an' spoilin' de dinner. 'Twan' so den. Dere wa' ole Marse an' ole Mis an' Marse Harry—yo' pa—an' dere wa' Mammy an' Aunt Sary an' Unc' Ned an' Unc' Henry.

"Unc' Henry wa' de dinin'-room serbent, an' I 'members once how ole Marse done say he wa' 'a ole brack gemman', an' he wa'. Lordy! Ain't I done seed 'im a standin' hine ole Massa's chair, while he bow he hade an' say de grace. Den he move roun' dat table jes ez quick an' quiet like—an' proud—jes ez proud ez de ole Massa an' Missis he serbe. An' how he bow de gues'es in, an' bow 'em out! Same's de lil' brack-hade furriner, wha' teach yo' pa de dance steps, on'y 'thout he frills'.

"Aunt Sary say Henry wa' her husban', yo' know, an' Massa foun' 'im 'way down Souf wha' he ben sol' an' brung 'im home ter her, an' she ain' know nothin' 'tall 'bout hit, twell one day ole Marse call her in de big liberry an' say:—

"'Aunt Sary, huccome all dese years go, an' yo' ain' heerd nothin' 'bout Henry? Yo' don' eben know wha' he wa' sol' ter.'

"Aunt Sary say she set still er minute, den she say: 'Lordy! Massa, I done pray an' pray twell dese ole eyes gits ter runnin' ober, and I done wait, an' watch, but de good Lord ain' let ole Sary hear nothin' 'bout Henry sence dat day, yo' know, Massa, w'en yo' buy me, arter dey done sol' my young

husban' Souf w'en ole Marse Gordon die. But bress de Lord, dis here chile gwine see Henry some day, 'way off dere wha' dey ain' no buyin' an' sellin'.'

"Ole Marse jump up quick an' fling open de do'. 'Look! Aunt Sary!' he say. Aunt Sary she look, an' all de years, an' de hard wuk, an' de sorrow, ain' meck her fergit, she jes hol' out her ahms an' cry 'Henry!'—Den she say how ole Marse walk out de room sof', an' shet de do'."

Aunt Kitty's voice ceased and she sat gazing into the fire, while two large tears trickled down her cheeks and splashed on the white "bib" apron. She started, wiping them off, while little Betty's big eyes grew wide with sympathy as she pressed her loved nurse's hand and whispered, "Tell 'bout Christmas now, Aunt Kitty."

"Ki! chil honey, dem *was* days, dem was. Sech doin's ez dis here ole house hab seen, dese here halls be plum full ob flowers, an' grasses, an' tings, an' huh! but y'all done heerd, huccome hit teck a whole mont', wid all de lil' niggers a-helpin' Aunt Sary an' Mammy ter git de pantry full ob de tings fo' de festibilities ob dis place. Den w'en de famberlies from Oakdale an' Glendin' driv' ober, an' all de res' ob' 'em come, an' de house am chock er block, an' ole Marse an' ole Mis' a-kissin' an' a-shakin' han's—an' de gran' ball! But what de darkies lobe mos' wa' de Chris'mus mornin's. Fust ting Unc' Ned, he go ter Mammy's cabin at de hade of de quarters an' cry, 'Chris'mus gif, Mammy!' den he blow he horn an' wid dat de whole population ob de quarters come a-runnin' an' a-pilin'. Dey march in de do' Unc' Henry hol' open fo' em, wid ole Marse an' ole Mis d'rectly hine 'm. Dey say 'Ki! Massa! Chris'mus gif, Missis! an' den ole Mis she trow a shawl ter one an' a dress ter anurr, an' ole Marse he han' out pu'ses wid money in 'em an' baccy ter de boys. Den dey march on troo de house ter de back po'ch, wha' Unc' Ned give 'em de good tings to cook fo' de Chris'mus dinner.

"Dey was *times*, honey, dey ain' comin' no mo'; ole Marse an' ole Mis ben gone er long time now, de house still stand, de quarters is all bu'nt up. De darkies is all gone but me an' Aunt Dicy an' we'se gittin' powerful shaky. Ole Massa he lobe us too. He say once he hate ter whup he slaves, an' in all de time he lib' I ain' knowed but one ter get whupped, an' den ole Massa did it he self. An' I ain' know but one ter get sol' nuther."

Aunt Kitty smiled softly at the fire, where she saw some "fo' de wah" picture, and Harry, catching the look, cried, "Tell 'bout it, Aunt Kitty."

"Twa' jes de pranks yo' pa an' Scipio useter do. Dey was er pai', dem two. Yo' know Scipio wa' yo' pa's lil' nigger, an' twa hard ter tell sometimes, which wa' de slabe an' which wa' de Massa. Dey go shares on all de nuts dey git, an' all de rabbits an' squerrils dey cotch in dere lil' traps. Meck no diff'rence which git de mos', dey always 'vide up even. An' one time w'en hit wa' Scipio's tu'n ter ten ter de dinin'-room fire dey done fix up er plan lak dis. Yo' all know, ole Marse giv' a holiday Chris'mus time ter de boy wha' ten' de dinin'-room fire, long ez de back-log las'. So what dese two younguns do, but teck er measurement ob de fire-place, an' cut a big log so she on'y lack er inch on each en' ter fittin' tight, den dey tote her ter de stream an' soak her fo' a week. Ki, chile, dat log 'ud a mos' las' yit, an' Massa he 'low he gwine wollop 'em both!"

"Did he, Aunt Kitty?" piped sympathetic Betty.

"Law no, honey, but he meck 'em take her out an' chop her up fo' de kitchen fire arter she done las' two weeks."

"What happened to Scipio, Aunt Kitty?" asked Harry, half asleep but hating to let the dearly loved talk come to a close. "Papa loved him, didn't he?"

"Yes, honey—an' he lobe yo' pa. One time arter de wah bruk out yo' pa wa' a pris'ner on one de Yankee ships in de watah at Hampton Roads. Scipio done heerd 'bout hit an' walk all de way dere wid sebenteen dollars sewed in de linin' ob he ragged coat. He got wuk shublin' coal on de ship wha' yo' pa was at, an' tuck 'im de money, but Marse Harry 'low twa' finer ter see him dan all de money an' ain' tech hit.

"Arter dat, when yo' pa done ben married an' de wah wa' ober, Scipio tuck de feber, an' young Marse trabel all de way up No'th ter see 'im. He got dere jes' in time an' Scipio died a holdin' he han'. Den yo' pa brung de dus' back ter dis here buryin' groun'."

Aunt Kitty felt the weight of two little heads and looking down was filled with remorse to see four tight-shut eyes. Catching the babies up with an exclamation she tucked them snugly and deftly in bed, then, turning out the light and screening the fire, half unconsciously murmured aloud as she stooped to pick up the little shoes: "Dem was days, dey was; dey cyarn' come no mo', an' 'taint fo' dis darky ter say twan' all fo' de bes', but ef dey could, dere wouldn't be no 'gret in Aunt Kitty's breas'."

Amusing Anecdotes of Quentin de Latour

An amusing anecdote is told of the celebrated French painter, Quentin de Latour, the two hundredth anniversary of whose birthday was celebrated recently at Saint Quentin. When Latour was called to Versailles to paint Madame de Pompadour he exclaimed, "Tell the lady she must come to me; I never paint out of my house." In the end, however, he was prevailed upon to go to Versailles, but only on condition that no one should interrupt the sitting. "Not even the King?" inquired Madame, with a smile. "Not even the King!" retorted Latour, with a severity that forebode evil.

He then prepared for work by relieving himself of the straps of his pumps, his garters, and his collar, and, removing his wig, which he hung on a silver candlestick, he took a little cap from his pocket and placed it on his head. He had not been painting long when the door opened and Louis XV. walked in. "Paint on," said he. "That I shall not do," replied Latour. "I shall come again when Madame is alone." And in the presence of the King, who stood transfixed, he deliberately began to dress, mumbling to himself, "I *will* not be disturbed!" Louis XV. forgave his rudeness because of his talent.

On another occasion the King told Latour that he had bought a number of new pictures for the Louvre. "Ships would have been more useful," was the curt reply. But the King was a match for him this time, and said, "Claude Vernet paints ships for me," which had the effect of silencing the rude painter.

Augustus Thomas on Bernard Shaw

The Bernard Shaw cult is a thing too big to be ignored. Robert Lo-raine appeared in a Bernard Shaw play Tuesday night entitled "Man and Superman." Of this production many people wondered whether or not it was proper. A large portion of them had read the play in the book, and in the book it seemed almost proper from a twentieth century standpoint. However, when it came to the point of acting "Man and Superman" the line of propriety had to be drawn somewhere, and to those who saw it, it was drawn this side of the second act.

Arnold Daly breaks forth in another eruption of Bernard Shaw comedies, starting with our old friend, "Candida."

There is no use disguising the fact that the cult of Bernard Shaw has been firmly ingrafted in the American woman's soul. You may have your 4 o'clock tea in England and every one of her blessed and long forsaken, forgotten colonies, but if you live in New York in this present year you must have Bernard Shaw for an afternoon titbit or else be emphatically and socially out of the run. It so happens that Mr. Shaw's comedies all deal with modern life. It also happens that Augustus Thomas' comedies deal with the same phase of existence. Mr. Thomas is not an actual admirer of Mr. Shaw, although he has points of recognition. When asked what he thought of Bernard Shaw as a playwright, he replied:

"I think he has his tongue in his cheek all the time."

"But the pink tea society go to his plays and like them. Why?"

"I think I can tell you why. Shaw has a following by forming an opinion upon the ordinary estimate of human nature. The dramatized novel goes because every reader who has an impression of a character wishes to see that character realized. The Shaw plays have done their own advance work by exciting in their readers a wish to see the characters in those plays on the



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stage. Although I never have read 'Man and Superman,' I have read his two volumes of plays, pleasant and unpleasant. They did not impress me particularly as plays, with the exception of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' which, of course, would require more courage to present than any actor not in the direst need has."

"Courage or audacity?"

"I think audacity."

"With the exception of this one play, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' I think the plays are not especially human. It seems to me manifest that the writer of them is seldom sincere and that when he is sincere he is hysterical. It has been years since I have read these Shaw plays. My recollection is not perfect, but my impressions are those I have stated."

"Have you any desire to see a Shaw play?"

"No, I never feel impelled to see a Shaw play any more than an Ibsen play. I saw but one Ibsen play; that was quite sufficient."

"The Shaw plays would even last you better. Mr. Shaw in his plays tries to delve into the subterranean channels of human nature and lay things open in a very broad way. Do you think this a proper sort of thing?"

"I am rather old-fashioned in my ideas of a play. I think a play is a story told in action. I think that an author of a play—to answer your question as naturally as I can—is justified in going into subterranean channels of human thought, whatever they may be, if the thought he discovers there is a spring to action or if it in any way leads to action; as a mere question of psychological debate it does not seem to me to be material for the theatre."

"Why is it that women go to see Bernard Shaw plays?"

"If women do go to see Bernard Shaw—I haven't seen a Shaw audience—I should think they went for one or two reasons. The first I have already given—that they had read the play and wished to see it realized in the theatre; the second being that somebody had advised them to go."

"Do you think these women go because they enjoy them or because they are fascinated by the idea?"

"That I could not answer. I think that whenever any fad becomes a dinner table topic women who are in society and have very laudable ambitions to be conversant on the current topics would go to see them whether they cared for such plays or not in order to speak of them intelligently."

"Do you think the Bernard Shaw fad will last?"

"That is a hard thing to answer. I think it may if the product keeps up, for the reason that the leisure class in society admire agility, no matter to what purpose agility is shown."

"Do you consider his work agile?"

"I think it is very agile, and it is intellectual, but it never impressed me as being sincere."

"Of course, anything insincere must be superficial, because it is a mask."

"Isn't society insincere in itself?"

"I think that the mask which society wears is kindly insincere, and necessarily so, for the reason that any large or reasonably large aggregation of people in the meeting would be hopelessly at war if all of them for one mo-

ment should be absolutely honest. But I think that beyond this currency of what I have called kindly insincerity there is a very large deposit of honest collateral."

"Can society appreciate real humor? Does it have to go to the Bernard Shaw complicated psychological human study to find it?"

"I think society is a composite thing, and while it may have some very dull members, it would perhaps have a very large percentage of hectically alert ones. I think the women of society are very, very keen and give much of their time to mental fencing."

"Do you think women have a keener sense of humor than men?"

"No. I think women have a readier appreciation of wit than men, but that men have a quicker sense of humor."

"What is the differentiation of wit and humor from the playwright's point of view?"

"Wit is rather verbal play; humor has back of it always, if analyzed, a percentage of heart."

"Humor is not situation?"

"I would not call it so. I should call humor the expression of some unhappy experience generously reviewed."

"Like the man who falls downstairs with a stovepipe?"

"Yes; he sees it a few days later."

"Where do you get the witty lines that you write from? Do you make them up? Do you hear them? Do you steal them?"

"I have never used a line in a play that was not my own—without giving credit—as for an example of giving credit, in 'Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots,' the doctor says, 'You remember Ethel Mulford's couplet, "Smile and the world smiles with you; snore and you sleep alone."' That was Ethel Mulford's paraphrase of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's couplet. I never remember writing up a line that I thought was witty for the purpose of using it. I never remember working to a line of any kind. If a line does not occur naturally out of the situation in which I employ it or which it is intended to express I believe it is a worthless line. I think every line in a play is a bad line and a detriment to the play unless it does one of three things—portray character, define the story or get a legitimate laugh."—*The Arkansas Gazette.*



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The love of flowers is acknowledged in every land, and its potent power felt throughout the globe. Mother Earth would indeed be but a barren spot had she not received as adornment, through the gift of a Merciful Providence, the jewelry of Heaven.

Differ as nations may in tastes, habits and practices, a remarkable harmony of feeling prevails in their unanimous appreciation of flowers.

The untutored Indian, the scientist, the feeble of intellect, the philosopher, the poet, the peasant and the monarch all do them homage in a pæan of praise.

The Chinese, the oldest nation known, use flowers to express thoughts and believe in a certain mystery attached to plants and their season of blossoming.

Persian poetry was usually expressed in floral similes. Grecian mythology furnishes floral fancies that many an author has used for embellishing a theme.

The venerable monuments of Assyria and Egypt bear epitaphs in floragraphy that convey words of praise, avowals of love and make record both of the age and date of death of deceased. To the Greeks above all nations is attributed the most passionate fondness for flowers, using them, as they did, to describe every event of interest transpiring, either public or private. In times of rejoicing garlands were hung on the city gates, priests used them in religious ceremonies, youths in feats of sport battled for a floral crown, the festive board was illumined by their loveliness, and at all the public games of Greece the victor's reward was a device in flowers. A simple crown of blossoms offered as reward aroused the imagination of the poet to a contest, caused the wrestler to engage in unparalleled feats of strength and inflamed the patriot's heart to deeds of valor for his native land.

The Hindoo, Turkish, Persian and Malayan races are possessed of a language expressed in the symbolism of flowers. A simple illustration will furnish unmistakable evidence of the love of the semi-civilized for flowers. A few years since a party of South Sea islanders were taken through the botanical gardens of Paris. At sight of the “Otaheite” plant they fell upon their knees, kissed its leaves and muttered some form of worship.

“Lalla Rookh” abounds with mention of mystic reverence and admiration felt by Orientals for flowers. The “lotus,” regarded by the symbol worshipers as a sacred plant (they being natives of China, India, Hindoo-stan and Thibet), is also consecrated by the Egyptians to the sun, their god of eloquence. The sacred images of the Japanese and Tartars are always seated on the lotus leaf, as is also the Chinese deity, Puzza.

Holy writ contains many mentions of flowers; from Solomon's pastoral we glean many floral allegories, and we are also reminded that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The garden of Eden is pictured to us as a glorious wealth of embowered blossoms, and we recall the suffering and sacrifice of a loved Redeemer as enacted in the leafy garden of Gethsemane. Mary Magdalene on the morning of the Resurrection gathered spices and aromatic plants with which to embalm her Saviour.

The palms are still held in reverence in the Roman Catholic church, the ashes of them burned after an Easter celebration serving on the Ash Wednesday of the following year for use in making a cross on the foreheads of the faithful at this penitential fast. The use of the palm is to recall the triumphant entry into Jerusalem of our Saviour, when palms were thrown in His way. How many lessons of value are imparted by the allegorical use of flowers in the Bible. For instance: "For as the grass in the morning is green and groweth, but in the evening it is cut down, dried and withered." "He shall shake off his unripe fruit like the vine and cast off his flower like the olive." "Man cometh up as a flower," and "Many shall die in the flower of their age." The hanging gardens of Babylon were erected by the Median Queen of Nebuchadnezzar on the flat and naked plains of her adopted country to remind her of the hills and woods of her native clime. The "lilies of the field" have furnished themes for the imagination, and in Catholic countries for their emblem of purity have been dedicated to the Virgin. The triple leaf in Spain is interpreted, "I believe in God, I love God, I hope for God."

Horace used flowers metamorphically, comparing youth to ivy and myrtle, and old age to dried leaves.

Shakespeare in a "Winter's Tale," makes Perdita, in distributing flowers, assign them as follows: To the young, lilies, violets and daffodils; to those in the meridian of life, lavender, mint, marjoram and marigold; to old age, rue and rosemary, for the reason that the first were the blossoms of spring, the second the beauties of summer, the last herbs which keep all winter. In the tragedy of "Hamlet," the lovely Ophelia, bereft of reason, distributes flowers, and her definition of their emblems plainly shows Shakespeare's admiration for floragraphy. She says: "Here's cornflower *for maiden*; nettles, *stung to the quick*; daisies, *her youthful bloom*; long purple *under the cold hand of death*."

Flowers, it will be remembered, are used as national emblems. England has the "rose," the queen of flowers; France, the "lily," which they interpret as emblematic of divinity, charity, abundance and love; Ireland, the "sham-rock," that is evergreen and when crushed to earth arises in all its pristine beauty; Scotland, the "thistle," that breathes defiance and retaliation to the intruder; and California has adopted the bright and beautiful "eschscholtzia," to grace her coat-of-arms; and, in her cosmopolitan habit of flourishing amidst the depths of the forest, the heights of mountain crags, or bordering the limpid stream in the valley below, always greeting the wayfarer with a cheery welcome—she is typical of the State and its population who do her honor.

Who that has dwelt on Pope's satires can ever forget his "willow"; or that has indulged an hour with Byron, but recalls his "elm," or is familiar with Shakespeare, and is not reminded of his "mulberry tree"; or in recalling Bacon does not associate his "little tufts of thyme"; or at the mention of Fox cannot almost distinguish the odor of his favorite "geraniums"? Patterson, in a little lay, does homage to the subject in these lines:

"Flowers are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish."

Gray thinks, "Happy are they who can create a rosetree or a honeysuckle." Wordsworth called the daisy "the pearl of spring," and Chaucer, in referring to them, says, "To them I have so great affection."

Izaak Walton said he regarded flowers as Charles the Emperor did Florence, "that they are too pleasant to be looked upon, except on holidays."

Louis XVIII., on his restoration to France, gave his first attention to beautifying the gardens of Versailles. His love of flowers and especial taste for those of fragrance were noted characteristics of the monarch. Napoleon once said, "Blindfold me anywhere I would be enabled to identify my father's gardens from the smell of the earth."

William Dunbar, an old Scotch bard, dedicated a lay to Princess Margaret of England and James IV. of Scotland, under the title of "The Thistle and the Rose." The "Golden Rose," which the Pope presents to sovereigns, has an emblematic significance; the flower represents the mortality of the body, the gold the immortality of the soul.

The "War of the Roses" is too familiar to all readers of history to require more than a passing notice here. The prophecy of the "Earl of Warwick" had a fatal realization. Of the feud he said:

"Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

How appropriate it is, yet strange it seems in this world, teeming with gems of beauty, ores of value, artistic relics of the painter's easel, the sculptor's handiwork, that we invariably discard them all and seek in nature a fitting tribute for a badge of distinction or honorable remembrance. The conqueror being awarded the laurel wreath, the poet one of bay leaves, and farther still, even heraldic decorations were designed after floral models. Rural festivities, more frequent in the past, perhaps, than the present, all did honor to flowers. The May Day festival, with the lines, "I am to be Queen of the May," still ringing in our ears; the "Rose Festival" at the height of its season, and the "Harvest Home"—at these festivals, where flowers play so conspicuous a part, the mind will revert in thankfulness and awaken a boundless store of gratitude to their Divine Author. It is prettily said:

"The sun
Smiles on the earth, and the exuberant earth
Returns the smile in flowers."

Linnæus had a dial of flowers, and through a long study of the habits of the plants he was able to arrange so that a blossom should unfold at each hour, and he claimed so accurate was his timekeeper that he seldom consulted his watch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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New Books

**The Matrimonial Primer with Pic-
torial Matrimonial Mathematics**

A series of epigrammatic pearls of humor and wisdom by V. B. Ames, supplemented in an unusual manner with illustrations and decorations by Gordon Ross, is the latest of many fine books published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. This delightfully entertaining book is peculiarly and distinctively an exquisite one, to be admired for its simple and elegant get-up just as much as for its clever contents, although designed particularly for the enlightenment of those fresh in the joys, mysteries and problems of married life; is sure to be read, quoted and enjoyed by a wide variety of readers. While the weaknesses and foibles of husband and wife are freely exposed and dealt with as frankly, still the purpose of the book is generous and wholesome, and its humor free from any objectionable liberties, with many a bit of good common sense salted in—sparkling with naive epigram, clever satire and shrewd wisdom. The A. B. C. and head representing the fickle god of love, brocaded on the surface of the inside paper binding the book, is a delicate lavender tone. The same color scheme is carried out on every page, enhancing the charm of the pen and ink drawings, many of them being full-page and all unusually clever in Gordon Ross's most happy style. Following we quote some of the epigrams:

"When you are married, be a good comrade, if it breaks every canon of your church and ancestry."

"If you selected your wife because of her style, don't growl when the styles change."

"Use your best conversational powers occasionally at your own dinner table."

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Bound in dainty fabric or gay gingham, poster label, price, 75 cents, net; bound in flexible suede with crushed title panel, boxed, price, \$1.50, net. Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco.

Lilian Whiting's New Departure

In "The Florence of Landor" Lilian Whiting has made a rather new departure,—not only from her own previous lines of work, but in the entire range of general literature this book is somewhat unique in conception,—its aim being to suggest the living drama that was set in the scenic enchantment of Florence during the period of Walter Savage Landor's life in that "Flower of all Cities and City of all Flowers,"—1821 to 1866, during which time groups of the most brilliant people of the nineteenth century came and went, or,—as in the case of the Brownings and the Trollopes,—came and stayed. "The Florence of Landor" will be handsomely illustrated and bound by the publishers, Little, Brown, & Co., sometime in October.

A Washington Love Story

"Lynette and the Congressman" by Mary Farley Sanborn is a love story with a Southern flavor and a touch of political life. The scene is laid in Washington, the hero is a Western Congressman and the heroine

a girl of Virginia, whose Southern accent and temperament give the story a genuine charm. The author's first book, "Sweet and Twenty," continues to enjoy a steady sale, while her last year's novel, "The Revelation of Herself," attracted widespread attention. Little, Brown, & Co. will publish "Lynette and the Congressman."

Anne Warner's Latest Creation

Anne Warner, the creator of "Susan Clegg," has written another clever story entitled "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which Little, Brown, & Co. will publish early in October. "Aunt Mary" is a capital creation, and the account of her adventures in New York is said to be brimful of brightness and humor. A pretty love story runs through the book.

Captain Mahan's New Book

In his important new work entitled "Sea Power in Its Relation to the War of 1812," Capt. A. T. Mahan has brought the knowledge acquired in a lifetime of expert study, together with an exceptional command of government and private documents; and in such vital matters as the impressment of American seamen and privateer records he has been able to make valuable additions to the world's knowledge. Captain Mahan presents in a series of vivid pictures the stirring events of the war, the points of single ship fights and squadron actions, giving due attention to the strategic interest of campaigns on the land and the diplomacy of the time. His new work is a contribution to American history of the greatest value. It will be published in two volumes with photogravure frontispieces, maps, battle plans, and twenty-three full-page plates in half-tone from original



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A Western Woman's Realistic Novel

"A novel written in a style that announces another Western centre of genuine distinction"—such is the comment of a literary centre of national reputation who read the manuscript of "The Ballingtons" by Frances Squire, to be published early in October by Little, Brown, & Co. It is a story that treats a fresh and vital theme. The main interest centres in the spiritual awakening of Agnes Ballington, her struggle for the rights of the soul, and the steady involvement of other homes and other individuals. The growth of a tragic climax of profound ethical and practical significance is worked out with daring logic, and its solution is bold and unmistakable. The author of "The Ballingtons" is in private life Mrs. Frances Squire Potter, assistant professor of English at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, and well known in educational circles in the Northwest.

A New Work on the Franciscan Missions

In his new book entitled "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," George Wharton James has sought to show several things never before presented, among them the direct origin of the Mission architecture; the analysis of the details of the Mission style of architecture; the influence of the Mission style upon modern American architecture; the condition of the Indians prior to, during, and immediately after the Mission epoch, with a brief account of their present state; a careful survey of the

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interior decorations of the Missions; a pictorial account of the furniture, pulpits, doors, and other woodwork of the Missions; a pictorial account of the crosses, candlesticks, and other silver and brass work of the Missions; the story of Ramona as related to the Mission; and a pictorial account of the various figures of the saints at the Mission. The one hundred or more illustrations have been reproduced from photographs which were practically made expressly for the book. Mr. James is the well-known author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "Indians of the Painted Desert Region," "Indian Basketry," etc. "In and Out of the Old Missions of California" will bear the imprint of Little, Brown, & Co.

The October Sunset is entirely interesting. The cover design is by Maynard Dixon—a Navajo Indian "making medicine" for himself. Wrapped in his blanket he calmly views the landscape and meditates upon life's problems. The frontispiece is a reproduction of one of Herbert Ponting's famous photographs of Fujiyama. The leading article, "When West Met East," by Edwin Emerson, Jr., is a jolly record of the doings of the western war correspondents at the front in the Russian-Japanese war. Mr. Emerson had the good luck to serve with both armies in the field, and had opportunities for meeting most of the correspondents. William B. Gross describes Kunzite, the new precious gem which is found in San Diego county, California. Marie Coe's article, "A New Polar Explorer," expresses the belief that the North Pole will be discovered by a "musher"; that a gold stampede will eventually be started toward north latitude ninety degrees, and that "mush-



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ers" will rush in where arctic explorers have feared to tread. It is a most interesting record of life in the frigid zone. It is beautifully illustrated. Mary E. Stickney tells some old stories of mines and miners in a new and entertaining way. Other features of this number are fiction stories by Bailey Millard and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; an essay by Gelett Burgess; and poems by Edwin L. Sabin, Edward Robeson Taylor, and Allan Dunn.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg, who has just gone East with her son for a month, has written an out-of-the-ordinary story for CLUB LIFE, which will appear in the November number. Mrs. Lowenberg has given a widely different theme in this to her previous stories, and "Inconsistency or Fate" will be a question for folks to ponder over.

Mrs. Florence Richmond's first book of verse, "The Heart of the Rose," and published under the auspices of the Clubwoman's Guild, will shortly be out and is sure to prove a favorite as a dainty holiday gift-book.

George Eliot's Country

Corley Hall Farm, a picturesque homestead on the main road between Nuneaton and Corley, is shortly to be offered at public auction. Within a short distance was born the Warwickshire novelist, George Eliot, and in "Adam Bede" Corley Hall Farm figures conspicuously. Here it was that the immortal Mrs. Poyser lived, and with her the unfortunate Hetty Sorrel. George Eliot described the place as it was in the earlier half of the nineteenth century. Since then it has undergone considerable renovation, but it is still yearly visited by tourists from all parts of the world.

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Mr. M. C. Ansbro, art collector and picture dealer, who recently moved to larger art galleries at 531 Sutter Street, San Francisco, has now arranged his elegant store, which is replete with a magnificent stock of etchings, engravings, proof-colored prints, antique and modern, and an endless variety of large Rembrandt photographs. Many are suitably framed and exhibited in the proper light to bring out all their fine points.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Mr. Argüello's advertisement as Teacher of Piano and Harmony. He has been in the city only a few months and has had great success with children, having taught for two years in a musical kindergarten in San Jose, while pursuing his own studies under Prof. Otto Bendix of this city.

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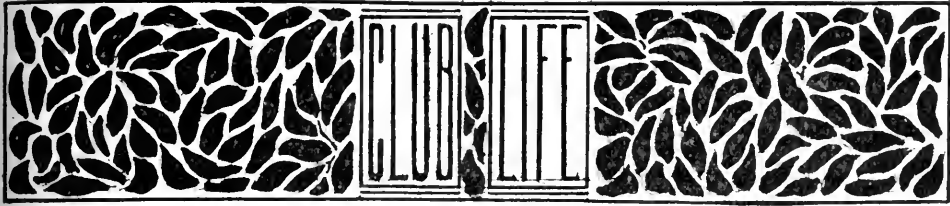
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AN INDIAN MAIDEN.
Drawing by
E. A. Burbank.



Vol. 4

November, 1905

No. 3

Convention Echoes of the U. D. C.

The recollection of the happy days early in October, which called together the noble women of the South, lingers with us like an Arcadian dream which we are loath to realize, an awakening. The business of the convention was transacted in true parliamentary style, and the reports of the district presidents all over the United States were heard with interest and developed an increased admiration for the good work being so faithfully and successfully manipulated. The new business consisted in appealing to the order to assist in caring for the dead and erecting monuments to their memory, the one at Shiloh and another in Louisiana to General Beauregard were kindly remembered. Mrs. Smythe, the retiring president, was presented with a beautiful loving cup by the Jefferson Davis Chapter, of this city, and was completely surprised by the gift. The mornings and evenings were devoted to business, while the afternoons were enjoyed in excursions, one exception being Thursday, October 5th, when a reception was held at the St. Francis Hotel. At the request of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, the National and District officers assisted Mrs. Van Wyck in receiving the large number of guests that attended. Speeches of welcome, full of vivacious humor, were delivered by Bishop Moreland and Archbishop Montgomery, when Mr. Sidney M. Van Wyck, the talented and promising young attorney, assured his hearers that the present generation would keep alive the memory of the heroic deeds of Southern veterans, and never forget the noble heritage they had left them. The musical program consisted of an aria from "Sonambula," sung by Mr. Wanrell with exquisite taste, which was warmly greeted, as was also the violin solo by Miss Grace Freeman, whose execution was the perfection of art. By special request, Mr. Wanrell favored his audience with a selection from "Carmen," as meritorious as his first offering. Choruses by members, aided by the Dixie Chapter in costume, were much enjoyed. The white and gold room was beautifully decorated in the colors of the Chapter giving the entertainment,—poinsettia and cotton ball. Refreshments followed and but for the call to business at 7 p. m., the guests would have lingered until midnight. The newly elected president of Mississippi is the daughter of Senator George who framed the Constitution of that State, which others in the South have adopted. She is a woman of great refinement and attractive personnel, and is known everywhere for the untiring zeal she has displayed in U. D. C. work. Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of California, was made First Vice-President. The efficient Mrs. J. P. Hickman, it was recognized, was the only one for the position of Recording Secretary. Mrs. Lee, of Norfolk,

Club Life

Va., still remains as Custodian of the Treasury, and has shown great fitness for the responsible position. From Missouri and one of the cotton States, the two other offices were represented. Mrs. Gabbett still remains Custodian of the Cross, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck has charge of the flags and Mrs. Cantrell presides over the manufacture of emblems, regalia, stamps, etc.

The next convention meets at Gulf Port, in Mississippi, near to the memorable "Beauvoir," the home of our late President, Mrs. Vincent, of Texas, one of the brilliant women of the convention and editoress of the *Southerner*, made an ardent appeal for Texas, which was lost. The District Presidents of both Virginia and Kentucky were women of unmistakable ability, and their reports were a feature of the convention. The affair closed with the singing of the doxology, when partings were spoken and a tinge of sorrow invaded the otherwise happy precinct. V. B. HILLIARD.

Laurel Hall, under the happy guidance of its popular president, Mrs. Sophia E. Peart, is enjoying a very prosperous year. Many new members have been added to the list, new sections have been formed under able leaders and a general interest and enthusiasm prevails in every department that augurs well for the future of this club of capable women.

A Laurel Hall program is a synonym for interesting, intelligent and enlightening entertainment, and the initiated esteem it a privilege to be numbered among the guests. The social event of the month was a splendid reception, a welcome home to Mlle. Eleanor Joseph, a talented vocalist, and a much loved member of the club. Many friends greeted the sweet singer with a warmth and sincerity seldom extending beyond the home circle. The autumn leaves and ferns used profusely in decorating made an effective background for the brilliant assemblage of beautifully gowned women.

To Kalon held a business meeting lately for members only, when officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Mrs. H. B. Pinney; first vice-president, Mrs. A. K. Dubrow; second vice, Mrs. D. W. Horsburgh; third vice, Mrs. Frank D. Bates; treasurer, Mrs. E. E. Williams; recording secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Mullin; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. E. Buckingham; business secretary, Mrs. Henry T. Bush; directors, Mesdames H. J. Summerhayes, F. W. Thompson, W. T. Perkins, H. L. Van Winkle, Warren Mills and W. C. Miller.

Reports on Sectional Work were read. They show that an instructive as well as pleasurable club year is ahead for the members. The members and their guests enjoyed a most delightful program at their regular meeting on October 3d. Miss Withrow favored them with her talk on "The Philosophy of Singing," and a number of songs were most charmingly rendered by Miss Luvia Rogers and Mr. J. B. Prunell.

ROSE A. BUCKINGHAM, Cor. Sec.

The California State Floral Society made a magnificent showing of dahlias at their September meeting. Many prizes were given for meritorious exhibits. Among the members who made creditable

displays, were Mrs. Josephine Leach, with thirteen varieties of seedling cactus dahlias, which compared favorably with any in the show. Mme. Ellen Coursen Roeckel also made a good display of mixed dahlias.

The dahlia show was arranged by the exhibition committee of which Mrs. J. R. Martin is chairman.

At the meeting held October 13th, it was resolved that the society should take up the matter of protecting the wild flowers of the State, and that ways and means should be devised to protect flower gardens from vandalism.

Mrs. A. B. Musante, Mrs. C. Thompson, Mrs. Grace Hibbard, were appointed a committee to consider the matter.

Mrs. J. R. Martin made favorable report on the Chrysanthemum Show, to be held in the Ferry Building, November 9, 10, 11.

Many fine exhibits have been promised. Shreve & Company have offered a silver cup for the most artistic exhibit.

Florists and growers report the chrysanthemums unusually fine this year, besides these, all varieties of seasonable flowers will be exhibited, and money prizes, gold and silver medals and society ribbons will be given for the best displays.

Professor R. Mensell, of the University of California, gave a talk on the "Popular Conception of the Relation Between Plant and Animal Life," which was full of interest and much appreciated by those present. State Floral Society meetings are held at Elks' Hall, 223 Sutter Street, on the second Friday of each month. Flower lovers are cordially welcomed.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU, Secretary.

On the 4th of October, a breakfast was given by the George H. Thomas Circle of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, in honor of Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs and Mrs. Mary M. Miller.

Mrs. Krebs has recently received the appointment of Department President of the California and Nevada Circles of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic. She has chosen Mrs. Miller for Secretary.

About sixty ladies were present. After the repast, there were toasts, responses, recitations and songs by the Circle's quartette.

Woman's Auxiliary of the B. and A. Union. The annual meeting at their club rooms, 223 Sutter Street, Mrs. Alexander Wright, presiding. The following ladies were elected on the Board of Management: Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mrs. Richard Leach, Mrs. W. M. Searby, Mrs. M. H. Greer, Mrs. Edward Thayer, Mrs. J. Kemp, Mrs. May Bruker, Mrs. F. D. Betts, Mrs. M. Dane, Mrs. E. G. Lewis, Mrs. William Rigby, Mrs. Childs Macdonald, Mrs. G. Alexander Wright, Mrs. W. Mulhner and Miss Daisy Hewitt.



THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

Ruth Allen Becomes a Disciple of George Bernard Shaw

"Hello, Alcazar! I want to speak to Ruth Allen, of your company."

"Hold the line."

"Hello, Miss Allen! Will you read selections from the John Tanner role, in *Man and Superman*, for the Dramatic Section of the California Club?"

"Well, now, I would like to oblige," hesitated a big voice, "but I don't know this *Man and Superman* as well as some other things of Shaw's. He calls it a comedy and a *philosophy*,—sounds difficult, don't you know."

"Well?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to undertake the reading unless I knew more about it—you know we don't play *philosophies* here ——"

"You won't find John Tanner difficult, it's a straight part enough, he is just a well-informed reformer taking himself seriously. Come out and let us talk it over."

She came, nattily betailored in dark blue, handsome and vital looking enough to be the Shaw ideal of Ann Whitefield, with this difference, she wore no insinuating "feather boa," not even a mystifying veil floated about her bright face.

"I have been looking over again, on the ride out, Tanner's long speech about the duel between the sexes,—the artist man and the mother woman,—it is all interesting, very,—but we see more clearly the fight going on between the artist woman and the father man,—in my life at least, where all the women are bravely fighting for some chance."

"But you see," I interrupted, "as yet the artist woman is a particular case, and a great work must deal with universal conditions. Ann Whitefield, with her low voice and pleasant 'ways,' is the typical woman bent upon securing for a husband the best mentally, physically and financially equipped man she knows."

Miss Allen pondered. "Why, that witty, fascinating, young woman is always the adored, much sought after leading lady of all our plays—how can we dare look at her in the Shaw light,—it will spoil everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, I know that you will scorn me if I say so—but I just love a good, strong love scene.

"You get one in the last act, between Ann and Tanner, in that wonderful garden. From the time of Eve, the 'garden' has been the proper scenic background for a woman's conquest."

"But even there, in the garden, you feel that Shaw is laughing at it all——"

"I think not, I think when Ann says simply, 'It will not be all happiness for me. Perhaps death,' I think Shaw is appealing to the sad experience of the race,—which has seen children born at the expense of frightful pain and always possible death."

But Miss Allen shook her head.

"It is all so different, it is hard to get used to the idea that the 'leading man' is a *joke*,—one or two moments of a dignified situation, can't pay up for being a preaching bore. Why, what *will* the matinee girls do without a *hero*. We must have somebody to personify strength and virtue."

I thought by the expression upon her face that she had about decided not to do the reading.

"He says some very interesting things," I suggested, "even if he is a tool in the hands of the Life Force. He creates for himself a new kind of sympathy, his is a new kind of danger,—old as the hills in life, of course, but new to the stage. They will be interested in his escaping that danger, as they were his escaping 'accidents by field and flood' in the old play."

"It is so unromantic to look upon marriage with a beautiful, clever woman as 'dangerous.' Where is the 'heart interest' that we have been taught is necessary to the salvation of a play?"

"It is there, Miss Allen, in a new form, we have become interested in the well being and happiness of a future race of men, instead of the particular sentimental fancy of a single person. Shaw does not tell us in essay form that culture, cleverness, manliness even, have no power to withstand the Life Force—he *dramatizes* the struggle."

"Even if he sacrifices the sympathetic halo that surrounds the 'leading man' in the old play,—I think you will find, if you study the part closely, that he invests him with an interest and a charm much harder to withstand."

"Much harder to interpret to an audience, too," concluded Miss Allen. And with that we settled down to a reading of dialogues between Ann and Tanner.

As the comic-tragic situation developed, I saw Miss Allen lose herself in the Shaw idea, for the time she was the John Tanner of the play, earnestly, intelligently preaching Tanner's ideas, on life, art, better government, questions of sex, etc., etc.

When Ann wheedled, she grew wary, and then defiant, made a fight for freedom as though she felt about her already the contracting coils of the family life.

As she read, I thrilled to the hunted cry of the worker, man, fleeing from sentiment. The man 'on the trail' bound for the 'beyond' that Kipling, Conrad and London write so feelingly of.

Ruth Allen had heard in her own artist's heart, the cry, and once where she would have worked for sentimental effects, now she read as though she scented death and disaster in the chase.

And yet, when Ann became faint and heartsick with fear of defeat, and Tanner turns bravely to face the issue. Miss Allen was magnificent. The passion and poetry of Tanner's defeat appealed to her stage experience, and poor Ann, the vanquished victor, could do nothing less than applaud between smiles and tears.

The long afternoon had gone. Instead of footlights, the twilight hid us from our silent audience of books. But the conquest was as great as though a thousand hands clapped, and who knows what it will mean to the stage that Ruth Allen of the Alcazar Stock Company became a disciple of George Bernard Shaw.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

Mr. Harry W. Bishop of the Majestic Theatre, San Francisco, and Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, believes in women. He believes that their talents are particularly effective in theatrical business. And this statement bears no relation to the actress and her art, but to the other departments of the theatre.

One of the bright women in Mr. Bishop's employ is Miss Grace Wishaar, whose picture we publish on this page. Miss Wishaar is interesting from many points, but she is distinctively interesting from the fact that she is the only woman scenic artist.

She began her work at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. That is, she was grudgingly allowed to make a trial there, after showing a persistence that no amount of rebuff could discourage. It was not long, however, until she won the respect of the men with whom she worked, for she never took advantage of her womanhood to shirk any part of her duty. Indeed, these men soon learned to refer to her finer, womanly understanding in the preparation of home scenes, and her settings for the various Bishop productions are particularly remarked for their dainty finish in their decorations of such scenes.

When Miss Wishaar left New York her success was assured. She came to Oakland at the time Mr. Bishop's model playhouse, Ye Liberty, was opened. He secured her services in the same mood that he abolished all other traditions in this house. He had women ushers, and women in the box-office. He gave Miss Wishaar entire control of what is known in theatre vernacular as the "scene dock." During all this time she has never failed to have the biggest production ready for the full rehearsal, which takes place every Monday. These settings are used for the play's week run in Oakland and then brought to San Francisco.

For a month past Miss Wishaar's office has been piled high with books and pictures of Roman history and architecture. She has been working hard on the heavy settings for "The Light Eternal." When asked what is her secret of success, she always answers: "There is no secret. It is just



MISS GRACE WISHAAR

the ability to hang on—the capacity for drudgery—that counts for success. Women are too apt to become discouraged. We must cultivate more of that tenacity of purpose of which men have learned the value.”

Miss Wishaar must follow “The Light Eternal” with some other big scenes for the new Sydney Rosenfeld play, “The Optimist.”

Mr. Bishop has aroused much interest through his announcement to produce the best California play that shall be submitted to him. The contest will not be closed until after the holidays. If the last play that comes in proves to be the best, that will be the one produced. This offers an opportunity to dramatists who have complained that American managers are not inclined to favor American playwrights.

Mr. Bishop has also secured the rights, for San Francisco, to Mr. E. H. Sothern’s plays, “If I Were King” and “The Proud Prince,” and will give them elaborate productions in the near future.

Channing Auxiliary

The last of the series of lectures on “German History and Literature,” by Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, will be delivered on the following dates, in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, corner Geary and Franklin Streets: Tuesday, November 7th, 10:30 a. m., “German Philosophy and Literature of the Classical Time,” (Immanuel Kant, Wieland, Lessing, Herder, Goethe and Schiller); Tuesday, November 14th, 10:30 a. m., “Napoleon in Germany and the Ports of the Liberation,” (Ernst Moritz Arndt, Theodore Körner and Heinrich von Kleist); Tuesday, November 21st, 10:30 a. m., “The Hohenzollerns and the Modern German Empire.”

Guild of the Arts and Crafts. The newly elected officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Mr. F. H. Meyer, 941 Jones St.; Honorary Vice-President, Mr. Douglas Van Denburgh, Los Gatos, Cal.; First Vice-President, Miss Octavia Holden, 639 Kearny St.; Second Vice-President, Mrs. L. M. Dixon, 424 Pine St.; Recording Secretary, Miss S. Russell, 302 Laurel St.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Henry Alferitz, 2299 Jones St.; Treasurer, Mrs. Henry G. Meyer, 1825 California St.

For information desired regarding the Guild, apply to: President, F. H. Meyer, 941 Jones St., phone East 2320, evenings only; Vice-President, Miss O. Holden, 639 Kearny St., phone Red 2797, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. Alferitz, 2299 Jones St., phone Main 1343; Treasurer, Mrs. H. G. Meyer, 1825 California St., phone East 2070.

The Third Annual Exhibition of the Guild of Arts and Crafts will be held at the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, December 6, 7, 8, 9, 1905.

Be sure that your husband carries each day the impression that he left at home that morning the most charming, cheery, freshly-gowned woman in the city.—From *The Matrimonial Primer*, just published by Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco.

Mrs. Gross Williams, of Washington, D. C., although living so far away, claims to be a member of our California branch of Sunshine, and her annual dues testify in a practical way to her cordial interest.

Flowers and Plants

Their Intrinsic Value

(CONCLUDED)

VIRGINIA B. HILLIARD.

The study of flowers reveals many characteristics which they possess as to temperature, color and climate effect and range. The tropics is the home of bright-hued flowers, as it is of bright-plumaged birds. In the British Isles but two scarlet plants are known to be indigenous to the soil—the scarlet *pimpernell* and the red poppy. A coming storm has often been predicted by watching certain plants, of which the humidity of the atmosphere causes the leaves to close. The pimpernell, from its habit of bursting into flower only at high noon and peremptorily shutting up its leaves at the slightest approach of dampness, has been called “the poor man’s hour-glass.” The morning glory was long known as the “four-o’clock” on account of the precision with which it closed at that hour. The little sensitive plant that withers at slightest touch of hand, may by artificial heat be induced to expand its foliage. It would seem to perish under the rude touch of man, yet warmed by love, affection and care, it breathes anew and is resuscitated. The aquatic plants are many in numbers. One of the most prized, the “lily,” floats gracefully on the surface of the water, seeking generally the shade of some overhanging willow wherein to disclose her many beauties. The seed contains a toothsome kernel, much prized for the delicacy of its flavor. The locality of the perfume of flowers is almost as varied as their species, the blossom or corolla being generally the receptacle of the perfume, though, as in the sweet briar rose and lemon-scented verbena, it lies in the foliage. Some flowers are only fragrant when in the height of bloom, others when withered and dead, leave a lasting remembrance of their beauty in redolent perfume, as Moore so beautifully expresses it:

“You may crush, you may ruin the vase if you will
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

Flowers often prove disinfectants, absorbing the malarial effects of an epidemic. With this knowledge, persons living in low lands or in near proximity to marshes often cultivate plants that are known to destroy the germ of disease. Such localities engender sunflowers, as they prove an available antidote to ague, absorb much moisture and are a health-giving element in unhealthy situations.

Perfume plants prevent the spread of contagious diseases, and it is a fact beyond dispute that when France several times has been ravaged with epidemics (such as cholera), not a single case was ever reported from workmen in perfume factories; and many were willing to donate their services to florists for the exemption from contagion the association with perfume flowers afforded. The islands furnishing our spices never knew an epidemic until after a war, when the opposing forces razed to the ground the spice trees. The season after this desecration the islands for the first time were visited with the cholera and almost depopulated.

The night-blooming plants are particularly attractive, unfolding their beauties when “their mates of the garden” are being refreshed with “nature’s

Concluded on Page 17.

TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Club
Life

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

Third Lecture, DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

"The President is servant of the organization and not its owner."

The duties of officers are of two kinds, one specified, the other implied, or understood.

The duties of the president are to preside over the public and regular meetings of the organization, to settle parliamentary disputes and points of order and to give to the organization the best in her toward its upbuilding.

All her decisions in regard to parliamentary differences are subject to appeal and so are her decisions in regard to points of order, even to the decision as to who is entitled to the floor, when two members seem to arise at the same time.

When a woman undertakes to be president she relinquishes, for a time, her right to debate and vote, unless the vote is by ballot. She refrains from voting because women, like the balance of humanity, are apt to follow the bell sheep, and in order to save herself from apparent favoritism to any particular side, the president does not vote. In case of a tie, she may vote, if she desires, and settle it one way or another, but she would better let the members do that, and a tie is a defeat.

If she must debate, she will, if she would be in order, ask some one else to take the chair, and the person thus invited generally retains the chair until the vote is taken.

The gavel is the president's aid and good friend. With it she calls the meeting to order, prevents discord and stops discussion when members refuse to take their seats in times of unparliamentary conduct.

It is the president's duty to state all questions or motions in an audible tone, so that every member may hear. It is her duty to be impartial in granting the floor, and if she make any sort of choice, it should be such as will give all sides a hearing. It is perfectly proper for her to give any member information she may possess in regard to the question before the house, and she should do this regardless of her own opinion as to its importance.

The ideal president is just as happy when the majority decides against her convictions, as when it decides as she believes. But if human nature will not permit her to be just as happy, she can at least so pretend and state the result of the vote, with the same cordiality as if it was just as she would like to see it.

I once heard a presiding officer refuse to admit that a motion had carried contrary to her wishes. She said she would refuse to declare it carried, and

that would defeat it, because she thought the vote was so unwise. Under such circumstances, the club ought to have resolved itself into committee of the whole and recommended that a new president be elected pro tem, until the office be declared vacant and a new president elected.

A president should never belong to any clique, or faction, but if it is impossible to avoid doing so, she should refuse to recognize the existence of any opposition to herself, but expect from all the same justice which she administers.

When the presiding officer has all appointive power, she should exercise great care in selection of committees and try to choose the member of the club best fitted for the duty. Standing committees should be as harmonious as possible, while special committees should have all sides equally represented, so that the report will be as free from bias as may be.

A president need never appear at disadvantage. If she cannot remember the motion she can ask the secretary to read it, or she may ask the member to present it in writing. If she is not certain of the parliamentary point she can ask some one to look it up, or she may appeal to some one who may know, or she may leave it to vote of the club. She should open the meetings on time and endeavor by gentle suggestions to keep the members from wasting the time of the organization. If business closes at a certain hour and the program begins, she should keep to the rule, unless by unanimous vote of the club the program is altered.

She should rise when stating a question and putting a motion, but refrain from bobbing up and down too much, as she may look comical without intending to do so. If business is lively and motions follow each other rapidly, better stand during the time.

The president has the same duty that all other members have in regard to keeping order, but she cannot keep more than one or two members in order unless they are willing. More will be said about this in the next lecture, under the head of "Duties of Members."

A president should never use the pronoun "I"—she should always say, "The Chair" or "Your President."

She should say, "The motion seems to be carried—it is carried."

Never tap the desk with the gavel. A firm stroke, not too often, will gain attention and respect.

A president may do a great deal toward raising the ideals of the organization high and higher, or she may allow them to sink to her own limitations, according as she is loyal and broad-minded, or narrow and selfish, as she endeavors to meet responsibilities or gratify petty ambitions.

Time and space are exhausted, so this lecture will be continued next month, when other officers and their duties will be considered.

LOS ANGELES CLUB NEWS

BY BESSIE BEATTY.

Club
Life

With the coming of October has also come the return of the Los Angeles woman to her old haunts in clubdom and such a busy home-coming it has been.

Everyone of the Los Angeles clubs held its initial meeting the first or second week of October and in addition to the regular meetings there have been numerous extra sessions for planning.

There has been a general house-moving, too, during the month, and such delightful hours have been spent in deciding just what shade of carpet will match the wall tints in this new clubroom or that new clubhouse.

Ebell Club

The first Monday in November will witness the first meeting of the Ebell Club in the beautiful new mission clubhouse on South Figueroa street. The club, with Mrs. Frank W. King as president, has met in the old quarters in Cumnock Hall during the past month and the sessions have been especially interesting.

The club members are planning a house-warming, which will be one of the social events of the year in Los Angeles. Under the direction of Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, president of the Ebell Building Association, every beautiful idea of the women has been carried out and the clubhouse will be most complete.

The reception rooms, banquet rooms, offices and parlors occupy one part of the building which is separated from the main auditorium by a court. The auditorium has a seating capacity of 750 and there are about 700 women in the club.

Shakespeare, art and travel, French, literature, home and music sections occupy the members, at other than the regular weekly meetings. A pure-food campaign, under the direction of Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, will be the chief effort of the women of the home section this year.

Ruskin Art Club

The Ruskin Art Club, which meets on Wednesday in new club rooms in the Blanchard art building, has inaugurated a new line of work. The lovers of art have been devoting their time during the last few years to the study of the work of the old masters, but the president, Mrs. W. H. Housh, has brought a new idea, and this year they will devote their time to the newer art of America.

A permanent art gallery for Southern California is the dearest dream of this club and the women of the Southwest generally are taking up the idea with much enthusiasm.

Friday Morning Club

The Friday Morning Club, the oldest and in many ways the most democratic club, is also considering a new clubhouse. The organization has a membership of 900, with many applicants always on the lists, and the club has outgrown its quarters on South Figueroa street. Steps will be taken at once to secure more commodious quarters.

Mrs. Edward K. Foster is the president and she has an able corps of assistants. The club is a discussion club and there are no study sections in connection with it. Women of every sect are numbered among the members and every imaginable subject is touched upon during the year.

Though not a philanthropic club, the organization is always ready to help any worthy cause and though the members do not claim a desire to reform the world, the club is identified with almost every movement for the good of the community.

Pasadena Shakespeare Club

The Pasadena Shakespeare Club members are reveling in the joys of a new clubhouse and the reception with which they opened the artistic club building will long be remembered, not only by the 400 club members, but by all the leaders in Pasadena society. Mrs. W. D. Turner is the ever-gracious president and Mrs. Turner is just as much loved in Los Angeles as in Pasadena.

Cosmos Club

In the same building where the Ruskin Art Club meets there are some other very cosy little club-rooms in which the members of the Cosmos Club hold forth. Literature, current events and numerous other subjects occupy the members of this club when they come to order in response to the gavel of the president, Mrs. Clark Lee Lewis.

Wednesday Morning Club

Mrs. Philip Berhardy is the president of the Wednesday Morning Club and one of the most delightful meetings which that organization has held during the month was the one at which vacation reminiscences occupied the session. The women of this club are just beginning to whisper their hopes for a new club home, though few are yet daring enough to do more than whisper.

Highland Park Ebell Club

The baby branch of the Ebell Club—but to be sure a very flourishing branch—is the Highland Park Ebell, which, with Mrs. M. G. Osmond as president, will be heard many times this year.

L. A. Civic Association

Civic improvement is the slogan of a large majority of the club women and during the past two years the enthusiastic body, the Los Angeles Civic Association, has "done things" which have made the city fathers stand still and look on with unconcealed wonderment.

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, president of the State Federation, has been the efficient president during the past two years, but now she has relinquished her reins to Mrs. Willoughby Rodman. Mrs. Rodman is a Southerner with an amount of enthusiasm, personal charm, and business ability which makes it impossible for the city fathers to say "no," whether it be better facilities for concealing garbage, or a new playground for the children, that she demands.

The association will spend much time this year in preparation for the next meeting of the National Civic Association to be held in Los Angeles.

Woman's Parliament

The Southern California Woman's Parliament, composed of representatives of every woman's organization in Southern California, met October 9, 10 and 11. The parliament, which was founded by Mrs. D. G. Stevens, is considered one of the most helpful organizations in club life. Many subjects of much importance were discussed during the session, but none created so much excitement as the small boy and his coaster. The "boy lover" and the "boy hater" were both present. The boy lover was there to ask the city council to repeal the ordinances which tend to prohibit small boys from coasting on the sidewalks in residence districts, and the boy hater was just as determined that the city council should receive no such request. The boy won out in the long run and the women are preparing to follow up their resolution with a few more powerful measures.

Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, who has served the parliament for two years, was again put into the chair by acclamation, though she protested against reëlection. The parliament will hold its next session in Santa Ana in May.

Child Study Circles

The Federation of Child Study Circles and Congress of Mothers is already beginning to prepare for the meeting of the national federation and congress to be held in Los Angeles next May.

Mrs. W. W. Murphy, the State president, recently entertained the officers of each of the fifty child study circles in Los Angeles at her home on Union avenue.

The State federation will meet in annual session in November. No organization in the southern section of the State wields so great an influence as this, for it reaches homes that will never be reached in any other way, and brings the mothers together on a common footing.

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California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

President-General, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden,
96 Fifth Avenue, New York City,
State President, Miss Mabel Adams Ayer
1622 Clay Street, San Francisco.
Honorary President, Mrs. Jno. F. Merrill,
1718 Washington Street, San Francisco.

State Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Caswell,
1921 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cecile Rogers,
Hotel Colonial.

First among the important affairs of the season was the card fete given by the members of the Alden Club, the most ambitious of the entertainments yet undertaken. Philanthropy never had a fairer setting than the white and gold room of the St. Francis, and looking down from the curtained balcony the scene was like a glimpse of fairyland, in the brilliancy of light and color.

Between two pillars, reflected in the full-length mirror, the prizes were displayed, and from the daintiest of laces to the larger gifts of silver and choice furnishings, one was inclined to feel that after all the merchants are the *real* Sunshiners, and the members their assistants. Without these valuable gifts the affair could not have assumed the same proportions, and in these days we might even question, "Where would the inducement be to attend a card party without prizes?" We will leave the answer to our readers.

The brilliant outcome of this affair was due to the untiring efforts of Miss Jennie McFarland, chairman of the entertainment committee, under whose capable management the affair was brought to a successful issue. Assisting Miss McFarland as hostesses were Miss Cecile Rogers, the club's president, and the members, while the following young ladies acted as scorers: Miss Agnes Sadler, Miss Alice Scroth, Miss Chapman, Miss Clark, Misses Priber, Mrs. W. P. Harvey, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Irma Giesting, Miss Mabel Coxe, and several others. Miss Linda Priber, the recording secretary distributed the prizes to the fortunate winners and proved to be one of the most active members. The club made in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars, and from this sum members will be enabled to carry many a ray of sunshine to those who need it.

Among the guests of the afternoon and others who purchased tickets were Mrs. T. B. McFarland, Mrs. Edward Rogers, Mrs. H. Young, Mrs. L. R. Ellert, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Frank Fredericks, Mrs. E. B. Pond, Mrs. I. L. Flood, Mrs. C. H. Mann, Mrs. Chester Evans, Mrs. John T. Dare, Mrs. Thomas Morffew, Mrs. Walter Lovegrove, Mrs. E. X. Rölker, Mrs. William Willis, Mrs. Perrine, Mrs. William Eisman, Mrs. William Lange, Mrs. T. O'Brien, Mrs. G. W. Smith, Mrs. Percy Morse of Honolulu, Miss May Collier of Denver, Mrs. J. C. B. Hebbard, Mrs. Knight-White, Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. W. H. Brown, Mrs. John Spruance, Mrs. James Shea, Mrs. W. B. Woods, Mrs. W. Gray of San Jose, Godfrey, Mrs. Gallatin, Miss Katherine Miller, Mrs. Coffin of Denver, Mrs. Heaslyn of New Orleans, and many others. Gifts of money were received from Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Mr. Jerome Hamilton, and a very kind letter enclosing generous check from Colonel Henry Weinstock of Sacramento.

To the merchants of San Francisco the club is indebted for the real success of the fete, and those whose generosity proved so helpful were W. K. Vanderslice, Charles M. Plum, The City of Paris, Newman and Levinson, The White House, Cordes Furniture Company, Gump's, The Bohm-Bristol Co., The Diamond Palace, H. S. Crocker Co., Maskey's, Gruenhagen's, Kohlberg & Frohman, Shreve, D. Samuels Lace House, Nathan-Dohrmann Co., Haas, Bruener, Schonwasser, Emporium, Payot, Upham & Co., Goldberg-Bowen, Hale Bros., R. D. Davis, Sanborn-Vail, Strauss & Frohman.

Mrs. J. H. Davis, one of the charter members of California Sunshine, made a pretty cushion, and Mrs. Denervaud contributed a Bohemian vase. Mrs. Isidore Burns, and Mrs. Ella M. Sexton assisted in receiving the guests.

Mrs. Mary T. De Haven, who has charge of a junior branch in San Jose, sends a very interesting report of work done during the past two months. The young members who carry on this work of helpful service are Miss Myrtle Brown, president; Miss Ellen Knowls, vice-president; Misses Zella Goodman, treasurer; Mildred Fraser, secretary; Lillian Marshall, Willie Knowls, Ella Webbeer, Bertha Becker, Lila Jamison and Berna Ross.

Miss Libbie Como of Niskayuma, N. Y., would be glad if any Sunshine members would favor her with subscriptions to *The Youth's Companion*. Miss Como is an invalid, unable to leave her bed, and the commissions thus received enable her to earn small sums for a few luxuries of the sick-room.

An interesting communication is received from the *Myerwon's Family Magazine* of St. Louis, Missouri. In future this magazine will conduct a page devoted to the interests of Sunshine, in charge of Mrs. Trowbridge, State president of Missouri.

Mrs. Kirk Bryant, of Oakland, sends reports of individual work showing her continued interest in all that we are doing.

Plants and Flowers—Concluded.

sweet restorer." How welcome the first blossom breaking through snow, known as the "snowdrop!" It is the first sign of vegetation and a harbinger of the approach of spring. How we cling to and cherish the last leaf of the autumnal chrysanthemum, foretelling at her departure the advent of gloomy winter!

How many imaginative similes we coin from immortelles and evergreens, typical of the immortality of the soul!

How humanity and its passions are traced in plants and trees! The oak, the pride of the forest, in its majestic bearing and defying the elements and courageously braving all danger, bespeaks valor. The trembling aspen indicates fear, sensitiveness; the ivy unfading fidelity to its protector, and the cypress and weeping willow that it requires but little imagination to believe that they mourn with us in our affliction and are sharers of our sorrow.

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**The Northern
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Indian
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San Jose, California

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Our last report told of the visit of Commissioner Francis E. Leupp to California, and his hearty endorsement of the policy of Government aid to our landless Indians, to enable them to become owners of little homes which will be secured to them by legal titles. In order that Congress and the Department may act judiciously in this matter, it was necessary that a fuller, more minute investigation be made of Indian conditions in California. This was made possible by the appropriation granted by Congress last winter in response to our petition, which friends of Indians warmly endorsed. Soon after his return to Washington, Mr. Leupp telegraphed to our Secretary, Mr. C. E. Kelsey, asking him to act as special agent, under the Indian Bureau, to continue the investigations which he had so skillfully begun. The offer was accepted, and for several months Mr. Kelsey has been in the field, traveling hundreds of miles through wild and inaccessible parts of our State, gathering statistics for a detailed report to the Commissioner, before the opening of Congress. He finds our previous statistics fully corroborated, and in some instances, larger bands than we had supposed, so that our estimate of nearly fourteen thousand Indians north of the Tehachapi is probably short of the facts. Sadly true, also, was our representation of their homelessness. One fine young Indian, about forty-five years old, industrious and respected in the community where he lived, told Mr. Kelsey that he had been *evicted seven times* from little homes he had made for himself. For the *eighth time*, he has cleared a bit of land, planted an orchard and built a cabin, and he told Mr. Kelsey that if he again saw a white man coming to rob him of his home, he would just cut down his trees. We hope to obtain an allotment grant to him for this latest home. In talking with some men in the Yosemite Valley regarding Indian allotments, and the impossible character of the land too often given, an Indian standing near said, looking up at the steep sides of El Capitan, "I'd like to have an allotment, but I suppose they would give me mine up on El Capitan."

Our original contention that there remains almost no Government land in California suitable for allotment, is fully substantiated, and we shall bend all our energies to induce the coming session of Congress to make adequate appropriation for the purchase of small holdings for our Indians, that the disgrace of their present homeless condition may no longer rest on the fair name of this land of the free. We may need to again ask the endorsements of the friends of Indians for a petition to Congress, and we are sure that the success already obtained, and the dire need for legislation will insure a hearty response.

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40
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Life

Elbridge Ayer Burbank

A PAINTER OF INDIAN PORTRAITS.

America has become of late years an important center for art, and those who have traveled all over the world return with perhaps an added solidity to their old work, with a relief to find something fresh and appealing in the subjects of their own native heath. The wild West especially has many natural attractions in its grandly romantic scenery and peoples and so cosmopolitan have our principal town centers become that artists with decided leanings can choose with ease their particular subject.

To become a great painter one must first *love* the work, revel in it and live in it gloriously and reverently, doing what the individuality of the artist demands of the moment. The grand aim to acquire a name is not thought of by the true genius—he assiduously applies himself to study the necessary requirements of technicality and pursues it to its finest point, when, lo and behold! as he plods and plods and tries and tries again for the perfection for which he aims, he finds himself in a coveted place and becomes famous.

A natural timidity and gentleness then pervades the being of such an artist. He has striven, not for the place he holds, but for the perfection of his ideal work in all its complete beauty, and he feels kindly toward a world who gives him the recognition he deserves.

Of such decided character is the work of E. A. Burbank, noted all over the country for his exquisitely beautiful red chalk drawings and oil paintings of the Indian. To attain such a distinctive style, all his own, Mr. Burbank has given his whole attention of late years to perfect this branch of art; lived among the different tribes and executed fine work especially of their men and women, with not a vestige of scenery to relieve the figure—just the fine minuteness of detail of the Indian's appearance, so strikingly beautiful that Mr. Burbank's work has become a distinctive mark in the art world and his productions quickly absorbed by connoisseurs. The reproduction by photograph of a red drawing of an Indian maiden, given in the fore part of this issue, does not wholly bring out all the fine points of this beautiful example of his style of work. The perfectness and richness cannot be realized except in the original. Mr. Burbank says:

“All Hopi girls when they are old enough to become married dress their hair same as in the drawing. It is supposed to represent a squash blossom. When they are married, the wheels are taken down and the hair is braided, each braid falls over each shoulder.”

Mr. Burbank was born in Harvard, Illinois, and began his art training in 1874 at the old Academy of Design in Chicago. He went to Munich in 1886, returning to Chicago in 1891, where he settled down to artist life, painting portraits and small genre pictures, which were characterized by great elaboration and careful finish.

About this time he began a series of studies of the negro, and treated them in many cases in a semi-humorous vein that was very popular. Some of his pictures, notably his “American Beauty”—a negro boy holding a splendid rose of the American beauty variety—were chromoed, and thousands were issued as Sunday paper supplements. He spent one winter near Nash-

ville, Tennessee, and painted the negro in all his simplicity of character and surroundings.

He was encouraged to take up the painting of Indians through the advice and patronage of his uncle, Mr. E. E. Ayer, the first president of the Field Columbian Museum, and an authority on Indian lore. The collection of books, original pictures, drawings and studies, as well as blankets and Indian objects belonging to and collected by Mr. Ayer, is without doubt the finest in America. This library of Indian Americana has been generously given to the Newberry Library by Mr. Ayer, who is also one of its trustees. Mr. Burbank's first trip was to Fort Sill, Oklahoma Territory; then north-west into the country of the Sioux, Cheyennes, Crows and Nez Perces. In 1897 and 1898 he has been among the Apaches, Moquis, Zunis, Utes and Navajos.

The next trip included the Pine Ridge Agency, where the Sioux are, then the Arapahoes, Osages and other Western tribes. He then came to California, but left for a long sojourn in Arizona, where he painted all the native chiefs. After securing a good representation of this tribe, Mr. Burbank returned to California, and is now in Southern California working on the Mission Indians. Mr. Burbank's work is widely known through his splendidly illustrated articles in many of the leading magazines of the country.

In the exhibition of the Society of Chicago Artists in 1893 he won the Yerkes Prize.

He exhibited ten of his Indian portraits in Philadelphia in 1897, and in the Paris Exposition of 1898 he exhibited one of his Indian heads, which received a great deal of notice and praise.

Mr. Burbank made firm friends among the Indians, and gained the privilege to places where no other white man has been allowed to go. He was initiated into one of their tribes and valiantly passed through the ordeal of all the trying ceremonies on that memorable occasion.

Mr. Burbank, who is tall and rather thin, possesses a decidedly strong personality, inclined to be sensitive, however, but a thoroughly kind-hearted and whole-souled good fellow to his friends.



Inconsistency or Fate

BETTIE LOWENBERG.

"I tell you," said Professor Bruner, "there is inconsistency in everything in life—from alpha to omega. Take the observations of the illustrious Goethe, 'All beginning is difficult,' says the proverb. Sure enough; no doubt, in a certain sense; but with more comprehensive truth one can say all beginning is easy; and the highest steps on the ladder are the most difficult to reach, and what is that but inconsistency?"

"Oh, well, now," replied his companion, Dr. Goddard, "let me quote one still more distinguished than your German metaphysician, who says to change one's opinion is not inconsistency. The eloquent Cicero says, 'I deem it no proof of inconsistency to regulate our opinions as we would a ship and a ship's course on a voyage, according to the weather which might be prevailing in the commonwealth.'"

"Why, my dear friend, you demonstrate it like a mathematical problem. What is inconsistency but a wavering of principle—mutability, tergiversation, a palinode, 'one foot in sea and one on shore.'"

"For heaven's sake, no more. Let me think of my examples."

"I do not need to think. Is education good for the masses?" And without waiting for an answer the professor continued: "To be sure, a grammar school education is an absolute necessity, lifting and bettering them, but let a higher education be disseminated over the world and it will breed discontent. Music, painting, singing and dancing demand leisure and money to cultivate, and are the accomplishments of the rich, yet these beauties and pleasures of life can be made available for the people without engendering dissatisfaction. Inventions—spinning-jenny for instance—first bring distress, and then abundance and comfort; time being required to adjust matters. The development and life of trade at one place are frequently the stagnation and death at another. The greatest characters have weaknesses. A communist rails at the rich, but no sooner has he come into possession of a little property than he cannot see any justice in division, but he is willing to have fewer hours constitute a day's labor and have wages increased; when he is proprietor, he does not see any feasibility in these concessions, and if by any possible means he could ascend a throne, his opinions would undergo a radical change again and for the nation's good he would become a despot."

"But, ah! some have been patriotic enough to refuse crowns."

"I do not believe that they were sure of them, or they were too wise and knew the temper of the times."

"Washington, the father of his country——"

"Hold! Washington, one of the best men who ever lived, and who, through his wisdom and patriotism gained political freedom for us, though anticipating the ultimate extinction of slavery, yet was a slaveholder. There, my friend, is an inconsistency. Besant says, 'Nature must have her little distractions and cannot abide forever to be trammelled with law and rule.' The peerless Shakespeare remarks, 'What is in a name?' A name is everything.

A man with a famous name at the head of an army is more than another regiment. The Hindus have the greatest regard for animals and they venerate the cow. I have read that 'No Hindus, even of the lowest caste, will kill a cow or even taste of its flesh. They will die with perfect resignation rather than violate this tenet of their religion, as has been frequently experienced on board the vessels on Indian seas, when all the provisions except salt beef have been expended.' They value life so highly that they will not tread on a worm, believing as they do, in metempsychosis, yet, India is the birth-place of the Thugs. Phrenology is a science which teaches us that certain impressions on the brain indicate the faculties and tendencies of the individual. In 1832 seven Thugs or Phunsigars were executed at Sangon. From the phrenological examination by Dr. Spry, it was found 'that destructiveness was not a predominant organ in any of them,' and yet they were murderers. See, my dear fellow, how inconsistency creeps in! Wit is golden, but 'Silence is divine and of heaven!' Montesquieu says, 'Happy the people whose annals are tiresome, and happy the people whose annals are filled with great events.' Who so independent in ideas as Americans, who care so little for titles as the Americans, who expend so many millions to buy titles as the Americans, who are as great snobs—Thackeray's definition—as the Americans? Who so proud to follow English customs and accent as the Americans and say 'It is the latest English, don't you know?' Everything is more or less paradoxical. Mary, of Orange, Queen of England, who was one of the most faithful, devoted and loving of wives, was an unnatural daughter."

"That under the circumstances was not to be avoided."

"Of course when resolved to do a thing and we allow our resolutions to melt away 'like ice before the sun,' we are to use Disraeli's expression—'the creatures of circumstances,'—an apology for everything. Honest poverty is recommended, but ignored, while dishonest wealth is condemned, but sought after. In work, age has the experience, but youth, the preference. Nearly every sentence is ambiguous. The Southerner's interpretation of the Bible was that God ordained slavery, and the Northerner's that God opposed it. Philologists say living languages are always changing, and man very often changes his religion on his deathbed. Religion is mutable, and it appears as if in different epochs people have different spiritual wants——"

"But," interrupted the doctor.

"'Man may come and go,
But the brook goes on forever.'"

"No," asserted the professor, "it will flow on until some convulsion of nature diverts it from its course or saps up its very life. Inconsistency ahead. Do you know, my dear friend, that this very inconsistency causes one to rush forward *nolens volens* to destruction? If you have time I should like to tell you a little story, which I know is true in every particular. Undoubtedly, some might call it fate, but I call things by proper names; a deviation from what we know is right is not destiny, but an infirmity of character, therefore, inconsistency."

The disciple of Æsculapius having a good deal of time at his disposal, readily consented to listen.

"Here, take a cigar," said the professor, "and make yourself comfortable. During the Franco-Prussian war, a young man named Borhaver, in the first year of his service in the Prussian army, being punished for some petty offense not harmonizing with his ideas of justice, strayed from his company. He was captured by the French and taken to France. Naturally, he did not relish the prospect of a long and dreary confinement, and, being at heart a rabid Prussian, he could not control his feelings, and denounced his captors in unvarnished language. Therefore the gallant sons of Gaul tightened his chains, until he came to the desperate conclusion to make an attempt to escape. In the endeavor he killed a sentry, was retaken and condemned to be guillotined. But the gods favored him. On the same day that he was to be executed, another prisoner for some transgression was condemned to ten years' confinement in a fortress. By a mistake of the jailers, Borhaver was led back to the cell of the latter and the latter was put to death in his place. The error was not discovered, and Borhaver was sent to the fortress. During the time of his imprisonment he never wrote to his friends—relatives he had none—and after serving his term, emigrated to America. There he assumed the name of Moreaux, and having learned to speak French fluently, was able to carry out the deception as a citizen of the republic—a republic built on the ruins of a kingdom and an empire. He went to San Francisco, California, became a naturalized citizen, amassed wealth and married a very intelligent girl of German parentage. Two sons were the fruits of this union, and they were apparently a happy family; the children bringing sunshine and gilding over any dark spots that appeared on their domestic horizon. The wife reposed great confidence in her husband, but occasionally something would intrude itself upon her mind as strange, and that was his decided aversion to leave the precincts of San Francisco. When her good, sturdy lads were aged fourteen and sixteen, respectively, accompanied by them she made several trips East, visiting the principal cities. She always returned enthusiastic over their visit and every time entreated her husband to come along, go further, and cross the ocean with her and the boys. He would say, 'Next time. Next time, my dear,' but stress of business or some other equally plausible pretext ever prevented him. 'Beyond the sea, no, never,' he would mentally exclaim. Never would he return to that hateful France where his life had been jeopardized, and where ten good, rich years of his manhood had been sacrificed. He shuddered at the very thought. Even for his beloved fatherland his passion had cooled. He had strayed from his company, too, and the Prussians, who are so literal in defining, might call it desertion. His adopted country had been indulgent to him; he owed her much; he would be grateful and never leave her shores. He went further, he would not leave San Francisco—he loved it with its hills, fogs, and winds—and to all his thoughts were supplemented the words, 'No, never.' He was vacillating in many ways, but in this he resolved to be adamant.

"Travel is distasteful to me, but I have a positive horror of the ocean. No, if you love me, Lena,' said Moreaux to his wife, when she was more

persistent than usual in her solicitations, 'never, never mention Europe again,' and he trembled, turned pale and glowered on her with rage. Observing his wife's trepidation at this unexpected outburst of passion, he exclaimed, 'Lena, forgive me, but when I remember what tribute I paid to Neptune when I crossed the Atlantic, I feel ill and faint, nay, strange as it may appear, it makes me angry.'

"Mrs. Moreaux instinctively felt a nameless dread, but kept her own counsel, and vowed never to mention 'travel' to him again.

"In the fall of the year, Lena's parents, who were well advanced in years, determined to go to Berlin to visit a married daughter, who had gone there to reside; also to drop a tear and plant a flower on the graves of some of their departed ones. Mrs. Moreaux was naturally much excited over the event. Not only was her mind filled with the treasures of the art galleries and glories of the old world of which she had heard so much, and whose beauties augmented in proportion as her opportunity of seeing them diminished, but she longed to behold her sister whom she had not seen in many years.

"The old folks departed and Lena drooped, grew morose and finally suspicious; not that she had the remotest idea of what, but simply that she intuitively felt that there must be something wrong and expressed herself to her sons that it was 'womanish to be afraid of sea-sickness and who knows what is back of it?'

"And Moreaux loving Lena with all the strength of a man who has no ties beyond his wife and children, argued with himself that there was nothing to fear. Borhaver was no more, he was guillotined and buried. Even the man who served ten long, weary years in the gloomy fortress was absorbed into Moreaux; and then a latent yearning for the home of his childhood grew upon him and impelled him forward as strongly as if he were assailed by a legion of devils, and he surrendered.

"'Lena, dear,' he cried, 'my love for you has conquered my horror of the ocean,' and he embraced her tenderly.

"Whether true or not, Lena was eager to accept it as a proof of his affection. The preparations for departure went on rapidly. Mr. Moreaux immediately telegraphed to his wife's relatives that they were coming and also to New York to secure steamer accommodations. He was in a ferment; his only cry was 'haste.' During the day he was all activity, in the night, he was disturbed with unpleasant dreams and often lay awake, mentally declaring he would not go, 'To let well enough alone,' but with the rising sun the struggle would be over, and would expedite matters with feverish intensity.

"Mrs. Moreaux, exhausted with the pleasant exertions of the day, would fall into a deep, but refreshing sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow, and would not awaken until her husband commenced to dress with his habitual noise.

"Finally they were off, and after a few weeks from the time of their leaving they were nicely quartered in a fine house 'unter den Linden,' surrounded by their loving relatives.

“‘Armer Tenfel,’ said Moreaux’s father-in-law, ‘how did you survive the sea sickness?’

“‘Why, bless your heart, father,’ cried Lena, ‘the dear tried ever so hard to keep up his reputation, but I was much the sicker of the two,’ and so she had been without feigning, and merrily the ball of talk kept flying from one to the other on the subject.

“All of a sudden Moreaux, who was facing the door, fell back half-fainting in his chair. When the others turned round, there in their midst stood a gendarme with a warrant in his hand—which he read—for the arrest of Borhaver as a deserter from the Prussian army. Terror and anguish kept them all silent, but after a moment Lena arose, and with beaming face, said proudly: ‘You are mistaken, my husband’s name is Moreaux, not Borhaver. He is a Frenchman and a naturalized American citizen, and owes no allegiance to your Emperor.’

“The gendarme came forward and placing his hand on Moreaux’s (or rather Borhaver’s shoulder, replied calmly, ‘The law will decide that Herr Borhaver, you are my prisoner.’

“‘You dare not lay hands on him,’ retorted Lena, springing forward like a tigress, but after one look at her husband’s drooping face, her rage turned into weakness and she sank fainting into her mother’s arms. When she returned to consciousness, her husband and her father were not there. Her mother, children and relatives were bending over her, endeavoring to soothe her with the words, ‘It must, must be a mistake.’

“Lena was soon seated beside her husband in prison and when he acknowledged his desertion from the Prussian army and taking another name, she reproached him for not telling her before how matters stood, but at the same time encouraged him, declaring it was only a question of international law; that she would immediately appeal to the American minister, who would speedily affect his release—that at the worst he would only have to serve out his term. Notwithstanding her brave exterior, her heart sank to zero and she repeatedly exclaimed, ‘Why did we leave our happy home; the golden shores of California?’ No word of censure escaped Borhaver’s lips, but his blood congealed at the touch of the cold, inexorable hand of the law.

“When Borhaver was alone he asked for pen, ink and paper—which were given him—and he wrote for hours. The packet was sealed and addressed to his wife. Next morning when the jailer entered his cell he was lying on his cot, stiff and cold. He had been dead an hour or more. It was long before the physicians could ascertain the cause of his death; ultimately they discovered the visible evidence of strychnine, which he had concealed on his person, under his nails.

“In the sealed packet, Borhaver told his wife all, knowing full well that the Argus-eyed police, which could pounce upon him after so long an absence, would investigate and trace everything. He was extremely sensitive about exposure, and apprehensive as to the result, so he committed suicide, hoping that death would atone for his sin and save his family from disgrace. Lena disposed of her effects in California through her agent, and with her

Concluded on Page 28.

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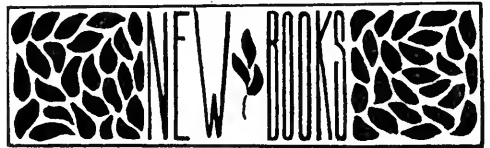
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—Scott.

101 Entrées

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Little Fables for Little Housekeepers. This is an ideal gift book for little folks just because every

story has a lesson *up its sleeve* and told in such an entertaining way as to attract the big folks too (by whom many a mental note will be taken.)

Mr. Nobody's Fault; Mr. Sunbeam's Visit; The Woes of Mr. Fly; Mr. Coalscuttle, are among the many alluring parables by Charlotte Grace Sperry, upon all of which is cast the light of Teddy Sunbeam's rays as pictured by Albertine Randall Wheelan, whose illustrations are dainty, unique and cleverly portray the subject. Printed throughout on a sunbeam's gold and well bound in beveled boards. Price, \$1.00 net; postage, 10 cents. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

The Soul of An Artist

Being an authorized translation from the Italian of Neera, by E. L. Muri-son, is announced for publication this month, by Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco. Suggestive slightly of Marie Bashkertsoff or Amiel, but original in conception and form "Anima Sola" has elicited since its appearance in Italy, as well as in Germany, the most conflicting criticism. Its appearance in English text will therefore be awaited with interest.

What of the Summer

What of the Summer, Heart,
If it be over,
Are not the Autumn fields
Fragrant with clover?
Corn with its husky sheath
Thrown open wide
Standeth the dusky red
Poppies beside;
Wind-blown the sky, where sailed
Fantasy's cloud;
Why do the grey dark mists
Thee, Heart, enshroud?
What of the Summer, Heart,
If it be over?

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**Woman's Opportunities in
California**

What women have done or may yet do in California to secure support for themselves is the theme of the October number of *For California*, the California Promotion Committee's magazine. A series of highly interesting articles by women who have done things sets forth the field open for independent, brilliant and energetic women in California. These articles have been written by women who have already made a success of their work in almost every out-door industry, describing picturesquely the experiences which many of them have had in achieving success, and giving directions for other women to follow in avoiding mistakes of ignorance.

There is also an article by Prof. W. E. Magee of the University of California, which is one of the most interesting in this symposium upon woman's occupations in California. The author shows how California's out-door life develops a girl of greater physique and strength than the girls of the East. In a table of carefully gathered figures the superior development of California's daughters is set forth. Thus, the strength of the back of a California girl is 178.5 lbs., while the Eastern girl averages but 130 lbs. This is typical of almost all these measurements. It is undeniable that

Inconsistency or Fate—Concluded.

parents, went to some distant land where they drifted into the great unknown."

"And, now," said the professor, "was that inconsistency or do you recognize occult influence as the Greeks and ancient Egyptians did, and call the weaving and snapping of the thread of life by Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, fate, which brought poor Borhaver to be his own executioner?"

"My dear Dominic, it was neither the one nor the other, but simply the love of the man for the woman, which caused his miserable ending. 'A woman,' says the proverb, 'is at the root of all evil,' and so say I," was the doctor's caustic reply.

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the out-door life of woman's occupations, made possible by the climate in California, is responsible for this superiority.

Nor is this found to be an uncongential life by those who have taken it up. Every woman who has written her article for the California Promotion Committee states that it has been a keen delight to carry on her occupation. It is a life that seems peculiarly fitted for women, a life of the open air amidst the beauty of nature. "To all it is not given to create pictures on canvas or to enrich literature. These are special gifts. But," continues this contributor, "who cannot plant a tree and make a picture against the sky?"

The Monthly Bulletin of Progress of the California Promotion Committee, just issued, gives authentic information as to California's wealth through the sale of her output of deciduous fruits, wines and timber for 1905, showing the millions of dollars that will be brought to the State. The wonderful commercial expansion of San Francisco is also graphically shown in the increase of her export business for the first nine months of the current year over the same period of 1904.

Climate in the Philippines

"No general statement can be made with any degree of accuracy concerning the effect of the Philippine climate upon an American; so much depends upon the constitution and character of the individual, the locality in the United States from which he comes—whether New England or Texas—the place in the Islands where he is to take up his residence, the work that he is going to follow, and the fact that he has or has not his family with him and is to be surrounded by the precau-



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tions and care of a good housekeeper. Home life and strength of character to do certain things, such as taking exercise, and to refrain from doing other things, such as overeating or exposing one's self to the sun, are the two prime conditions for a comfortable existence in the tropics. There is no doubt that from the first the hot months of April, May and June are generally trying to every American. The air at this time is steamy and sticky with the closeness and heaviness which we associate at home with a hothouse atmosphere. The so-called "Temperate months," again, afford no bracing change, and thus in time the never-ending summer debilitates one."—From *"The Philippine Islands,"* by President Fred W. Atkinson, and published by Ginn and Company, Boston.

The moment a man begins to think of his dignity, that moment he loses true dignity. Dignity of character arises from being habitually possessed by a high social ideal, which, of course, excludes all occupation with self. Self is always small.

Memory's Feast

I'm sittin' here in Northern ease
A eatin' baker's bread,
An' sayin' grace on by-gone meals
I ate when Southern fed—
Dear gumbo, wid red pepper hot,
Dear rice an' 'possum meat,
Dear smokin' hominy, rich corn-bread,
An' beaten biscuit sweet!

My, Lord! its fillin' jes' to think
'Bout nourishment like dat
An' I can eat in dreams until
I feels well-fed an' fat:
An' all de thanks I, tries to give
For dis here saw-dust bread,
Is jes' a grace to Memory—
When I was Southern fed!

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Shopping News

Velveta is a well-known article of standard excellence for the preservation of the skin and a beautifier. It is a luxurious addition to the toilet, perfectly harmless and at the same time a preventative of poison oak and other ills from the effect of the weather. Velveta is sold everywhere and from the inventor and manufacturer, Val. Schmidt, southwest corner Polk and Jackson Streets, San Francisco.

La Dormidera

The Bohm-Bristol Company, San Francisco, has just issued in due season for the holidays a charming illustrated booklet under the above title, which means the sleeper—the California poppy, which at sunset closes its petals and sleeps. This elegant flower is weaved into fanciful and exquisite designs and beautifully carried out in the decorations of gold brooches, pins, studs, links, watches, match and cigar cases, pocket-knives and flower vases, etc. All the illustrations are colored so that one can make a choice and order by mail just as if one were in the store to see them.

M. C. Ansbro, art collector and picture dealer; art galleries, 531 Sutter Street, San Francisco. This elegant store is replete with a magnificent colored prints, antique and modern, and an endless variety of large Rembrandt photographs. Many are suitably framed and exhibited in the proper light to bring out all their fine points.

A Seeress. Pierce the veil of the future and have your future read. 714 Leavenworth (near Sutter), S. F.

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Corresponding Secretaries

Time and Place of Meeting

Mrs. Heinrich Homberger, Sausalito, Cal. Mrs. Pollock.	Last Tuesday, Colonial. First Friday, 2 P. M., Golden Gate Hall.
Miss May E. McDougald.	Fourth Saturday, Sorosis Club.
Mrs. Chas. Wm. Moores, 1518 Larkin Street.	Tuesdays, 2:30 P. M., Y. M. C. A. Building. At call of President, Academy of Sciences. Second Friday, 2 P. M., Central Hall.
Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 852 Grove Street. Miss Cecile Rogers, Colonial. Mrs. Laura Bride Powers. Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 862 Grove Street. Mrs. L. M. Fletcher, 2217 Octavia Street. Miss S. P. Bartley, 72 Sixth Avenue.	Second and fourth Thurs., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall. First Monday, 2 P. M., Parlors Unitarian Chch. Second and fourth Tuesdays, Cal. Club-Rooms.
Mrs. H. Chase, 1208 Clay Street.	Second and fourth Mon., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall.
Mrs. Wm. Ruthrauff, 1219 Jones Street. Miss E. S. Ryder, 1614 Scott Street. Mrs. Geo. T. Phelps, 116 Devisadero Street.	Second and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P.M., 2668 Mission. First and 3d Mon., 3 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall
Mrs. Halloran. Mrs. H. E. Thompson, 1405 Van Ness Avenue.	Second Tuesday, Utopia Hall. First Monday, 3 P. M., 1620 California Street.
Miss Josephine Feusier, 1027 Green Street.	Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street.
Mrs. H. Alferitz, 2299 Jones Street.	At call of President, 1825 California Street.
Mrs. M. E. Perley, 207 Post Street.	Third Monday, 3:30 P. M., 231 Post Street.
Mrs. Nathaniel Blaisdell, 3243 Washington St.	First and third Wed., 3 P.M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. C. McL. Mason, 1123 Pine Street.	Second Tuesday, 2:30 P.M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. Josephine Martin, 2052 Fell Street.	Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street. Second and 4th Mon., 2:30 P. M., 1433 Bush St.
Mrs. C. W. Moores, 1544 Larkin Street. Mrs. Francis E. Randall, 1915 Baker Street. Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first St. Mrs. I. B. R Cooper.	Fridays, 2:30 P. M., 1308 California Street. 2d and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P. M., members' homes.
Mrs. A. E. Buckingham.	First Tuesday, 8 P. M., Chapel of Calvary Chch.
Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty, Hotel Pleasanton.	Second Wednesday, Philomath Hall, 1433 Bush.
Mrs. W. J. Golden, 712 Cole Street. Mrs. F. G. Bruker, 1627 Hayes Street Mrs. Peer Tiffany, 1721 Lyon Street.	First and third Tues., 10 A.M., members' homes. First and third Mondays, 2 P. M., Utopia Hall. Last Saturday, 2:30 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall.

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The Third Annual Exhibition of the Guild of Arts and Crafts will be held in the Red Rooms of the Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco 00 00 December 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1905

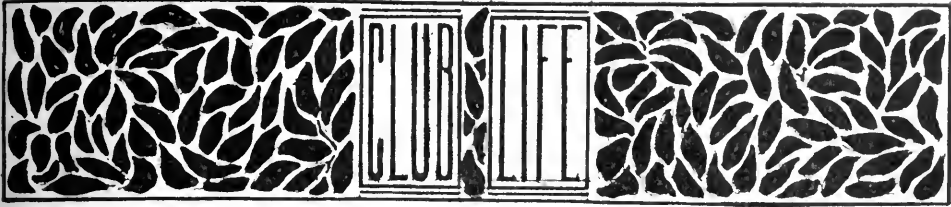




XCVIII.

From the
Rubaiyat.
Illustration by
Adelaide
Hanscom.

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate!



Vol. 4

December, 1905

No. 4

The Greatest Common Factor

BY HELEN BINGHAM.

Napoleon uttered a great truth when he said "Imagination rules the world."

There are a class of materialists who readily confute this wise assertion by spouting the old saying that "facts are stubborn things." Granting this to be partially true, it would be well to remember that before the fact, came the idea which produced it. What are ideas but actions in embryo—facts in imagination.

The Little General amply convinces us of the perspicuity of his remark as witnessed in his own career. Did he not lay siege, march and counter-march his army and win his battles in his head before a single soldier was on the field?

The men with the greatest imagination are the men who rule the world. They are the statesmen who see the war clouds which would destroy the nation's peace, long before they appear above the horizon; and seeing, they often avert the evil before the people realize their danger. They are the weather prophets of the nation.

The force of imagination does not alone deal with the heads of nations, it pervades many walks in life.

The financiers, or money-kings of the world are also examples of imagination put to use.

John Jacob Astor saw beneath the fur of the Oregon beaver, not the animal itself, but bright American dollars; seeing this, he organized the Pacific Fur Company, through which he amassed great wealth.

While on a visit to the Kimberley mines, Cecil Rhodes conceived the idea of making a monopoly of the diamond industry by consolidating all the mines and limiting the output. He interested the Rothschilds in his scheme, and the De Beers consolidated mines were the outcome. They have been earning annual dividends of almost 50 per cent, and more than four hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds have been placed on the market.

That the greatest inventions have been the product of imagination is undeniably true. For it was while repairing a model of Newcommen's crude steam-engine that James Watt formed the plan of his own stupendous invention. He saw in imagination the utility of steam-power and began to work out his ideas.

On all sides today are visible the mighty applications of his achievement; for steam navigation, railways, automatic factory labor, steam printing, mining and hundreds of other arts have been brought to their present state by means of Watt's conception.

Emerson gives us a good illustration of the power of imagination when he says:

"A feeble man can see the farms that are fenced and tilled, the houses that are built. The strong man sees the possible houses and farms."

And this faculty, this power of imagination, which amasses the fortunes of the rich together with the fame of statesmen and warriors, is an element which is shared, though in a less degree, by the bulk of mankind and is an acknowledged promoter of every workingman's future.

The laborer who possesses a small amount of imagination will anticipate the wishes of his employer; and his employer soon comes to depend more and more on this man, for his quick perceptions separate him from his fellow-workmen. Gradually his employer advances him to some higher position; for the man who does a thing before he is told, is too valuable a man to employ at breaking stone; he is more in place over the men who break the stone.

Nature has a different aspect for the person possessing imagination. Scenes which would otherwise seem commonplace and ordinary, are clothed with historic interest, poetry and reminiscence.

A dull, rainy day is made pleasant to the one who sees not only the muddy, uninviting streets, but also the rain falling on some dry hillside or meadow in the country, where the young grass is nourished and thrives, and where later the wild flowers spring and bloom.

The wind to the unimaginative man is merely noted for the annoyance it causes him. He fumes as it blows him along the crowded thoroughfares and around some particularly obstreperous corner, and lo, if his hat is blown off, the wind is rebuked with some unpleasing epithets.

How vastly different are the sentiments of the man whose imagination carries him above these petty disturbances.

While he acknowledges that it is unpleasant to walk in a strong wind, still, behind the personal annoyance which the wind causes him, he sees the good these same ill-reputed winds do for the millions in our crowded cities: blowing away the odors, cleansing the city of its microbes and noxious gases, and leaving in their wake health and purity, while taking with them pestilence and disease.

Reasoning thus, he blesses the summer trade winds and breathes long and deep in his enjoyment.

The San Francisco District Convention, held at the California Club House, November 13th, was one of the most successful and interesting in its history. A vast amount of work was disposed of and plans formulated for the future by this able body of progressive women. The attendance was large and Mrs. F. W. Gorham at this, the first convention under her reign, lived up to her reputation for efficiency acquired as President of the Vallejo Improvement Club.

Laurel Hall Club gave one of its notable receptions in honor of Mrs. Isaac Roberts, née Dorothea Klümpke, a San Franciscan by birth, a daughter of J. R. Klümpke, one of our pioneers, and widow of J. R. Roberts, F. R. S. She is here for astronomical research relating to her husband's life work—the photographing of celestial bodies, stars, star clusters and nebulae, a branch in which he was a pioneer. While here Mrs. Roberts will devote herself mainly to manuscript, but on her return to Paris will continue the micrometric investigations of the negatives left unfinished by her husband's death, Mrs. Roberts having an absorbing ambition to preserve to science the results of his years of work and study in his observatory at Starfield Crowbrough, in Sussex. Doctor Roberts was the inventor of the pantograver. It was designed by him and constructed under his direction by Adam Hilger.

Mrs. Roberts holds an official position in the Paris Observatory, where she was a student for fourteen years previous to her marriage, and is eminently fitted to complete her husband's work. Her student days and later life has been spent in an environment thoroughly suited to the development of her natural strong tendencies to astronomical research, and the advantages of association with the most learned men in the field of astronomy have left their impress on this brilliant woman.

Mrs. Roberts' headquarters are in the studio of the famous artist, Rosa Bonheur. The beautiful old homestead, Chateau Rosa Bonheur, was bequeathed to Miss Anna Klümpke, Mrs. Roberts' sister, who was a friend and co-worker of the artist. Miss Klümpke now occupies it with her mother and sisters, who are exceptionally clever, as a physician, a violinist, an artist and an astronomer, all in one family of girls certainly testifies.

Mrs. Roberts will give an afternoon this month to the Laurel Hall Club, and on that occasion will tell how she came to study astronomy and make it her life work.

CHARLOTTE E. FRANK.

The Mills Club reception at the Century Club, in honor of the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, who claims every member of this delightful club as "one of my girls" (for it is composed exclusively of Mills' graduates banded together to keep aglow the spirit of that institution), was a beautiful expression of loving remembrance and appreciation of the founder of their alma mater.

A Sale Place for Woman's Work

Just at this season the faint jingle of Kris Kringle's bells causes us to count up our Christmas pile (which is always painfully less than our desires). It is with pleasure, therefore, that we hear Hale Bros. have agreed to handle all sorts of acceptable things that women can make that are good to eat—from bread to angels' food. By this means women can make a little money, and at the same time make it possible for the dyspeptic to have home cooked food. All such efforts for the broadening of the opportunities of the home-making house-wife are to be commended.

Any woman who makes delicious foods can place the same for sale with Hale Bros., who have very kindly arranged a sales department for such at the nominal cost of ten per cent, to help cover expenses, and without the imperative dues of \$3 a year, demanded by the Woman's Exchange.

P. C. W. P. A.

The past month was a particularly interesting and profitable one to the members of the Press Association.

At the close of the regular business meeting, held Monday, October 23rd, the members directed their thoughts to the regions of the Klondike, under the able guidance of Mrs. Mary Hart. Mrs. Hart spent some time in the far north and her graphic description of the life and customs of those people among whom she mingled, left much to be remembered. The author read a most pathetic and forcible story of a young man whose death occurred soon after she had settled in that strange yet interesting land. Mrs. Hart is a woman of strong sympathies; her stories are so graphically and delightfully told that she holds the interest of her readers to an intense pitch, at the same time imparting that wholesomeness which characterizes her style.

On the second Monday in November, the Association threw open its doors and invited its friends to meet Miss Geraldine Bonner, California's gifted writer. As a writer of short stories Miss Bonner ranks among the best. "Hard Pan," her first book, teems with local colorings, and as the distinguished novelist has planned a winter's sojourn in San Francisco, we naturally look forward expectantly for more good things from her pen. Westerners claim Miss Bonner, for here she has spent much of her time, and her writings breathe of the Western atmosphere.

Her books, "The Pioneer" and "Tomorrow's Tangle," have brought to the author the success which her ability deserves. In appearance Miss Bonner is quiet and retiring and she comes to us modestly wearing the laurels which she has earned.

A delightful musical program was arranged for this reception, which was under the supervision of Mrs. Marriner Campbell. A soprano solo by Mrs. Kippel Shafter opened the afternoon program. Her selections, "Romeo's Ladder," Chadwick; and "Wiegenlied," Ries, were given with a buoyancy and brilliancy of tone.

Miss Leslie Arden, the new contralto soloist of Trinity Episcopal Church, gave two delightful songs in her own inimitable way. "Fruhlingszeit," her first selection, was rendered with warmth, while "Venice" was in direct contrast with its delicacy and fineness. Miss Arden returns to San Francisco after a course of study in New York City.

Two selections were also given by Miss Grace Marshall, in which she displayed the rich, soft quality of her voice.

After this trio of delightful singers, several clever readings were given by Mrs. Jean D'Rell, a member of the Chicago Press League.

This excellent program, which afforded the members and their guests so much genuine pleasure, was in the hands of Mrs. W. C. Morrow and the President, Mrs. Abbie Krebs.

Mrs. Clare O. Southard, who so ably represents the Press Committee, by her well written articles, is at present in Los Angeles.

JOSEPHINE A. MARTIN, Secretary.

The Outdoor Art League, as a department of the California Club continues its activities along the lines chosen in former years. The department has again been requested to use its influence towards securing the passage of a "Bill granting to the State of California five percentum of the net proceeds of the cash sales of public lands in said State." The above-named percentage has been accorded to every State in the Union selling public lands. The money thus recovered has been used for educational purposes. California alone has never received a cent from the sale of her public lands and the Outdoor Art Department proposes to use its efforts towards passing the above-named measure, that the State may collect at least one-half of the money due it by the Government, and the League hopes from a part of this sum to establish a School of Forestry at the University of California.

A number of years ago the rocky cliffs about Alcatraz Island were adorned with the common old-fashioned nasturtium, whose yellow gleam could be seen from afar. The League decided to attempt to again beautify the island.

A correspondence was opened with Major G. W. McIver, who is in command at the island, and the result was that a committee of ladies from the department was invited to visit Alcatraz and offer suggestions relative to the sowing of nasturtium seeds and to the re-arrangement of plants already growing on the island. The committee made a donation of seeds and Major McIver promises to see that all necessary work of caring for the plants be attended to.

The League suggested at the late session of the State legislature that a joint resolution be passed urging President Roosevelt to instruct the Postmaster General to retain in their original form the old Spanish names given to the cities, towns and villages of California. The resolution was unanimously passed, and since that time the League has been actively carrying on a campaign against abbreviating the beautiful word "San Francisco" into the common, vulgar word, "Frisco."

A leaflet containing the sentiments expressed by our most prominent people upon this subject will be issued at once and will be widely distributed on the Pacific Coast, and in New York City, where the corruption of the word San Francisco is said to prevail. MRS. LOVELL WHITE, *Chairman.*

Ladies' Auxiliary B. and A. U.

One of the social events of the season was the Red Luncheon, at the Occidental Hotel, at which Mrs. G. Alexander Wright and the Misses Wright, of Alameda, were the hostesses. The lunch was complimentary to the old and new directorate of the Woman's Auxiliary of the British and American Union. Mrs. Wright is the president of the Auxiliary. Music by a Ladies' String Orchestra greatly added to the pleasure of the occasion. The guests were: Mrs. F. W. D'Evelyn and Mrs. Alfred E. Acklom, of Alameda; Mrs. W. E. Stevens and Mrs. Calland, of Vallejo, and Mrs. J. Appleton, of Sydney, N. S. W.

Corona Club has had two exceptionally fine meetings during November. The feature of the first, on Thursday, Nov. 9th, was an exceedingly interesting and instructive lecture on "A New Way of Dealing with the Children of the Slums," by Hon. H. W. Weinstock, a graphic account of his visit to the George Junior Republic, near Freeville, in the State of New York, and a vivid picture of the life there, and how the boys and girls, taken from the gutters of the slums, are taught the necessity and dignity of labor, respect of law, the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. This colony, situated on a farm of 250 acres, supported by voluntary subscriptions, is our great American Republic in miniature, having all the officers, courts, and institutions of the United States Government. Their motto is "Nothing Without Labor," which is stamped upon their money. The founder, Mr. George, had in his mind the supreme idea of character building, implanting in the minds of these slum children the qualities that will make them a credit instead of a curse to their country.

The music of the afternoon consisted of vocal solos by Miss Ada V. McDonnell and Mrs. C. K. W. Gilbert, Mrs. Inman at the piano.

The second meeting, Thursday, Nov. 23rd, had for its subject, "Prominent American Women." The opening number was a violin solo by Master Forest Cobb, son of Corona's President, Mrs. Frances Cobb. Next came current events, by the club, followed by Mrs. Robert Orton Moody, President of the Local Council of Women, who gave a talk on one line of work taken up by the council. She called it "The Socialization of the Schoolhouse," meaning the use of the schoolhouse at other times besides teaching hours, for such purposes as vacation schools, and play grounds, school gardens, gymnasiums, and evening entertainments. She clearly showed that San Francisco is far behind other cities in these matters and needs to be aroused. The subject for the afternoon's discussion was taken up by Mrs. Norman H. Martin in her paper entitled "Some Literary Women," followed by Mrs. W. H. Dalton on "Philanthropic Women." Then the club gave anecdotes and quotations. Miss Amy Peterson rendered a piano solo, followed by an amusing scene enacted by Miss Sibyl Marston and Miss Alma Ward, after which Corona adjourned until December.

MRS. CLIVE A. BROWN, Historian.

The Doctor's Daughters' production of the "Merchant of Venice," at the Majestic, on the evening of December 18th, and the afternoon following, is already an assured success. Whenever the D. D's. have found it necessary to appeal to the public for help in their noble charity they have met with ready and enthusiastic response, and on this occasion, as of old, the generous-hearted have unclasped their purses with a will, and boxes and seats are selling at a rate that makes Miss McEwen, Miss Blair and every Doctor's Daughter glow with satisfaction.

Mr. Richard Hotaling, as Shylock; Miss Hilda Clough, Portia; Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Jessica; as well as other clever people in the cast assure an artistic success. Mr. Hotaling is furnishing all the costumes and in various ways giving valuable aid in the furtherance of this good cause. Tickets on sale at Sherman & Clay's or may be obtained from any of the Doctor's Daughters.

The California State Floral Society, in conjunction with the Pacific Coast Horticultural Society, held a grand fall flower show at the Ferry Building on the 9th, 10th and 11th of November, instead of the usual monthly meeting. The display of chrysanthemums by the florists and growers was unusually fine. Very few amateur exhibits were made. There was one of chrysanthemums, however, made by Mrs. T. Sachan, of San Leandro, worthy of more than passing notice. Many of the flowers were equal to the finest in the exhibition.

Mme. Ellen Coursen Roeckel also made a good showing of general garden flowers for the time of the year. The carnations of John H. Sievers were very magnificent and never before equaled. The barge of flowers made by Frank Pelicano of pink roses, lilies of the valley and maiden hair ferns, was very beautiful, and won the fine silver vase offered by the growers. The whole exhibition was good and the large attendance proved how much the efforts of the State Floral Society in promoting floriculture is appreciated.

La Puerta Del Oro Chapter, D. A. R.

The regular monthly meeting was held at the hospitable home of Mrs. George F. Bowman, 2460 Union Street, on Tuesday, November 14th. The day was fine and the popularity of the hostess was proven by the large attendance. Mrs. John F. Swift, vice-president-general of the National Board, was present. Three new members were proposed. The election of delegates to the National Chapter Congress was postponed until next meeting.

It was unanimously resolved to unite with the other State Chapters in purchasing a flag or pennant for the cruiser California.

A very interesting paper was read by Mrs. Helen C. Huße, on "A Visit to Egypt."

Reports were made by treasurer and corresponding secretary. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. John F. Swift, 824 Valencia Street, on the second Tuesday of December.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU,

Recording Secretary.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, mother of Professor Duniway, sister of Ben Scott of Oregon, and a prominent woman of her State, to whom the compliment of a special day at the Lewis and Clarke Exposition was paid, was the guest of Mrs. Joseph Wells, on Scott street, during her stay here. Her presence was eagerly sought at all the clubs. She is a splendid woman; abreast of the times, wide-awake on all movements for the betterment of the world, therefore a club woman and a strong advocate of equal rights. One of the notable social functions in honor of Mrs. Duniway was an elaborate dinner given by Mrs. Austin Sperry, whose ideas are in accord, and energies allied with, Mrs. Duniway for woman's enfranchisement. Mrs. Duniway's visit here was all too brief, say the Susan B. Anthony Club members, before whom she spoke just prior to her departure for her home in Portland, and we are all of the same opinion.

Forum Club

The closing number of the November program was the splendid annual reception. Several hundred guests, representing the various women's clubs on both sides of the bay, were present. They were received by the President, Mrs. Frank F. Fredericks, assisted by the founder of the club, Mrs. Frank L. Whitney, the Vice-Presidents, Mrs. B. N. Rowley, Mrs. J. R. Hanify and Mrs. I. L. Flood; the Secretaries, Mrs. J. T. Scott and Miss Josephine Feusier, and the Treasurer, Mrs. W. R. P. Clark, and by the Past Presidents, Mrs. Martin Regensberger, Mrs. E. G. Denniston and Mrs. Henry Payot; also by the reception committee composed of Mrs. J. Homer Fritch, Mrs. F. H. Sisson, Mrs. J. W. Pew, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. S. E. Knowles, Mrs. J. D. Hodgen, Mrs. George Leviston, Mrs. Oscar Weber, Mrs. J. H. Hendy, Mrs. Joseph Martin, Mrs. C. W. Coburn and Mrs. Tiley L. Ford, a body of women distinguished for social brilliancy. The reception rooms were most effectively decorated. The regal yellow chrysanthemum at this season in the fulness of its glory combined in luxuriance with a profusion of forest greens wrought the club colors, green and gold, most strikingly. Mrs. John H. Gilmore, a popular and efficient member of the club, had the decorations in charge, and the beautiful results of her skill and taste elicited the warmest praise from the gorgeously gowned assemblage of members and guests. A string orchestra furnished the music.

To Kalon

The members and guests of To Kalon were most delightfully entertained on the afternoon of November 7th. Miss Sheppard rendered several piano solos, and Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson gave a most instructive and interesting lecture on "Fra Angelico."

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Contemporary Club

At their rooms in California Club House, Contemporary Club held their regular meeting the second Monday in November, the 14th, Mrs. C. H. Ward, presiding. The regular business of the day was disposed of, followed by parliamentary class drill, led by Miss Fairbrother.

The program of the day consisted of music and a paper on San Francisco, 1849-1904.

An opening solo, "The Forget-Me-Not," and one to close, "All Things Beautiful Love Her," were sweetly rendered by Mrs. W. B. Hunt, with Miss E. J. Boole as accompanist. The paper on "San Francisco," given by Mrs. Malloye, was a comprehensive though necessarily microscopic view of the city of our loves and hopes, from the day when men who wrought for San Francisco wrought for gold, to these days when men and women, too, are working still for San Francisco as worked the brave men of her Mission days, for love and for the fulfillment of their dreams of her,—

"When art shall raise and culture lift
Her sensual joys and meaner thrift,"

and that the "all-fulfilled vision," which her early poet with prophetic eye saw, may come to pass.

An artistically and financially successful concert was given by the members on November 10th, at California Club House, to swell the funds for the further accomplishment of the good work of the club.

MAY C. MALLOYE, *of Press Com.*

Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C.

The regular business meeting was held at the usual hall, Mrs. Smythe in the chair. Reports from the State Convention, recently held at Riverside, were read and the appointments of Mrs. Stephens as District President, Mrs. Churchill as Registrar and Mrs. Jones of this chapter Corresponding Secretary, were well received. Mrs. Montgomery, the retiring President, was given a silver cup. The regular business of the meeting then followed and an invitation to see the donation of a flag, torn and rent in the late war, to the Berkeley parlor of the Native Sons, was acted on. The absence of the President was noticeable, but the parliamentary manner in which Mrs. Smythe presided made all amends that could be for her failure to report.

The resignation of Mrs. Berlin from the musical part of the entertainment committee created so many regrets that it was declined, and Mrs. Berlin persuaded to hold the matter in abeyance. A letter was read from one of the executive officers of the U. D. C., speaking in glowing terms of her visit to this city, the recollection of which will be lasting.

A new novel, by Mrs. Selph of Nashville, the title of which is "Texas," and which has received the best endorsements, was intrusted to the historian, with instructions to use a generous share out of each sale for the benefit of the chapter.

The meeting then adjourned, when a social with refreshments followed.

VIRGINIA B. HILLIARD.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLUB NEWS

BY BESSIE BEATTY.

"Home Making" at State Congress of Mothers

A symposium on "Home Making," given at the annual meeting of the State Congress of Mothers and Child Study Circles, called forth scathing criticism of the conditions which tend to the disintegration of the home.

The evils of the easy divorce, and the cheap vaudeville theatre were pointed out as two of the causes, by Mrs. J. B. Millard, the president of the humane society.

Miss Mary Foy criticised the ill-manners of the young men of the present day, declaring that when a young man will sit in a street car while a woman stands, there must be something wrong in the homes.

All the speakers declared that the remedy must be found in the homes. The meeting was held in the Woman's Club House and one of the important features of the day was the discussion of plans for the conference of the National Congress, to be held in Los Angeles next May.

Mrs. W. W. Murphy was re-elected president and the other officers who will serve another term are Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, first vice-president; Mrs. C. P. Squires, second vice-president; Miss Harriet M. Scott, third vice-president; Mrs. J. H. Francis, recording secretary; Miss Mary Ledyard, corresponding secretary; Mrs. W. A. Varcoe, treasurer; Mrs. Chalmers Smith, auditor; Mrs. W. J. Washburn, regent.

To Occupy New Home

The Ebell Club members have once more been doomed to disappointment and the beautiful new club house which they expected to occupy the 1st of November, was, after the manner of club houses, still in an unfinished condition.

Ebell women have, however, adopted the old adage so that they believe even if anticipation is not greater than realization, it is at least good. They will enjoy the new building all the more for having to wait for it.

By the first Monday in December the home will be completely furnished and there will be a great house warming, when Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, president of the building association, and Mrs. Frank King, president of the Club, will receive general congratulations.

Friday Morning Club

The Friday Morning Club has organized a building committee, and the twenty-one members of it are "doing" real estate these days. All are looking for a suitable site for the new home, and several options have been secured.

Fine Arts Building Assured

Under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Housh, president of the Ruskin Art Club, the Fine Arts Building Association completed organization just before the close of November.

The association which will draw its membership from the women of the southwest will begin soon the erection of a permanent art gallery to be the nucleus of a series of galleries. The association starts out with bright prospects. Madame Ida Hancock has given \$10,000 to build the first gallery and

promises if that sum is not sufficient, as much more will be added. Other women of Los Angeles have contributed generously and the plan bids fair to succeed even beyond the early hopes of the originators.

Mrs. W. H. Housh was elected president and Mrs. J. W. Hendrick, first vice-president. The other officers are: Second vice-president, Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart; third vice-president, Madame Ida Hancock; fourth vice-president, Mrs. Charles N. Flint; recording secretary, Mrs. S. S. W. Carver; corresponding secretary, Mrs. George Jordan; treasurer, Mrs. R. L. Craig; auditors, Mrs. George H. Wadleigh, Mrs. W. J. Washburn and Mrs. F. E. Trask.

The Treble Clef Club

The Treble Clef Club, the society women's musical club of Los Angeles, held election of officers late in November, and Mrs. Mary J. Schallert was elected to succeed Mrs. William John Scholl, who has served the Club for several years, with untiring energy as president.

Mrs. Scholl is called upon to furnish the musical programs for almost every club meeting and convention held in Los Angeles, and her contributions are always an important feature.

Early in December the Club will be heard in concert.

Club Women at Flower Show

The women of the Outdoor Art League of the Civic Association served on the reception committee at the autumn flower show held recently, and the women assisted by many of the prominent women of other clubs, presided at the refreshment booths.

Pasadena Shakespeare Club

The Pasadena Shakespeare Club is preparing to entertain the Los Angeles District Federation, of which Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant is president, at the meeting in December. The new home of this club will be exhibited with pride by Mrs. W. D. Turner, the Pasadena president, and other leading women.

Returns from the North

Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, has returned from San Francisco, where she went to attend the meeting of the San Francisco District Federation. Mrs. Cowles gave an address before the Federation and was also guest of honor at a reception given at the California Club.

Wednesday Morning Club

Members of the Wednesday Morning Club, of which Mrs. Phillip Gerhardt is president, have been indulging in social festivities during the month and a card party given at the home of Mrs. R. C. P. Smith was a departure from the usual line of study.

The Consumers' League, a branch of the Los Angeles Civic Association, has sent out a plea to women to do their Christmas shopping early that the clerks may be spared unnecessary strain.

Shop early in the day, early in the week and early in the month, is the advice of the leaders. Mrs. B. R. Boynton of this league has spoken before many of the clubs, bringing them this message.

How the World was Painted

An Indian Legend of the Way the Spring Came into the World.

Once, long before there were men in the world, all the earth was covered with snow and ice.

White and frozen lay the rivers and the seas; white and frozen lay the plains. The mountains stood tall and dead, like ghosts in white gowns. There was no color except white in all the world except in the sky, and it was almost black. At night the stars looked through it like angry eyes.

Then God sent the spring down into the world—the spring with red lips and curling yellow hair.

In his arms he bore sprays of apple blossoms and the first flowers—crocus, anemones, and violets, red, pink, blue, purple, violet and yellow.

The first animal to greet the spring was the white rabbit. The spring dropped a red crocus on his head, and ever since then all white rabbits have red eyes.

Then the spring dropped a blue violet on a white bird, the first bird to greet the spring, and that is the way the bluebird was made. Ever since then it is the first bird to arrive when the spring comes down from heaven.

So the spring went through the world. Wherever he tossed the leaves from his fragrant burden, the earth became green. He tossed the blossoms on the frozen seas and the ice melted and the fish became painted with all the tints of his flowers. That is the way the trout and the minnows and the salmon became gaudy.

Only the high mountains would not bow to the spring. So their summits remain white and dead, for they would let the spring paint only their sides.

The snow owls and the white geese and the polar bears fled from the spring, so they, too, remain white to this day.—*Selected.*

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TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Club
Life

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

FOURTH LECTURE, DUTIES OF OFFICERS—*Continued.*

A Secretary is the most important officer of the organization, if we make a possible exception of the Treasurer. The Secretary should keep a correct account of all business done at the meeting. All motions voted upon should be carefully recorded by the Secretary and the final result stated. Motions lost or carried, laid on the table, referred to a committee or postponed. I am frequently asked if a Secretary should keep account of motions that are not carried. Some of the most important business done is when a society refuses to vote a majority in favor of some measure that it believes should be defeated.

A Secretary should always omit all sorts of adjectives. She may note that applause was prolonged, or any other thing that actually takes place, but she has no right to say it was a fine speech, for it may be a mistake on her part, and she is not there to write down her opinions. A Secretary should carefully note the amount of money on hand as reported by the Treasurer, at each meeting. If she cannot write a motion because it is complicated, she may require the member to hand it to her in writing. She should suggest all unfinished business to the President, and all new business that has been mentioned.

She should address the chair and the members before beginning to read her report.

There is no office that requires the pains and regard to detail like that of Treasurer. Any woman who is careless, and puts things off, should never undertake to be Treasurer. A society has the right to know exactly how much cash is available, just what every cent has been spent for, and that nothing has been spent except upon the authority of the society, or those delegated to attend to the matter. In some societies the Treasurer must collect the money in addition to keeping it and paying it out upon the written order of the President, signed by the Secretary. When that is the case, she requires another kind of ability, besides that mentioned. It hurts no society to keep a competent Treasurer in office for many terms. It is better to "rotate" the other offices, but if a woman proves herself an efficient and willing Treasurer, elect her just as many times as she will accept, and express your appreciation of her services on all possible occasions. If the money is considerable, she will of course keep a bank book. If the amount is trivial, she will be her own banker and in either case, the experience is valuable for a thoughtful woman.

The Corresponding Secretary should write letters to outsiders, as indicated by vote of the organization. She should promptly answer every letter received, saying that the matter would be taken up by the club at its first

meeting, if it is of such nature that she cannot reply on her own account. She should always be as cordial and polite as possible, even more so, if any difference, than in her personal affairs. Nothing gives an organization such good standing as a prompt, business-like Corresponding Secretary, who never puts anything off.

In many organizations the auditors are officials, although they are sometimes called standing committee. A great deal depends on the auditors, if a club is large and has important financial dealings. The auditors may take charge of the Treasurer's books whenever ordered to do so by the officers of the society, if there is any reason to suppose that the Treasurer, either alone or in collusion with other officials is dishonest, or disposed to use the funds for any purpose whatever, not actually voted by the club.

The officers, with one or more members of the club should be an executive board, with powers to transact all routine business of the organization, so that the body itself may be what its nature implies—a deliberative assembly. Not to do the work, but to determine what the work shall be. This is too frequently reversed, and the Directors tell the club what they have determined to do. This is wrong. The Directors should be the executive body; the club itself should have the larger and more important task of setting the ideals and the task or work for itself. When women learn to do this, then the full measure of good may result to them from their clubs.

The next lecture will be on duties of members.

The Spirit That Succeeds

Achievement is less a matter of natural ability and external circumstance than of the habitual mental attitude.

Success, happiness and accomplishment of all kinds are born of confidence, buoyancy and faith. Discontent, self-distrust and hesitancy are all cankers, eating into every part of life and destroying force and perfection at every point.

There is a peculiar potency in belief in one's own power. This need have no element of egotism in it, only a steadfast truth in one's self. Yet, even childish self-conceit is better than weak depreciation of self and the palsied muscle resulting.

To believe in one's own success, to think and act always with confident assurance that it is possible to do anything and all things that one desires to do—such an attitude buoys up the spirit, sends the currents of energy and skill pulsing through the body, and makes the maximum of accomplishment possible.

There is nothing of this nature that will make hard work unnecessary. But hard work, vivified by the electric current of faith and triumphant confidence, will be multiplied in effect as if by magic.

The course of lectures by Professor Zueblin, given under the auspices of the California Club, is wielding a forceful influence, destined to be far reaching in results.

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MÄDDERN

The dramatic section of the California Club will meet the first Thursday in December, to read a dramatization of a short story by Joseph Conrad, called "Tomorrow."

Something About Conrad.

Conrad's real name is Joseph Conrad Korzeniowski. He was born in Poland in 1856. He acquired French and his native tongue in infancy, but the English (which he uses with such marvelous skill) he did not know a single word of until his nineteenth year.

The spirit of the nomad awoke in him early, and, in this age, the sea, the great highway which leads men up and down the world, speedily claims for its own men who have in them the itch of travel. In 1894, Mr. Conrad went to England to "rest" but finding an inactive life impossible, with his head crammed with the best of the world's literature and his heart full of the tragedies of men he began his career as a writer.

The Art of Mr. Conrad.

"The mind of Mr. Conrad is so subtle, he has put into his work so much thought, so much delicacy of touch, so much that is at once allusive and illusive, that at every reperusal some hitherto undetected nicety is revealed, and in this very fact, perhaps, is to be sought the secret not only of Mr. Conrad's success, but of his failure."

The following is a quotation from Mr. Conrad setting forth his theories of art.

"It is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to color and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the common-place surface of words; of the old, old words worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage.

The sincere endeavor to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering weariness and reproach is the only valid justification for the writer in prose.

And if his conscience is clear his answer to those, who in the fulness of a wisdom, which looks for immediate profit, demand especially to be edified, consoled, amused; who demand to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked or charmed, must run thus: My task which I am trying to achieve is by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel,—*it is before all to make you see.* That, and no more, *and it is everything.* If I succeed you shall find there according to your deserts: Encouragement, consolation, fear, charm, all you demand; *and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.*

Perhaps if one could sum up Conrad's idea of tragedy, it would be found in the closing sentence of the story called, "Amy Foster,"—"to perish in the supreme disaster of loneliness and despair."

MAJESTIC THEATRE



MINA CROLIUS GLEASON

"There were no clocks in the Forest of Arden, you know. No one but Shakespeare would have thought of leaving out the clocks to give the idea of perfect restfulness. Sometimes when I am dreadfully tired, I shut my eyes and think of that quiet, peaceful clockless Forest of Arden. I believe that we rushing Americans should see "As You Like It" played once a year, at least, as a sort of rest cure."

It was Mina Crolius Gleason who said this to a newspaper woman sent to interview her in her dressing room at the Majestic Theatre. She said it in reply to a question about the demands of stock work. Mrs. Gleason has been on the stage all her life. Her father was an actor. There were eight children in his home in Boston, and these children played all the juvenile parts in every drama where a child was needed at that time.

Little Mina was the stage offspring of many plays. She has been one week a prince with Edwin Booth, the next little Meenie Van Winkle with Joseph Jefferson, and then "me child" to be wept over by Clara Morris or Mrs. D. P. Bowers. She has played everything from Topsy to Juliet, and she can relate some most interesting experiences. She is not only a student of life, but she knows books. She was one of the twelve actresses who established the famous Professional Women's League in New York,—a club that now numbers nearly six hundred members, and supports its own big club house on Forty-fifth Street.

She will play a prominent part in the E. H. Sothern big success, "If I Were King," which Mr. Harry W. Bishop has now in rehearsal for production at his theatres. It will be staged elaborately, and James Neill will play the role written by Justin McCarthy for Mr. Sothern.

Mrs. Gleason is interested in all that helps to develop her sex along the lines of self-reliance and helpfulness to the race. She has had opportunity to see much of life and study real conditions, and she has the broad sympathies that such women gain. She is a charming conversationalist.

To think broadly, to live unselfishly, and to treat Nature with respect, is to beget one great half of art. To believe that motherhood is divine, and that fatherhood is the office of reverencing and protecting, is to give birth to the other half. Nothing that the Greeks, or Michelangelo, or Raphael, or any of the great moderns have accomplished, has contained more than this.

REGINA E. WILSON.

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The Present Indian Policy

*(An Address by Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools, at the
Asbury Park Indian Institute.)*

I wish to invite your thoughtful attention to some of the policies which have been outlined by the new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Hon. Francis E. Leupp, of whom one prominent newspaper says: "No Commissioner has ever come to the Indian Office so well equipped," and another says: "The new Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Francis E. Leupp, has been long regarded by all who take interest in the subject, as the highest authority on all matters relating to the present day descendants of aboriginal Americans." For twenty years Mr. Leupp's vacations from arduous journalistic work have been given to the study of Indian affairs. Most of his summers have been spent in visiting the Indian reservations and their welfare has seldom been out of his thought in the whole period. Since he assumed official responsibility for the Indians last January he has been rapidly putting into effect the reforms his great experience and fine judgment showed to be immediately necessary for their betterment. We want to thank the President for persuading Mr. Leupp to accept the direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and should congratulate ourselves that we have a Commissioner who understands and feels strongly on the subject of Indian education, and is anxious to have the best and most practical methods used in the schools from the kindergarten up, in training the Indian children to lead useful and industrious lives.

He wishes the schools to preserve and develop along the right lines the best of the children's inherited traits and attributes, and not attempt to make the Indian over and transform him into a white man, with the idea that this is necessary in order to bring him into harmony with the established order. He wishes us to preserve their natural filial affection and to guide and direct it wisely and tactfully to the development of proper ambition and a strong sense of individual responsibility.

The seeds of self-reliance and self-support must be judiciously sown and the children taught that the attaining of an independent position in life, sustained by the ability to make themselves self-supporting, must be the goal toward which all their efforts in school shall attend. We all realize that the first and most important step in the training of the young Indian is to teach him to speak English. This is the cornerstone in his education. But in teaching him English—which he must learn—the Commissioner urges us to see that no child shall be forced to drop or forget the language of his ances-

tors. The child's natural love for his mother tongue must be respected, even while making him recognize the absolute necessity of learning to speak, read and write English as the essential basis of his school training. The Commissioner, from his twenty years' experience, knows that it is not well to hedge the Indian about with too many or unnecessary restrictions. He believes that such reasonable regulations as to their hair cutting and clothing as may be necessary to preserve uniformity in the schools are well enough, but when a boy leaves, he must not be punished because he exercises his own taste as to the costume he shall wear thereafter; for, as the Commissioner so wisely put it, look at the illustration of the tadpole, whose tail we do not chop off—nature arranges that, so that the tail drops off of itself when the legs are strong enough to enable the frog to hop, and it leaves the water to live in the air for the most part. So the Indian will voluntarily drop his racial oddities as he becomes more thoroughly imbued with our civilization and breathes our atmosphere as a habit.

This illustration is strikingly applicable to the condition of the Indian in his undeveloped state and the necessity of using natural and logical methods in bringing him to the highest fruition of his power. The Commissioner states as follows: "I wish all that is artistic and original in an Indian child *brought out*—not smothered. Instead of sweeping aside the child's desire to draw the designs familiar to it in Indian art, and giving it American flags and shields and stars to copy, the child should be encouraged to be original, or perhaps I should say aboriginal in work, if it shows any impulse thereto."

In outlining directions for us to follow he says: "I am now arranging to bring into the schools a novel element in music—namely, the preservation of the *Indian* music itself, for the bands and for singing. We are in danger of losing themes and motifs of great artistic value, because of a stupid notion that everything Indian is a degradation and must be crushed out. We might as well crush out the finest art of ancient Greece and Rome because it was associated with the worship of the Olympian deities, or the Egyptian music which Verdi helped revive because it was associated with the Pharaoh who played tricks on Moses."

Let me assure all the Indian teachers and workers that the Commissioner, whose whole heart is in the work of educating and developing the Indian—not against it, but along the lines of his natural impulses, desires us to preserve and bring out all that is best in him and guide and direct his hereditary instincts of personal pride and racial patriotism, utilizing these in inculcating self-reliance and self-respect, which will best second our efforts to mould him into a useful, self-supporting member of our body politic.

The night was darker than ever before
 (So dark is sin),
 When the great Love came to the stable door
 And entered in,
 And laid Himself in the breath of kine
 And the warmth of hay,
 And whispered to the star to shine,
 And to break the day.

—Alice Sewell.

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Club
Life

As the Christmas month always leads us more or less into spiritual thought, this would be a good time to adopt a few suggestions from the birthstone, the flower and the astral colors, and while these are particularly adapted to persons born in December, yet others, too, may accept the lesson.

The birthstone, as we all know, is the turquoise, signifying prosperity. This does not necessarily mean the mere worldly affluence to which some are born, and which comes without effort, but the real meaning lies deeper, suggesting the prosperity of mind and heart,—the prosperity which is acquired by thought for others. Yet the material and the spiritual need not be separate, but may blend in harmony.

As to the flower—the holly means foresight. The cultivation of this quality develops force of character and gives the poise combining strength and beauty. The astral colors are gold and brown, suggesting deep thought and study, enlivened by the ability to shed brightness and cheer by one's presence.

So you see the "December born" should lead the happiest of lives.

Now, this little introduction leads us to the opportunities which Sunshine members and their friends may have in giving material cheer for the Christmas tide. This year there are exceptionally large numbers of children and young people to remember, and somehow all thought for "children" seems to mean dolls for little girls. We have boys, too, who long for such treasures as pocket knives, games, books and toys, toy wagons in particular. It has been suggested that we give a list of our greatest needs this year, so that we may reach those who would like to share in giving if they only knew the articles desired. Among things called for, are pins of all kinds, small cakes of soap, needles and needle books, pretty ribbons, books for girls, work aprons, wrapping paper, twine, popcorn, candies, Christmas tree ornaments, tarlatan bags, rag dolls, small lead pencils, pin cushions, blank books all sizes, or pieces of paper for scribbling, jelly glasses, spoons, thimbles, postage stamps, wooden plates, handkerchiefs, fortune telling cards, small size playing cards and in fact almost anything you may think of.

Alden Club

The last business meeting of the Alden Club was held the last Thursday in October at Miss Rogers' apartments at the Colonial. Final reports of the card party showed net returns to be about \$200. Ten dollars was sent to Mrs. Alden as international dues.

Miss Cecile Rogers, the president, who has been an active Sunshiner during her two years' stay in our city, has just left for an extended visit to Japan—and we are a bit selfish in regretting her absence.

With the close of our report we give the parting wish that the "December influence" will extend to all—bringing happiness to every fireside at Christmas tide.

A Bit of India

A Visit to Edmund Russell's Studio at Barrett Manor, Staten Island.

With a ticket to Fairyland—though one never knows it is such—which reads as all fairy tickets do, just to mislead mortals, like an ordinary invitation; with all sorts of tests to be endured before reaching the magic place, the two mortals so favored safely passed through the intense heat of a New York day, the roar and bustle of the city, into the midst of the pushing, jostling crowds in the ferry boat to Staten Island. Does that sound like Fairyland? Well, when a flat denial that there was any such place as our ticket called for came from the man in the ferry house, there were two dismal faces and two minds met in one agonized look of doubt and despair; but the good fairy prompted a glance again at the talisman, which was in the handwriting of Edmund Russell, and it still read "Arrochar," which we had pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, and which was not a bit like it, and so the bad fairy had almost prevailed against us, but searching for a likely-looking person as we turned away, we tried again, and the question was put to us, "Oh, you mean Arrow-car?" just like that. And we meekly stood corrected and said that was what we meant, and where was it?

We were told to board a rapid transit car which would come in a few minutes, and we did, and were soon whizzing along a beautiful country road, where the flowers and trees and grass were like Fairyland to our city eyes, occasionally catching glimpses of the beautiful bay with the vessels lying at anchor in the hot sun, watching the soldiers crossing the road in front of us, or lounging in the woods, or on sentry duty at Fort Wadsworth.

Once more we timidly asked for our destination, and held our breath when the conductor knew—or pretended he did—for as it afterward turned out, he didn't know, and the motorman didn't know, and we went flying along enjoying the air, but not in the least knowing where we were, or if we should ever reach "Arrochar," or "Barrett Manor," and "the large brown house on the hill."

Suddenly we turned toward the bay and sailed majestically into the regulation Sunday seaside crowd. This was not Arrochar, and no such place as Barrett Manor was to be seen, but the conductor said "he would find out where it was, if it was on the road," and then consulted little books and time tables, until he was joined by another conductor who told him to "take us back to the first turning and let us off—we'd find it."

Back we flew, the only passengers in the car, save the young man and his best girl who had quarrelled and were going home, casting unpleasant glances at each other meanwhile.

The "first turn" of which the friendly conductor had spoken came, and we were allowed to descend, but there was no "large brown house," and no one to inquire of, but believing that there must be a reward for all these trials, we pushed on and asked an assembled family on a little porch where Barrett Manor was, and then were shown a road across a bridge which would lead us to a pathway at the foot of a hill, and we were to follow that until—

Well, we did all we could remember, and when just about to give up, the sight of a familiar face and form on the steps of a large brown house

caused a greeting to rise from our parched throats which would have done credit to shipwrecked sailors.

"This is Barrett Manor, and Mr. Russell is expecting you."

Oh, joy! Such news! And into a dark, cool, marble-floored hall, with a gallery running around it, are revealed, away at its end, a glimpse of strange hangings, artistic draperies and incense burning beyond in some hidden place, and then the handicap of this wonderful personality and a welcome to the studio of Edmund Russell.

There are two rooms. One is an ante-room, as it were, in which has been placed the dresser containing the beautiful, strange cups, glasses and plates, odd-shaped spoons and forks with which later we were expected to eat the Indian dishes set before us by our host himself. And when he was congratulated on his *chef*, he told us that he was the guilty party, having concocted these treats with his own hands.

Upon the wall there hangs a painting of Mr. Russell in the character of Hamlet, done from a photograph taken in Paris. The pose, the light and shade effects and the workmanship in this reproduction of our host will always be a living remembrance. Beneath it on a sort of shelf where many curios, speaking of as many foreign lands, are lying, one sees other photographs, in frames of beautiful workmanship, which show the artist in many other poses. Strange urns, small framed pictures—paintings or blacks-and-whites—fill the space between the folding doors. Then into a large, long, octagonal room with a high arched ceiling in which a skylight has been placed, one glances, gaining an impression that gold and bronze effects predominate in the hangings, couch draperies, cushions, curtains and picture frames. But this is only the distant view, for when one enters, there are golden effects, bronze effects,—strangely harmonious,—but silver, too, emerald, indigo blue, peculiar brick reds, and many daring combinations in the wonderful stuffs which have been brought from their places of old.

Chairs with cloth of gold draping them, the Indian embroideries on the commonest goods making the most exquisite needle pictures, glorifying the original material as virtues may an unpleasant countenance; etchings, pen and ink sketches, photographs, strange divans, with the bodices worn by Indian women as ornaments, a Japanese throne chair with arms following the curve of the bow, and so treasured for its perfect lines; pictures and reliefs of Indian women and men in the flowing robes and wonderful jewelry seeming part and parcel of the exquisite beauty of the room—all these making up a collection which rivals almost any other which has been brought out of the Orient.

One asks timidly of his knowledge of jewels, and then is shown the photographs of which he made use in the articles on that subject which appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* at the time Thomas Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" was stirring the multitude.

A balcony to which a small stair leads gives a view of the bay and surrounding country.

"Sometimes," said Mr. Russell, "I sleep out here."

"Mosquitos," we all cry; but are assured that they are "his little brothers, and if they need a little blood to subsist upon they are welcome to it."

Then follows a disquisition on the beliefs of his friends in India on the sacredness of human life, no matter in what form it is. Sipping the drink which is urged upon us we wonder if, as he says, it is only an enraged mosquito which stings, why so many become enraged at our particular selves when we are quite soundly asleep and in no way arousing their angry passions, but listening to this expounding in the unmistakable voice which has charmed so many hearers of his lectures on "The Principles of Good Taste," "Recitals



EDMUND RUSSELL

on India," "The Light of Asia," in the costume of an Indian prince, one can only listen and be still.

Then he points out to a favored one among us his favorite crayon sketch, which was sent to him by a friend, Steinlen, the great Parisian artist, in which, he asks if one cannot hear the waves suggested in the drawing and cannot see the love manifested between the two who sit on the rocks listening to the song of the sea.

Then across the room he calls to show a drawing of Baron Rosenkrantz, descendant of the same ancient Danish family whence came Rosenkrantz, Hamlet's friend of old.

The exquisite lines of beauty in the hands of an Indian woman he calls attention to, and while one's eyes wander to the many cabinets, strange desks, brackets, which every one contain things indicative of far-away lands, the voice goes on, giving an impression of having been a part of one's life always, and that this is not new, nor is this our first visit.

No one ventures to speak of his garments worn in "Sakuntala" the Indian drama written 2,000 years ago and presented in New York June 18th, for all dread to break the spell, and hope he will keep on telling us these

things which sub-consciously we know and have always known, but are just today remembering from out of the centuries of the past, when he brings out two pieces of drapery in the most gorgeous colorings one could imagine, and from that we drift to "Sakuntala."

It is easy to see where his heart is then, for the earnestness with which his eyes glow, the tone of his voice, the very pose of his head, indicate his heart's desire.

Then he talks of India; of the lattices through which the queen and her ladies witnessed his performance of Hamlet; the exquisite courtesy of their treatment of him; the peculiar customs of the country; the daily luxury in which they live; the surroundings in which he found himself; his interviews with jewel merchants; why he bought this piece of drapery because of its being a piece of family handiwork, and that because the coloring fascinated him.

At last he brought out the robe he wore as King Dashuyanta in "Sakuntala," which was of so great a weight that one wondered how he lifted his hands in the play, for they had been covered with jewels of so remarkable a character that their like was never seen here; and the satin, which was like velvet and the gold spangles which overlapped each other until great tufts of them formed the designs in which it was worked, gave us another insight into the precision with which these wonderful people weave or embroider their garments.

Then we remembered the ornament which was in his turban in the coronation scene of the play, and marvelled no more that in jewels these people carry out their sense of the artistic, and then hushed our mercenary wonder into silence and never even asked its value, though a connoisseur in our midst whispered that it was easily worth \$30,000.

Dusk was coming on as we ate the last of our curry and rice, which seemed to us as if flavored with something hotter than tabasco, but Mr. Russell said was very mild; and then he volunteered the information that there were 139 Indian dishes of which we had never heard, and that some time he would tell us of them.

With a reluctant look back at the gold-bronze spot which the rays of the setting sun gave a glorification we left Fairyland and the Prince of India, whose adoption by that country is not strange nor unreal when one has been permitted to do more than stand outside and gaze in at the wonders and beauties of Edmund Russell's studio.

HELEN AVERY HARDY.

It is the Christmas time!
 And up and down, 'twixt heaven and earth,
 In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
 The shining angels climb;
 And unto everything
 That lives and moves for heaven, on earth,
 The shining angels sing. —Mrs. Craik.
 (*From the Blue Monday Book.*)



**The Rubaiyat of Omar
Khayyam**

A finely illustrated book has just been issued which deserves the biggest kind of praise. Exquisite photo engravings and designs illumine Fitzgerald's beautiful translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the stupendous work of Miss Adelaide Hanscom, a well-known artist of San Francisco. Miss Hanscom labored long and earnestly over the minutiae of detail attached to this wonderful piece of work and executed all the beautiful drawings which help to enrich the book to its artistic perfection.

The selection of suitable models among her friends for the photographs met with hearty response and most gratifying results as to poses, costume, etc. Among those who lent their aid are our well-known Joaquin Miller, George Sterling and George W. James, and Orlof Orlov for costume and information on Persian symbolism. That the book will have an enormous sale there is no manner of doubt. The Dodge Company has gotten the book up in an attractive style that will appeal to the artistic sense of the many and prove the holiday book of the season. Sold in the principal book stores of the city. Price, \$6.00, net.

Everywoman, a bright publication, has just been taken in hand and edited by Mary Fairbrother, a woman with ideas and convictions and the courage to express them. Miss Fairbrother says, "*Everywoman* is not to please women, but to help them,"

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Paul Elder & Company's New Books

The Complete Cynic's Calendar of revised wisdom for 1906, by those three clever people, Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner, comes again in due season, laden with the holiday spirit. As usual, the twisted maxims are very entertaining, and the designs on every page, colored in red, are funnily appropriate; for example, a waiter viewing a lot of empty bottles reads, "Dead men tell no tales." "Pride goeth before, and the bill cometh after." "The more waist, the less speed." "Never too old to yearn."

No one can afford to be without this delightful and much-sought combination of wit and humor.

While the Cynic's Calendar has had a host of imitations, none have equaled it in cleverness or originality, nor displaced it in popular favor. The advance issue for 1906 brings its sale up to 100,000 copies.

Bound in gay tartan gingham, poster label. Paul Elder, San Francisco. Price, 75 cents net.

The Psychological Year-Book. This is the second series of carefully compiled quotations from the writings of authors, ancient and modern, by Janet Young.

Quotations for every day in the year, showing the laws, the ways, the means, the methods, for gaining lasting health, happiness, peace and prosperity, arranged with some reference to their chronology, beginning with Genesis and ending with the authors of today.

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of life, the development of the higher good, and, as psychology is practical, justifying religion and ennobling our faith in God, those who believe and practice their teachings will surely be benefited.

"When a human soul draws its first furrows straight, the rest will sure follow. Henceforth your existence becomes ceaseless activity. The universe belongs to him who wills, who knows, who prays, but he must will, he must know, he must pray. In a word, he must possess force, wisdom and faith. Be conquerors on the earth. Your convictions will be changed to certainties."—*Honore de Balzac*.

The book is finely printed on toned paper and bound in flexible sultan. Price, 50 cents.

Blue Monday Book. Encased in an exquisitely designed cover of azure blue and gold, the "Blue Monday Book" contains a page of happily selected optimistic quotations of prose and verse, to cheer up the "dolefuls" each blue Monday of the year. Compiled by Jennie Day Haines. The typographic scheme of the volume, designed and executed by Harry Nash, is worthy of note. The text in Cheltenham old style, printed in blue-black ink, and bordered with a chaste rule design of perfect workmanship, is printed in a delicate blue tint on the finest Japan antique paper. Boards; price, 75 cents.

The origin of Blue Monday, we are told, dates back to an old Bavarian custom of decorating the churches in blue on the Monday before Lent. Nowadays any or every Monday may be a blue Monday, when the soul is so enveloped in the "blues" that life can only be viewed "through a glass darkly." This volume will be found

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a specific remedy for all such doleful occasions, offering the antidote of mellow philosophy, gentle humor and a glimpse of the brighter side. A few of the quotations are as follows:

"Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves."—*Carlyle.*

"That day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self, we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our tomorrows."

"So life's year begins and closes;
Days though short'ning, still can
shine;
What though youth gave love and
roses,
Age still leaves us friends and
wine." —*Moore.*

Good Things and Graces.

A manual of diet for old and young. Game pie, hash, Johnny-cake, ginger snaps, etc.—each with its grace before eating—by Isabel Goodhue.

These ethical recipes, conventionally treated, but producing very agreeable and witty moral concoctions, are to be commended for their sprightly good cheer and freedom from "preachy ingredients."

The decorative border design by Spencer Wright, which encloses the reading in old type, on Japan-toned antique paper, with fully decorated cover in red and gold, form one of those dainty conceits in book-making dear to the heart of the person of taste. Price, 50 cents.

Commands. This is one of a series of Bible mosaics—a very dainty booklet, enclosed in an envelope of Japan paper, containing quotations from the Bible, compiled by Agnes C. Foster, bearing on the subjects of, "To Know No Other Power"; "To Seek Wisdom"; "To Guard Well Thy Thoughts"; "To be Strong and Brave and Generous"; "To Set a Seal Upon Thy Lips"; "To Love"; "To Have Confidence";



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Mrs. Pollock.	First Friday, 2 P. M., Golden Gate Hall.
Miss May E. McDougald.	Fourth Saturday, Sorosis Club.
Mrs. Chas. Wm. Moores, 1518 Larkin Street.	California Club-House, 1750 Clay Street. At call of President, Academy of Sciences.
Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 852 Grove Street.	Second Friday, 2 P. M., Central Hall.
Miss Cecile Rogers, Colonial.	
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Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 862 Grove Street.	Second and fourth Thurs., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall.
Mrs. L. M. Fletcher, 2217 Octavia Street.	First Monday, 2 P. M., Parlors Unitarian Chch.
Miss S. P. Bartley, 72 Sixth Avenue.	Second and fourth Tuesdays, Cal. Club-Rooms.
Mrs. H. Chase, 1208 Clay Street.	Second and fourth Mon., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall.
Mrs. Wm. Ruthrauff, 1219 Jones Street.	Second and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P.M., 2668 Mission.
Miss E. S. Ryder, 1614 Scott Street.	
Mrs. Geo. T. Phelps, 116 Devisadero Street.	First and 3d Mon., 3 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall
Mrs. Halloran.	Second Tuesday, Utopia Hall.
Mrs. H. E. Thompson, 1405 Van Ness Avenue.	First Monday, 3 P. M., 1620 California Street.
Miss Josephine Feusier, 1027 Green Street.	Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street.
Mrs. H. Alferitz, 2209 Jones Street.	At call of President, 1825 California Street.
Mrs. M. E. Perley, 207 Post Street.	Third Monday, 3:30 P. M., 231 Post Street.
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Mrs. Francis E. Randall, 1915 Baker Street.	Fridays, 2:30 P. M., 1308 California Street.
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Mrs. I. B. R. Cooper.	2d and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P. M., members' homes.
Mrs. A. E. Buckingham.	First Tuesday, 8 P. M., Chapel of Calvary Chch.
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Mrs. W. J. Golden, 712 Cole Street.	First and third Tues., 10 A.M., members' homes.
Mrs. F. G. Bruker, 1627 Hayes Street	First and third Mondays, 2 P. M., Utopia Hall.
Mrs. Peer Tiffany, 1721 Lyon Street.	Last Saturday, 2:30 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall.

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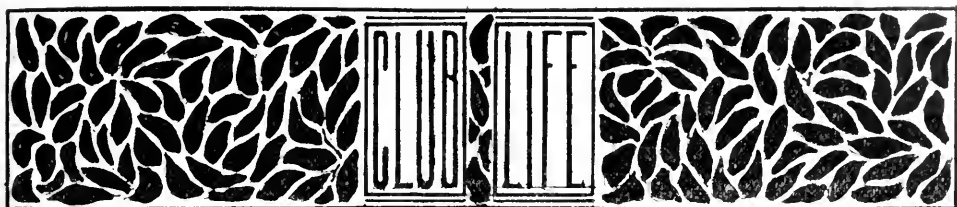
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FLORENCE RICHMOND
AUTHOR OF
"THE HEART OF THE ROSE"



Vol. 4

January, 1906

No. 5

"A Woman's Part in Laying a Broad Foundation for the City's Future"

"If Schopenhauer were alive I should incur his wrath, for his conception of woman was that she is a child all her life; and according to Huarte, 'who denies woman the possession of the higher faculties,' would be unfit for such a part; but then they were pessimists, and I am an optimist—at least try to be one—and, being a woman, have great faith in women and think that they have accomplished great things. Their influence dates from the creation of the world, after Adam had his first sleep, and it was intensified when Eve gave Adam the apple and 'he did eat.'

"Woman is more than anxious to better the conditions of humanity and ready to go along with the resistless tide of the century, wielding a greater influence for good than ever. Woman is Atlas supporting the world. Now, as woman cannot very well be a sailor or a soldier, and cannot dig canals or build highways—though she might superintend them—and as probably neither man nor woman would care to fall into the rule of the Dacians of 2,000 years ago, there is in my opinion only one way to lay this broad foundation for the city's future, and this way lies exclusively in the hands of women. It is said there are 46,776 boys in this city between the ages of 5 and 17 years, and the taking care and training of these boys, morally, socially, intellectually and physically, should surely be woman's work in woman's sphere.

"On the strength of the perfect manhood of the boys, who will be the future guardians of the city, will depend the city's future. All great men have good mothers; possibly not educated women, but women with strong, inherent principles of right and wrong; principles that build up character. 'All that I am,' said John Quincy Adams, 'my mother made me.'

"If the simple life is led with the noble thought, pure speech and proper moral environments, good results must follow. The question is asked somewhere and partially answered, 'Why does the peasant desert for the inn the home that the father and the grandfather found so comfortable? It has remained the same. There is the same fire in the same chimney. Whence comes it that it lights only an incomplete circle when in olden times young and old sat shoulder to shoulder? Yielding to dangerous impulses they have broken with simplicity.

"The fathers have quitted their posts of honor, the wives grow dull beside the solitary hearth, and the children are quarreling while waiting their turn to go abroad.' These things are because in the country as well as in the

city the simple life has taken its departure and in its stead has grown an ever-increasing demand for luxuries which bring neither health nor happiness.

"The woman must set a good example by living the simple life, not creating artificial wants, but at the home be the radiating influence, throwing out like radium innumerable particles of good and light, without exhausting itself, reaching institutions and associations far and near. Such should be woman's part in laying a broad foundation for the city's future.

"In life's dream man's—man is not used here in the generic sense—man's ambition embraces vast limits, but this committee is composed of women whose ambition is not globe-encircling, but it is the aspiration of this committee and the heart's desire of its esteemed chairman, Mrs. John F. Merrill, to have an association building for the army of boys in this city, irrespective of creed, who are unfortunately placed without homes, where they may congregate and enjoy all the privileges and benefits accruing from it. An association building, including a technical school, would be of far greater importance and value than more libraries, where, as is said, indiscriminate reading degenerates into a 'mild dissipation,' and while 'man cannot live on bread alone,' it is an absolute fact man must have bread on which to live.

"Such an association building to keep busy little feet from wandering into forbidden territory, catching and responding to the appeals of youthful struggles, carried to completion by the contributive and successful efforts of woman, would be an enduring monument of woman's sympathy and of woman's humanity. This would be work in her own province and in her element, and in thus laying a broad foundation for the city's future she would be weaving for herself a wreath of imperishable glory."

This address, by one of our best known philanthropic club women of the city, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, was delivered by her at the Jubilee Celebration of the Y. M. C. A. some time ago. It is a reprint from the Evening Post of that time.

Lullaby

Go to sleep my baby dear,
 Upon thy Mother's breast.
Nestle close to her, my dear,
 'Tis she who loves thee best.
Angels watch thy slumbers,
 Close thine eyelids down,
Sweetly dreaming numbers
 Take away each frown
Drowsy sleep will keep thee.
 In a dreamland place,
Heaven watches over thee,
 Beauty's in thy face,
Whisper softly, do not fear
Go to sleep, my baby dear.

MARTHA MARY HANIFY.

P. C. W. P. A.

One of our members says: "Write a poem when you have a message of joy and sunshine to give to the world." But suppose one cannot write a poem and still has something pleasant of which to write, shall she not give her message in plain prose? It would seem so, therefore thus shall it be.

There had been the usual business meeting in November, with a story review by the secretary, Mrs. Norman H. Martin, a feature of the meetings which has proved very helpful to those of the members who essay the short story, and very interesting to all. This meeting brought us near the close of the year, indeed to the last month of the year, that month fraught with joy to many and, alas, with heartache for too great a number of those whom we meet in our daily round of duty.

With this last month came the annual art and literature exhibition and sale of the association. Of the former, a fair exhibit was made by Miss De Neale Morgan, Mrs. Weatherby, Mrs. Von Eichen and Mrs. Cooley. In a conspicuous place hung the original of the frontispiece of "La Copa de Oro," by Mrs. Meeker. The new literature of the year was a booklet of poesy by Grace Hibbard; "Stories of California," Mrs. Sexton; a new edition of "Philosophy in a Nutshell," Mrs. Cooley; "Everywoman," a paper, devoted to the interests of women, published weekly by Miss Fairbrother; the "Woman's Club Directory for 1905-1906," Mrs. Josephine H. Foster, and last, though not least, "La Copa de Oro," the result of the labor of Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, our president, who carefully edited the contributions of the members, procured illustrations and had them all made into the book which lay there in all its beauty of blue and gold—a forecast of what may be.

Mrs. Mary H. Hart talked of Alaska and of some curios which she exhibited. One, a mortar of wood, made in the shape of a frog's head, used for pounding seaweed, which was afterward eaten by the natives; a death mask for covering the faces of these same natives when death claims them, and a piece of ambergris which had been a part of Mrs. Hart's exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition, and the only piece there. Mrs. Wagner told of little figures found near the Pyramid of the Sun in New Mexico; Miss Coolbrith of a mortar and sacred arrow; Mrs. Reamer of Etruscan jars; and Mrs. Krebs of the scale of a glistening fish, a totem pole and other rare articles, all of which will, at some future time, be on exhibition at the rooms of the association.

With this exhibit the P. C. W. P. A. bade goodby to the old year, and was ready with a welcome for the new one, whose step could, even then, be heard, and whose beaming face was already dispelling the shadows which had gathered around the fading form of 1905. CLARE O. SOUTHARD,
Chairman Press Committee.



Corona Club fittingly celebrated the holiday season by giving a "Christmas Jinks," on Thursday afternoon, December 14th. The first on the program was a recitation, "Martimus Time," by Mrs. M. B. McKay, and then came the feature of the festivities:

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS"

A Musical Farce written for Corona Club by Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight.

Cast of Characters:

The Grandmother, Vanity Fair	Mrs. A. L. Sobey	
Trilby, grand-daughter of Vanity Fair.....	Mrs. G. W. Kenneth	
Ramona, a stage-struck girl from San Diego	Mrs. C. K. W. Gilbert	
The Designer, alias Kimona, a dressmaker.....	Dr. Flora MacDonald	
Judge Take-a-nap	Dr. L. B. Deal	
Bailiff	Miss Frances V. Meeker	
Court Clerk	Miss Helen Bryant	
Attorneys: {	Madame Fogg, of firm of Dodson and Fogg.....	Mrs. J. H. Bullock
	Oily Gammon, of firm Quirk, Gammon & Snapp.....	Mrs. H. L. Seager
	Madame Snapp, of firm.....	Mrs. B. R. Keith
Madonna of the Tubs.....	Mrs. G. H. Fairchild	

Jurors:

Lady of Quality....	Mrs. Robert Wallace	A Study in Scarlet..	Mrs. J. W. Treadwell
Colonial Dame....	Mrs. Ed. F. Treadwell	Japanese Nightingale...	Mrs. J. W. Riess
Rose of Yesterday.....	Mrs. E. A. Bagot	Woman in White...Mrs.	Clive A. Brown
Golden Butterfly.....	Mrs. J. L. Pryor	Sally of Missouri.....	Mrs. A. J. Henry
Irene, the missionary...Mrs.	J. D. Jessup	Little Country Girl.....	
A Virginia Inheritance	Mrs. Alfred McCullough
.....	Mrs. Matthew McCurrie	Daughter of Today..	Miss Rose Standart
Betsy Thoughtless	Mrs. G. F. Hanson
Head of the Family.....		Mrs. E. E. McVeagh
Accompanist	Mrs. E. L. Peltret
Stage Manager	Mrs. M. B. McKay

Scene I. Time: February 12, 1905. Interior of Parlor of the "House of Romance."
Scene II. Time: December 24, 1905. Court Room.

At the conclusion of the farce the participants presented the author, Mrs. Knight, with a cut glass dish as a memento of the occasion, and Mrs. Frances Cobb, president of Corona, voiced the congratulations and appreciation of the club, visibly expressed by flowers. The club then proceeded to the banquet hall, which was charmingly decorated in red, where refreshments were served. A letter from Santa Claus was read by Mrs. John H. Bullock, after which appropriate gifts were presented to the various officers, committees and members, under the management of Mrs. Norman Martin and Miss Partridge. The club then adjourned until January.

MRS. CLIVE BROWN, Historian.

The California State Floral Society held a most interesting meeting on Friday, December 14th, on which occasion Mrs. W. D. O'Brien (nee Miss Daisy Fitzgerald) gave a delightful talk on the Malay States, a small peninsula lying between Singapore and Penang. Mrs. O'Brien found these people very hospitable and in their outward appearance resemble the characters in a comic opera, their costumes are so gorgeous and varied. The Malay natives wear a two-piece garment—skirt and jacket—made of cotton, for the poor classes, while the rich luxuriate in the finest silk and satin brocades.

The Mongolians, owing to internal revolutions, have succeeded the Malays; many are very wealthy and have beautiful homes. The Sultan's palace is situated on a high hill with picturesque terraces and lawns down to a river, which is filled with lovely islands, the dense tropical growth of vines extending from the shores to the islands, making a canopy of leaves and flowers. Little floating bath houses made of palm leaves are dotted on the river.

The principal exports and sources of revenue are the millions of tons of copra made from the cocoanut, sent to Europe every year to be made into soap, and the gum of the Indian rubber tree. The forests are very vast and extensive, filled with valuable woods, but are impenetrable, excepting the trails made by elephants which abound there. Orchids grow in great luxuriance, the sprays of blossoms several yards long. Cannas grow everywhere and are very beautiful. Carnations are very small but very fragrant. In the virgin jungle the trees grow from 250 to 300 feet high, the tops covered with a dense mass of orchids and tropical vines which form a canopy through which the sun never penetrates, while underneath, the rattan palms (from which the natives weave baskets), and tree ferns grow in profusion. A solemn stillness pervades the air at all times.

La Puerta Del Oro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held their December meeting at the hospitable home of Mrs. John F. Swift, 824 Valencia street. A large attendance was present. Mrs. J. W. Orr, vice-regent, presided in the absence of the regent. Three new members were admitted to the Chapter. The usual musical and literary exercises were enjoyed during the social hour.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU, Rec. Secy.

Jefferson Davis Chapter, 540, U. D. C.

The Chapter held its last meeting of the year at the Philomath Club on Wednesday, December 13th. The president in the chair, after the regular routine of business had been transacted, was most entertaining in a review of her visit to Berkeley at the flag donation, and presented our stand in a concise, truthful and patriotic manner. Arrangements were completed toward furnishing inmates of the Almshouse, four in number, with loving Xmas remembrances. Letters were read from delegates who had returned home, and all were charmed with the hospitality tendered them here. Many new members sent in for applications of membership and attention was called to our registrar having sailed into the commercial world, with art as her pilot. Two distinguished guests were present, Mrs. Lionel and Mrs. Heriot, the latter having enjoyed such a life of adventure as to cause many requests for interviews. An account of the sad accident to Miss Bradley of Alameda, one of our cherished members, was read with feelings of deep regret, and expressions of the same sent to her through our corresponding secretary.

The next meeting will be held in January at the Bella Vista Hotel, for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

V. B. HILLIARD.

Daughters of California Pioneers, to the number of forty, celebrated their fifth anniversary by a breakfast at Pioneer Hall. The banquet room was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the horseshoe table a marvel of loveliness, in its dainty dressing of ferns, holly berries and pale pink chrysanthemums. Candelabra with pink shades cast a pretty glow over all, and pink ribbon bows carried out the color scheme.

Sweet music lent its charm to the occasion. In front of the president was a beautiful birthday cake, from which each one had a slice.

A delicious menu was served, and enjoyed by all. The president, Mrs. Sidney Smith Palmer, made an address of welcome, followed by Mrs. Kate M. Nesfield, who spoke on "Pioneer Mothers." Dr. Mahony responded to "California and the Pioneers." Mrs. Romie Burnett Hutchison gave an apropos little speech and Mrs. George T. Phelps, a rhyming toast to the "Daughters of California Pioneers," written for the occasion. "To the Absent and Those in Sorrow," Mrs. Kate M. Roy, a silent toast to the memory of our fathers, was called for by the president.

"Auld Lang Syne" was sung before adjourning to the drawing room up stairs, when an impromptu program was furnished by the Daughters.

All the Pioneers were invited in and enjoyed a cup of tea and cake as the afternoon wore on. Miss Nolan played exquisitely, and accompanied Miss Neppert, who charmed all with her beautiful voice. Miss C. A. Berling sang several Spanish songs, accompanying herself on the guitar. Three handsome books were presented to the Society. Mrs. Krebs, "The Cup of Gold," and two from the pen of Mrs. Ella M. Sexton.

Rhyming Toast for Daughters of California Pioneers

Brave Argonauts and Pioneers
That golden fleece pursuing,
We honor you these later years,
In memory still reviewing.
Your glorious quest in this fair West—
Rich guerdon of your earning—
Though lonely ways were yours, and days
Heartsick for loved ones yearning!

In those old years the Pioneers
Could feast, we're told, but rarely;
Hard tack and beans and bacon seems
The fare you tackled squarely;
Your daughters, we right joyously
Today are good things sharing;
Our gladness to your striving due,
Our feast to your forbearing.

So glancing round this table when
Familiar friends sit smiling,
Historic names recurring there
Wake memories beguiling;

For Russ and Tiffany and Lees,
And Scott, bring old times nearer;
Burnett, Vallejo, Meusdorffer—these
Make history's pages clearer.

We're rich in Adams, and in Ames,
A charming Cloak we treasure,
A host of gracious maids and dames
Contribute to our pleasure.
As singers, artists, writers—well
Their talents grace each meeting;
I'll spare their blushes now, nor tell
Those names well worth repeating.

McWilliams—such a sturdy clan,
Two presidents from there, dears,
Palmer and Morse that stock indorse—
And yet they've more to spare, dears;
Levy and Bolger, Dawson, Phelps
And Nepperts bright and cheery;
Miller and Cram and Nolans true—
Two Galloways so merry.

A steadfast Mast, a Roy-al dame,
A Bering young and pretty;
Both Sykes and Nesfield known to Fame;
A Biven wise and witty;
Both Ryland and a Paddock claim
Our pride, likewise a Bell, dears,
And a doctor whose devoted aim
Is just to keep us well, dears.

Our president's a Palmer true,
Not hands, but faces reading,
What pleases us she'll carry through
With tactful interceding;
Two years we've owned her gentle sway
And found it irksome never;
Let's drink her health and wish today
Good fortune to her, ever!



Tree Planting Time is almost here again, and the California Promotion Committee, which is taking great interest in the beautification of the cities and towns of California, is calling attention to the fact by sending out its handbook on "Street Trees in California." It is a well recognized fact that from the standpoint of either the individual or the community there is no better asset when it comes to attracting people to a place than beautiful trees about a man's home or along the streets and in the little parks of a city. Tree planting in California has been followed along lines, sometimes spasmodic, and sometimes systematic, but in few places about the State is there any completely organized effort toward the progressive beautification of the highways.

The Promotion Committee points out that there is nothing that local organizations and especially women's clubs can do to help a town along which will have more direct and better results than the systematic planting of trees along the streets. But it must be remembered that the system should be carried out with an eye to future beauty and not to the convenience of the present. Haphazard and spasmodic work in tree planting destroys all that is sought by the work.

It is advised that tree planting clubs be formed which have permanent life, and that the trees planted each year follow a specific design from the beginning. All the streets of a city cannot be planted to trees in one, or in ten years, but if a plan be decided upon in the beginning and followed conscientiously through all the succeeding years, the coming generations will rise up and call the tree planting clubs blessed. The California Promotion Committee of San Francisco will take pleasure in assisting clubs in the work of designing plans to be followed, and will gladly enter into correspondence with those who desire to foster this good work.

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CLUB NEWS

BY BESSIE BEATTY.

Club Women Play Santa Claus

Club women turned their attention to Christmas and the children during the month of December, and Los Angeles women proved, if ever women could, the falsity of the theory advanced by some Chicago club women to the effect that club women encourage race suicide. In almost every one of the clubs there was some special feature for the entertainment of the children. Christmas trees and Christmas parties were the rule and home sections spent most of the time discussing the best way of observing Christmas for the children. Mrs. Frank W. King, of the Ebell Club, is one of the women who has an answer for every argument.

A few days ago I asked Mrs. King her opinion of the race suicide question.

"Just come to our Christmas party and you will be able to see not only what I think about it, but what all Ebell women think about it. There are so many children one almost thinks she is seeing double."

And sure enough Mrs. King was right. Thursday, December 28th, was the date of the Ebell Christmas party. I went and there were so many children I could not help agreeing with the president.

The children of the day nursery were invited to share the fun. The little Ebell boys and girls came laden with gifts for their less fortunate brothers and sisters and there was a huge tree to delight their hearts. An entertainment and a Christmas spread were other features of the afternoon.

The affair was given in the new club house and Ebell children saw it for the first time.

For District Federation

The meeting of the District Federation, held in the new club house of the Pasadena Shakespeare Club, was opened December 4 with a brilliant reception in honor of the officers and delegates, and an elaborately appointed luncheon given at Hotel Maryland in honor of Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, the State President. The first morning session was occupied with reports and addresses by Mrs. W. D. Turner, President of the Pasadena Shakespeare Club, Mrs. J. E. Cowles, and Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant, President of the Los Angeles federation.

An address on "Food Adulteration" by Mrs. O. Shephard Barnum and a demonstration by Mrs. M. A. English were among the interesting features of the afternoon session. "True Art" was the subject of a paper by Hector Alliott, and a discussion was led by Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt.

Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant was unanimously re-elected President, and the other officers, with the exception of Mrs. W. T. S. Hammond, will also serve another term. Mrs. Hammond declined nomination for corresponding secretary, and Mrs. A. W. Pridham was named to fill the place. On the last day of the session there were many interesting discussions.

Shakespeare Women Entertain

Pasadena Shakespeare Club members departed from their usual course during December, and delighted their friends with two interesting entertain-

ments. Under the direction of Mrs. A. A. Merriam two plays were given during Christmas week, and a Shakespeare afternoon with scenes presented from the "Merchant of Venice" was also especially attractive.

Mansfield Gives Lecture

Richard Mansfield was the chief attraction at the Friday Morning Club during the month, and men friends of the club women were also entertained at that time. After a most interesting address, the actor was given a reception.

"Christmas in Foreign Lands" was the subject for the annual holiday celebration of the club, and many quaint customs were given. Austria was represented by Mrs. Ingraham, who wore the costume of that country. Of Ireland, Mrs. J. S. Vallely spoke, and in native costume she danced a Christmas peasant dance. Mrs. Telfair Creighton spoke of England, and the Roger de Coverly dance was given by a company of women in the costumes of the time of Sir Roger. German songs were sung by Mrs. F. B. Silverwood, and dances characteristic of various foreign countries were given by Mrs. Morris Albee, Mrs. O. Shephard Barnum, Mrs. Mathew Robertson, Mrs. John Kahn, Mrs. Harry Callender, Mrs. E. Kerckhoff, Mrs. Berthold Baruch and Mrs. Grant. A luncheon in the banquet room closed the pretty affair.

Wednesday Morning Club

The Shakespeare section of the Wednesday Morning Club, under the direction of Mrs. H. C. Gower, had charge of the Christmas meeting of that organization.

Men As Club Members

The women of the Cosmos Club and the Highland Park Ebell have just passed a resolution by which their husbands will become honorary members. The other clubs are congratulating them on this diplomatic step.

"The men just cannot object to women's clubs now," said one of the envious members of another club. "They are members themselves, and that makes everything different. Christmas has been observed in both these organizations, also.

The Nursery Window

Out from the Nursery window,
One summer long ago,
I looked at the far off mountains
In the sunny morning glow.

Across the shining river
And beyond the forests green
Their distant summits glittered
In the morning's golden sheen.

Cousins four, we numbered,
That summer, long ago,
Three of us boys;—and a little maid,
And a friend we all loved so,

Who cared for the little maiden,
And us all,—with a gentle care,—
Telling us tales in the twilight,
And hearing the evening prayer.

Teaching us games and pastimes,
From marbles to flying our kite;
Telling us tales of Derry,
And many a border fight.

But the River of Life flows swiftly,
And Time in his barque sails on,
And three who looked from the window,
To the shining hills have gone.

First went the little maiden,
Fair in her girlhood's dawn,
And the light from the shining mountains
On her drooping eyelids shone.

Now, Lizzie's a gray-haired woman,
And I'm growing old so fast,—
But I often think of that window,
And the summer days long past.

And the scent of the old-time garden,
Where syringas and lilacs grew,
With roses aflame and lillies of white,
And modest violets blue,—

Comes to me through the distance,
And it seems as tho' I heard
Birds singing in the lilacs,
By the summer zephyrs stirred.

And the dear old gray-haired woman,
Who ruled in the nursery there,
O'er her boys with their youthful spirits,
And the little maiden fair,—

As she sits mid Life's gathering twilight,
Half smiles—half sobs—I know,
When she thinks of the Nursery window
And the summers long ago.

THEODORE STORM.

MAJESTIC THEATRE



MISS AMELIA GARDNER.

No actress who has appeared in San Francisco during many seasons past has sprung into the immediate and popular favor that has fallen to the lot of the magnetic young actress, Miss Amelia Gardner, who has repeated her local triumph as Phyllis, in H. V. Esmond's charming comedy, "When We Were Twenty-One." It is by far one of the most brilliant performances we have seen, its beauty and charm lying in Miss Gardner's rare grace and artistic personality. As we go to press, we learn of Miss Gardner's splendid triumph as the lovely Lady Katherine de Vaucelles, in Justin Huntley McCarthy's beautiful poetic drama, "If I Were King," which Manager Bishop has revived at the Majestic Theatre to satisfy the popular demand.

On Friday afternoon, January 12, a large reception is to be tendered to Miss Gardner in the parlors of the Palace Hotel, under the auspices of the local women's clubs. The patrons of the Majestic Theatre are cordially invited to attend, and will be received by Miss Gardner, the ladies of the various clubs, Mrs. H. W. Bishop and the ladies and gentlemen of Bishop's players. A rare program will be offered, the reception hours being from 3 to 5 P. M.

Good manners are the natural and graceful expression of a beautiful and noble nature, deriving their value from the root out of which they grow; never shallow, therefore, and never artificial, and as various as the types of character of which they are the outcome.

The shortest marriage service was by a Western justice, when a young couple was hotly pursued by the irate father of the girl. This was the service: "Hav'r?" "Yep." "Hav'm?" "Yep." "Hitched. Git!"

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

A Toast

The rain fell in torrents, and the night grew late, but no one made a motion to go. The storm and the lateness of the hour seemed to have effectively shut out the distracting, uninteresting details of existence.

We talked of love, of life and of art. Then we fell into a long silence, and Margaret Barry quoted from "Monna Vanna," "* * * the wall which separates us alas! from all other beings had become transparent and I could plunge my hands, my eyes, as through a clear wave and draw them back glistening with *trust* and *sincerity* * * *." The low musical voice seemed possessed of a persistent quality of sadness,—now that silence reigned again, the words seemed to still insist like a challenge.

"That is just the reason," said a Philistine among us, "that 'Monna Vanna' seems impossible. Its main appeal lies so far beyond the experience of the ordinary theatregoer. The majority of us, even if we could understand, would feel embarrassed to live forever in the cold, white light of perfect truth and understanding. If the veils of illusion and deception were torn away—why—I fancy 'Othello's occupation' would be gone. That is life's business is it not, the *pursuit* of truth, well once attained, no more need of 'stuff to try the soul's strength on,' no more conflict, so, no more drama."

"But that wonderful lie," sighed Miss Barry. "And I wonder how Nance O'Neil will tell it?" some one broke in, and with that the peace of the evening fled. "Since I saw her disgusting 'Magda,' I loathe to think of what she will do with 'Monna Vanna.'"

"It just suits her radiant personality. Why does she aspire to interpret subtle spiritual problems? She is the only woman who—"

Our hostess began to look uncomfortable. Suddenly in a loud voice she proclaimed, apropos of nothing, and to no one in particular, "Yes, I read Joseph Conrad, because I have been told to do so, but I don't know what he is talking about." Her voice was shrill, with anxiety. "He has no 'message' has he?"

At once Miss Nance O'Neil's mental and spiritual limitations were forgotten, the democrat took the floor. "Conrad knows the heart of the *every-day* man and woman. He says himself that he likes best to tell of the 'obscure trials of ignorant hearts.'"

"I have thought I would like to play the Bessie Carvil role in his little play, 'One Day More,' " spoke up an actress, as far as we knew a spoiled and pampered woman. "I would like an audience to be made to feel the tragedy of the dull, colorless life poor Bessie lived. I would like them to realize how awful it is to live like that,—suppressed, diminished, unexpressed with never a realization of the joy of life."

As if by magic, she seemed to have become another, than we had known. The graceful coils of hair that adorned her head, the softly colored,

clinging velvet gown she wore, the emotional trick of voice and smile that had so charmed us,—no longer concealed from us the real woman. She sat before us there, bitter, lonely, plain and poor. A creature buffeted by fate who never had said a word of command in all her faded life.

"I know," said the man who had gone four times to see 'The College Widow,' "I know Joseph Conrad has a way of saying things that makes it impossible for one to ever forget—but it is the *kind* of things he tells about that I resent. Now, that 'Amy Foster' story. Why, oh, why? Why should it be necessary for us to know that wretched alien, half mad with loneliness and despair. I wish profoundly, that I had never seen him, for to read the story is to *see* it all." And he dropped his head dejectedly, as if to shut out the sight.

"It's like Gorky's things," said the youth who worshipped at the shrine of Richard Mansfield, "Gorky loves to drag into the limelight those miserable meaningless wretches; who can imagine Mr. Mansfield playing a Gorky role?"

A silence fell on the little company.

"Why, Mr. Mansfield could not and would not," proceeded his disciple, "for the reason there is not a *hero* among them. I have been reading his 'Summer Folks,' seventeen people in the cast, and not one fit to emphasize in a leading part."

"A little like life, eh?" questioned the democrat.

"Well, if we are all like that, weak, restless, questioning, ineffectual creatures, what is to become of dramatic art? No, sir!" and he pounded the table and his voice took on the true Mansfield ring. "No, sir! We must have one character in the play, at least, larger than life, and *powerful* for either good or bad. The *individual* in conflict with the moral law."

"I see," murmured the democrat, "I see you thoroughly understand Mr. Mansfield's limitations, *he* could not conceive of the greater sweep, and privilege of the drama,—that is *presenting a whole social strata* in conflict, with a moral law, or new race intuition. No, neither Miss O'Neil nor Mr. Mansfield can truthfully interpret the *new drama*,—an actor or actress to do that, must dedicate himself or herself to something higher than personal success."

"I should like—" Margaret Barry was heard to whisper to the young girl at her feet, "I should like to work for girls, and women, and everyone helpless and—and misunderstood."

At that someone proposed a toast "To Margaret Barry's Heart's Desire," and so standing, we drank to the player and the play which shall interpret to countless thousands the "obscure trials of ignorant hearts."

Chaos is everywhere lying around us and about us, and the effective man who sets his hand to put it into order is the God of the occasion. Thus the creation of the world from chaos into cosmos is not a thing once for all, but continually being done both by the great God in nature, and the small god called man in the moral world: nor is there any possibility, so far as one can see, of this work ever ceasing, for every cosmos has a tendency to relapse into chaos, and in doing so to furnish the material for the creation of a new cosmos.

TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Club
Life

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

FIFTH LECTURE—DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

The Members, and not the President must keep order.

In considering the duties of members, we shall not say anything about the first and greatest duty, which is to give to the Club the best that is in you. Give this that you may get the best there is in other and perhaps better or wiser women. This must be left to each woman as she develops the club or community spirit, or remains forever small and worried over her one chicken or her one notion of a nest or a feed. The duties we shall consider are merely the parliamentary duties.

First, it is every member's duty to be on time. Many clubs require such a large quorum that business is delayed because women will be late.

It is her next duty to listen carefully to what is going forward. In one large and important organization of San Francisco, the business is frequently interrupted by women talking in the halls, about some one's new gown, or some one's terrible troubles in regard to the management of her household affairs. Certain reports are necessary, and if everyone is paying attention, they are finished in the least possible space of time.

Her next duty is to vote. If she does not take enough interest in her own business to vote, she ought to leave and join an organization where she will care. Many club women seem to believe that it is the President's business that is being transacted, and could not possibly interest any one else.

Any member who is not a good loser, ought to practice losing, until she gets to like it. You know we can learn to like almost anything, if we do it often enough. A clubwoman should be exactly as well satisfied when a vote is against her as when it is with her. The club will learn if she is right, and if she is wrong, she will learn. All things are according to our development.

We should be loyal to the club. If it is in trouble, stay by it until it has an opportunity to prove its judgment. If it makes a mistake, say it did the best it knew, and it is by mistakes we learn. Don't bore people by talking about your club too much. The club is something like your home, of great interest to you, but other people have homes of their own.

Keep order. Keep order. Keep order. That is the one duty that takes precedence of all others in point of importance. Never for a moment console yourself with the delusion that it is the President's business to keep order. She is only one member. She is up in front and she has the gavel. But with all those advantages, she cannot do as much to keep the club in

order or disorder as any one member in the assembly. Whenever you are out of order, you are stealing from every club woman present who has paid her dues and is entitled to all the privileges and rights of that meeting.

If the woman sitting in front of you were to rise and accuse you of opening her purse and taking from it a few cents, you would indignantly deny the charge. Yet that is exactly what you do when you disturb a meeting by any sort of disorder.

You would be surprised if the President were to announce to the club that you were a very impolite person, and ought to be pardoned, because you knew nothing of the manners of good society. Yet she would be justified, if you insist on whispering, while she is stating a motion, while a member has the floor, or while an official of the club is making a report. It is not only dishonest, but it is impolite. The laws of America will permit you to air your personal opinions which you are too cowardly to stand for, out in the street, if you can find a fraternal coward to listen to you. Go into the street and whisper.

When speaking of action in the club, always regard the action as that of the whole club, and while you may be justified in saying that personally you do not agree, yet it was the action of our club, not "they voted so and so."

If women would study conduct and learn to say what they think, and vote as they think, and let it go at that, there would be time in all the multitudinous clubs for important business that never is reached, because somebody is not paying attention.

Always announce your name, when you rise to make a speech or motion. It introduces you to strangers, it gives the President a chance for her life, because she is thinking of something else and your name may escape her, even if she knows you well. Always get your thoughts into some shape, so that you will say what you intend to say, and not something else.

Be as earnest as you wish, but never lose your temper. It is sure to defeat you, if you do. The reason a mule is such a good kicker is because nothing ever disturbs his equanimity. It is the only way, really.

Study parliamentary forms and practice until you know how to do what you want to do in the quickest and surest way, and never do it any other way. Observe the conduct of men and women who have had experience and learn of them.

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123 South Eleventh Street
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460 North Third Street

**The Northern
California
Indian
Association**

San Jose, California

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Songs of the Brown Children

BY FRANCES DENSMORE.

Fastened securely in its papoose cradle, or cuddled in its mother's arms, the Indian baby hears its first song. It is a gentle crooning, with a bit of the prairie wildness in it, and a great deal of the mother-love that is in the teepee as well as in the sheltered home. Sometimes the crooning melts into braver measure and the mother sings of the warpath,—she sings of the warriors who have gone forth decked with the war-paint and returned with many scalps; and as she sings of their valor she hopes that her baby feels in his little heart the thrill of their victory, so that some day he too may become a warrior.

As the boy grows older he joins the little circle around the evening fire, sitting on one end of a fire-log instead of lying curled up among the puppies. Sometimes grandfather tells the children to dance, marking the time by slapping his leg and singing a song that has served for many more stately occasions. Thud, thud, go the little moccasined feet, and even the smallest boy learns to shout the sharp "yi! yi!" that gives reality to it all. Grandfather hums other songs that the children love, and they sing them when the little feet are weary with dancing. The rabbit song is always a favorite, with its question, "Rabbit, where are you going?" and the reply, "They have gone away to the spirits." Then there is the song of "Why the eyelids of the squirrel are white," and the merry song which is sung when grandfather tells the story of how the Beaver stole the Muskrat's Tail and put it on himself! Grandfather says that the Gopher made up the song and all the other animals learned it, shouting it to the poor Muskrat, who went about crying because he had lost his tail. The words mean: "Ground Tail, Ground Tail, you who dragged your tail over the ground!! Ground Tail, Ground Tail!"

Indian children have never been to a kindergarten, but they sing as they play their game of tossing a pebble from one hand to another, or scamper around the village in a merry chase, playing "Follow my leader." One of the proudest days in a boy's life is that on which he first joins in a social dance. The old men are there and the women, as well as the warriors, and they all dance in a circle while the pounding of the tom-tom almost drowns their singing. The boy tries to look quite at ease, but he is thinking that perhaps some day all the others will be sitting down while he dances alone, singing of some glorious victory he has won. Then he will wear eagle

feathers in his hair, and carry a tomahawk in his hand, and the women will shout "ha-aha!" in the chorus of his war-song.

Among the Omahas it is the custom for a boy to undertake a vigil when he is about twelve years of age. During this vigil he sings a little prayer taught him by his mother, and he seeks a vision that shall determine his future career. It is a solemn ordeal and he must endure it fasting, alone on the prairie. No one compels him to undertake this, but he knows that it is expected, and when he feels himself ready for it he takes his little blanket, and for protection he carries his bow and arrows. Far beyond the camp he goes, beyond the place where his playmates are shooting their blunt arrows, beyond the herd of ponies—far out where the unbroken prairie stretches away to the horizon.

There he wraps his blanket around him, singing the little prayer-song, the words of which mean, "Wakanda (God), here poor and needy I stand waiting." The day passes and the dark comes soft-footed across the plain, putting its arm around him, its hand over his eyes. Sleepless he hears the ghosts whistling by and crying to each other, but he is not afraid, for he knows that they are poor, uneasy souls who, during their lifetime, failed in their religious observances.

A coyote's call? Who knows what strange creatures prowl abroad when the watchful day is gone? At last the morning comes, and the noon and the twilight, and his little song to Wakanda rises less bravely than at first. He shudders as he remembers a man who saw the moon in his vision and was forced to work with the women all his life! Will Wakanda show him the symbols of the medicine man, or will he send one of the animals that are his messengers to speak to him?

Weary with hunger and waiting, the little form in the blanket relaxes, the song is still and the patient stars take up the vigil. Two, three, or even four days and nights a boy may be able to endure the fast, until at last he sees his vision:—guided by it, he may become a thunder dreamer, a warrior, or a hunter.

Perhaps, in his vision, he hears a song, he learns it, but no one ever hears him sing it about camp. He believes in the power of this vision song and reserves it for his hour of greatest need, keeping it as his most treasured secret.

Years pass, and the boy becomes a man, but into his manhood he carries the little prayer-song and the song he heard in his vision. When the midnight storm sways the fragile teepees he sings to Wakanda in his fear of the tempest, and the song is the little prayer his mother taught him.

The war party goes to meet the enemy, there is the ambush and the battle, yells and shrieks fill the air, arrows whirr past him, he sings his rallying cry, but still the fight seems going against him,—only one hope remains—the song of his vision when he watched alone on the prairie and saw himself a victorious warrior. Fiercely he flings it out, dashing into the thickest of the battle. There can be no defeat, for in him the hope of the boyhood vision has become the irresistible power of the man's victory.

Such are the songs of the brown children. The poetry and the beauty and the power of them are in the Indian race today, but the songs themselves are passing into the silence.

California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

President-General, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden,
96 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
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1622 Clay Street, San Francisco.
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Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cecile Rogers,
Hotel Colonial.

In this first month of the new year, while we are filled with helpful aspirations, desiring to make each day count in some record of happiness for others, we feel that this is the time to make a strong appeal for things that would bring sunshine where it is greatly needed.

We have many calls for books for girls and children, and if those who read could realize the eagerness with which these books are sought and the care with which they are loaned, there would be a willing and prompt response. Fairy tales are particularly demanded, for even the larger girls long for a glimpse of idealism, and those who have only the noon hour for a bit of reading love to open the gateway of that realm which leads them beyond their work in the struggle for a livelihood.

One girl to whom books had been loaned, said: "Oh, if you only knew how I love to read about happy things, if it is only a few pages, it gives me something to think about all day, and the work isn't near as hard!"

So it is, nearly every week, some appeal for books—the sweet, helpful books that belong to the realm of girlhood—and now that this desire is made known, can't we all try to gratify it?

Then magazines of all kinds are needed. For once in the history of Sunshine we are at a loss for this literature. Some invalids, men and women, too, would appreciate a gift of magazines, as would many others in the business world, particularly if modern ones could be spared.

It will be of interest to out-of-town readers to know that Wells, Fargo & Co. will deliver free of charge all Sunshine packages to the weight of fifty pounds, if plainly addressed to the State President, or other State officers.

Now to finish our appeal. The next greatest need is stamps, and for this no comment is necessary. With this introduction, we extend greetings to our readers and their friends, and wish *everyone* "A Very Happy New Year."

Alden Club. The Christmas week of the Alden Club was under the supervision of Miss Virginia Dare and Miss Lavina Giesting. Old people as well as children were remembered, each with some personal gift daintily arranged by the young ladies in charge.

San Jose. Under the direction of Mrs. Mary De Haven, a Sunshine club of school children was organized December eighth, the members meeting to sew and make scrap books as well as to collect toys for an orphan asylum. Their dues are five cents per month, which go to buy material needed and to beautify the club rooms.

Santa Cruz. Quite the most interesting box of Christmas cheer came through the efforts of our junior member, Miss June Lindsay of Santa Cruz. Fifty dolls, of every variety, to please the childish heart, to say noth-

ing of books and toys—all combined to give the happiest possible time to a number of poor children in one of the busy tenement districts.

Others who contributed to the local Christmas work were: Mrs. William Giselman, Mrs. John W. Ruggles, Mrs. George W. Caswell, Mrs. J. H. Dudley, of Callahan, Cal.; Mrs. J. A. Davis, Miss F. E. Conner, Miss Emily Keohan, of Ferndale, Cal.; Edna and Georgia Gess of San Jose, and many others. Appreciation is also due in large measure to Dr. S. I. Harrison and Dr. G. J. Bucknall for medical services.

It is of interest to note that Mrs. Wallace McLeod, of Los Angeles, has been appointed State organizer for Southern California. In spite of a round of social duties, Mrs. McLeod has devoted much time and effort to Sunshine work, and as a result is at the head of one of the largest clubs in the State. This branch makes a specialty of loaning wheel-chairs to invalids, and the members have also published a dainty Sunshine calendar of interest to members throughout the country. The book may be obtained of Mrs. McLeod, 640 W. Eighteenth street, Los Angeles, Cal. Price 30 cents.

New England Women

The San Francisco Colony of New England women decided to meet the second Friday of each month at the California Club House, and dues were fixed at one dollar per year for all, for the present, with two dollars initiation fee for the second hundred members. Nine committees were appointed, the chairman to be appointed by Mrs. Swift. Blanks for membership may be obtained from the corresponding secretary. The officers are: First vice-president, Mrs. John F. Swift, second vice-president, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst; corresponding secretary, Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first street; recording secretary, Mrs. Wesley T. Gorham; treasurer, Mrs. H. C. Bunker; managers, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. James Tucker, Mrs. A. S. Hubbard, Miss Sarah Hamlin, Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs. John Jay Scoville, Mrs. A. E. Bradley; honorary president, Mrs. William Ashburner.

JENNIE PARTRIDGE, Cor. Sec'y.

To Kalon

On Tuesday, December 5th, the members and guests enjoyed the following programme under the direction of Madame Anna Von Meyerinck:

1. Barcarole from Idomeneo Mozart
Chorus and Soprano Solo—Solo by Miss Spink.
2. Die Allmacht Schubert
Miss Bertaud.
3. Aria from "Barber of Seville"..... Rosini
Isabel Forecade.
4. a, Canon: Oh, Beautiful VioletReinecke
b, Night Abt
To Kalon Chorus.
5. Gypsy Duet Brahms
Misses Spink and O'Brien.
6. The Water Nymph Rubenstein
Misses Spink, O'Brien, Blake and Judy.
Alto Solo, Miss Bertaud.

San Francisco, 1849-1904

MAY C. MALLOYE, Contemporary Club

Club
Life

In looking into the history and trying to understand something of the character of this ever-complex, always interesting municipality, one trait, one attribute rises pre-eminent above all others, the quality of strength.

Whatever San Francisco does or has done, she does with all her might.

Wherein she has done evil, it has been strongly done; but stronger still has been the sense of right in her people that has drawn her back to the straight course. Therein lieth hope. Weakness never accomplished anything. Weakness never arrives. So out of the golden haze of Mission days, when men who wrought for San Francisco wrought for love, we see her emerge slowly, slowly, as youth from adolescence emerges into manhood—womanhood; so comes she to the days when men who wrought, still unknowingly for San Francisco, wrought for gold.

The name San Francisco was first officially fixed, in place of the older name of Yerba Buena, by Washington A. Bartlett, first Alcalde of Yerba Buena, in 1847, through an ordinance appearing in the columns of the *California Star*, San Francisco's first newspaper, as follows:

“Whereas, the local name of Yerba Buena, as applied to the settlement or town of San Francisco, is unknown beyond the district, and has been applied from the local name of the cove on which the town is built;

Therefore, to prevent confusion and mistakes in public documents, and that the town may have the advantage of the name given on the public maps,

“It is hereby ordered, that the name San Francisco shall thereafter be used in all official communications, or records appertaining to the town.

“(Signed)

WASHINGTON A. BARTLETT,

“Chief Magistrate.”

It may be interesting to note before we come to the days of '49, the part the publisher of the aforesaid newspaper, Mr. Samuel Brannan, played in our early history, and the sin he so nearly added to those we were to inherit. One day in July, '46, the arms of the signal cross on Telegraph Hill were seen to be working violently, and by no reading of the Code of Signals could it be determined what sort of craft was coming into the harbor. Rushing to the water front at Montgomery Street, the citizens discovered that the so strangely heralded craft was a vessel from New York, in charge of Mr. Brannan, an elder of the Mormon Church, carrying a cargo of about one hundred women, who with a few men were intended as the foundation of a new colony on the shores of San Francisco Bay. To dissensions and quarrels among themselves, leading to their disbandment, we owe the fact that Salt Lake, and not San Francisco, was chosen as the earthly kingdom of the Saints. San Francisco was destined to remain monogamous.

The labors of Mr. Brannan did not end with his colonization scheme: to his energy was due the erection of a flour mill in the center of the block on Clay Street, between Montgomery and Kearny Streets. His printing plant occupied an adobe on the north side of Washington Street, opposite the plaza.

From its steps he made a speech in favor of the organizing of the first Vigilance Committee.

To the sleepy little town of a few hundred souls then settled among the sand dunes, came the cry in 1848, of "gold," that echoed round the world and startled *it* into life. The story is old and oft re-told how nearly every able-bodied man, be he of whatsoever calling, was away at the sound of that magic word; "the town depopulated as if by a plague."

Then when the news had traveled Eastward, came the rush from the Eastern States, and in the early part of the year '49 the population had swelled to two thousand. At the close of the year it numbered twenty thousand. Something like seven hundred vessels had come into the harbor in seven and a half months. Commercially the port of San Francisco was up to the standard of Philadelphia.

On May 1, 1850, the first Legislature voted it a city charter, Colonel J. W. Geary serving as the first Mayor after the abolition of the office of Alcalde.

Gone were the "splendid idle forties," and come were the splendid busy fifties. To house the multitudes, buildings sprang up with mushroom rapidity, and with little more solidity, but in the equable climate they served the need. Everything was more valuable than money, and millions in gold were exported, while nearly all necessaries must be imported and prices were paid for the same which read like Gulliver Tales. Rents are quoted at \$250 per month for a small half house. Fifty to seventy-five dollars per month for one room.

Three destructive fires in 1850 had consumed seven and a half million dollars' worth of property. Speaking volumes for the energy, self-recovery and perseverance of the citizens of the new municipality, are the records of 1853, which set the amount of her taxable city property at \$40,000,000, an advance of twenty millions over that of the previous year. Sixty millions in gold dust was exported in this year.

While the call of gold may not appeal to the highest and best qualities in men, it yet brings out a sturdy determination and ability to overcome obstacles that come very near to being virtues, whatever the developing cause. Not to the men who came to California expecting to "pick up gold in the streets" came the rewards. Of this latter class, too idle to work, and expecting to profit by the energy of others, were the hordes of desperadoes who made the name of San Francisco of the early day a terror and reproach, a name she is yet trying to live down. But justice dwelt in the heart of the people even in those careless times, and deeming the time ripe they took the power from weak or inadequate hands of those who were appointed to uphold the law, and the first Vigilance Committee was organized in 1851.

Following is the preamble to their Constitution which admirably shows the determined yet orderly minds from which it sprang, and is its own best apology:

"Whereas, it has become apparent to the citizens of San Francisco, that there is no security for life and property, either under the regulations of society, as it at present exists, or under the law as now administered.

“Therefore, the citizens whose names are hereunto attached do unite themselves into an association for the maintenance of the peace and good order of society, and the preservation of the lives and property of the citizens of San Francisco, and do bind ourselves, each unto the other, to do and perform every lawful act for the maintenance of law and order, and to sustain the laws when faithfully and properly administered; but we are determined that no thief, burglar, incendiary or assassin shall escape punishment, either by the quibbles of the law, the insecurity of prisons, the carelessness or corruption of the police, or a laxity of those who pretend to administer justice. And to secure the objects of this association, we do hereby agree.”

To this document were appended the signatures of many influential, honorable and wealthy men of the city.

From '51 till late in '56 did this committee exert its labors in behalf of law and order. How well, the grim records of that time testify. Organized more especially to rid the city of thieves, fire fiends and murderers, the later committee found work in regulating higher crimes of political nature, bribery, ballot-box stuffing and general corrupt officialism. It would, of course, be rank anarchy to hint that this good old time committee might find work today in San Francisco.

Of the men who contributed by their energy to this material foundation of the prosperity of San Francisco, it is impossible to name them all; the roll is too long. Their works do live after them and speak for them.

James Lick's many beneficences to the city wherein his wealth was made are too well known to need recapitulation. That a few of these have not fully attained the object intended by their creator was not his fault, but that unworthy and incompetent hands have had the administration of the money.

William C. Ralston was the friend of San Francisco and her infant industries. Among those which he helped to foster were the Mission Woolen Mills, the Bay Sugar Refinery, the Cornell Watch Factory, the Kimball Manufacturing Company. He was the projector of the Palace Hotel, which, under his personal supervision, was pushed to completion. To him the citizens of San Francisco owe the fact that one of the best hotels of the country covers that large area instead of a number of smaller buildings for wholesale purposes. His connection with the Bank of California as one of its founders, in fact, its projector, is known. That institution stands as a monument of the faith of one man in the future of San Francisco and the State at large. He said when urged to transfer his interests to an Eastern city, "I have made my money here, and it is but just to the country that I should use it here to build up a business that will not only benefit myself, but the whole State." When trouble came upon the institution it bravely fronted it and overcame; establishing itself more firmly than ever in the public confidence. But in the shadow of a tragic death went out the life of a man whose good deeds far outweighed his failures and mistakes, William C. Ralston.

Continued in next issue.



The Heart of the Rose

Mrs. Florence Richmond, whose lyrics have been much sought after by prominent song writers, has just issued a collection of verse under the above poetical title. As the rose is emblematic of love so are all the poems. Many are strung in impassioned tone, while others have exquisite tender feeling and all possess that illusive fancy of expression which is one of Mrs. Richmond's natural characteristics. As a first effort it is more than praiseworthy and is certainly a step toward the finer work which will eventually emanate from Mrs. Richmond's extremely versatile pen.

The book is fittingly dedicated to our well-known and beloved word-painter of California flowers, Grace Hibbard. It is beautifully printed and can be had, elegantly bound, in delicate shades of blue or dull pink. Published by the Clubwoman's Guild. Price, \$1.50. Sold everywhere.

One of the poems:

WE TWO.

Were I a rose of morning sweet,
Bright as the sun in June,
We two had let our kisses meet,
With all the world in tune.

Were I a song from golden throat
Upborne on wings in spring,
We two had caught the rapture note,
And let our heart's love sing.

Were I a fond love and loved but
thee,
And came as Prince to woo,
We two had blent our destiny
Of roses and of rue.

—*Florence Richmond.*

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Philosophy in a Nutshell

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"Be kind to others. You need not bankrupt yourself in doing so, for there are many things besides giving money in the composition of kindness—a word of encouragement, a breath of praise, a sympathetic pressure of the hand, defence of the absent, and speaking no evil."

A Critique on Socialism

by Edward F. Adams.

This essay was read before the Ruskin Club, of Oakland, California, a convocation of fervent Socialists. Mr. Adams being possessed of convictions in opposition to those of this circle, put on his armor for the evening with the intention of playing fair, but still of hitting straight at his hearers and of not dodging the issue. With such a sturdy purpose, backed with a most genial good-will and many humorous pleasantries, it is not surprising that, even if he failed to convince his audience, he certainly succeeded in entertaining it. Mr. Adams' point of view may be understood by the following quotation:

"My animus is that I heartily desire most, if not all the ends proposed by abstract Socialism, which I understand to be a perfectly just distribution of comfort. If, therefore, I am a critic of Socialism, I am a friendly critic, my objections to its program resting mainly on a conviction that it would not remove but would intensify the evils which it is intended to mitigate."

While the essay is entertaining, it does not fail to present seriously, concisely and effectively the objections to the Socialistic doctrine.

To no man is given nobler aspirations than to him who conceives of a just distribution of comfort in an existence not idle, but without struggle. It would be a Nirvana glorious only in the absence of sorrow, but still, perhaps, a happy ending for our race. It may, after all, be our destiny. Nor can any right-minded man forbear his tribute to the good which Socialistic agitation has done.

The book is well bound in dark brown boards, decorated with rule design by Harry Nash, whose beautiful

and artistic work on many of the finest books of the season have met with such marked success. Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco. Price, 75 cents.

Sovereign Woman versus Mere Man. There is something peculiarly appropriate and beautiful in this dainty book, compiled by Jennie Day Haines, to prize and keep for oneself as well as to form a gift-book for a fastidious friend. The quotations from the world's authors form a wide range of subjects in keeping with the title.

To mark the difference, or otherwise, these clever passages have been gathered without prejudice—whether from Marie Corelli, Israel Zangwill, John Oliver Hobbes, Emerson, Holmes or Voltaire, spinsters, wives, widows, queens, artists and servants of Sovereign Woman, are opposed, page by page, by Mere Man in the guise of bachelors, husbands, widowers, kings, and poets. Love, matrimony, coquetry, cooking and fads are among the subjects analyzed for both sexes.

The cover, frontispiece and border designs on every page are by Gordon Ross, and it is printed on thin double-leaved Japan paper. Price, \$1.00.

"Woman, they say, was only made of man,

Methinks 'tis strange they should be so unlike."

—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

Daffodils

Another dainty booklet of charming verse by Grace Hibbard was issued in time to receive its share of holiday attention. It is one of those dainty conceits in verse which never go out of season as a typical token of remembrance of California. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents.

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Impressions Quarterly

The latest *Impressions Quarterly* which came out last month contains some very able contributions and certainly more than holds its own for rich literary efforts. Among those most noticeable is one by Professor Thomas S. Bacon on "Literary Bondage." Dorothea Moore contributes "Up Early," an impressionistic fantasy of experience emanating from her old and romantic home environment. There are many other articles to hold the reader's attention with profitable as well as pleasurable results. Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco. Price, 15 cents a copy or 50 cents a year.

Impressions Calendar

deserves a good word in due season, for it is one of, if not the best, we have ever seen for proper size, substantial enough to stand the wear and tear of use, without deterioration and each month contains a rare literary gem to absorb and ponder over to our profit.

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Alaska Indian Mythology

All those who are interested in Alaskan Indian mythology or who contemplate making the delightful trip to Alaska during the summer vacation should read this little booklet of the unusually interesting history of the Totem pole and description of a potlatch, etc. These were written by Mrs. Mary E. Hart, of Nome, Commissioner for the Alaskan Government at the St. Louis Exhibition for the General Passenger Department of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. The booklet can be obtained free of charge at their office, 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Helen Leah Reed has a special interest in the Loyalist exiles of the Annapolis Valley to whom she refers



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in "Amy in Acadia," as all her ancestors of Revolutionary times in this country were New York adherents of the crown. This new "Brenda" book deals with Acadia as a whole, as well as with Evangeline's country, and in it are introduced two or three characters, descended, like the author, from American officers on the British side. This is one of the few pieces of fiction giving a fair and clear account of the early hardships of the Loyalists banished to Canada. Although family papers, unpublished letters, and the author's own observations in Nova Scotia are drawn on for her picture, the material is so woven with the story that even younger readers are held by the narrative.

Among the new American novels that have captivated Australian readers are "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," by Anne Warner, and "The Divining Rod," a romance of the oil regions, by Francis N. Thorpe. The Australian publishers have just cabled for a second edition of Anne Warner's humorous story.

Judge Walter C. Noyes' discussion of, and suggested solution for, the railroad freight controversy, embodied in his new book, "American Railroad Rates," is attracting widespread attention, and a second edition has just been printed by Little, Brown & Co.

The death of John Bartlett, the former Boston publisher, but better known as the compiler of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," has disclosed the fact that nearly a quarter of a million copies of this work have been sold since the first edition was published in 1855.



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Charles R. Gettemy, the author of "The True Story of Paul Revere," has been appointed private secretary of Governor-elect Curtis Guild, Jr., of Massachusetts. Mr. Gettemy's authentic one-volume biography of this famous American patriot has gone into a second edition.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a third printing of the Pasadena Edition of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."

Easy Cooking for Little Cooks. Under this inviting title, the Sperry Flour Company has issued a colored illustrated booklet that is a delight to the eye as well as the palate, and makes you wish to start *right away* to make up the tempting recipes given for bread, rolls, pies and cakes of every description. Sperry's flour is a household word, meaning everything that is pure, sweet and clean, for the foundation of our eating.

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Shopping News

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M. C. Ansbro, art collector and picture dealer; art galleries, 531 Sutter Street, San Francisco. This elegant store is replete with a magnificent colored prints, antique and modern, and an endless variety of large Rembrandt photographs. Many are suitably framed and exhibited in the proper light to bring out all their fine points.

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Time and Place of Meeting

Mrs. Heinrich Homberger, Sausalito, Cal. Mrs. Pollock.	Last Tuesday. First Friday, 2 P. M., Golden Gate Hall.
Miss May E. McDougald.	Fourth Saturday, Sorosis Club. Second and fourth Wednesdays, 1400 Gough.
Mrs. Chas. Wm. Moores, 1518 Larkin Street.	California Club-House, 1750 Clay Street. At call of President, Academy of Sciences. Second Friday, 2 P. M., Central Hall.
Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 852 Grove Street. Miss Cecile Rogers, Colonial. Mrs. Laura Bride Powers. Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 862 Grove Street. Mrs. L. M. Fletcher, 2217 Octavia Street. Miss S. P. Bartley, 72 Sixth Avenue. Mrs. H. Chase, 1208 Clay Street.	Second and fourth Thurs., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall. First Monday, 2 P. M., Parlors Unitarian Chch. Second and fourth Tuesdays, Cal. Club-Rooms. Second and fourth Mon., 2 P. M., Utopia Hall.
Mrs. Wm. Ruthrauff, 1219 Jones Street.	Second and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P.M., 2668 Mission.
Miss E. S. Ryder, 1614 Scott Street. Mrs. Geo. T. Phelps, 116 Devisadero Street. Mrs. Halloran. Mrs. H. E. Thompson, 1405 Van Ness Avenue.	First and 3d Mon., 3 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall Second Tuesday, Utopia Hall. First Monday, 3 P. M., 1620 California Street.
Miss Josephine Feusier, 1027 Green Street.	Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street.
Mrs. H. Alferitz, 2299 Jones Street.	At call of President, 1825 California Street.
Mrs. M. E. Perley, 207 Post Street.	Third Monday, 3:30 P. M., 231 Post Street.
Mrs. Nathaniel Blaisdell, 3243 Washington St.	First and third Wed., 3 P.M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. C. McL. Mason, 1123 Pine Street.	Second Tuesday, 2:30 P.M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. Josephine Martin, 2052 Fell Street.	Wheeter's Auditorium. Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street. Second and 4th Mon., 2:30 P. M., 1433 Bush St.
Mrs. C. W. Moores, 1544 Larkin Street. Mrs. Francis E. Randall, 1915 Baker Street. Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first St. Mrs. I. B. R. Cooper.	Fridays, 2:30 P. M., 1308 California Street. 2d and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P. M., members' homes.
Mrs. A. E. Buckingham.	First Tuesday, 3 P. M., Chapel of Calvary Chch.
Mrs. Charles M. Dougherty, Hotel Pleasanton.	Second Wednesday, Philomath Hall, 1433 Bush.
Mrs. W. J. Golden, 712 Cole Street. Mrs. F. G. Bruker, 1627 Hayes Street Mrs. Peer Tiffany, 1721 Lyon Street.	First and third Tues., 10 A.M., members' homes. First and third Mondays, 2 P. M., Utopia Hall. Last Saturday, 2:30 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall.



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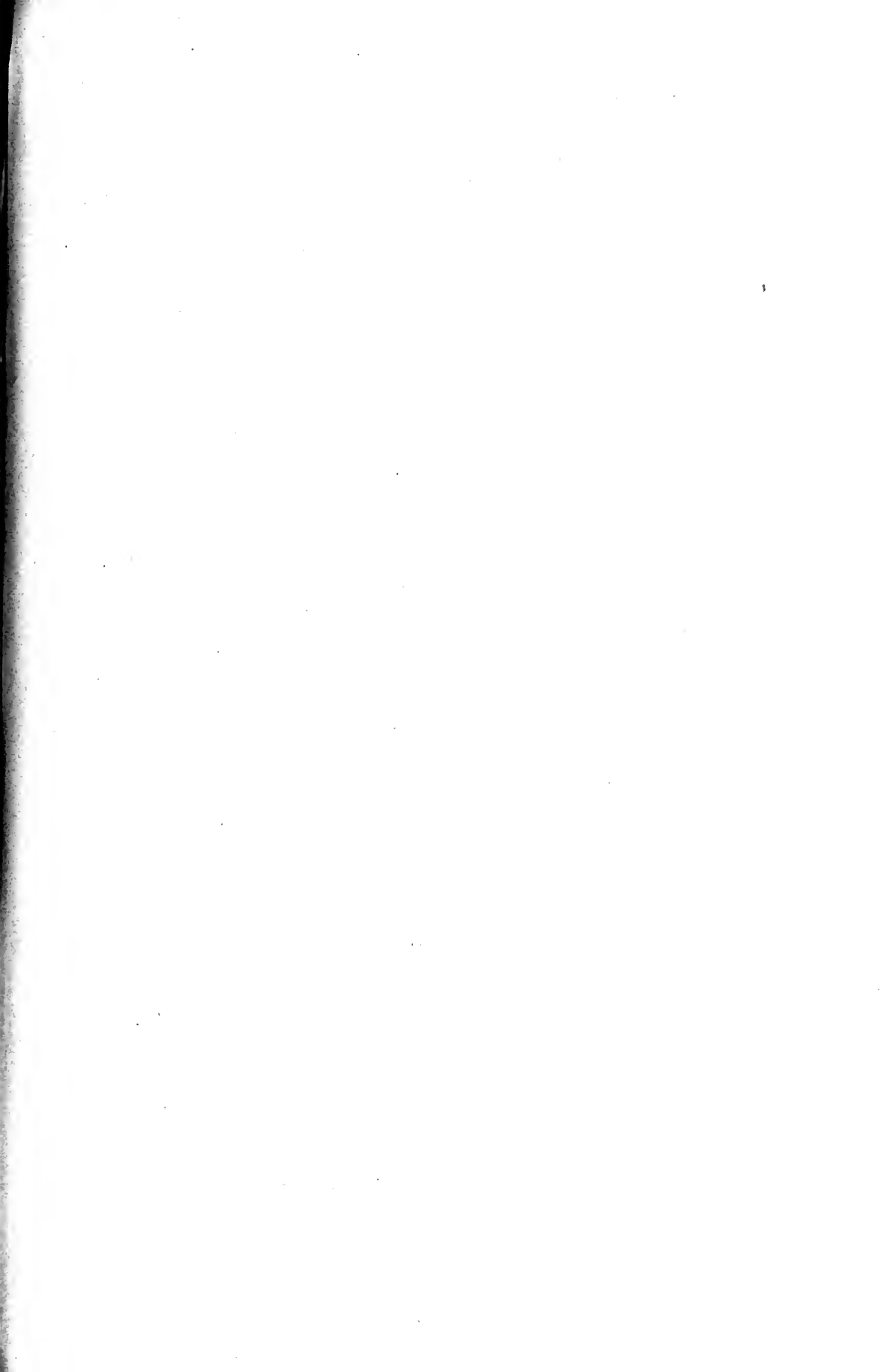
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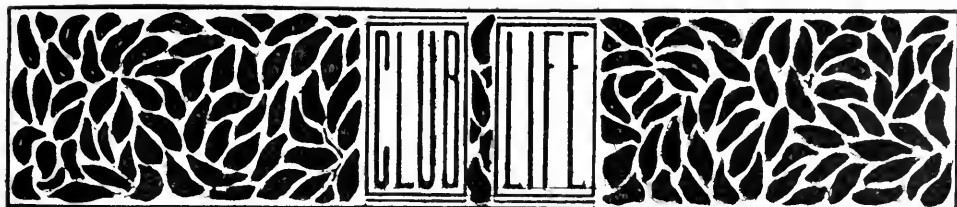
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Mrs. Lovell White



Vol. 4

February, 1906

No. 6

California Federation of Women's Clubs meets in San Jose on the 7th, 8th, 9th of February. There will be a great deal of business to despatch in this brief space, but the club women are becoming so expert in framing and condensing reports that much time is saved, and, too, parliamentary practice is so well understood by the majority of the clubs that much unnecessary discussion that consumed time and patience at the early conventions is now entirely unknown.

On February 10th, following the adjournment of the Federation meeting, the San Francisco clubs will give a splendid reception at the California Club House, in honor of Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Lovell White was the chief factor in the organizing of the State Federation of Women's Clubs and its vice-president for two years,—virtually its president, acting instead of Mrs. Burdette, who during her term of office was travelling a great deal.

Philanthropic work claims a large share of Mrs. White's attention; aside from this she is working unceasingly in behalf of forestry. When her name is associated with any project it is looked upon as a guarantee of success, for the very good reason that she has engineered so many undertakings by her executive strength and progressive spirit to a prosperous issue. After mothering the Sempervirens through its baby days and bringing it to the dignity of a State organization, she besought the members, who desired her reign as president to continue, to relieve her from office as it entailed too much travel about the State, when her interests here required so much attention. Mrs. White's valuable executive connection with the Outdoor Art League everybody knows, and since its affiliation with the California Club as a department thereof, her work proceeds as energetically as before. One of the founders and a past president of the California Club, her name is allied with every progressive move in civic and club circles.

Laurel Hall members and guests enjoyed an afternoon recital by Miss Stella King, of New York City, whose delightfully rendered program included selections from Browning, A Monologue of Today and Statue Scene from "A Winter's Tale." At a later meeting, Mrs. Agnes S. Moody read a report from the Local Council of Women, and current topics evinced the active and intelligent interest this club shows in the great questions of the day.

Outdoor Art League Department, California Club

The Outdoor Art Department presented a fine program to the California Club on January 16th. The Hon. James D. Phelan illustrated the plans drawn by Mr. D. H. Burnham for the future building and beautification of San Francisco; and later in the afternoon Charles Keeler, of Berkeley, spoke of "The Domestic Architecture of California." The addresses of both gentlemen were appropriate for this period of civic awakening, and were enthusiastically received by an intelligent and appreciative audience. The leaflet issued by the league, containing the views of prominent men of the city on the subject of abbreviating the word San Francisco into Frisco, has been in great demand. The Promotion Committee has asked for as many copies as the league can supply, and other organizations of men have sent for copies for distribution. The monthly luncheon given by the league for the purpose of encouraging the members in the art of speaking from the floor, took place in the club rooms on Saturday, 20th, as the regular date is fixed for the third Saturday of the month. At each luncheon a toastmistress, a censor, and six speakers are elected to serve at the ensuing luncheon. There is no shirking and each woman accepts her turn to speak when she is elected. Mrs. George T. Marsh was toastmistress on the 20th, and acquitted the task in a masterly manner. Miss Ida Kervan was the censor, and the subject was "San Francisco." Miss Leonora O'Brien, Mrs. A. A. D'Ancona, Mrs. H. H. Fassett, Mrs. O. Bozio, Mrs. Helen Wallenstein, Mrs. Emil Pohli and Mme. Sorbier were the speakers, each representing a different nationality and each presenting fascinating impressions of San Francisco and her people.

La Puerta Del Oro Chapter, D. A. R., held their January meeting at the hospitable home of the vice-Regent, Mrs. J. W. Orr, 2420 Gough street. The regent, Mrs. J. W. Hoyt, who has been visiting the Eastern States for a short time, was present and received a hearty welcome. The Treasurer and Historian made their monthly reports. The principal subject under consideration was the annual breakfast to be celebrated on Washington's birthday.

Mrs. A. Shloss, Mrs. J. W. Orr, Mrs. M. O. Austin, were appointed a committee to attend to the matter.

The secretary was directed to inform the members of the breakfast. A very delightful musical and literary program was rendered by the pupils of Mrs. Marriner Campbell. Dainty refreshments were served during the social hour. Before adjournment the announcement was made that the next meeting would be held at the home of Mrs. M. O. Austin, 469 Guerrero street.

The California State Floral Society held a very interesting meeting, January 12th, in Central Hall, 223 Sutter street. Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins presided. The usual routine of business was transacted and reports of committees read. Dr. J. W. Quigley was admitted to membership. Mrs. Austin Sperry gave a delightful talk on a trip to the Malay States during her recent journey around the world.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU, Secretary.

The Sempervirens Club

The annual meeting took place on January 13th in the main parlor of the Palace Hotel, at 2 o'clock p. m. A full accounting of the year's work performed by the Club was given, and amongst other important transactions, the Secretary reported that the sum of \$200 had been funded by the Club in the name of the Calaveras Big Tree Committee of the California Club, to be used for the possible purchase of the Calaveras groves. If not expended for said purpose within five years from date the money with accretions to be returned to the Club.

The Sempervirens is a State Club, with local branches established here and there throughout the State, and was reorganized on this system in 1903 by Mrs. Lovell White, who has been the Club's President during the period of three years. The largest and most active county club is located in San Jose, and it was fitting that the presidency should go there. The Rev. Eli McClish, President of the University of the Pacific, was unanimously elected to that office, and Mrs. Lovell White was made an honorary member of the Club.

The Daughters of the California Pioneers gave a most enjoyable reception in honor of Miss Lucy Adams, a past president of the organization, who has just returned from a year's tour of Europe. The affair was in charge of Mrs. Sidney Palmer, President, and proved delightfully successful. A large gathering of members and guests welcomed Miss Adams, who is a member of one of the best known pioneer families and a popular Daughter. An attractive program was rendered in the early afternoon and refreshments were served. Throughout the reception the sweet strains of the Schumann Trio blending with the hum of conversation added to the pleasure of the occasion.

Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., No. 540

Two meetings of this Chapter were held in January; the first presided over by our President, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, the second by that charming parliamentarian, First Vice-President, Mrs. Smythe, of Berkeley. On the first occasion, the yearly reports of the officers were submitted and occupied so much time that an extra session became indispensable for the election of officers for the ensuing year. This one occurred on the natal day of the immortal Lee. The business reports revealed a thriving condition of the Chapter and presage a bright future. Both meetings were held at the Bella Vista, the last resulting in the election of the following officers for this year: President (by acclamation), Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck; First Vice-President, Mrs. Andrew M. Davis; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Smythe, Berkeley; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Cline; Recording Secretary, Miss Lola Taylor; Registrar, Miss Sally Daingerfield; Treasurer, Mrs. Julian Le Conte; Custodian of Cross, Mrs. F. O. B. White; Historian, Mrs. Virginia B. Hilliard. Through the courtesy of a veteran and his wife, a U. D. C., Mr. and Mrs. Grace, our meetings for the future will occur at their elegant and hospitable new home on Scott street. The Chapter's debt of gratitude for this courtesy has been acknowledged through the medium of our corresponding secretary, and will ever live green in the memory of the Daughters.

Cap and Bells Club, Mrs. Squire Varick Mooney, President. The second season is very prosperous and the study sections well attended. The informal luncheons served to members on the second Thursdays are very popular. An extra program was rendered on Club Day, Thursday, January 11th, and special guests' cards issued.

The Shakespeare section, Miss Eleanor Croudace, leader, is attended by all the members. The interest taken is largely due to the enthusiasm shown by Miss Croudace who is a profound student and ardent lover of Shakespeare. There is a rumor going around the Club that on a day in the near future scenes from Shakespeare may be portrayed by the talent of the Cap and Bells. Miss Lorena Hoag gave evidence of her ability as a teacher of oratory by the readings of several of her pupils. The Club orchestra furnished some fine music, directed by Miss Elsie Tooker. The following program was given on Social Day, January 25th, Mrs. Thomas J. Crothers, chairman:

1. Duet—Selected
Miss Grace Wasson, Mr. Alfred Cogswell.
 2. Violin Solo—Selected
Mrs. John R. Gwinn.
 3. Vocal Solo—(a) A Folk Song Chadwick
(b) The Throstle White
Miss Grace Wasson.
 4. Loose Leaves from My Diary
Florence Richmond.
 5. Vocal Solo—(a) God Keep You Hawley
(b) Waggon Malloy
Mr. Alfred Cogswell.
- Accompanist, Mr. Edgar Bayliss.

P. C. W. P. A.

The Association opened the year 1906 with an informal social. Poetical selections were read by Mrs. Von Eichen, and, over the teacups, stories of the Northland were told by Mrs. Hart. The meeting on January 22nd was the business one of the month, Mrs. E. J. Foster, First Vice-President, presiding. The President, Mrs. Krebs, who has been quite ill, but is much better, was still unable to be present. The usual routine business was transacted and delegates were elected to the State Federation, which meets this year in San Jose, February 7th, 8th and 9th. The two delegates are, besides the President, Mrs. E. J. Foster and Mrs. Norman H. Martin, the recording secretary. Miss Ina Coolbrith, the Second Vice-President, is the President's alternate; the others, in order, are Mrs. W. C. Morrow, the corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Sophie Gardner.

Greetings from members abroad filled the place of the announced "Story Review," the reviewer failing to put in an appearance, and there were present many whose faces have been missed, who were cordially welcomed and listened to with pleasure. Several of them have found homes at a distance, and may not often be in attendance at meetings, but, "Wherever they roam, whatever realms they see," their hearts will ever fondly turn to the Press Association, and their pens be ever ready to respond to its requirements.

It is only justice to Mrs. Percy Weekes to say that the frontispiece of *La Copa de Oro* is by her artistic hand, and not by Mrs. Meeker, as it appeared last month. CLARE O. SOUTHARD, Chm. Press Com.

To Kalon

"An afternoon with Browning, musically illustrated," was the program for the January meeting of To Kalon, and members and their friends were treated to a most enjoyable lecture on Browning's songs, by Mrs. Mary Fairweather. A feature of the lecture that gave great pleasure was the rendering of several of that great poet's song-poems, by Mrs. A. E. Buckingham. These were chosen to illustrate special points in the lecture. Mrs. Buckingham was in excellent voice, and the five exquisite songs fitted into the lecture with perfect harmony. Mrs. Buckingham was accompanied by Miss Julia Rapier Tharp, whose graceful, sympathetic touch added much to the charm of the singer's part. At the close of the program tea was served and the social hour that followed was not the least delightful of the afternoon. The business meeting that preceded the program was well attended and reports of leaders' classes showed that the new club, less than two years old, has settled down to the earnest work that is, after all, the only honest reason any club has for existence. A choral class under the direction of Madame Von Meyerinck, a history class having for its subject, "Russia," Current Fiction, German and Shakespeare classes afford members of To Kalon ample scope for the indulgence of varied tastes. The club has long since passed the three hundred limit and bids fair to continue to grow in numbers, and better still, to prove itself worthy the significant name it bears, "To Kalon"—the beautiful in music, art and literature.

The New England Colony held its regular meeting on the second Friday of the month at the California Club House. A goodly number were out in spite of the storm, and discussed the by-laws and other matters pertaining to the new organization. After the business, Miss Cloak gave a recital, choosing humorous selections from the best authors, her command of dialect adding much to the amusement afforded. The members then enjoyed a cup of tea and cakes, and reported much interest shown in the new colony. Letters were read from the New York Society expressing their gratification at the success of "Number Ten" Colony, and at the prominent women who are enrolled in the membership.

All those present at the meeting at the St. Francis Hotel are requested to send in their blanks, or procure blanks as soon as possible, that the charter membership may be completed, to Miss Jennie Partridge, Corresponding Secretary, 3142 Twenty-first street.

Contemporary Club was "at home" on Monday, January 8th, at the Club's cozy rooms, in the California Club Building. President Mrs. Charles F. Ward, assisted by her staff of past presidents, welcomed a very large number of guests and officers of many other clubs. The rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion and the "Schumann Trio" charmed all present with sweet music during the entire afternoon. Mrs. Blankenberg sang exquisitely, rendering with her beautiful soprano voice, three selected solos, and with Miss Mabel Porter at the piano a rare treat was offered. The presentation of a cluster of beautiful roses voiced the appreciation of the Club. Delicious refreshments were served and enjoyed by all, closing a delightfully successful reception.

CLARA J. KENT.

The **British and American Union** met for business on the first Monday of the month. At the social meeting of December, a very interesting paper on "Indian Music" was given by Mrs. George Bird of San Francisco, illustrated by instrumental and vocal music by Mrs. Reuben Mastick and Miss Carrie Enlass, under the direction of Mrs. Carrie Taylor, a talented musician of this city, who we are proud to say is a member of the Auxiliary. This was one of the many pleasant afternoons spent by the Auxiliary at Utopia Hall, Sutter Street. Members of other clubs and both American and British ladies are always cordially invited to be present at the social afternoons, which occur every third Monday. In the absence of the President, Mrs. G. Alexander Wright, on this day, the chair was taken by the first Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. Greer Harrison. The first Monday of the month falling on New Year's Day, the usual business meeting was postponed until January 8th. After the reading of the minutes, the usual routine of business was suspended and an enjoyable hour spent listening to Dr. Emily Noble, who gave an interesting and novel talk on "Indian Method of Rejuvenation." Dr. Noble is an able and pleasant speaker, and we hope to have the pleasure of meeting her again before her departure for Honolulu.

The usual January social meeting took place on Monday, January 15th, at the club rooms, when a most attractive program was rendered. The music was kindly arranged by Madame Emilia Tojetti, of the California Club. The following artistic selections were sung by Madame Tojetti with her characteristic charm:

- (a) "Sapphic Ode" Brahms
- (b) "Der Nussbaum" Schumann
- (c) "Aus meinem grossen Schmerzen" Franz
- (d) "Connais tu"—from "Mignon" Thomas

Accompanied by Mrs. Grace L. Williams.

The speaker of the afternoon was Mrs. Mary Dickson of Alameda, who chose for her theme, "A Summer in Mexico." Mrs. Dickson, having lived and traveled extensively in this quaint land, was well able to handle her subject. Time, however, would not permit Mrs. Dickson to bring the ladies home; so having left them in the city of Mexico, she has promised to come again in the near future to resume her interesting experiences. It might be a thing of interest to the readers of CLUB LIFE to know that this bright speaker is the first woman graduate of the College of Commerce of the University of California, she having graduated in December, 1905. Tea concluded the afternoon's proceedings. The next meeting will take place on February 5th.

BESSIE G. K. WRIGHT, Cor. Secy.

The true test of greatness in a man is to throw him suddenly into new circumstances and see how he comports himself. Mere talent under effective drill may do good work under common conditions; but when new relations and unaccustomed circumstances fling a man back on Nature and first principles, no amount of mere talent, however well drilled, will enable a man to master the situation. Face to face with untried problems, only the originality of a strong and thoughtful nature can prevail.—*Blackie*.

Some Small Clubs

CLARENCE E. EDWARDS, OF THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

Women in cities who have their commodious club houses, and congregate in fashionable attire on stated occasions, know much of the benefits of "when two or three are congregated together," but there is much of the charm of association which they have not found. Women's clubs in California are remarkable in many ways, and there are several remarkable clubs whose members have been taken away from the sordid in life through their influence.

Irrigation has brought many things to California, and when I say that it has brought about certain women's clubs it may sound like a far-fetched conclusion, but I believe that it is a matter of easy verification. Irrigation has been the instrumentality which segregated large land holdings in the State into small farms. In many parts of the State one may find dozens of farms of from five to twenty acres. They are productive and beautiful, and in the homes thus provided one may find much of the happiness and content which is absent in more pretentious establishments within the limits of a city or town.

But the one thing lacking to make woman's life perfect on a farm, has always been congenial society. Farms were too far apart to permit of neighborly calls, and after the day's work was done it was almost another task to prepare for a trip to spend an evening. All this, however, has been changed through irrigation, which has so subdivided the country that the next door neighbor on the farm is no more distant than our best friends in a city.

All this may seem a diversion from the purport of this article, but it is purely a premise. The neighborliness of the people on small farms in California has brought about the formation of what are called "Neighborly Clubs," and it is through these clubs that many a farmer's wife has been saved from an early decline through melancholia, brought on by loneliness.

One of the best of these clubs which I have in mind is what is known as a "magazine" club. It is simple in operation and wonderful in result. There are but twelve members—that is, women members—the husbands are what might be called associate members. These twelve women are within a mile and a half of each other, which is no walk at all in the country in good weather, and they started the club in the smallest way imaginable. They borrowed each other's magazines, and then talked about the articles and stories in them. An idea came to one of these ladies, and the result was that each of the twelve subscribed for a magazine. These magazines rotated from house to house, and there was a weekly meeting at the home of one of the members, at which the women discussed what they had read, and the husbands joined in if they were sufficiently well up on the subjects. If not, they talked about the crops and those other abstruse subjects which seem to delight the male mind.

This club has been going for several years now, and it has started several others on the right road. It has also branched out, and in addition to talk on the subjects of the magazines, the women discuss subjects of interest

to the household, one member providing the topic each week. There are no officers to this club, the woman at whose house the weekly meeting is held is the presiding officer for the time of the meeting. There are no dues, except the subscription to the magazine, and there is always a full membership present unless some case of urgent necessity intervene.

Another club which I have in mind was started in a slightly different way, but the results are just as good. This club is composed of women who live near each other, there being a membership of but nine. Neighborly calls developed the fact that each of these ladies had some particular talent in which she excelled. The idea finally came to form a Literary Circle, to have weekly meetings. These meetings, at first, were more for the purpose of indulging in neighborhood gossip, but the main idea soon became predominant, and there is now a weekly gathering which gets right down to business and goes through a program of surpassing excellence.

What is being done in these clubs could be done all over California, and it is my opinion that a thorough organization of such clubs would go far to relieve the dreary monotony of which so many women on farms complain. Farm life can be made drudgery—in fact it is drudgery, unless taken out of it—but it can also be made an uplifting influence. If the women mix among their kind, and take the men along to have weekly talks among themselves which will develop from a discussion of politics and kindred matters, to subjects of importance to the small farmer, the power for good to the State will be something wonderful. It is to be noted that the localities which have these small clubs are the ones which are farthest ahead in all matters of development and adornment, and where the men are the most progressive in matter of community interest.

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The Tryst

WRITTEN FOR CLUB LIFE

To E. N. T.

The little gate in the garden,
 Where the sunlit shadow streams,
 Has it for unseen warden
 The angel that guards our dreams?
 For here, in a sweet delaying,
 We rest in the charmed air;
 And your face, like a rapt nun praying,
 Is pensive—but not with care.

The stately palm is a stranger
 To scenes that our childhood knew;
 (Ah, thought were a lawless ranger
 To summon the past to view!)
 The poinsettia's crimson splendor
 Could find not a comrade there,
 And *this* rose!—would her opulence render
 A kinship beyond compare?

The little gate in the garden,
 Deep-set under branches green,—
 (Ah, fair was the old-time garden,
 That the years, like those shadows, screen.)
 If we lifted the latch, dear, surely,
 We pass to enchanted ways,—
 Where the breezes of spring blow purely,
 And blithe is the step that strays.

No, no! 'twere a wish profaning:
 Unsought be its secret kept!
 A spell for the twilight's waning,
 A vision for eyes that wept.
 There are paths that the angel showeth—
 And cloudeth again from view—
 Where the pansy and rosemary groweth
 And the violet drinks the dew.

Oh, gleams to the spirit given
 Through the mystical gate of dreams!
 The light of earth, and of heaven,
 Still over its lattice streams.
 While here, in a sweet delaying,
 We rest in the shadowy shrine;
 And your face, like a rapt nun praying,
 Is touched with a light divine.

FRANCES MARGARET MILNE.

Nellie Stewart, the Great Australian Actress, at the
Majestic Theatre



Nellie Stewart, the beautiful and talented Australian actress, supported by George Musgrove's Dramatic Company, one of the finest theatrical organizations in the world, is playing a special engagement of four weeks at the Majestic Theatre. Not since the late Sir Henry Irving's visit have we had such magnificent theatrical performances. Every member of the company is an artist of the first rank, and Nellie Stewart is the most bewitching and charming actress one can imagine. Whether in the comedy or in the pathetic

scenes, this magnetic little woman seems to reach your heart, and it is safe to predict that before she leaves San Francisco, our theatregoers will love Nellie Stewart as those in her own country do.

As to scenic work, stage garniture, etc., it is a revelation. Every bit of furniture, every window, every costume and everything used on the stage is absolutely correct. No expense or trouble has been spared to give a performance that is beyond criticism.

The play itself, "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," is a charming comedy-drama founded on the life story of Nell Gwynne and a better vehicle for Miss Stewart's talents could not have been found. In fact everything that Mr. Musgrove has done in making this production has been the correct thing and who can do more?

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

"The Ethics of the Drama"

An excerpt from an address by Mrs. Maddern Fiske on the "Ethics of the Drama," given before the "Harvard Ethical Society." This is the second time an actress has spoken to an audience at Harvard—only Duse had preceded Mrs. Fiske.

The question is often asked: "Does the stage, as a vocation, tend to endanger the character of the actor?" In one way it does endanger character, in the very nature of things. The peculiarity of the actor's profession, the fact that his name is constantly in the newspapers, and that he is given more publicity than other artists, is apt to engender egotism and an exaggerated idea of the nature of his achievements. That is the one great danger to the character of the actor. He is in danger of forgetting that his art as an actor is but one phase of the man—the artist. He is apt to forget that while "all the world's a stage," it does not by any means follow that the stage is all the world. He is apt to confine his thoughts too closely to his achievements in the theatre, forgetting that the artist must know all of human nature and that his life must be completed and rounded out with an all-comprehending sympathy and understanding.

The actor has to contend with misfortunes that are not realized fully by the public. Business methods and the public combine to wear out the artist and make it impossible for him always to deliver the best that is in him. The art of the actor could rise to greater heights were conditions different—were they even as they are in many European countries, where it is not expected that the player shall appear as regularly as night comes round. The strain during a theatrical season is too great to permit of a uniform display of the best that is in the artist. The actor should have his intervals of rest and recuperation—intervals in which he may newly celebrate his work and come fresh and full of inspiration to his public—like artists in other fields. The painter who has achieved reputation may drop his brush when he needs rest and pick it up again when he feels able to do himself justice. A writer whose merit has been recognized has the same privilege, which means much to his public as well as to himself. But the actor must present himself upon the stage, to the audience that will expect his best, night after night, until often the weariness of it all and the dull monotony of it stifle the possibility of creditable effort. Thus, we become uncertain in our performances, playing well upon one occasion and poorly upon another. The actor's halcyon days will come when we have fewer performances. The actor, of course, should be independent of his audience, but often he is not, and the play-goer frequently has much to do in the making or the marring of a performance. There are play-goers who are a joy and inspiration to the actor and others that depress and repel him. There is one sort of play-goer who is particularly abhorrent. I refer to the man who dines heavily and lounges into the theatre with mentality stagnant and with no desire for entertainment other than that which may appeal to his sensual nature or his stupid,

lethargic condition. That man is hopeless. Nothing fine, nothing beautiful can ever come within his ken, although he may be an educated and ordinarily intelligent person. And this leads to another fact: *There is in this country an ignorance of dramatic art far more wide-spread than you imagine. Thousands of persons who are cultured, and who possess artistic knowledge of many other things, are like children in their ignorance of the art of the theatre. These people may have learned a great deal of music. In music they have learned to discriminate but often they cannot discriminate in plays or in acting. These persons often admire the worst in dramatic art and are often blind to the best. In other things they may show taste and understanding and appreciation—as in painting, in music and literature—yet they may not have even the slightest knowledge as to what is good or bad in plays or acting.*

It would be well if everyone would evolve his or her personal ideal of the theatre, as to what a play should be in all its aspects and in all that concerns its interpretation, and try to measure up experience in the actual theatre in accord with that ideal. You should demand in a play good literature, good dramatic construction, strong and diversified characterization, and in the acting insist upon the symmetries that have been held to be necessary to the works of all good art. In short, treat the theatre as you do other matters of art, and tolerate nothing that you believe to be beneath the standards that any intelligent person ought to be able to formulate. I do not know where in the theatre this ideal may be found today, but I believe that if the public sets its standards high, something like the ideal may some day be evolved.

Miss Alberta Gallatin

It is a matter of extreme regret among San Franciscans who have the pleasure of knowing Miss Alberta Gallatin, either socially or as an artist, that her tour of the Coast this season did not embrace this city. Miss Gallatin played Oakland, January 17th and 18th, and again "our glorious climate" demonstrated a "Maud" like spirit of perversity and exhibited its very worst aspect to this daughter of the "sunny south" to whom we have been proudly boasting "sunshine and flowers."

The Daughters of the Confederacy, the Jefferson Davis Chapter in particular, are grieved that an opportunity was denied them to entertain Miss Gallatin, not only on her own account, but as well because she is the daughter of Mrs. Virginia B. Hilliard, a most esteemed member. We beg that on her next visit to the Coast we are advised in time to give her the reception her genius deserves.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Continued from Page 12

The music, expressly composed for the play, is beautiful and is well rendered by a large orchestra directed by Herr Slapoffsky.

During this engagement there will be the usual Sunday night performances but matinees will be given only on Thursdays and Saturdays. The prices are moderate for such a company, ranging from \$1.50 down to 25 cents, and at the Thursday "Pop" matinees, from \$1.00 down to 25 cents. Miss Stewart's engagement is for one month and no one who cares for the very best in dramatic art should miss seeing this splendid actress and the excellent company.

TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Club
Life

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

SIXTH LECTURE—MOTIONS.

Business can be brought before a meeting only by a motion.

Motions are all of three kinds, that is, for three purposes. There is a motion to bring a subject before the meeting. That we call an ordinary main motion. As a general rule only one motion may be presented. It may be debated, changed and many things done with it and in regard to it, and the organization may adjourn without finally taking any action one way or the other. That is the highest privilege an organization has, from a parliamentary point of view. From a moral point of view, its highest privilege is to take decided action, and right action as it sees the right.

Motions that relate to the ordinary main motion, or to other incidents are the second kind of motions. These we call privileged motions.

The third kind of motions are motions made to gain personal comfort or rights, to meet an emergency, or to maintain the dignity and honor of the organization. These we call motions of personal privilege, and they are always in order. It mixes things a little to call one kind of motions "privileged motions" and another kind "questions, or motions of personal privilege," and if I had been in the English parliament when these rules were first made, I should have had some other name for one of them. It is folly to try to reform anything as old and staid as Parliamentary practice, so we must take it as we find it.

A motion in regard to personal privilege is always in order. No matter how important a subject is being discussed, no matter how eloquent a speaker may be, any member has the Parliamentary right to rise and request that a light be turned off or on, a window be opened or closed. She also has the right to make it known if a visitor seeks admission, who cannot come again, or that a bill be paid if it is just and the collector has been at considerable pains to present it. If the house should catch fire and a member should notice it she would have the Parliamentary right to mention it, no matter if the President of the United States had the floor. There is no condition of affairs imaginable where Parliamentary law is at a loss. The only way to obtain the floor in such emergencies is to rise, address the chair and say, "I rise to question of personal privilege." The president is bound to recognize you.

This matter of personal privilege is not of much importance, because, if it was necessary for any one to offer a motion in an emergency, it is likely that it would be properly done, but as it is a part of Parliamentary practice and comes under the head of motions, it is taken up here. There is no need to say anything more about it.

We will devote most of the remaining lectures to the other two kinds of motions.

In offering an ordinary main motion, three steps are necessary.

- 1st. Rise, mention your name, address the chair.
- 2d. Wait until you are recognized by the chair and,
- 3d. State the motion in as few words as possible.

The secretary is not a shorthand writer and she must take down the motion. You have the right to speak to your motion, and even if close of debate is ordered, you have a right to answer arguments. It is, therefore, useless to spoil the motion by mixing argument with it. The argument is spoiled and so is the motion.

Use the words, "I move." Never be guilty of adding anything. Never say, "I make a motion." You do not make it, and there is no use being untruthful. It is not good English to say you make a motion. No matter what additional good reasons may be urged against superfluous words in this connection, the fact that best form and all Parliamentary authorities require simply "I move" make it compulsory. After you think of it once, you will be surprised how awkward and uncouth it will sound to say, "I make a motion," when you can just as well say, "I move that."

A motion must be seconded, according to most authorities and universal custom. Nominations do not require a second, because every member has the right to nominate. On the other hand if no one will second a motion, there is no use to bother with it. After it is seconded and stated by the chair, or read at her request by the secretary, it belongs to the one who offered it no longer. It belongs to the meeting and can only be withdrawn by consent of the meeting. The meeting may refuse to consider it. Immediately after the ordinary main motion has been offered and stated by the chair, a member may rise and object to its consideration. The one who offered the motion and the one who objects to its consideration are then on an equal footing. If the objection is on constitutional grounds or point of order, the chair may rule the main motion out of order, or in order, but if the objection is a matter of opposition to the motion, the assembly must decide whether it wishes to consider the matter or not. There may be a motion, by a friend of the subject, that we do consider it. There may be a motion, by the one who objects, that we do not consider it, or the chairman may ask, without any motion for all who wish to consider the matter to say "aye" and all who object to considering it say "no." The latter way is best, for it saves time. No one can debate it. Simply offer the motion to consider or not and vote on it.

This is a privilege motion, relating to the main motion. It can not be offered after one argument has been made, for obvious reasons.

After an objection to the consideration of the question has been defeated it is open for discussion. It is the duty of the president to state the motion clearly and fairly. It is also her duty to inform members what will be the effect of adoption of the motion if there is any doubt as to the meaning of the motion. It is the privilege of the one who offers the motion to explain what she meant by it. The motion is then fairly before the house.

It is a general rule that no member can speak but once until all have spoken. After all have spoken, if there is no objection, a member may speak more than once. If there is an objection, the president may put it to vote and the assembly will decide whether she may speak again. The motion is made, thus: "I move we suspend the rules and hear the speech or give the member the floor." This motion requires a two-thirds majority for its adoption. All motions which suspend rules require a two-thirds majority.

If the motion prevails, the member may speak, and after all have spoken who wish, the one who offered the motion may close the debate. This is an invariable rule.

A motion to adjourn may be made, and if lost, the main motion is to be decided one way or the other. This is the simplest and most common Parliamentary practice.

Corona Club, on January 11th, held an open meeting. Despite the stormy weather, Mission Masonic Hall was filled with Corona ladies and their guests, who enjoyed a most delightful treat—an afternoon of song under the direction of Mrs. Marriner Campbell. The program was as follows:

1. (a) "The First Song" Gumbert
 (b) "I Heard a Wee Bird Singing" Lindly
 Miss Edna Mason.
2. (a) "The Year's at the Spring" Beach
 (b) "Night" Roland
 Cello obligato by Miss Lewis.
 (c) "Serenade" Piernie
 Miss Grace Marshall.
3. Cello Solos—"Sur Le Lac" Godard
 "Schlectes Vetter" Popper
 Miss A. M. Lewis.
4. (a) "My Darling Was So Fair" Taubert
 (b) "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" Haydn
 (c) "Lascia chio pianga" Handel
 Miss Rebecca Delvalle.
5. (a) "Frühlingszeit" Becker
 (b) "Venice" Richards
 (c) "Ring Out, Wild Bells" Gounod
 Miss Elsie Arden.
6. Song Cycle—Schön Gretlein Von Felitz
 Mrs. Klipple Schaffter.
 Miss Grace Rollins at the piano.

MRS. CLIVE A. BROWN.

The criticism of women proceeds not generally so much from a large survey and a cool judgment as from a delicate sensibility. Their finer feeling finds an offence in many things which are passed over unnoticed by the broader survey of the man.

It is a misfortune to have a more keen sensibility to faults than a ready appreciation of excellences in a person or object; for this tendency, however free from vice, not only perverts judgment but prevents enjoyment. This is the misfortune of women and not a few men also of the most highly cultivated taste.

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**The Northern
California
Indian
Association**

San Jose, California

How Christmas Came to Greenville

"Has the barrel come yet?" "Have you heard anything from the barrel?" were the questions heard on all sides. Thursday night the barrel arrived, and everyone breathed a great sigh of relief. We were as pleased and happy as so many children would have been over the things: dolls, so nicely dressed; toys, for the little ones; fancy things for the older ones; books that they can read and appreciate; whole pieces of cloth; so much yarn and so many crochet hooks, neckties, games, etc. One girl, instead of making up her piece of goods for herself, has made a dress for her baby brother at home. Saturday morning was spent in the last grand rehearsal, and in the afternoon willing hands dressed the trees. They were too full for the bags of candy (nearly 150 of them), so the candy bags were piled like a small mountain at the foot of one of the trees. Many of the fathers and mothers brought presents for their little ones and each other. After supper all was hurry and bustle and excitement, till we found ourselves in the midst of the beautiful decorations. The children did especially well with their songs and recitations. The older boys and girls had been trained in the Cantata from the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and they gave it with much life and expression.

At last the tiny ones were told to listen for Santa's sleigh bells and eyes began to grow big, and little ears were strained.

What could be keeping dear old Santa? Hark! the bells! No mistake—Santa is here!

After throwing kisses and funny sayings to them, Santa pulled a doll from his pack for Florence. Little Maud, standing up on her seat very much excited, cried out: "Here she is, Santa, right here!" and pointed eagerly to Florence. Little Myrtle looked up at the seamstress with eyes like saucers and said, "Why, does he know Florence?" And when, as it happened a moment later, her own name was called, she was surprised beyond words.

How thankful we were that the barrel came in time!

EMMA L. TRUBODY,
Teacher Government Indian School, Greenville, Cal.

Campo Indians

It will be remembered that last winter appeals were made on behalf of the starving Campo Indians, not far from San Diego. While better off than they were at that time, there is still much destitution among them, and an especial need for secondhand clothing. If anyone can send such, we shall be glad to give full shipping directions.

CORNELIA TABER,
Corresponding Secretary.

California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

President-General, Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden,
96 Fifth Avenue, New York City,
State President, Miss Mabel Adams Ayer
1622 Clay Street, San Francisco.
Honorary President, Mrs. Jno. F. Merrill,
1718 Washington Street, San Francisco.

State Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Caswell,
1921 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Cecile Rogers,
Hotel Colonial.

Club
Life

A letter from Mrs. Alden claims our page this month, but we will reserve just a little space to remind our readers of the appeal made in the January issue—the appeal for books for girls, magazines, and stamps. Will each reader feel it is her special privilege to “pass on” a bit of Sunshine?

Dear Friend of the “One Kindness Club”:

Again I have a chance to write you a personal letter, at the same time wish you a most sunny and happy New Year. I have no letter in the *Ladies' Home Journal* this month, so take this opportunity to give you a few suggestions for your “One Kindness” in case you want to send it this way.

The Christmas bundles and heavy mail wore out our package weighing scale. I wonder if anybody has one to pass on.

Over 20,000 stockings were filled at Christmas from general headquarters, and about five hundred persons had a Christmas dinner, still there is a long list that we did not reach. One dollar and a half furnishes a good dinner for a small family. We would like to furnish quite a number of dinners on St. Valentine's Day, mostly for old people and invalids who could not come to our Christmas trees.

There is still a big room full of Christmas bundles waiting to be sent out. The stamps for postage gave out as well as express and freight money. Some of these bundles are marked only 10 cents postage, then the figures go up to as high as two dollars. The two dollars carries a big box of books to a library, a sugar barrel of clothing, dolls, toys and games to a little branch in the country. Every package has been made up carefully by a committee well knowing that when it reaches its destination it would be hailed with joy for being just what was needed, so “One Kindness” of even 10 cents will carry one of our bundles that are now waiting postage.

We still owe \$500.00 on the International Sunshine Scholarship at the Alfred University. Every penny received for this purpose lessens our obligations. How happy we will be when we can say that we have a perpetual scholarship paid up.

Articles of furniture in the Sunshine Rest Home, which we hope to establish in Brooklyn, are being named by the different branches and members. Chairs are \$1.50 each, including the brass plate bearing the name. Other articles of furniture are named according to the money sent in for that purpose. Fifteen dollars furnishes bed complete.

A blind baby is supported for \$2.00 a week, and a “seeing baby” for two dollars a month. As a thank offering for your own good eyesight, send just a little mite here.

Thanking you for all your past generosity, and again wishing you a most prosperous New Year. Believe me, every gratefully yours in sunshine or shade.

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN,
President General.

A Great Undertaking

To all the Sunshiners in the United States and to all who may wish to become members by a kind word, action or gift (this is all the fee): Your interest is asked for a great undertaking, which can be accomplished very soon if every member will "lend a hand."

We hope those who have never heard of the Sunshine homes, hospitals, branches, etc., will ask questions and learn about the wonderful work being done by the society.

A new proposition has been made to the president-general and has elicited her hearty interest—that the societies should unite in building a National Sunshine Home for Women Teachers in Washington, D. C.

Other associations have fine buildings and undertake great work, why should not this society do so, too?

Some articles have been written about it, and one says: "Nearly all women teachers work to support others. They care for aged parents, support brothers and sisters, etc. Many of them see with dismay the approach of old age or ill health and no one to care for them. Who better deserves a return from those benefited, or a memorial to faithful work, than those whose lives have been spent in influencing multitudes in the right way?"

In such a home as the one planned many might live and find light employment to cover expenses, or do work by which they could expand the undertaking and so help others.

The originator of this plan—herself a teacher—has sent to Mrs. Alden the first subscription, \$10, asking that 100 members—many of whom can spare ten times the amount—will join with her in trying to raise \$1,000. The first thousand is always the hardest to secure.

There are so many munificent gifts being made now that the Sunshiners hope the plan will touch the hearts of some able philanthropists and that the Home may be endowed and established very soon.

All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, 96 Fifth avenue, N. Y., or to the Rev. Z. H. Copp, 478 Louisiana avenue, Washington, D. C.

Stay at home in your mind. Don't recite other people's opinions. See how it lies there in you; and if there is no counsel, offer none. What we want is, not your activity or interference with your mind, but your content to be a vehicle of the simple truth. The way to have large occasional views, as in a political or social crisis, is to have large habitual views. When men consult you, it is not that they wish you to stand tiptoe, and pump your brains, but to apply your habitual view, your wisdom, to the present question, forbearing all pedantries, and the very name of argument; for in good conversation parties don't speak to the words, but to the meanings of each other.

—Emerson.

San Francisco, 1849-1904

MAY C. MALLOYE, Contemporary Club

Concluded.

In January, of 1853, the Mercantile Library was organized. The Library of the Odd Fellows' Society was organized in 1854. In 1855, the Mechanics' Institute was born. All these have nobly, in their time, borne their part.

The history of journalism in the city would require a separate paper for anything like an adequate setting forth of its accomplishments. San Francisco has always had faith in the "power of the press," and its share in the development of the city has not been small. What though of later years it has been tinged in spots with somewhat of a yellow hue, caught—who knows—perchance from the yellow of her gold, her yellowed summer hills, her yellow poppies and her sunshine. It is but ephemeral and will pass away as have dropped from her, her earlier rudeness and vulgarity.

With varying fortunes the *California Star*, before mentioned, finally resolved itself into the *Alta California*, San Francisco's first daily paper—subscription price, \$25.00 per year.

The Bulletin put forth its first edition in 1855; *The Call*, in 1856; *The Examiner*, in 1865; *The Daily Chronicle*, an offspring of *The Dramatic Chronicle*, was born in 1868, and *The Post*, in 1871, with Henry George as editor.

The first school in San Francisco was opened in a tiny school house set in the plaza, in 1848, the pupils numbering forty.

To Thomas Douglas, a Yale graduate, belongs the honor of being San Francisco's first pedagogue.

With the gold discovery, interest in education waned and the school was discontinued until December, 1849, when, under the management of our earliest and most earnest educator, Mr. John C. Pelton, it was re-opened. This gentleman, with his wife, who was connected with him in his educational work, made the tedious journey around the Horn, bringing with him a full set of school furniture and apparatus, books, desks, etc., donated by prominent friends of education in Boston and New York. This school was continued with varying success under Mr. Pelton, until the adoption of the free school ordinance in 1852, and the inauguration of the public school system, which we have today.

Among the higher and most refining influences that have helped to shape San Francisco, one noble figure stands out, whose memory grows brighter as the years recede, that of Thomas Starr King.

In 1860 he received and answered a call from the Unitarian Society, of San Francisco, leaving his cultured field in Boston, to cast his lot with and labor for the New West. In less than a year after Mr. King's arrival a debt of \$20,000 which was hanging over the society was paid, and in the next four years, under his enthusiastic administration, a new and beautiful church edifice was built on Geary Street, at a cost of \$90,000, and at the end of these

four years, the strong, sweet soul had finished its labors. He died March 4, 1864.

During this short time he left, however, a lasting stamp of service upon the pages of California history. His first work in San Francisco was a series of lectures upon the agricultural and mineral resources of the State.

His brilliant powers as speaker and writer were thenceforth devoted to the interests temporal and spiritual of California, and more immediately to San Francisco and her people. The prospect of the future greatness of the State inspired his genius and with all his earnestness, all his magnetism, he labored for its realization.

The first God's Acre of San Francisco town was planted at North Beach and most of those who were received into its bosom were the victims of cholera, which made fearful havoc among the gold adventurers. These were removed later when Yerba Buena Cemetery was opened in a tract of land of about thirty acres, centering upon and surrounding the spot where the present City Hall stands. This cemetery site was selected because of the scattered dwarf oaks and trailing vines of the wild peppermint or Yerba Buena of the Spanish, which sparsely covered it and made it seem a pleasant spot in contrast to the vast wastes of sand which stretched on all sides, north, south, east and west until broken by the cultivated lands of the Mission Dolores.

The pathos of the words, that it was a "lovely place—a grateful resort for the denizens of a city, built where no verdure is," comes home strongly to us of a later day, inheritors of those pioneer days of hardship, as we think of our beautiful Golden Gate Park, our cultivated Presidio Reservation and all the green plazas dotted about the city.

Woodward's Gardens, which, at their inception, were the private residence property of Mr. James Woodward, were thrown open to the public—the first public park of any extent in San Francisco in the early sixties. The pretty grounds, the museum, the pavilion, the zoological department, are remembered by most of us. The enhancement of land values and the opening of Golden Gate Park were contributing causes to the gradual breaking up of the gardens and the selling of the property for building purposes.

Early in the seventies began the reclamation of the sixteen hundred acres of sand dunes which had been set apart for the people's pleasure ground by the city fathers, and which today is nearly all under some sort of cultivation. Golden Gate Park stands today a monument to the liberality, the perseverance, the altruism, the love of the beautiful, of the public-spirited citizens of San Francisco. Its every foot of beauty has been won by hard, persistent toil and unstinted use of money.

The Geary Street railroad was the first car line to run to the park. The road was opened in 1878 and all of San Francisco, tried to board the cars that memorable Sunday, so great was the rejoicing that a means had been opened to the city's great breathing place, for the benefit of those who were lacking in strength of wind or limb or length of purse. The cable method of street car propulsion was perfected by a San Franciscan, Mr. A. S. Hallidie, then president of the Mechanics' Institute, and first put in operation on the Clay Street road in the year 1873. It solved the problem of hill railroading for

San Francisco, opening up the hill districts for residence uses and taking the burden from the long-suffering street car horse of the levels.

The problem of hill climbing having been solved by the cable system, road followed road in comparatively rapid succession. Ye San Franciscan is a generous patron of the street railroad, and for the saving of the wear and tear on his hill muscles, and to escape the wild caresses of the wind in summer, which filleth his weather eye with dust and anon carrieth off his head-gear, and in winter to keep a dry skin, he cheerfully payeth his nickel, once, twice or thrice a day. So have the railroads waxed fat and grown strong. Every good thing has its day, the old giveth way to the new, and the cable which served its turn well, is now almost superseded by the latest servant of man, electricity.

To revert to the beginnings of street railroads in San Francisco, the original Market Street road was opened in 1860 and a steam motor was used to propel the cars. The road was three miles in length, terminating at Sixteenth Street, and single fares were ten cents.

Along Market Street, from Third Street to Hayes Valley, was then a succession of sand hills through which it was necessary to cut, to open what is now the great artery of the city. The cut was narrow for the sake of economy, and the sand was continually sliding down the embankments, necessitating constant care to keep the tracks clear. This trouble was finally overcome by the use of brush, made into a sort of thatch which fixed and held the same in place.

The next road was a branch line running out Hayes Street as far as Laguna. Hayes Valley was covered with Italian vegetable gardens. The first horse railway was the omnibus line opened in 1861 by Mr. Peter Donahue. From these beginnings have grown our present splendid city railroad system, which controls, with one or two exceptions, all the roads of the city and upon which it is trite comment to remark that no city in the Union is better equipped in this regard than San Francisco.

The Transcontinental Railroad, the Central Pacific, was completed to Oakland in 1869. Of the much mooted question as to whether this road and the methods of its projectors have been more of benefit or detriment to San Francisco, her foremost historian, H. H. Bancroft, has this to say: "Whatever may be the judgment of posterity as to the character and policy of the railroad associates, we who are living today, cannot deny that to their boldness of enterprise is due, in no small measure, the greatness and prosperity of this our western commonwealth. If they cannot as yet afford to establish such rates as obtain in the more densely peopled section of the Union, the tendency of these rates is steadily downward." To the credit of these same "bold projectors" it must be said that much of their honestly or dishonestly gained wealth has been spent or left in and for the benefit of the people of San Francisco and the State at large.

With other crucible fires that San Francisco has been called upon to pass through has been that of her stock-gambling period.

California went through the excitement of her golden era without a stock exchange. The gambling in California mining securities was done in London and Paris. But when the Comstock lode of Nevada had been suf-

ficiently prospected to show its vast value, the need of an exchange was sharply felt, and in 1861 the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board was organized. The value per share or "foot," as it was then called, of one of the Comstock mines, the Gould & Curry, is quoted at the fabulous sum of \$6,300, in 1863. Then did the gambling spirit seize upon the people, extending throughout every portion of the Coast and to all classes of society. The rich and the poor, the professional man and the mechanic, the just and the unjust, and women, were seized with the mania, and fortunes, lives and honor were drawn into this great maelstrom of chance.

For something near twenty years the fever raged, scattering its victims upon the edges of the whirlpool, before stock transactions took their legitimate place in the business world of San Francisco.

In 1877 a period of depression came upon the city lasting until 1880, and covering an epoch in her history which has since been condensed into the word "Kearneyism." Beginning with the year of drought, the consequent business depression culminated in the labor world, in a widespread feeling, rightly or wrongly, against the cheap labor of the Chinese, resulting in lawless acts of incendiarism and persecution against the yellow race. Feeling that the law and order of the city were again menaced, a vigilance committee of six thousand members was again formed whose appearance and patrolling served to restrain the turbulent factions.

The injury to the city of this return of the lawless era, in keeping back emigration, reducing the value of real estate, checking improvement, and driving away capital was very great, and not until 1881 did trade begin to revive and the tide of prosperity set in once more.

"John Chinaman" has set about in his own quiet way to overcome the prejudice against him set forth in the shibboleth of the Kearneyites, "the Chinese must go," and now demands and receives an almost equal wage with the white laborer in the industrial field.

The business of governing of the city and of the county of San Francisco was carried on under two separate heads until the Consolidation Act of 1856, which was brought about by the continual clashing of authorities, judicial and otherwise, between city and county, and the feeling by the people that the government of both might be more economically carried on under one head. This proved to be the case and much improvement in matters political was the result of this act.

Its provisions were not long to satisfy the needs of the growing municipality, however, and agitation of the question of a new charter was, in a few years, a prominent topic of interest among people and politicians. Charter after charter was framed and submitted to the vote of the people only to meet with rejection, till the framing of our present charter was accomplished, and the same accepted within the memory of us all.

Not a perfect instrument, it yet meets the needs of the people better than any former mode of government and is said to be the most nearly perfect of any municipal instrument in use in the cities of the United States today. It was the work of the best and most earnest brains of the solid men of San Francisco and wherein it fails it is through the venality of the hands that administer it, which, of course, is only another way of saying that it is weak

in spots; and that not the best work of human justice can safeguard the people against greed and dishonesty in their public servants.

Bret Harte's first poem, "San Francisco," appeared in the *Overland Monthly*, of which he was then editor, and stands an epitome of what she was and is and may become.

"San Francisco"

Serene, indifferent of Fate,
 Thou sittest at the Western Gate;
 Upon thy heights so lately won
 Still slant the banners of the sun;
 Thou see'st the white seas strike their tents
 Oh, warder of two continents!
 And scornful of the peace that flies
 Thy angry winds and sullen skies,
 Thou drawest all things, small or great,
 To thee, beside the Western Gate.
 Oh lion's whelp! that hidest fast,
 In jungle growth of spire and mast,
 I know thy running and thy greed,
 Thy hard high lust and wilful deed,
 And all thy glory loves to tell
 Of specious gifts material.
 Drop down, O fleecy fog! and hide
 Her sceptic sneer and all her pride.
 Wrap her, O fog! in gown and hood
 Of her Franciscan brotherhood;
 Hide me her faults, her sin and blame,
 With thy grey mantle, cloak her shame!
 So shall she, cowled, sit and pray,
 Till morning bears her sins away.
 Then rise, O fleecy fog! and raise
 The glory of her coming days
 When forms familiar shall give place
 To stranger speech and newer face;
 When all her throes and anxious fears
 Lie hushed in the repose of years;
 When art shall raise and culture lift—
 The sensual joys and meaner thrift,
 And all fulfilled the vision, we
 Who watch and wait shall never see—
 Who in the morning of our race
 Toiled fair or meanly in our place;
 But yielding to the common lot,
 Lie unrecorded and forgot."

**For the Woman Who
Entertains**

The woman who entertains, and aims at attracting people to her house really worth knowing, will get some benefit from a close study of the Comtesse d'Agoult's rules for the successful conduct of a salon. They appear in "My Literary Life," by Madame Adam:

Happiness comes only from abnegation and wisdom. To gather round one a group of men and some intelligent women, one must present a serene or happy appearance.

One must simplify one's life, letting no complications appear to the eye, even though life be troubled.

To keep friends round one it is necessary to create an impersonal and peaceful atmosphere, which gives repose.

Avoid the exchange of confidences, which creates too great an intimacy and compels advice which at some time you will be reproached with.

Be modest without effacing yourself; combine simplicity and elegance. Inspire confidence in the strength of your opinions, that you may appear at once immovable and tolerant.

The first duty of her who would hold a salon is to keep up the interest of those whom she has gathered round her.

To impress upon them that she is more taken up with them than with herself.

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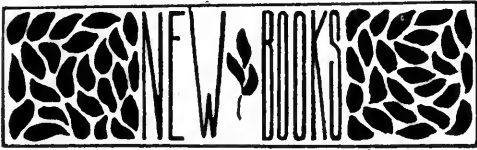
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MILLINERS

Justices of the Peace

Although ladies have never yet been "called" to the English bar, there are records of at least three feminine justices of the peace. The Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., was one, and the Harleian MSS. mentions that "many arbitrations were made by her." Another was Lady Bartlet (mother of Lord Bartlet), who was made a justice of the peace by Queen Mary, and "did attend her duties with the other justices in the county of Gloucestershire"; and another was one "Dame Rowse, of Suffolk," who "usually at the local assizes and sessions sat upon the bench with the other justices."



The Old Missions of California

Although an Englishman by birth, George Wharton James, owing to the years devoted to his researches and study, is better acquainted with the great Southwest than almost any native American. His books on "Indian Basketry," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," and "Indians of the Painted Desert Region," have been widely read, and his new volume "In and Out of the Old Missions of California" is said to be the best historical and pictorial account of the Franciscan Missions. Mr. James makes his headquarters in Pasadena, but with his prolonged visits among the Indians of the Southwest, his frequent lecture trips to various parts of the country and his occasional visits to his publishers in Boston, make him a great transcontinental traveler. While preparing to write on the old missions of California, Mr. James secured hundreds of photographs of the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses, and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the saints, etc., and the best of these, together with many taken expressly for the book by a Los Angeles photographer are reproduced.

Growth in Silence is the first of twelve lectures of the "Know Thyself Series," by Susanna Cocroft, who gives sound advice on what our life should be to gain the full benefit of the joy of living. The booklet fully covers the subject of the logical science of mental growth—how to absorb counsels, the carrying out of which would convey to us the true meaning of Emerson's words, "Life is an ecstasy—anything less is not worth the living."

Miss Cocroft has classified this lecture under the headings of "Receptivity," "To Be," "Poise," "The Human Trinity," "Health a Privilege and a Duty," "Character Reflected in the Body," "Health Means Character," etc., etc. The booklet is printed on good paper and when the series are complete, they can be bound into a handsome volume. Published by the Physical Culture Extension Society, Chicago. Price, 40 cents, or entire series, \$2.50.

The Twentieth Century

The February number of this delightful magazine contains up-to-date and clever reading. There is a good story of German-American life by Anne Warner, "The Eleven Groups of Men Who Control Wall Street," "What Would You Do?" by Tom Masson, "A Fairy Tale," by Max Nordau, and "Proposal—Young Women to Serve an Enlistment of Three Years in Preparation for Housewifery," are among the many interesting articles, all of which are charmingly illustrated. Published monthly, at Irvington, New York. Fifty cents a year.

Cousins as Well as Collaborators

Miss Frances Nimmo Greene and Miss Dolly Williams Kirk, whose "With Spurs of Gold" is one of the most promising of the new books for the young, are cousins as well as collaborators. This collaboration in literary labor is the natural outcome of sympathetic tastes and identity of profession—both being teachers. They are also members of the same literary club, and it is a coincidence that the prize offered by the Alabama Federation of Women's Clubs for the best

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paper written during the year was won the first year by Miss Kirk, the next year by Miss Greene. Both are native Alabamians, but Miss Kirk was reared and educated in New Orleans. Miss Greene's first book, "King Arthur and His Court," has been very successful. Miss Kirk possesses poetic talent and her poems have appeared in print from time to time. "With Spurs of Gold" tells the stories of knights of many lands—from the legendary, but none the less famous, achievements of Roland and Oliver, to the historically authentic, but most romantic, deeds of Sir Philip Sidney. Many quaint and spirited old-time ballads have been incorporated in the book, enhancing its romantic charm.

A Ninety-Three Year Old Translator

Mrs. Francis Alexander, of Florence, Italy, who has translated from the Italian the more than one hundred and twenty miracle stories and sacred legends which comprise the volume entitled "Il Libro d'Oro," is in her

ninety-third year. She was a great friend of Ruskin during the latter's stay in Florence, and it was Ruskin who introduced to the world Mrs. Alexander's daughter, Miss Francesca Alexander as the author of "The Story of Ida." Since his death Miss Alexander has published a volume of versified Italian legends under the title "The Hidden Servants," while her mother has been devoting part of her leisure to translating and engrossing the miracle stories and sacred legends, written by fathers of the church and published in Italy in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mrs. Alexander's painstaking handwriting is as legible as typewriting.

Anne Warner's Advice to Aspiring Authors

"All people want to know how to begin to be an author," says Anne Warner, who has come to the front so rapidly with her "Susan Clegg" stories, "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," etc. "Here are a few direc-



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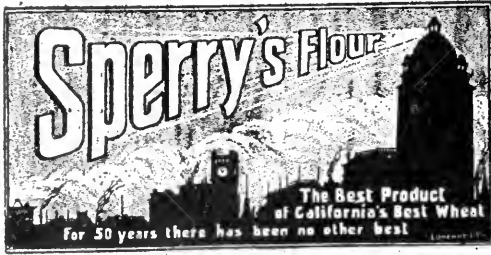
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tions, which if explicitly followed will prove one talented—or the reverse: Write fifty stories, each as good as you can possibly do. As fast as they are finished submit them (enclosing return envelopes). When they come back read them carefully over and if possible to improve them do so to the best of your ability. Have a book and keep track of where each one goes and send each to the different editors. When the fiftieth story has come back the tenth time, if *not one* has been accepted, it is wisest to give up. But if one can persevere to write fifty stories and to send each out ten times *some will be accepted.*"

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Life is the only teacher. No man who has not fought a battle and served in a campaign knows what war means; no man who has not lived out in practice the precepts of the Gospel knows what the Bible means; and no man who has not acted philosophy as well as read about it knows what wisdom means.

If you trust in God and yourself, you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.—*Prince Bismarck.*

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The moment a man begins to think of his dignity, that moment he loses true dignity. Dignity of character arises from being habitually possessed by a high social ideal, which, of course, excludes all occupation with self. Self is always small.

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Mrs. Heinrich Homberger, Sausalito, Cal. Mrs. Pollock.	Last Tuesday. First Friday, 2 P. M., Golden Gate Hall.
Miss May E. McDougald.	Fourth Saturday, Sorosis Club. Second and fourth Wednesdays, 1400 Gough.
Mrs. Chas. Wm. Moores, 1518 Larkin Street.	California Club-House, 1750 Clay Street. At call of President, Academy of Sciences. Second Friday, 2 P. M., Central Hall.
Miss E. S. Ryder, 1614 Scott Street. Miss Cecile Rogers, Colonial. Mrs. Laura Bride Powers. Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 862 Grove Street. Mrs. L. M. Fletcher, 2217 Octavia Street. Miss S. P. Bartley, 72 Sixth Avenue.	2d and 4th Thurs., 2 p. m., 1620 California St First Monday, 2 P. M., Parlors Unitarian Chch. Second and fourth Tuesdays, Cal. Club-Rooms.
Mrs. H. Chase, 1208 Clay Street. Mrs. Wm. Ruthrauff, 1219 Jones Street.	2d and 4th Mon., 2 p. m., Cal. Club House. Second and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P.M., 2668 Mission.
Mrs. Geo. T. Phelps, 116 Devisadero Street.	First and 3d Mon., 3 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall
Mrs. W. W. Wymore, 805 Valencia St. Mrs. H. E. Thompson, 1405 Van Ness Avenue.	Second Tuesday, Utopia Hall. First Monday, 3 P. M., 1620 California Street.
Miss Josephine Feusier, 1027 Green Street.	Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street.
Mrs. H. Alferitz, 2299 Jones Street.	At call of President, 1825 California Street.
Mrs. M. E. Perley, 207 Post Street.	Third Monday, 3:30 P. M., 231 Post Street.
Mrs. Nathaniel Blaisdell, 3243 Washington St.	First and third Wed., 3 P.M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. C. McL. Mason, 1123 Pine Street.	Second Tuesday, 2:30 P.M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. Josephine Martin, 2052 Fell Street.	California Club House. Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street. 2d-4th Mon., 2:30 p.m., Wheeler's Auditorium
Mrs. C. W. Moores, 1544 Larkin Street. Mrs. Francis E. Randall, 1915 Baker Street. Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first St. Mrs. I. B. R. Cooper.	2d Friday, 2:30 p.m., California Club House. 2d Friday, 2:30 p.m., California Club House. 2d and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P. M., members' homes.
Mrs. A. E. Buckingham.	First Tuesday, 3 P. M., Chapel of Calvary Chch.
Mrs. Cline.	Second Wed., Confederate Hall, Scott St.
Mrs. W. J. Golden, 712 Cole Street. Miss Bessie G. K. Wright, Alameda. Mrs. Peer Tiffany, 1721 Lyon Street.	First and third Tues., 10 A.M., members' homes. First and third Mondays, 2 P. M., Utopia Hall. Last Saturday, 2:30 P.M., Parlors Pioneer Hall.

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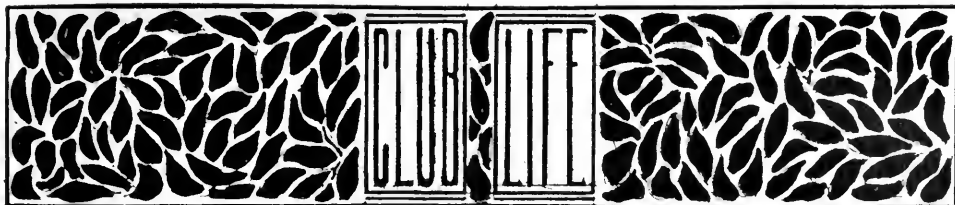




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Hostess of the Alaska Building at the L. P. E.

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Vol. 4

March, 1906

No. 7

California Federation of Women's Clubs

The fifth annual convention of the California Federation of Women's Clubs will go into club history as the most successful our State has yet known. From its opening session to the final stroke of the gavel there was not a dull moment.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Mrs. Robert Potter Hill of Eldridge; Vice-President, Mrs. A. P. Murgotten of San Jose; Vice-President at Large, Mrs. J. E. Hughes of Fresno, Recording Secretary, Mrs. I. N. Chapman of Alameda; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. G. Athern of San Francisco; Treasurer, Mrs. K. N. Potter of Los Angeles; Auditors, Mrs. J. W. Bishop of Santa Ana and Mrs. O. F. Washburn of Sacramento; Vice-President of the Northern District, Miss W. F. Little; San Francisco District, Mrs. C. H. Ward; Alameda District, Miss J. E. Thane; Los Angeles District, Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant; San Joaquin District, Mrs. Dixon L. Philips; Southern District, Miss Kate Lamberger; State Secretary General Federation, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles. With this capable body directing the State work there is bound to be no diminution in interest and activity and wonderful growth will mark their reign.

Great credit is due the clubwomen of San Jose for the comfort and entertainment provided the delegates and visitors during the convention. The unanimous verdict on this point is that it has surpassed all previous gatherings and no greater compliment can be paid the Garden City and its women than that they have excelled in hospitality, San Francisco, Fresno, Sacramento and Los Angeles for all of these exemplified in turn the warmth of California's hospitality.

Outdoor Art League Department, California Club

Mrs. A. E. Osborne, Chairman of the Forestry Committee of the State Federation, in her annual report, made at the late convention held at San Jose, stated that the League was notable among organizations for its zeal in attempting to advance the forestry interests of the State. This word of praise is appreciated, and a return compliment is due Mrs. Osborne, whose faithful services as head of the Forestry Committee of the Federation were recognized by a re-election to the same office for the ensuing year. The Telegraph Hill Committee is deeply concerned over the decision recently rendered by Judge Hebbard, which permits continued blasting and excavating on Telegraph Hill. A set of resolutions has been sent to the Board of Supervisors asking that an appeal from the judgment of Judge Hebbard

be made to the Supreme Court. An ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors on December 11th, putting the two blocks on Dolores street, between Fifteenth and Seventeenth streets, which are now well parked and planted with acacia trees, in the care of the Park Commissioners. Already the trees and grass have changed the aspect of the neighborhood and in a few years that portion of the Mission will be celebrated as a beauty spot.

The old cemetery adjoining the church is also receiving attention. The paths are cleared up and the dead branches of the trees have been cut away. The vacant lot on Sacramento street, a part of the Holladay property now in litigation, is soon to be planted with nasturtium seeds. The nasturtium grows easily, requiring but little water or care, and a lively bit of color will be furnished the passers-by, provided the enterprising boys in the vicinity can be induced to restrain their natural inclination to destroy whatsoever comes within their reach.

The League luncheon for March falls on St. Patrick's Day, and all the stories, songs, anecdotes and even the dishes will be selected in accordance with the demands of the occasion.

The Cap and Bells Club

The Valentine tea, given February 14th, was one of the prettiest affairs of the season. The clubrooms were artistically decorated with ferns, smilax, fruit blossoms and great bunches of nodding daffodils, hyacinths and violets, while everywhere red hearts were suspended on ribbons of the same hue. Buffet refreshments were served by the young ladies of the Club, also punch from a huge silver bowl, from a round table exquisitely decorated with ferns, flowers and tiny red hearts. Beautiful music, from an orchestra lead by Miss Grace Freeman, was rendered during the reception.

The guests were received by the President, Mrs. Squire Varick Moony, assisted by Mrs. F. W. Croudace, Misses Abbie and Elizabeth Edwards, Mrs. H. P. Tricou, Mrs. M. O. Austin, Mrs. Crothers, Mrs. W. W. Wymore, Mrs. Babin, and Mrs. Dugan. Members present were, Mrs. Gage, Miss Langworthy, Misses Helen and Alice Barker, Mrs. Driffield, Mrs. Howard H. Hart, Miss Carrie Snook, Miss Elinor Croudace, Miss Levy, Mrs. Barnhart, Mrs. Thornton Mead, Mrs. Blumenberg, Mrs. Bulger, Miss Grace Freeman, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Crittenden, Mrs. Martell, Miss Cloak, Mrs. Ruddick, Miss Keating, Miss Baggett, Miss Mabel Freeman, Mrs. Charles Sadler.

Among the guests were Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Aylette Cotton, Mrs. Florence Richmond, Mrs. Thomas Morffew, Mrs. Homer T. Bickell, Mrs. A. C. Freeman, Miss Carrie Bering, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Cloak, Mrs. Frank Young, Mrs. Fredericks, Miss Mooney, Mrs. Stetson.

To Kelon members and guests were delightfully entertained on February sixth, the regular meeting. Rev. Frederick H. Maar delivered a lecture on Nuremburg. As he was born in Nuremburg, he was conversant with the many legends connected with the history of that quaint mediæval city, and wove them into his lecture, making it most interesting. Zither music by Professor Meyer completed the program.

Corona Club, on February 8th, held an open meeting, and a very attractive program was given. The speaker of the afternoon was Mr. John S. Partridge, who chose for his theme, "Public Utilities in San Francisco." He was thoroughly conversant with his subject and Corona ladies were both interested and instructed. At the close of the address, Mrs. James Hazlett gave a reading, "The Holly Tree Inn," Dickens. The musical numbers were "The Workers," Gounod, by Miss Ruby Roylance; piano solo, Miss Amy Peterson, "Cavatina," Faust, A. A. Macurda.

Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th, was celebrated with an evening reception to the gentlemen. Mission Masonic audience and banquet halls were beautifully decorated in red poinsettias and greens. The program was opened by the President, Mrs. Frances Cobb, who welcomed the guests in her charmingly gracious manner. Mr. Frank Onslow rendered a vocal selection, "An Even Song," Blumenthal. The musical farce, "Finis Coronat Opus," written for Corona by Mrs. Edward Dexter Knight, was then given by some of the club members. Supper was afterward served in the banquet hall, closing a most delightful evening.

CLIVE A. BROWN.

The Association Pioneer Women of California

A delightful musical and literary treat of unusual excellence was given under the auspices of the Association of Pioneer Women of California at Pioneer Hall, which due to the courtesy of the Society of California Pioneers, has now become the home of the Ladies' Association.

The Reception Hall carried a charming air of distinction and beauty, being adorned by the mesdames of the Reception Committee, supplemented by Mrs. Louisa Berryman, the President of the Association. The auditorium was tastefully and elegantly decorated and appointed with every care for the comfort of the many guests who were largely representative of the matronly smart set of the city.

The program of selections rendered was of a high order, the enthusiastic audience becoming appreciably charmed, as the rendition of each succeeding number advanced to the culmination of a harmonious whole.

After the entertainment, refreshments were attractively served in the Banquet Hall, to the accompaniment of classical orchestral selections. At the hour of five, the guests dispersed, unanimously voicing their appreciation of the pleasure afforded them and highly praising those who auspiced the event.

HERMINA M. POLLOCK, Secretary.

The people always either applaud or condemn in the gross. For a discriminating judgment they have neither leisure nor capacity, therefore they can never be nicely just. When they are aroused, they swell like the tide, and till their impulse is exhausted; then their ebb is likely to be as deficient as their flow was superfluous.

New England Colony held its regular monthly meeting Friday at the California Club House, Mrs. John F. Swift, President, presiding. There was a very good attendance considering the number absent at the Federation meeting at San Jose. By-laws were adopted, and the meetings in future will be at 2:30 o'clock, on the second Friday of every month.

An enjoyable program was presented, consisting of a vocal solo, "An Indian Love Song," by Mrs. Thomas Nunan, and a violin solo by Miss Van Renogom, which were heartily encored. Mrs. John Jay Scoville then read from a curious old book some extracts on the illness, death and funeral service of George Washington, with Thomas Payne's eulogy, said to be the finest one pronounced on that memorable occasion. The book was compiled and printed in 1800. Various members then volunteered humorous selections and anecdotes, and tea and cakes were served.

The society being a historical body, it is its purpose to interest the members in the history of New England, and the list of famous days in New England history was prepared by one of the members, from which to select the dates for our open meetings. Many new names have been sent in and the Colony has a promising future.

JENNIE PARTRIDGE.

La Puerta Del Oro Chapter, D. A. R., held its regular monthly meeting February 13th, at the hospitable home of Mrs. M. O. Austin, 469 Guerrero street. The usual reports of officers and committees were made.

The following invitation was extended to the Chapter members:

"You are invited to attend a reception and banquet given in honor of the one hundredth and seventy-fourth anniversary of the

 Birthday of George Washington

 Thursday evening, February twenty-second

 nineteen hundred and six, at seven o'clock, at the St. Francis Hotel,
 San Francisco.

California Society, Sons of the American Revolution, Edward Mills Adams, President; Daughters of the American Revolution, Sequoia Chapter, Mrs. M. B. Carr, Regent; Puerta del Oro Chapter, Mrs. J. W. Hoyt, Regent; California Chapter, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, Regent; Oakland Chapter, Mrs. G. H. Gray, Regent; Children of the American Revolution; Valentine Holt Society, Mrs. A. S. Hubbard, President.

The following charming musical and literary program was provided by the hostess: Reading, Hiawatha's Wooing, Mrs. Walter A. Carroll; zither solo, Professor Maerlens; "Grandma's Reveries," and "Old Glory," Mrs. W. P. Buckingham; guitar solo, Miss Elsie Tooker; reading humorous selection, "How Sally Ann Fixed the Mite Society," Mrs. E. P. Heald.

Among the guests present were Mrs. Houghtaling, Miss Mooney, Mrs. Croudace, Dr. Jaynes, Mrs. E. P. Heald, Miss Elinor Croudace, Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, Miss Tooker, and Mrs. Carroll.

A social hour with dainty refreshments concluded one of the most delightful meetings of the Chapter. MRS. H. P. TRICOU, Secretary.

P. C. W. P. A.

The rain fell gently outside as the members of the Association made ready to receive their friends at the new headquarters in the California Club Building, and had there been any feelings of regret at leaving the old rooms, this seeming sympathy of nature would have tended to increase it. No such feeling was evident, every face was bright. There were many guests, and the Schumann Club was at its best, opening the program with a selection which embraced two numbers, (a) "Carmena," (b) "Pufuna." Miss Ina Coolbrith read a paper on "Some Women Poets of America," which gave a resume of the more prominent ones from the earliest names in our literature, but dealing more fully with those of the last half-century, whose muse she considered of a vastly higher order than that of their predecessors. She gave selections from the works of many, with "bits of personal biography"; an estimate of individual style and quality, with the rank adjudged them by leading critics, making especial mention of Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, Ednah Proctor Hayes, Mrs. Reese, Miss Dascom, Theodosia Garrison, Miss Thomas and Miss Quincy.

A paper so exhaustive was necessarily one of great length, and, as is the custom of many popular authors, Miss Coolbrith rested while Mrs. De Los Magee rendered, in a full, rich voice, "If I Were a Bird," and "Would I Were a Rose," two songs composed by Mrs. Florence Richmond and set to music by Cantor Davis, formerly of Temple Emanuel; and "A Japanese Minstrel's Song," composed by Mrs. Grace Hibbard, and set to music by Flaxington Harker, organist of All Soul's Church, Biltmore, N. C. Miss Coolbrith then finished her reading.

In "A Call of the Wild," a poem by Mrs. Mary E. Hart, one could feel the longing for the silence of that "Land by Bering Sea," and for freedom from the restraint of the great city by the Golden Gate.

Another number, "Selections From Lucia," by the Schumann Club, closed the program; a social hour was enjoyed and—the rain had ceased.

The Association shared in the reception tendered Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker by the Federated Clubs of the city, and this article would not be complete without some reference to what was, perhaps, the most recherché affair ever given by them. Mrs. Decker charmed her audience here as she has everywhere. Her theme was "Federation," and everything she said, whether in story or argument, bore reference to that and its good results. The President, Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs, was, unfortunately, too ill to be present, the First and Second Vice-Presidents were unavoidably absent, hence it chanced, what so seldom occurs, that the honor of representing the Association devolved upon the Third Vice-President, who is also Chairman of the Press Committee.

CLARE O. SOUTHARD.

The experiences of Mrs. Mary E. Hart's explorations into the heart of the frozen far north, not only on her own account, but also on behalf of the Alaskan government, would fill many a page of intensely interesting and strange romance. The executive power she displayed in gathering the exhibits, from the various regions of Alaska, that made the Alaskan Building at the St. Louis Exposition a principal attraction and the complete success of her work there is now a matter of history.

Mrs. Hart's natural propensity for travel will have an outlet when navigation opens, in the early summer. She will sail away on her own affairs intent, to return in the fall to renew the goodfellowship with old and new acquaintances. In the meantime Mrs. Hart is busy collecting fugitive stories from her pen, some of which have appeared in various magazines, and so we anticipate to receive before her departure a book of romance well worth reading. The picture of Mrs. Hart, in this issue, does not portray her strong personal charm and rare depth of sweetness.

California State Floral Society meeting was held at Central Hall, Feb. 9th. Mrs. L. O. Hodgkins, presiding. Reports of officers and committees were made and accepted. Mrs. J. W. Reed was voted a member of the society. Mrs. J. R. Martin made the final report of the Flower Show. Mrs. Chandler announced that she would give a talk on "California Wild Flowers" at the next meeting (the second Friday in March) and would make a fine display of all varieties of wild flowers. It is hoped that a large audience will be present, as Mrs. Chandler is well informed on her subject and a rare treat may be expected. All who are interested in wild flowers are cordially invited to be present.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU.

Robert E. Lee Camp, U. S. C. V.

The anniversary of Robert E. Lee's birth, January 19th, was signally celebrated by the Sons of Veterans, who assembled at the hospitable home of Mrs. Frank Walker, and organized the camp bearing this name, immortalized in history and revered in every Southern heart. Quite a number of veterans were present and with smiling encouragement wished the young camp Godspeed.

The election resulted in the following officers: Commandant, Mr. Frank Walker; First Lieutenant Commander, J. W. Pinder; Second Lieutenant-Commandant, S. J. Churchill; Adjutant, J. V. Massie; Surgeon, Dr. D. A. Hodgehead; Quartermaster, E. J. Vaught; Chaplain, Bishop W. H. Moreland; Treasurer, G. D. White, Jr.; Color Sergeant, R. E. Hartler; Historian, Geo. B. Hilliard.

The pen with which the members signed the charter was made from the door sill of the bed-chamber of the famous Stonewall Jackson. The charter enrolled fifty-three members, who with enthusiasm, pledged their utmost to serve the cause and be worthy descendants of a noble heritage. The objects of it are social, historical, and commemorative, honoring the dead and giving faithful allegiance to the living. The meetings are held on the first Tuesday of each month, and until permanent headquarters are secured, through the gracious courtesy of Mrs. Walker, her home was tendered the camp for reunion. Resolutions of regret were passed on the death of General Wheeler, and Miss Van Wyck, and it is contemplated to hold memorial services for the former.

An enjoyable social hour—with music, elocution and delicious refreshments interspersed—has been the happy finale of each reunion.

G. B. HILLIARD, Historian

Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540

At the residence of Mrs. E. B. Grace, on Scott street, on Wednesday last, a large number braved the elements to attend the meeting. Mrs. Davis, First Vice-President, was in the chair, and after the routine of business, an "In Memoriam" to our late and loved member, Miss Laura A. Van Wyck, was read and expressions of sympathy extended to the sorrowing mother, "Who sits like Rachael of old, weeping, and will not be comforted."

The hospitality of our hostess, Mrs. Grace, was unbounded and especially to be appreciated, as a sad bereavement had just occurred in her family. The only brother of Mr. Grace, a veteran of the late war, had suddenly died in Texas, and his prominence as a founder of the Sharpshooters South, made his death appear a calamity. The resignation of Mrs. Van Wyck was read. She was made an honorary president, and a vacancy in her office decided to be left unfilled.

One of the saddest events that has transpired in our midst was when the floral offering of the chapter was to be selected, the sad thought forced itself upon us, that the committee had no chairman and Laura Van Wyck, who had served so faithfully to others, was now the subject of our eulogies and decoration. The grand hall in which we held our meeting was dedicated by the hostess to the "Daughters of the Confederacy" and christened "Confederate Hall," its dimensions are grand, the appointments artistic. It forms one of a group of twenty-one rooms in this palatial residence. Mrs. Frank Walker resigned, owing to her heavy duties entailed in caring for the "Dixie" Chapter, of which she is President. Mrs. William Hoelscher was deeply sympathized with in her bereavement, having lost on the ill-fated "Valencia" a brother-in-law.

V. B. HILLIARD.

The sincere outburst of sympathy for the family of Miss Laura Van Wyck, whose sad taking away was a shock not easily erased from the minds of her loving friends, was universal.

To meet her once was instinctively to love her, and to know her well, a priceless pleasure.

To the weight of grief centered in the mother, our hearts go out in deep sympathy, and trust that the loving administrations of her other children and time will assuage the tempest of her human sorrow.

The Signal

A little, lonely, wistful chap
Looks out at dusk for me;
The lamplight shines behind his head,
I see him wave to me.
He smiles when I wave back to him,
Through evening mist and rain;
I'm glad the boy I used to be
Remembers me again.

—Sara Hamilton Birchall, from "The Book of the Singing Winds."

Maxims of President Garfield

A contributor sends the following maxims, which are taken from a widely circulated pamphlet printed at Philadelphia, and compiled by William Ralston Balch, and they show how close and acute, as well as how wide, an observer and reader President Garfield was:—

“I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.”

“I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat.”

“Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving.”

“If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another it is a brave man, it is a man who dares to look the Devil in the face and tell him he is the devil.”

“We no longer attribute the untimely death of infants to the sin of Adam, but to bad nursing and ignorance.”

“Coercion is the basis of every law in the universe—human or divine. Law is no law without coercion behind it.”

“For the noblest man who lives there still remains a conflict.”

“It is as much the duty of all good men to protect and defend the reputation of worthy public servants as to detect public rascals.”

“Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it.”

“What the arts are to the world of matter literature is to the world of mind.”

“Light itself is the great corrective. A thousand wrongs and abuses that are grown in darkness disappear like owls and bats before the light of day.”

“Liberty can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.”

Sonnet

To an Old Venetian Painting.

Who *was* she—this rare Beauty of appealing face? . . .
 The eyes are laden with the weight of Love's fond burden,
 The heart, with tremulous hope of Love's alluring guerdon.
 Had she some wound—some grief which nothing would erase,—
 She whose impassioned look is raised in suppliant grace?
 Perchance some erring penitent in saintly adoration?
 Or Doge's wilful daughter offering supplication
 In all the sumptuous beauty of her languorous race?
 The plaintive mouth is saddened now from farewell-taking,
 The sob still lingers in her smile,—the eyes brim o'er,
 As if sweet love, with her, had broken faith and trust.
 How *could* such beauty be unless her heart were breaking? . . .
 Peace! draw the veil: seek no revelation: ask no more:
 Such loveliness shall sanctify her very dust.

Lloyd Mifflin, from his book, "The Fleeing Nymph."

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

Rebecca West of Rosmershohm

In the dull, old-fashioned sitting room at Rosemershohm Rebecca had set the doors and windows wide, put flowers in every conceivable place, and sat down to crochet upon a white woolen shawl.

From where she sat she could look down the stately tree-lined avenue to the sunset's afterglow. Behind her flower pots Rebecca was waiting and watching. Her work, the letting in of the fresh air of investigation of speculation, the adorning of life with the flowers of fancy, even the homely task of comfort was almost finished. The day itself was over and done with, and Rebecca waited and watched.

From where she sat she could see the road winding toward the house over the bridge that spanned the mill stream.

That mill stream! Into its depths of coldness and darkness an unhappy creature had cast herself,—that Rebecca might be free to do her will with what she found at Rosmershohm.

And Rebecca *had* been useful and happy, notwithstanding the dead in the mill stream, the house set open to the evening air, the flowers, her easy laughter attested the fulfillment of her plans and of her freedom and fearlessness of what was past and gone.

It had been a fair trial of strengths, the emotional "unfit" had succumbed. Rebecca *knowing what she wanted, and how to get it*, had been the "fittest" to survive.

That is what mill streams are for—to carry down and away the "unfit." Rebecca lived alone with the master of Rosmershohm, but the bright morning sunlight could shine unshamed upon them, so fine and pure was their friendship. Even when they sat together in the dusk they talked of noble lives, of higher things, and planned to help humanity. They called each other "dear," but no caresses past between them. Rosmer's love was pure, and Rebecca's had come to be so, and they were quietly, perfectly happy.

But still Rebecca watched the road over the bridge; the dead have a way of coming back; traditions, memories have a fearful power over dreamers like Rosmer.

Even now, strong as he is, ready with her help to do his life's great work at last, he hears the voice from the dead. He cowers, trembles. Rebecca, fortified by the light of a "new day," tries to free him of the past, even of her own claim upon him.

But the dead in the stream is all that Rosmer can hear. Rebecca, so wise knows the futility of expiating crime with death, but the past, the mill stream and the midnight overpower her, and with Rosmer, she, one bit of whiteness of understanding is lost in the stream.

MAJESTIC THEATRE



DONALD BOWLES

Donald Bowles, the popular young actor, is again a member of the Bishop Players. This will be welcome news to the patrons of the Majestic Theater.

Mr. Bowles has just returned from an engagement in the City of Mexico, where he scored heavily as the leading juvenile with a splendid American company specially organized for a season in that city.

Although still a very young man, Mr. Bowles has had a vast experience and with some of the best stock companies in this country. His first appearance in this city was with the Neill Company when his performance in Barbara Frietchie was one of the hits of the performance, and immediately established a reputation for him.

The personality of Mr. Bowles endears him to his audiences as well as to all who meet him in private life and it is with great pleasure that the management makes this announcement of his accession to the already large and complete force of players at its disposal.

“Sweet Nell of Old Drury”

TO NELLIE STEWART.

Thou sweet-voiced bird from foreign shore,
How beauty laden is thy art!
How rapturing thy lips adore
To sing the music of thy heart!

The story thou dost love to tell
Sublimely grows and grows the when,
With thee, that other Nell
Combine to rule the souls of men.

So place they laurel crowns of love
Upon thy artistry divine;
And Angels lift the clouds above,
Where shine the countless stars through time,

To gleam their lights upon thy brow.
For unto thee, the gods of fame
Have golden edged their every vow
To blaze thy life with glory's flame.

Then turn thy face to us once more,
Oh, sweetest bird, on flitting wing;
And teach our souls again to soar
Through space, where naught but joy doth sing.

FLORENCE RICHMOND.

Industries for Women

BY CLARENCE E. EDWARDS, OF THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

California is especially a state for women. It has been shown by measurements that the California woman comes nearest to the perfect ideal of form, and this condition comes through the fact that California holds out more of the best in life to women than any other country. California's climate is such that it calls upon women to be much in the open air, both for pleasure and for business. It is this genial climate that makes California the home of many industries for which women are peculiarly adapted, and which has brought about an influx of women into business life in California.

California soil and California climate combine to make conditions perfect for intensive work on small tracts of land, and it is in this sort of work that women show their superiority to men. Men, as a rule, want to work on broad lines, and have larger areas under their care. They like to feel that they are controlling immense things, and prefer to devote their time to the extensive farming problems, rather than to concentrate their efforts within circumscribed areas.

It is in the minute detail of things that women excel, and this faculty of concentration, together with the special adaptability of women to look after small things has brought about what might be called "woman's era" in California, and all over the State, today, may be found women who are independent in life through their own efforts. Many a woman who came to California in search of health—who was sent away from the East with California as the forlorn hope for life—now blesses the day when she came, for she is not only in ruddy health, but is making more than a good living on a small tract of California land. From all parts of the State come reports of women who have long since passed the experimental stage in their work on small farms, and who have taken their place among the recognized producers. It must not be thought that these women all pay attention to small things, for some of them run large diversified farms in a most successful manner.

Industries which especially appeal to women in California are numerous. It is not essential to success in these lines that a woman shall have a particular training, or long instruction. Some things seem to come naturally to women, and that sixth sense which is so largely developed in women—intuition—carries them over many difficulties which would be almost insurmountable to men. Among the industries to which women seem intuitively adapted may be mentioned silk culture, bee culture, poultry raising, flower raising, small fruits, special vegetables, such as asparagus, celery, rhubarb, bell peppers, and others that would naturally suggest themselves. But it must not be thought that these comprise the sum and substance of

occupations where women may make successes in California. One of the largest diversified farms in the State is run and controlled by a woman, and on this farm is the finest table grapes grown in the State, the best dairy butter produced, the finest cattle, the best grain, and, in fact, everything in farm life in perfection.

Many a woman is raising chickens in California today because she had an idea that it was the easiest occupation, and one that required the least thought. She has found out better and is making a success because she gave the industry the attention it requires. These same women turned away from bee culture, or silk culture, small fruits and flowers because they feared their own ability to cope with the subject, when really these industries require less attention to detail than does the poultry industry. In many parts of California women are turning their attention to bee culture. It is a pleasant occupation, which requires little hard manual labor, and which is especially appealing because of the interesting study. This is also true of silk culture, and one finds this occupation a most fascinating one as well as lucrative.

The raising of flowers for the market is especially appealing, also, to women. It is pleasant and remunerative. There is always a good demand for flowers of all kinds, and it requires but a small piece of ground to bring returns sufficient to keep one in comfort. Specializing in vegetables has brought fortune to many California women, and the same may be said of small fruits. Specialized berries bring the highest prices in the markets, and are always in demand. To raise berries sufficient to keep one in good circumstances one needs but a small tract of ground. An acre properly cared for in strawberries or loganberries will keep a family. Specialized vegetables, such as celery, rhubarb or bell peppers are making several women in California rich. One woman in Santa Clara county who grew peppers on a small scale saw the vast possibilities of this industry and is now devoting her energies to the production on a large scale. She had forty acres put to peppers last year, and is thinking seriously of increasing the acreage.

The possibilities held out to women in the vicinity of the cities and larger towns of California are so great that one often wonders why so many women who have to care for themselves, with possibly a small family, remain in the city, eking out a precarious existence at dressmaking or some other work which keeps them drudging all their lives. A small place can be rented for less money than is usually paid for a dingy back room in some unprepossessing neighborhood, and with a little garden and a few chickens the living expenses can be materially decreased while the living will be better. When the chosen industry begins to make returns the troubles of existence are past and the future is filled with brightness.

TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Club
Life

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

SEVENTH LECTURE—AMENDMENTS.

An amendment must be germane to the motion.

After a main motion has been offered and properly before the house, a member may amend it. Amend means to improve it. Never offer an amendment just for a change. Improve the motion or let it alone. After an amendment of the motion is offered an amendment of the amendment may be presented.

Amendments are of three kinds:

By elimination.

By substitution.

By addition.

It is always well to state in the amendment itself which of the three ideas is in mind. The proper form is "I move to amend the motion by eliminating (substituting or adding) the following words. The motion if amended would read thus."

All motions should be written so that there will be no misunderstanding. In practice, however, the most common motions are not written. All amendments should be written. They should be written in connection with the motion, and then the presiding officer and all members will know exactly the effect. The second amendment may be of the motion or of the first amendment. Either is in order and it depends on the motion.

Only two amendments may be presented. After they are voted for, and either lost or carried, two more may be offered. This rule is not for the purpose of limiting amendments, but to save confusion. The rule is never changed.

All motions and all amendments should be in declarative form. A motion "that we do not" favor something is in bad form and most confusing. Always state the question affirmatively. Then when you vote for the idea you are voting for the motion. Otherwise you get confused.

It is said that a certain per cent. of every audience will always vote in favor of every motion. We should learn better. We should learn to vote our sentiments and we will always come nearer that blissful state if we have every motion an affirmative one. If the club was determined not to build a club house it is far better to move to build a club house and then vote it down by such a good majority that the question will be settled for some

time. Suppose you would say to your family at breakfast, "I guess I won't buy an automobile today." They would all think you were getting "daffy" or were joking, that is if you had never thought of doing it. But if part of the family were in favor of it and part opposed, then you would say, "We had better buy it, don't you think so?" Then you would hear the arguments. If no one is in favor of it, no use to waste time over it. Let the one in favor of it, offer the motion.

Amendments must be in relation to the motion. An amendment that does not have to do with the motion is out of order, because it is not an amendment. A motion contains a central idea. The motion to amend must have to do with that idea. Suppose, as Roberts says, it is a motion for a vote of thanks. Some one amends by substituting a vote of censure. At first glance you might say that censure has nothing to do with thanks. On second glance you see that it has everything to do with it. The one offering the amendment wants the vote to say "we refuse to thank her and we despise her action." It is a superlative negative, so to speak. But it is germane to the question and is therefore in order.

Amendments may be debated, and go through all the ramifications that apply to an ordinary main motion. When debate is ordered to cease on the main question it refers to both amendments. Debate may be closed on an amendment and not refer to the main motion. This is so that an amendment may be voted down and another offered if desirable. Such a motion must plainly state, "move that debate close on the amendment." The motion to close debate is another privileged motion that will require a whole lecture for its consideration. In fact about all of parliamentary law there is will come under the head of "motions" and the remaining three lectures will be all too short to cover this large part of the subject.

It takes some people a lifetime to learn what motion is in order, but the trouble is we are not puzzled so much by what is going forward as by what we fear may go forward. There is a hypnotism about this subject that is well nigh fatal and is most unfortunate.

After the amendment of the motion or if the amendment has been adopted by a majority, the main motion then stands as if it had been offered in that form in the first place. The amendments may have changed it so that the one who offered it may be compelled to vote against it, but the amendments are part of the motion, and the chair must so state. She will say, "The motion as amended is now before you for adoption or rejection." If all amendments have been defeated she will say, "The motion as originally offered is now before you for adoption or rejection."



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San Jose, California

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The Indian Population of California

Dr. Merriam, Chief of the Biological Survey, tells us that a conservative estimate of the Indian population of California, at the time of its discovery by white men, is 260,000. Definite statistics exist for only a limited area, but there is much evidence of other kinds. The food supply was abundant throughout the State, and the climate benign in most parts. Another form of evidence is found in the hundreds of half obliterated sites of villages, which in the early days were thriving communities. By 1834 the date of the secularization of the Missions, the native population had been reduced to 210,000. The turning adrift of the Mission neophytes after a generation of bondage and tutelage into a land overrun by Spanish-Mexican ranchers was a veritable sentence of death, and the 15 years from 1834-1849 saw the Indians reduced at the appalling rate of 7000 a year, a total of 110,000. The year 1848 brought its horde of gold seekers, who spread over the foothills of the Sierras and northward and devastated the country which had escaped the agricultural settlers. Whole villages were wiped out, or, if life were spared, whisky, immorality and disease wrought a havoc as deadly, until we have today less than 20,000 Indians in the whole State. Dr. Merriam tells us that, in his opinion, *"the principal cause of the appallingly great and rapid decrease in the Indians of California is not the number directly slain by the whites, or the number directly killed by whisky or disease, but a much more subtle and dreadful thing: it is the gradual but progressive and relentless confiscation of their lands and homes, in consequence of which they are forced to seek refuge in remote and barren localities, often far from water, usually with an impoverished supply of food, and not infrequently in places where the winter climate is too severe for their enfeebled constitutions. Victims of the aggressive selfishness of the whites, outcasts in the land of their fathers, outraged in their most sacred institutions, weakened in body, broken in spirit, and fully conscious of the hopelessness of their condition, must we wonder that the wail for the dead is often heard in their camps and that the survivors are passing swiftly away?"*

Probably none of us have had a hand in the eviction of an Indian village; certainly none of us have murdered them, nor given them whisky, but we are all in the position of receivers of stolen goods. Every dweller in California lives on land which once belonged to an Indian. We may not bring back from the land of spirits those whom Christian America swept

out of her path of progress, but we can deal justly by the remnant left, and, aided by humanity and common sense, save them for themselves and the State.

Will not the women of California who spend time and money to preserve the beautiful old Missions, built to teach the Indians the gospel of love; who take thought for the birds of the air and the lilies of the field; who battled so well to protect the lives of the wonderful old trees of California, battle as earnestly for the lives of these native sons and daughters, these *men* and *women* who are not dead and gone, but living today, homeless, disheartened, dying of starvation? We have taken their land, their fish streams, their hunting grounds, their wild fruits and berries, and driven them into the sterile regions where no white man could support life. Surely there is a debt, quite apart from any sentiment of humanity, which we as honest citizens should pay. Information relative to methods of practical help to our Indians will be gladly furnished.

CORNELIA TABER.

A "Call of the Wild"

From Bering's shores, where weirdly beams
Aurora's mystic shimmering light;
Where Luna's cold reflection beams
Illumine the long, drear winter's night,
Comes wafted on the southward breeze
A cry, as to a wayward child,
"Come back—O wanderer of the seas,
"Return where all is free and wild!"

The great white silence calls "Come home,
"I give you peace—why linger then"?
I bow my head; too far I've roamed,
No laden vessels northward trend;
For ice-locked is my Arctic land,
And many moons their course must run
Ere summer waves her beck'ning hand
And shines again, the Midnight Sun.

MARY E. HART.

San Francisco, Cal.



The Simple Life

BY MRS. SAMUEL BISSINGER.

It is with becoming awe and trepidation that I essay to write upon so important a matter as Life, whether simple or otherwise, especially as any discussion of the subject cannot fail to seem more or less personal. To properly present the subject we must hark back to the very beginning of history in the Garden of Eden. A distinguished, though unregenerate jurist recently said the simplest life must have begun in the Garden of Eden before Eve arrived, when Adam was monarch of all he surveyed, with none to dispute or contradict his lordly assertions.

Each morning Adam arose, took stock of his sparse belongings, promulgated a few laws and necessary directions for the day, while the animals sat around in a circle, listened meekly to his utterances with no word of remonstrance and then loyally grunted applause. Alas! why was so lovely and simple a life changed! There was no discussion or complication of likes and dislikes, no arguing as to which should stay home with baby Cain while Adam went to lodge or Eve to her club or reception. Adam's frugal morning meal of berries and breadfruit was soon over, and he had no chance to criticize the burnt steak or tell of the biscuits his mother made. There was also no mother-in-law in that happy home, not even after Eve's advent.

On Eve's first birthday arose the subject of clothes, and her first duty was to provide a wardrobe, as the Lord in his haste to complete the universe neglected to furnish her an outfit. The most appropriate material at hand was a luxurious tree richly adorned with fig leaves, so she proceeded to make some fig-leaf aprons, which simple hint gave rise to our more complicated system of dress of today. Eve had no worry over clothes, as she had hundreds of gowns hanging on the trees, and plucked a new one when she wanted it without consulting the tyrant man at all. Blissful state, when a woman could get a new gown with perfect freedom and could have a new one three times a day if she desired.

Tradition does not inform us what medical remedies were employed in Paradise. What could Eve have given her boys for teething, fever and whooping cough before the event of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup? We know that there were no early deaths in those halcyon days. The youngest, Enoch, was over 300 years old when he was translated, and Methuselah would have lived more than his 969 years if he had not had a nagging wife.

The older the world the shorter our lives. Surely it is due to their complexity. Beware of the strenuous life if you would live long upon the earth.

The North Star of conduct assumes different aspects in different ages. In the ancient world the men were under the spell of militarism. Greece gloried in Achilles more than in Phidias. The Renaissance worshiped the New Learning. Now the twentieth century worships commercialism.

The prevalent fear of being poor is a national and moral disease. The victims of commercialism have lost their taste for simple things and simple ways. The exaggerated estimate of wealth and display is declining

somewhat, however partly as the result of the drastic criticism cast upon us by traveling foreigners. The American vice now is unbridled impatience, a result of the life we are leading. Wealth unquestionably brings with it a certain quality of refinement, as it enables its possessors to obtain polite accomplishments, to travel, to enjoy leisure in which to acquire polish, and draw around them a semblance of outward elegance and in which individuals of real refinement and deep seated culture are included. Good manners are the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. Simplicity and naturalness are now the marks of birth and breeding. Beau Brummel today would be a laughing stock.

Simplicity is a state of mind, and a man is simple when his chief aim is to be honestly and naturally human. Men and women confuse the secondary with primary things, substitute the machinery of Life for its force, put things in place of ideas and principles—attempt to find pleasure, not in the keenness of the senses, but in the multiplicity of the objects offered to them. Wagner says we have too large houses and too much in them. The first I dispute, the second is true. It is always better to have a few artistic ornaments than a heap of tawdry rubbish that means nothing. He says "clear out from the host of small things—trash—or better yet, do without them altogether, until you can get good ones." We should live in the key of B natural and be as conscientious about our opinions as our acts.

The way to happiness lies along different roads, for every soul has not pleasure in the same thing.

There was once a beautiful woman who heard that a wise man of the East could grant the wish of every human heart. So she sought him and begged him to grant her wish that all men should love her. He granted it, assuring her gravely that it would bring her no happiness. Several years elapsed and she sought him again, looking worn, faded and unhappy. She upbraided him for granting her desire. "Have you not had your wish, have not all men loved you?" asked the wise man. "Yes," she replied, "Men love, they follow me, kneel to me, annoy me. I am weary of their love, for I cannot love in return. I want to love." "That was not what you asked," said the wise man.

We find our happiness, not in solely receiving, but in the giving of that which we prize. The deepest and richest part of a man's life is unconscious, and a great deal of his most fruitful thinking goes on when he is unconscious of it, without his direction. We hear much of the sub-conscious life, now-a-days. The greatness of man's nature, the value of his thought, depends largely upon what his mind is doing when he is unaware.

How can we get rid of the various excesses in our lives, unnecessary things. It reminds us of the story of Mike and Tim, who wanted to catch a wild-cat alive. Tim went up into the tree to shoot him down, that Mike might catch him, and there was a lively scrimmage. Tim called down, "Mike, shall I come down and help ye hold him?" "No, begorra, come down and help me let go." We need help to let go of our cherished fads, fancies or piccadilloes.

California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

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96 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
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Club
Life

Alden Club. The last meeting of the Alden Club was devoted to the complete reports of Christmas work and plans for aid of several worthy women in need. A very pleasant letter was read from Mrs. Pettigill of the University Mound Home, thanking the club for gifts to the Home. Miss Anna Priber, who had been invited to join the club, was admitted at this meeting, and the tiny Elizabeth Homberger, as the club's special guest, paid her annual subscription. Miss Cecile Rogers, the club's president; being in Japan, and Miss Linda Priber, the recording secretary, in Mexico, their places were filled by Miss Marie Denervaud, vice-president, and Miss Virginia Dare, treasurer. Other members were Mrs. Heinrich Homberger, Mrs. H. L. Detrick, Misses Elizabeth Edwards, Lavinia Giesting, Elsie Young, Sadie Fritch.

An important innovation in Sunshine work which will interest members throughout the State is the opening of a library in one of the factories of San Francisco. The girls employed during the day have no time to belong to public libraries, and the eagerness and pleasure with which the books are received and read is more than pay for the effort in forming the library. The proposition when referred to the Schmidt Lithograph Company met with a cordial response, and it is hoped that their generous example will perhaps prove an inspiration to other companies to give the same pleasure to their employees. Those who contributed books for the library are Mrs. Heinrich Homberger, Miss Lavinia Giesting, Miss Ella M. Pinkham, Miss Clara Taylor, Mrs. Kate Hinke, and Miss June Lindsay of Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Alden sends announcement of the annual convention of the Sunshine Society as guests of the Southern New York State Division in Brooklyn in May. The Division extends a cordial invitation to all members and friends in all states, hoping that at least one delegate from each state will be represented, and as many members as possible. Delegates will be entertained in private homes, and as the committee of arrangements is anxious to complete lists as soon as possible, those intending to be present at the convention will kindly notify the state president at her earliest convenience. Special rates will also be made in different hotels for members of the society, and full particulars of rates, etc., can be obtained from Mrs. Nellie Furman, President New York State Day, 121 Hooper St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



Advertisement Ambiguities

Wanted, a horse to do the work of a country minister.

Wanted, certificated male teacher. Salary £95 per annum, with an allowance of £5 for cleaning.

Wanted, an organist, and a lad to blow the same.

Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything; very fond of children.

Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons.

Lost, a collie dog with a brass collar round his neck and a muzzle.

Inventor of a new perambulator wishes to meet financier to push same.

Wanted, a groundman who can bowl from May for twelve weeks.

For sale, a pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here.

Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about 20 feet long and 10 feet broad.

Lost near Haymarket, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bone handle.

Phaeton for sale. The property of a gentleman with headpiece as good as new.

Sixpence extra for admission to see the wild beasts eating John Russell, proprietor.

Gentlemen in the cabin are requested not to use the seats until the ladies are seated.

Paraffin oil, candles, lemonade, and ginger beer. Can all be drunk at the counter.

Services on Sunday next at both west end and east end chapels. Babies baptized at both ends.

Concluded from Page 20.

It is well that the germ of reform is showing life. It is well that a greater spirit of simplicity is beginning to prevail throughout the land. The chain is but as strong as its weakest link, and so in the course of simplicity, each one is a link in the chain now being forged.

Let us each day by our individual efforts make our link stronger than the strongest steel, but let us bind each link, with the garlands of friendship, helpfulness and love.

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Flowers and Plants

VIRGINIA B. HILLIARD

Flowers—Their Commercial Value.

This view of the subject presents plants succulent and healthful as food, the pith of trees instrumental in the manufacture of parchment as well as making a texture for clothing, and last but far from least, the service they do as remedies to soothe the many pangs and "ills that flesh is heir to."

Who that has enjoyed a fragrant cup of Java coffee at breakfast has stopped to reflect that this royal beverage was but the berry of a plant that has made fortunes for those in its traffic? Where would be found the attraction of "high teas" or kettledrums were it not for the beverage (tea) made from the leaves of a plant? Cynics and critics would lose much of their stock in trade were they deprived the luxury of describing "teas" over which gossip presides. The "bread fruit tree" is the chief food of the inhabitants of the Polynesian Islands. The part eaten is as white as snow, about the size of an ordinary melon, and when roasted is savory and sweet.

The cocoanut trees bestow meat and drink, the milk being highly valued in tropical climates for its efficacy in reducing fevers. The plantain, a coarse species of banana, flourishes in the tropics and torrid zone and supplies the place of wheat, a cereal that does not thrive in this clime. Humboldt makes a comparison between the nutriment of the banana and that of wheat in the following ratio: "One hundred and thirty-three to one," and further states a small plant will yield seventy pounds of fruit. In South America the plantain yearly yields two crops and if the stripped stock is razed to the ground for three years consecutively will bear a crop without replanting. Sago, used in preparing so many dishes for the festive board, as well as the sick room, is the heart of a tree and in Asia is used as a substitute for bread. The tree must attain maturity, which it does after thirty years' growth, and the branches denote that period by becoming mealy and yellow. The sago we eat is simply the heart of the tree removed after felling and separated from the filaments. The shea tree of Africa from the boiling of the kernel makes a butter that keeps a year without salt. On the verge of the African desert, where vegetation is almost unknown, the date palm flourishes, furnishing a food to the inhabitants, who would suffer without its fruit. The Spanish chestnut tree is highly valued for its delicious fruit, that improves by roasting. The olive tree, whose oil and fruit furnish an appetizing entree at every banquet, is today proving a lucrative source of income to those engaged in its trade. The flowers of the German olive are largely imported to the United States for consumption by foreign residents. Caper sauce is made from the berries of the caper bush raised in Central Europe. Capers were known as early as the time of Iune, the first epoch of his residence in Athens. Zygo phillium fabago, from the Cape of Good Hope, is a fine substitute for capers, the blossoms being intensely fragrant. All our spices are derived from trees, and calculate the income derived from their sale, for they are no longer a luxury, but a necessity. Cloves alone that flourish in the islands of the

Chinese Sea and their usual yield will be about two and a half pounds to the tree, not to mention a fine season when the record sets forth one hundred and twenty-five pounds. When we contemplate it takes 50,000 blossoms to make a pound it is evident a single tree must have yielded 625,000 blossoms. In addition to the almost universal use of these blossoms, Russia alone consumes yearly five hundred tons. In Brazil a kind of mallow is highly esteemed, as is also the artichoke of the same family of plants. In Palestine a thistle culled in its budding state is carried to Jerusalem, where it is dried and served as a delicacy.

As to trees supplying raiment we are told our first parents used the leaves of the fig tree, and cotton at one period of our history almost king of our republic is but the well known product of a plant.

The South Sea Islanders make cloth from the fibres of the bark of the mulberry tree and in Asia and the West Indies a cloth is manufactured from the bark of a tree, the goods known to us as nankeen. The India rubber tree supplies us with the necessary material for providing us with waterproof clothing, besides serving for innumerable purposes in the manufacture of useful articles and ornaments. In Cartagena on the Carribean Sea the ruins of Moorish castles in decay attest the former glory of the city. Through the crevices of the thick stone walls this plant has forced its way and rears its branches almost to the height of the ruined pillars.

The gutta percha tree of Singapore and Borneo has divided honors and popularity with the rubber tree, but so indispensable have both become to our comfort that the extinction of either would cause a severe blow to the trade.

The papyrus of Egypt, from the slicing of the skin when dried and polished, was made a writing paper used by the ancients, and great dexterity was manifested by them in the length of the roll constructed. On record are some instances where they attained a length of twenty-three feet by a width of one and a half feet. Eighteen hundred manuscripts were dug from the lava of Herculaneum, all of them written on papyrus. But a short time since a party from Montana discovered that the sagebrush of the prairies also had its use and by experiment has settled the question that it is a good material for the manufacturing of paper. Reviewing our subject flowers and trees first as furnishing the earth with unparalleled decoration, pandering to the taste of man as food, offering their fibrous element to him for raiment, we will briefly consider their inestimable benefits as a remedial agent and accessory to the toilet. The Peruvian bark, so essential in medicine and known as quinine, comes from a tree that grows on the tops of the Andes Mountains and thrives at an altitude of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Capaiva tree of the West Indies yields a resinous substance compounded into a common drug. Camphor is distilled from the roots of a tree grown in Borneo and Sumatra. The undeveloped bloom of a plant known as *Atmesia Judaico*, grown in Palestine, furnishes an extract from which the renowned Santonine is made. Arnica is extracted from *arnica montana*, indigenous to the mountain districts of Europe and Siberia. The fragrant heliotrope used medicinally is adulterated with saffron.

In Switzerland and Germany the flowers of the linden tree are considered a panacea for affections of the heart and brain. The peculiar fragrance of the finest tea imported from China is the artificial perfume it extracts from the close proximity in which it is purposely placed to the following aromatic plants: Cape jessamine, gardenia florida and the fragrant olive.

Lavender, a perennial plant, does double duty as a medicine as well as a perfume, fifty pounds of the choicest flowers being required to make fourteen ounces of essential oil. The American elder is utilized both by pharmacutists as well as perfumers. The petals of the *Hibiscus Resasincusis* furnish to Oriental dyers exquisite shades of purple and black; the flowers are used for coloring liquor and dyeing human hair. The bark of logwood and mahogany are serviceable as medicines and are prized as a dye. The petals of the bastard saffron are extensively used for dyeing purposes in Central Europe, India and China, and the lovely tints and colors imparted to the silks of Lyons, France, is due this plant.

Our gold-banded china so highly esteemed reaches us after a bath in cartiminta. France and Spain raise large quantities of the saffron for exportation. That which is known to the trade as saffron is merely the stems of the flower, which contains in two pounds 30,000 blossoms, which by drying lose one-fifth. In a pound of extract there are nearly 30,000 blossoms. From Egypt, Persia and Cachemire it is shipped to India, where its greatest demand exists for its medicinal qualities. The Spanish saffron is mostly esteemed and consequently commands the highest price.

Roses so extensively used in medicine as well as perfumery are raised in immense quantities in Shiraz, Persia, Ghazapore, Adrianopolis and Uslak in Asiatic Turkey. The most fragrant are cultivated by the Christian inhabitants of the waters of the Balkans and at Narcoste, two hundred miles from Constantinople. In the best districts in a favorable season the yield will be 75,000 ounces, which in an unfavorable year falls to 30,000 ounces. England does an immense traffic in rose water from the crop of roses raised simply for that purpose. A drachm of essence requires between 2000 and 3000 petals, so the task of gathering may not be considered insignificant. The rose of Provence (hundred leaved) is most valued for extracting oil and the French rose for its healing powers.

As many other flowers are used in perfumery their mercantile value can best be estimated by contemplating a few statistical facts. A perfumer in Paris (Grasse) consumes annually eighty thousand pounds of orange flowers, sixty thousand pounds of the flowers of cassia, sixty-five thousand pounds of the leaves of roses, thirty-two thousand pounds of violets, twenty-five thousand pounds of tube roses, sixteen thousand pounds of lilacs, besides an immense amount of other plants less renowned for fragrance.

Look at the number of florists in and near large cities who owe their prosperity to the cultivation of flowers for the adornment of homes of the wealthy, and again those who rear them with the more practical view of disposing them to the laboratory, and it is obvious flowers play a conspicuous part in the world's history and are important as objects of trade and commerce.

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was particularly noted, perhaps, be-
cause of the man's critical artistic per-
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has given a fair and comprehensive
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part and parcel of his work; and, for
this insight alone the value of the book
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"The Fleeing Nymph" and other verse by Lloyd Mifflin, a well known writer, is an excellent proof of the author's versatility. The volume begins with the title piece, a poem of ambitious merit. In an after note the author explains he has—"in his conception of Pan, followed his own feeling, which coincides with that of some of the older painters—Caracci and others—rather than with the mythologists; that is to say, he has emphasized the human attributes of the god rather than his grotesqueness, which latter quality, to those who miss the symbol, often renders the sylvan deity almost repellent."

The smaller poems are exquisitely written and show a sympathetic touch of nature and things and in all a familiar acquaintance with a diversity of difficult themes.

The book is dedicated to Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, a noted man of letters of California, whose friendly correspondence with the author has covered many years. It is well bound in silk cloth and gold cover design. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price \$1.00 net.

"A Maker of History," E. Phillips Oppenheim's name attached to a new book is of intense interest to novel readers. He has not disappointed his admirers in "A Maker of History," wherein he has made use of international political affairs to construct a story of exciting and absorbing incident from beginning to end. The scenes of adventure are laid mostly on that part of the continent of Europe where romance fills the air at every turn, in gay Paris, where lurks the essence of mystery even to the present day. A young Englishman, wandering on pleasure bent, has an experience on German territory which leads to an international tangle and

on reaching Paris he is spirited away. His sister meets the same fate shortly after her arrival in Paris in search of her brother. The trail of events is taken up by a friend in England, who sends a trusted school chum to find the wanderers, but not until the international complications are adjusted, are they found. In the meantime plots and schemes even to tragedy confuse the searcher but of course all is made clear in the end. The conception of the story is wonderfully clever. It is one of the new novels of the year worth buying and presages a big sale. It is illustrated from drawings by Fred Pegram. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

"The Breath of the Gods"—From the exquisite characterization of a little Japanese woman, educated in this country, Sidney McCall, the author of "Truth Dexter," has evolved another most wonderful story, written so life-like as to make one almost doubt that the personages are wholly imaginary, as the author tells us in a prefatory note. Attention to the smallest detail has been his strong point, giving naturalness to a most complicated state of events and it is clearly obvious the work of a master hand.

Under the roof of an American Senator—one of the sturdy self-made stock—evolves a unique love affair between Yuki and an American embryo diplomat. The outcome of this beautiful romance is wholly different from what the reader expects at the end and it is the ingenious way in which the author works out the intricate complications that follow one after the other which make this a distinctly greater literary effort than his "True Dexter," proclaimed by all a very fine production. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

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The Book of the Singing Winds, by Sara Hamilton Birchall, is one of those literary gems of verse that one falls in love with on sight. Lovers of fine poetry will derive a rare pleasure from the perusal of this exquisitely beautiful little book. There is in the poems understanding and spontaneity and art. Added to this is a quick imagination and a certain elemental lyric quality, that is as unusual as it is delightful. The get-up of the book, which is small, being only $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, is simply perfect. It is bound in stiff brown Italian hand-made paper, cover and title page in two colors, and wrapped in a tissue jacket, envelope shape, daintily fastened with a gold seal and in slide case. Published by that connoisseur of artistic things, Alfred Bartlett, Boston, Mass. 500 copies in Italian covers, 75 cents, and 50 numbered and figured copies in flexible red leather, price \$2.00.



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A charming volume in the category of anthology with selections in verse and in prose appears from The Bowley Head, John Lane Company, entitled "Underneath the Bough." This is set forth on the title page as "A Posie of Other Men's Flowers" gathered by Theodora Thompson. The aim in gathering these quotations has not been to appeal to the intellect, but rather to the emotions, to bring refreshment, encouragement and inspiration. The selections are arranged under divisions. Among the recent writers levied upon are found Dr. Van Dyke, Charles Wagner, Helen Keller, Moncure D. Conway, Kathrina Trask, James Lane Allen, J. M. Barrie, etc.

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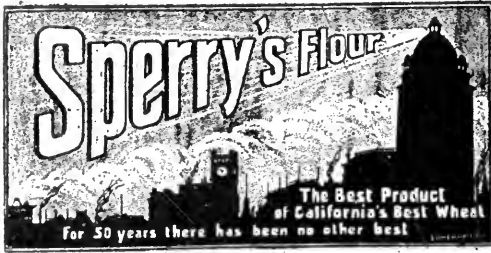
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Woman's Club Directory for the current year, compiled and published by Mrs. Josephine H. Foster, a popular officer of the P. C. W. P. A., contains the names and addresses of the latest presidents, corresponding secretaries, time and place of meeting of all the clubs in the State of California. Can be had from A. M. Robertson, 126 Post street, San Francisco. Price 25 cents.

California, the Golden State, is an interesting illustrated booklet published by the Rock Island system. The half-tones, some of them in color, are taken from special photographs and give a good idea of the outdoor pleasure to be had in the glorious State of California. Another booklet on "Rock Island Trains to California" contains a graphic, concise and readily comprehended story of Rock Island through train service, connecting Winterland and Summerland.

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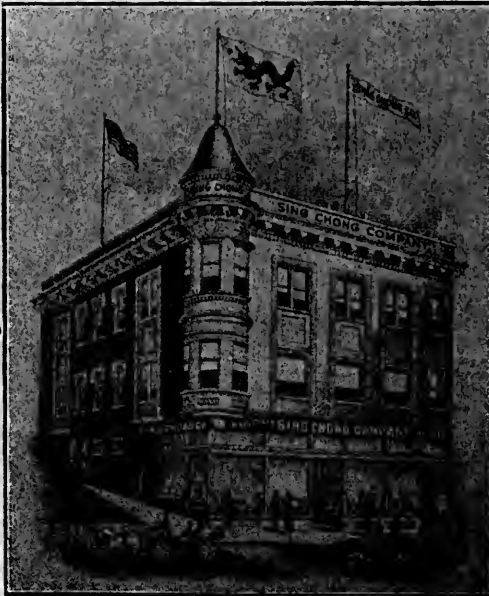
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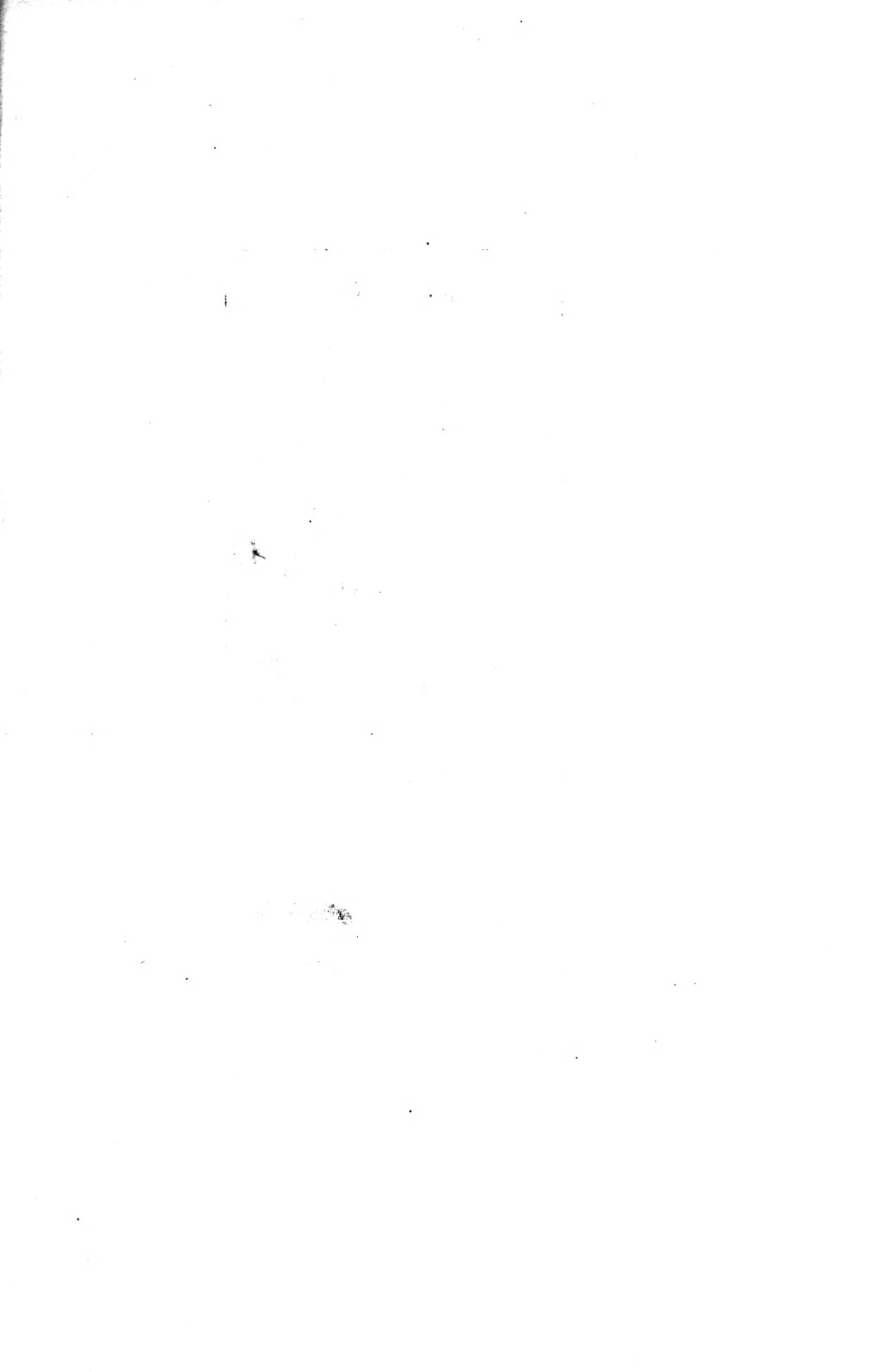
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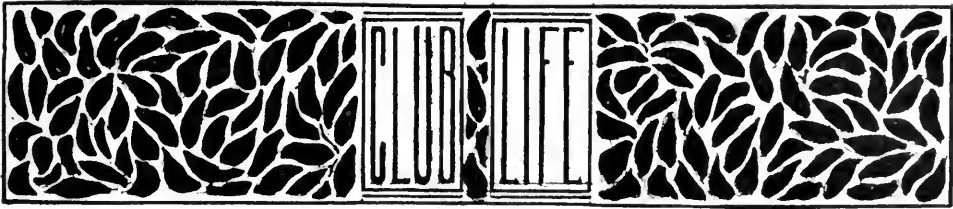




Adelaide Hanscom

**Whose charming illustrations in a special edition of the Rubaiyat
brought her interesting personality into general notice**

The picture is reproduced from a snapshot
taken by George Wharton James one misty day in
Joaquin Miller's poetic grounds on 'The Heights.'



Vol. 4

April, 1906

No. 8

Our California Indians

The attention of club women is called to the need of prompt and concerted action on their part to secure just legislation for the relief of the Indians of our State. The Northern California Indian Association, in this issue, appeals for your aid in this most pressing need and concise information is given as to how your influence can be, without any great effort on your part, of immense value.

You, good women, who are comfortably housed, enjoying all the necessities of life, with plenty of its good things and not a few of its luxuries besides, *think* of the homeless, starving Indians, men and women, and their little children, all possessing just the same human feelings as we, and with just as much love in their hearts for their home ties as you or I have for ours, and I am confident not one of you will hesitate to answer the appeal *at once* in an endeavor to secure to these unfortunates the blessing of a *home*.

Where Poverty is Unknown

Beggars and tramps are seldom seen in Denmark, and the shame and scandal of the unemployed are unknown there, according to Wilson Carlisle, founder of the Church Army of England. The Danes divide the unemployed into three classes, and in this way separate the real unfortunates from the degenerates and wilfully idle. The aged poor of spotless character in Denmark do not, strictly speaking, come within the poor law at all, but are in effect pensioners of the state, and their position involves no social dishonor or loss of civil rights.

For the pensioners who have no separate homes there are maintained in the cities of Denmark comfortable institutions where married and single people are provided for, even to the extent of free entertainment in a theatre and music hall. They are not required to work and are free to go in and out at will. The aged poor whose poverty is their own fault are provided for in a "hospital," where they are required to work according to their powers. These lose their franchise and are restrained of their liberty. However, their earnings over and above cost of maintenance are paid them in cash. Denmark's third class of poor—the beggars and drunkards—are saved from starvation and crime in reformatory colonies, where they are required to work at gardening, forestry, and manual trades for the state, but on a wage scale which makes the best of them in a sense independent and ambitious. The Danish system is not an experiment, but has long been in existence, insuring a degree of happiness to the deserving poor and reclaiming or restraining the worthless and idle class.—From *Co-operation*.

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**C. E. Kelsey Ordered to Washington—Friends of Indians
Asked to Write to Members of Congress, Requesting
Them to Lend Their Aid in This Matter**

C. E. Kelsey, Secretary of the Northern California Indian Association, who was appointed by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs Special Government Agent for California Indians, has been ordered by the department to appear before the Senate Committee on Indians, and has left for Washington. He will present his report and endeavor to obtain a redress of the grievances under which California Indians are suffering. In order to induce Congress to act, the association is scattering broadcast the following appeal:

"The investigation into the condition of the Indians of California, both north and south, authorized by Congress last year, in response to the petition of the Northern California Indian Association, has revealed even greater destitution than was originally claimed. Our Secretary has been called to Washington to testify before the Indian Committees of Congress. Legislation for relief in the form of an appropriation for the purchase of land for small allotments is imperatively needed to save the remnant of our landless Indians, approximately 10,000 in number. Some of these are literally dying of starvation at the present time.

"The Indians of Southern California are suffering for arable land, with water, their present reservations being sterile and inadequate, and suitable provision for them must be made at once. Personal letters to your Senators and Congressmen will be of great value, if sent promptly. The California delegation is: Senators—Hon. George C. Perkins and Hon. Frank P. Flint; Congressmen—Hon. J. N. Gillette, Hon. Duncan McKinley, Hon. J. R. Knowland, Hon. Julius Kahn, Hon. E. A. Hayes, Hon. J. C. Needham, Hon. James McLachlan, Hon. S. C. Smith. Address for Senators, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.; for Congressmen, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C."

Friends of Indians are urgently requested to use all their influence in favor of just legislation on behalf of our Indians.

Officers of clubs are particularly requested to bring this appeal to the attention of their clubs and obtain a vote of endorsement, to be sent *in duplicate*, to a Senator and Congressman from California. Our friends in the southern part of the State have aroused the whole country to demand help for the Indians in that section, and all the humane people of Northern California must insist upon this measure of justice to Indians equally needy and more utterly neglected.

To be of value, these letters must go *at once*, as the Indian Committees of Congress may report very soon.

MARY HAVEN EDWARDS, President.

CORNELIA TABER, Secretary.

Laurel Hall Club promises on April 5th a play called "The Reformers' League," written by Mrs. I. Lowenberg and Mrs. Ella M. Sexton. Century Club Hall has been secured for the occasion, as it is beautifully equipped for theatricals.

We anticipate something extremely clever from the collaboration of these brilliant women, and they never disappoint.

The Outdoor Art League Department, California Club, ever true to its old love, decided at a meeting, held on March 5th, to present a set of resolutions to the Board of Supervisors requesting a call for a bond election in the autumn that the voice of the people may be heard regarding the acquisition of Telegraph Hill by the city. Telegraph Hill is included in the Burnham plans as a point of beauty to be preserved from destruction. The League hopes for favorable action by the Board of Supervisors upon the above-named request. The League has also petitioned an appeal from the judgment of Hon. J. C. B. Hebbard, whose decision recently rendered permits blasting on Telegraph Hill, thereby endangering the lives and property of the residents in the neighborhood. The matter is now before the City and County Attorney, whose opinion will be given within a few days.

The Planting Committee has been unusually active during the month of March. Superintendent McLaren, of Golden Gate Park, has contributed for the use of the Church Committee several dozen of choice ampelopsis vines, well started and thrifty. Father Rogers, of St. Patrick's Church, on Mission Street, is to receive part of these to transplant in the grounds just about the church. In a year or two the church will present a beautiful appearance to those who pass.

The most important work now engaging the attention of the League is the Five Per Cent bill now pending in Congress. A letter from the Hon. S. C. Smith, who has charge of the bill in the House of Representatives, states that it has passed the Senate, and that he will do all in his power to get it through the House. The success of this bill will mean much to the educational interests of the State.

Following is a copy of the petition sent to Congress by the League:

"An Appeal urging that California be placed upon an Equal Footing with other Public-Land States which have received a Per Centum of the Net Proceeds of the Cash Sales of Public Lands.

"SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1905.

"WHEREAS, California, upon her admission to the Union, on September 9, 1850, surrendered certain concessions in consideration of which the United States promised to grant 5 per centum of the net proceeds of the cash sales of public lands within said State, and under which compact California was admitted to Statehood;

"WHEREAS, California, up to the present time, has failed to secure from the Government a recognition of this compact, although every other public-land State has received the per centum promised under similar compacts with the Government;

"WHEREAS, California's claim to said 5 per centum of the cash sales of the public lands is just and equitable, and has been favorably reported by every Public Lands Committee of both Houses of Congress since the bill was first presented, in the year 1858;

"Resolved, That the people of California hereby request Congress to pass, without further delay, the bill granting to the State of California 5 per centum of the net proceeds of all the cash sales of public lands within said State, such moneys to be funded according to the law for the benefit of the common schools, including a State School of Forestry.

"MRS. LOVELL WHITE,

"Chairman Outdoor Art League, Department California Club."

P. C. W. P. A.

It is not the custom to have guests at the business meetings, but the monotony of the regular routine was relieved at the last one by the presence of Miss Grey, of the Chicago Press League, who extended the greetings of the League and made a brief address on the work in the East.

Mrs. Krebs, the President of the Association, who is again quite herself, presided. She presented one hundred copies of "La Copa de Oro" to the Association, which will be sold for its benefit. This book, as CLUB LIFE readers are aware, contains poems, stories, sketches and illustrations by the members of the Association.

At the social meeting Miss Van Dyke sang "Calm as the Night," "In Primavera," and "Rockin' in de Win'." As sometimes happens, Miss Van Dyke's accompanist failed to appear, but, equal to the occasion, the young woman seated herself at the piano and played her own accompaniments, an act which made the songs still more enjoyable, because of its informality and homelikeness.

The paper of the afternoon was read by Mrs. Sophie E. Gardiner. In this she briefly sketched some of the "Great Deeds Accomplished by Woman," this being her subject. Just touching those achieved by the woman wearing the "crown of motherhood," she turned the thought of her hearers to those of the many who are denied that crown, and to those of a time when woman was little more than "the slave of man." She mentioned some who had won fame in war, others who, by their pens, had wielded an influence in great reforms, and still others well known in philanthropic work.

Among the visitors present was Mrs. Mary Fox, who came from the frozen North, an artist who has painted the Taku glacier, which is near Juneau, Alaska. Upon request, she told of this wonder of nature; of the difficulties overcome in getting to it with her Indian guide; of the two years spent near it while she was catching, with pencil and brush, all its glorious tints and vastness; of the wealth of flowers, which in their season, made such a wonderful foreground, and, finally, of the Indian legend connected with it.

As recalled, the legend is that thousands of years ago a man dwelt in the North country, near the mighty river Taku, with only his dog for company. Game and fish were abundant, but in this great solitude, ever the same, he was lonely. Then he prayed the Great Spirit to send him a companion.

Touched by this appeal the Great Spirit took the form of a raven, went to visit the Great Toad, and transformed it into a beautiful maiden.

Returning soon after, bearing upon his back the spoils of a successful hunt, the man saw sitting at the door of his tent a maiden weaving a basket. The fire was kindled and the bricks heated ready to cook the evening meal. His prayer had been answered and great was his joy.

Time passed and there came two sons, Gitamo and Takagee. Good and strong they grew, but one, Takagee, was more deft in handling rod and gun, bringing home more fish and game, hence found more favor in his father's sight. Naturally, Gitamo was envious, and, growing to hate his brother, watched for a chance to do him harm. So it came to pass that, as they fished on the bank of the Taku, Gitamo stood close to his brother, who unsuspecting, was busy with his rod, and pushed him into the river far below. Even as he fell the Great Spirit took vengeance on Gitamo for his wicked deed. He caused Takagee to become an icy wind which swept down from the mountain over the river, freezing Gitamo, as he turned to flee, into a man of ice, and the great river became a slowly moving mass of ice.

When many days had passed and the sons did not return, the father went in search of them and, finding the frozen image of his first-born, fled in terror, taking his wife with him, and the place knew them no more. But the spirit of the great Taku wind was restless and wandered over the mountains, causing the rivers everywhere to become glaciers.

As record is made of all this pleasure, there is ever present the memory of the great sorrow which is crushing the heart of the first vice-president, Mrs. E. J. Foster. All hearts go out to her in sympathy for her great loss, and every member trusts that the illness of the second vice-president, Miss Ina Coolbrith, may prove not so serious as at first it seemed and that she may soon rally from it.

MRS. CLARE O. SOUTHARD, Chairman Press Committee.

In Memoriam--Susan B. Anthony

No dead march beating on the air, no roll of muffled drum
 As we our faithful captain bear unto her final home;
 Yet hath she fought as brave a fight as ever soldier won,
 Who held the tented field at night or manned the mounted gun.
 Her weapons were of soul and brain, her white flag lettered Peace,
 Her own heart bled, and yet again and on without surcease
 She charged the ranks of foemen, forever in the van—
 And by winning Right for woman, she hath also won for man.

EUFINA C. TOMPKINS,
The Woman's Tribune.



FREDERICK W. PRINCE

The Forum Club members and friends are unanimous in praise of "Travel Talks," the enjoyable illustrated lecture given by Mr. Frederick W. Prince in the club rooms on March 28th. Mr. Prince is a fascinating and enthusiastic speaker and carries his hearers with him through Arizona and New Mexico, both wonderful in scenic attractions and rich in interest on account of their Indian life. Through the magic force of Mr. Prince's descriptions, we dwell for the nonce in Hopiland, the land of the peaceful people, with customs and ceremonies centuries old, and witness their dances, the sports of the Navajo braves, the Walpai religious dances and the grewsome "Snake Dance." Mr. Prince's graphic account, illustrated by stereopticon slides, followed by a bioscope

or moving picture of this dance as it actually occurred at Walpai in August, 1905, made a most realistic impression. From Walpai we are transported to that wonder of wonders, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado,—a chaotic underworld, a mile deep, thirteen miles wide and two hundred and seventeen miles long and painted like a flower.

"The journalist is striving after new words; the poet is composing new songs; the artist is mixing new colors in a vain effort to convey to the world the lesson which the splendor and solemnity of the Canyon is teaching and the impressions which it is making from dawn to dark and from dark to dawn, upon the minds of hundreds of visitors from all over the world. Beautiful thoughts have found utterance in spoken words and through the medium of the pen; pictures of wondrous beauty have been painted; yet the Canyon has not been described, and for fear its master may never be found, Go and See! Go and learn for yourself why strong thoughtful men and women feel their souls stir within them in sympathy with its awesome and mysterious depths."

To Kalon members enjoyed many happy hours together during the last month. On February 20th the gentlemen were guests. Mr. Arthur Delroy, Mrs. Newton Tharp, and Miss Lucia Thompson furnished the evening's entertainment, after which refreshments were served.

"Art" was the topic for the regular meeting on March 6th. Mr. Latimer introduced the subject by a few words on "Art in the Schoolroom," the benefit of fine art pictures to the growing child. Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, gave a delightful informal talk on Greece, the Mother of Art, keeping his audience charmed from beginning to end. Several well selected solos on the violoncello by Miss Lewis concluded one of the most interesting as well as the best attended afternoons that To Kalon has enjoyed.

Corona Club

Travelers' day at Corona Club the programme was unusually enjoyable. The first number was "A Message from Kegoayah Kozga" (Aurora Club, the women's club of Nome, started in 1902, and having sixty-two members), given by Miss Helen M. Kimball, a member of the club.

Mrs. E. G. Denniston followed with an interesting account of a trip to Mexico. Mrs. W. D. Keyston then read a paper, "Some Gleanings from My Trip Around the World," a graphic sketch of her journey, starting from San Francisco, going west to Asia, and coming back by way of Europe. Patriotic quotations, apropos of Washington's Birthday, were given by the club members. The music for the afternoon consisted of a vocal solo, "Because," by Miss Grace Nutting; piano solo, Chopin's "Scherzo in C Sharp Minor," by Miss Edna Murray, pupil of Samuel Bollinger, and by courtesy of Mrs. Marriner Campbell; vocal selections, "Turn Ye to Me," highland melody; "I Said to the Wind of the South" (Chadwick), by Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson.

If laughter makes the heart young, surely "Corona" ladies lost several years from their age on March 8th, when the club indulged in a "Humorous Afternoon." The three papers—"The Mission of Humor," by Mrs. W. A. Johnston; "The Humor of Mark Twain," by Mrs. J. B. Sykes, and "Some Instances of English Humor," by Mrs. Matthew McCurrie, were sparkling with wit and humor, and kept the members and their guests in a ripple of merriment. A recitation, "Telegraph Hill (Wallace Irwin), given by Mrs. George H. Fairchild, in appropriate costume, was exceedingly funny. Also, laughable anecdotes, given by club members, added considerably to the mirth of the occasion. The music rendered was "Three Romances" (Clara Schumann), for violin and piano, by Miss Laura Taylor and Mrs. Inman, and vocal solos by Mrs. Crane and Mr. Robert Saxe.

The Association of Pioneer Women of California will hold their regular monthly meeting, April 6th, at Pioneer Hall, when Mrs. Moody, President of the Local Council, will deliver a short address on the work of the Council for the year. This will be followed by some interesting numbers by talent for the entertainment of the members.

The Association is steadily growing in numbers and popularity, new members being proposed at each meeting. Many interesting papers on early Pioneer life in California are read by members at every meeting, which are clever, highly interesting and instructive.

HERMINA M. POLLOCK, Secretary.

LOUISA BERRYMAN, President.

The California State Floral Society had a wild flower day on Friday, March 9th. Miss Alice Eastwood gave a most interesting botanical talk on the fifty varieties of wild flowers exhibited by Mrs. W. S. Chandler. Annual reports of officers were made showing the Society in a very prosperous condition. Mrs. Mary E. Dean was voted a member and Mr. Kettlewell was proposed for membership. Nominations for officers and directors were made.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU.

The New England Colony held its regular meeting at the California Club House. The colony is growing in interest and numbers, and many new names are being presented for membership. An interesting feature is that several presidents of other clubs are among its members, so that the working force is greatly helped thereby, and there will be no danger that business will not be carried on in the most parliamentary way. The committees are as follows:

Membership, Mrs. Fernando Pfingst; Literary, Mrs. Clare O. Southard; Music, Mrs. E. De Los Magee; Refreshments, Mrs. Eli P. Burr; Reception, Mrs. John Jay Scoville; Decoration, Mrs. A. J. Tinker, Berkeley;

Mrs. Southard read a paper on the "Early History of New England Up to 1620," beginning with the Algonquins and their characteristics, having an agglutinative and polysyllabic language, speaking of the slave system of woman, polygamy, etc., then giving the beginning of the Pilgrim movement and their leaving Delfthaven in the leaky Speedwell and later sailing in the Mayflower.

Mrs. John Bakewell, of Oakland, gave a paper on the "Home Life of Early New England," describing the conflict of France and England over the Colonies, the thirst for adventure which led men to brave hardships and sail for the New World, Bartholomew Boswell being the first to land, in 1602, on Martha's Vineyard and Cape Cod. George Weymouth next sailed for Cape Cod and coasted north to Kennebec, which resulted in the formation of two great stock companies, one under Sir John Popham, who started an expedition which landed at Kennebec in 1606. In 1614 Captain Smith explored from Penobscot to Cape Cod, and named it New England. The Mayflower arrived in 1620, and lay in the harbor for five weeks, the women landing every day and cooking supplies and the men scouring the country for game, forty-six dying that awful winter, one of whom was the beautiful Rose Standish. By spring seven houses had been built and twenty-six acres cleared. Mrs. Bakewell gave other interesting details of daily life.

Miss Rahout gave two piano solos, one by Liszt, and Mrs. Southard read a beautiful poem, "Daffodils," by Mrs. Grace Hibbard, whom we are happy to claim as a member. A Grace Hibbard Day is in preparation by the Literary Committee. Refreshments were then served, and the members enjoyed a social hour. JENNIE PARTRIDGE, Corresponding Secretary.

Daughters of California Pioneers observed their "Social Monday" with a varied and delightful programme, which was very much appreciated by the assembled guests. Following the programme there was chat and merriment over the discussion of the good things provided by the refreshment committee.

The Empty Quatrain

A flawless cup—how delicate and fine
The flow'ring curve of every jewelled line!
Look, turn it up or down, 'tis perfect still,—
But holds no drop of life's heart-warming wine.

—Henry Van Dyke, in his "Music and Other Poems."

Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, U. D. C.

The March meeting was held at the California Club rooms, where in future they will convene. After a short business meeting a social began, with an artistic musical selection, played by its composer, Professor Mondy, the same, as well as a well-merited encore, proved the enjoyment it afforded. Mrs. Mondy sang exquisitely "Autumn," and earned an encore, which she gave with equal satisfaction. Miss Trezevant Cleveland gave the "Telephone Girl" in her inimitable style of elocution, proving that a little wit "now and then is relished by the wisest men." V. B. HILLIARD, Historian.

Robert E. Lee Camp, U. S. C. V.

At the residence of Commandant Walker the regular monthly meeting took place March 6th, and was well attended. The installment of many new members gave a cheerful outlook for the future and demonstrated an awakening interest in the affairs of the organization. On the announcement of the death of the brother of veteran, E. B. Grace, resolutions bespeaking sympathy and fraternal condolence were passed. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Bishop Moreland, Rev. Mr. Munn kindly volunteered to give reminiscences and pass a eulogy on the late General Wheeler. In relief of the sombre subject the reverend gentleman unlocked from his treasure of anecdotes many amusing ones that were intensely relished by his hearers.

Among the late noted members is a nephew of U. S. District Attorney Garland and son of Dr. David Field, a noted physician of Austin, Texas, and distinguished for his adherence to the gray, wearing on all Confederate reunions his old uniform, the same used when a member of General Morgan's staff.

At the conclusion of the business meeting the hospitable hostess, Mrs. Walker, had provided musical and literary talent for a social. The volunteers were Mrs. R. Whiland, in recitation, "Our Heroes in Gray"; Miss Louise Cleveland, in negro Fourth of July oratory, and last, but far from least, some musical selections by Misses Grace and Marion Nutting, the ladies whose philanthropy has induced them to give their time and attention gratuitously to teaching the mandolin to young lads.

The next meeting occurs at Dr. Hodghead's residence, on Sacramento Street.

A valuable contribution to the library were two volumes of Stephen's "War Between the States," presented by one of the members. The usual bountiful supply of refreshments dear to the Southern heart were heartily enjoyed, and thanks are again due our worthy commandant and wife.

GEO. B. HILLIARD, Historian.

Cap and Bells Club.—On the 8th of March Mr. W. Earl Flynn gave an interesting lecture on "How to Preserve Health," which aroused so much enthusiasm among the club members that the following day a class assembled to have Mr. Flynn's methods demonstrated. The programme for the social day was exceptionally clever for even this up-to-date club.

God of the Open Air

I

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry lights,
And set thine altars everywhere,—
On mountain heights,
In woodlands dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

II.

Seeking for thee, the heart of man
Lonely and longing ran,
In that first, solitary hour,
When the mysterious power
To know and love the wonder of the morn
Was breathed within him, and his soul was born,
And thou didst meet thy child,
Not in some hidden shrine,
But in the freedom of the garden wild,
And take his hand in thine,—
There all day long in Paradise he walked,
And in the cool of evening with thee talked.

III.

Lost, long ago, that garden bright and pure,
Lost, that calm day too perfect to endure,
And lost the childlike love that worshipped and was sure!
For men have dulled their eyes with sin,
And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,
And built their temple walls to shut thee in,
And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.
But not for thee the closing of the door,
Oh, Spirit unconfined,
Thy ways are free
As is the wandering wind;
And thou hast wooed thy children, to restore
Their fellowship with thee,
In peace of soul and simpleness of mind.

—*From Music and Other Poems by Henry Van Dyke.*

THE DRAMA

EDITED BY CORINNE MADDERN

Gorky's Play—Summer Folk

..... till in due time, one by one,
 Some with lives that came to nothing, some
 With deeds as well undone,
 Death stepped tacitly, and took them where they never see the sun.

As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop
 Here on earth they bore their fruitage,
 Mirth and folly were their crop;
 What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

—*Browning.*

Every age and every country has its crop of "Summer Folk."
 Gorky points with bitterness and scorn at the type that flourishes upon Russian soil. But we can not read this strange play without reflection—the socially selfish are the same the world over.

The play does not profess to be a drama, but merely "scenes." These realistic "scenes" of people coming and going, without intent or purpose, endlessly drinking tea, greeting each other with questions that are never satisfactorily answered, present a picture of society where all is confusion, satiety and sadness.

The very form of the play, which has no form; this play without design, has this design—*drift.*

Some excerpts from the dialogue of the few who begin to realize the situation will develop the idea better than any comment.

Pustobaika, watchman (one whose duties have made him conscious of the tragedy of the passing time)—"Summer folk are all alike. I have seen hosts of them these five years. To me they are like bubbles in a puddle of water, they swell and burst,—burst. * * * that's the way of it."

Kro. (second watchman)—"They have music, too. Are they going to play upon the stage?"

Pus.—"Yes. They dress up in other men's clothes and say—all sorts of things, just what suits them best. They shout and bustle about as though they were doing some work. They make believe they are angry and deceive one another. One makes believe he's honest, another that he's clever, or unhappy. Whatever suits 'em they act."

Varvara (aged 27, class conscious)—"We live strange lives! We talk and talk, and there it ends. We have many opinions. We accept and reject them with wholesome speed, *but when it comes to wishes—defined and strong*—we don't have them at all."

Again Varvara—"My mother who *worked* for her living, had more meaning in her life than I have in mine, * * * and I am ashamed to live as I do. It is as if I were in a strange circle—surrounded by strangers—and

MAJESTIC THEATRE

IRENE OUTTRIM.



Patrons of the Majestic Theatre will be pleased to learn that Miss Irene Outtrim, the charming ingenue and vocalist, is again in the casts, after an absence of four months on account of a severe illness. No member of the Bishop forces has become more popular with theatregoers on both sides of the bay than this talented young actress, whose beautiful singing voice, in addition to her dramatic talents, has made her one of the conspicuous members of the company.

Miss Outtrim's early training was entirely in the operatic line, and her experience was gained in the Williamson Opera Company of Australia, where she created a great success in the difficult roles of the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire. It was only after coming to America that Miss Outtrim attempted dramatic work, and how successful she has been in it is well known to all who have seen her performances at Ye Liberty, in Oakland, and the Majestic, in San Francisco. Occasionally there has been an opportunity for Miss Outtrim to introduce songs in some of the comedies, and this has added greatly to the success of the plays and to the popularity of the young artist, who is also a splendid pianist and has recently composed a charming song entitled "Sweetheart Mine," which will soon be published by a prominent Eastern firm.

Gorki's Play—Semmer Talk—Concluded

I don't understand their life. *I don't understand the life of the cultured classes.* It seems unstable, hastily made, to last only a little while, as booths are built at fairs." * * *

Again Varvara—"No, let them listen! I have dearly paid for my right to speak frankly. They have distorted my soul, poisoned my life. Was I like this formerly? I have lost my faith. I believe nothing. I have no energy—nothing to live for! Was I like this before?"

Bassoff (aged 40, an "intellectual," a lawyer, husband to Varvary—"My dear friend!")

Var.—"I never was your friend, or you mine! Never! We were only man and wife! Now we are strangers! I will leave you now!"

It is plain to be seen that the dramatic conflict in this play is the clash of "mass and class." Instead of a single individual in conflict, we have a mass of people, and it is vastly interesting, because only very recently has the drama dared to treat of the oppressed, uninteresting, unromantic mob in place of the old-time beloved heroine and hero.

TEN FIVE-MINUTE LECTURES ON PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE

Club
Life

Written for CLUB LIFE by Mary Fairbrother, teacher of Parliamentary Practice, 609 Taylor Street.

EIGHTH LECTURE—TO CLOSE DEBATE.

The Motion for the Previous Question Means to Close Debate.

The privileged motion, "to close debate," is the rock upon which many members and presiding officers founder. The motion for the "previous question" is confusing, because when it is made and voted upon the question is on "closing debate," and not on the main motion.

All parliamentary books say that the motion to "close debate" is just as good form as the motion for the "previous question." If all the books, all members of all organizations and all presidents would use that form—"I move that we now close debate on the main motion," this most dreaded motion offered would be one of the most simple and easily understood.

Let us illustrate: There is a motion before the house to build a new club house. The motion has been debated, amended several times and debated again. Some member believes that all the arguments have been presented, and wants to get a vote on the matter. There has been talk enough, She rises and moves the "previous question."

Eight out of ten of those present will say to themselves, "What is the 'previous question?' What are we voting on?"

That is the trouble; that is where the confusion comes, and that is what should be avoided. If the member who wanted to get the vote right away would say, "I move that we now close debate," every one would know what was before the house and would not think of the question of building a club house, but would make up her mind whether or not she wanted the discussion to continue or cease.

The chairman could not possibly become confused. Here is a plain, simple motion to do a certain thing. It is not debatable, it cannot be amended, nor have any kind of a motion made in regard to it. It can be laid on the table, by a motion, but as it requires a two-thirds majority to close debate, it is much easier to defeat the motion than to lay it on the table, so the motion to table is never offered.

The chairman says, "The motion to close debate, or the motion for the previous question is before you; all those who believe we should close debate, or all those who want to now consider the main question without further debate, will vote 'aye,' all those who wish debate to continue will vote 'no.'"

The vote is then taken, and if two-thirds of those present vote to close debate, the motion is carried and there is no more debate.

The chairman then states the amendment made last, if there are amendments. That is voted upon, and then the amendment made first, and then the main motion, as amended, if amendments carry, or as originally made if amendments are not carried. There can be no more speeches made. The

questions before the house must be stated one by one and voted, without loss of time. It is not confusing; it is just as plain and simple a process as any other motion.

The confusion has arisen from lack of comprehension of the purpose and limitations of the motion. There is an underlying notion that it is un-American to rob a member of her right to talk. That is how we came to have such an expression as the "previous question"—a sort of circumlocution.

As we study "parliamentary practice" we must ever keep in mind that all parliamentary rules are simply rules of government. Whatever is unparliamentary in an assembly is illegal in a State. There are a few arbitrary rules which we must learn, but generally speaking all practices in assemblages are the result of laws in the State or government.

A member may desire to "close debate," and may not wish to offer a motion for the "previous question." She can call for the "question." If several members call for the question, the chairman may say, "The question is called, and if there is no objection we will now declare debate closed and proceed to vote on the amendments and the main motion." The effect is exactly the same as if a motion had been made; in fact, to call for the question is to informally move that we "close debate." It saves time and unless some members are anxious to speak, is a better way to bring the matter to issue, because it is quicker. The formality of voting yes and no in the matter of closing debate is avoided, and if any one really wishes to speak, the opportunity can be given before the vote is taken on the main question.

It is an invariable rule that after a member calls for the question, and even after two-thirds have voted to close debate, the member who offered the main motion, the motion to build a club house in our illustration, has the right to make a closing speech. That is on account of the theory that some new arguments in opposition have been presented, and the one who offered the motion has the right to reply to those arguments. If we have a pet motion before the house and some one moves the "previous question," it is safe to vote for its adoption, for we can claim the right to speak in closing, and no one else can have the right. Chairmen sometimes refuse this, but Roberts plainly says that the right is inviolate to the one who has offered the main motion.

The motion to adjourn can be made after the "previous question" has been ordered, before the vote on the main motion is taken.

A member may offer a resolution and move its adoption "without debate." It is considered to be an unfair motion, but would require a two-thirds vote for its adoption, because it cuts off debate.

When a question that has been brought to vote by the adoption of the motion to "close debate" is brought before the house again by a motion to

Women as Bee Keepers

BY CLARENCE E. EDWARDS, OF THE CALIFORNIA PROMOTION COMMITTEE.

Many a woman in California would like to enter upon some industry which would not only give her a profit from which she could make a living, but also give her an occupation which would not be confining, in-door work. To these women, and to many others who are desirous of out-door occupation, which is neither drudgery nor menial, bee keeping offers opportunities that are especially appealing. It is peculiarly fascinating to those who are interested in nature study, for no one can get closer to nature than when studying the habits of bees. There is no hard or difficult labor attached to bee keeping; any woman who has ordinary intelligence can care for an apiary, do all the work and get all the profit. But little ground is required, for it is not necessary to raise the feed, nor to care for the young. The bees look out for all this themselves.

The dangers of bee keeping have been greatly overestimated. Bees never attack nor make trouble unless disturbed, and they seem especially to like the attentions of women, for the gentle handling and soft movements about the hives are most conducive to successful manipulation. All of the work attached to bee keeping is out of doors, and in California this work continues from one end of the year to the other. California fruits and flowers are constantly providing nectar for the bees, and their work goes on without interruption.

Not the least interesting part of bee keeping is the profit which comes from the industry. California ranks first as a honey producing State, and all parts of the State send their quota to make the grand total which goes annually to the markets. The average cost of a colony of bees is \$5.00, and these will bring returns equal to their value each year. Some years the results are much greater, according to crop and market price, but if one wishes to estimate on the low average, it will be found that the returns from an apiary amount to \$5.00 a colony.

Ordinarily people who enter upon the industry start with small apiaries and gradually increase them until they have all they can attend to. Twenty-five colonies will make a good start, and these will cost \$125. The natural increase of these in three years will put the owner in position where she will be getting an income of \$2,500 a year from her bees. An acre of ground on which to build a little home, with garden, will be sufficient to start a bee garden, and wherever flowers bloom and fruits blossom in California will make a good place to start. The acre of ground, with the home already on it, may be rented in many places which would be suitable for bee keeping, but it must not be thought that one may start in the industry and make a success of it without some money.

Good bee pastures are found in many places which would seem unlikely to one who does not fully understand the requirements. Waste land, poor land on which little else may be raised, land bordering swamps or streams, are all good bee pastures. Citrus fruits blossom all the year round in California, and these give nectar which makes the finest honey. Wild sage, which grows in all parts of the State, makes the best honey, even rivaling the famous basswood honey of the East.

There is much good literature on bee culture, and one who desires to go into the industry for profit and recreation should secure this and become thoroughly posted before making a venture. Then, take the advice of the best bee keepers of the State, and if possible spend several months at an apiary before launching out in the business as a means of livelihood. Bee keeping, like many another industry, is simple and easily learned, but it has to be learned. With care and close attention there is a good living in it for any woman, and there is no grinding labor attached to it. It is all so interesting that one never tires of the attention given the little money-makers. The fascination, in connection with the out-door life, has brought back health and strength to many a woman who came to California almost given up by friends and physicians.

It may be mentioned in this connection that one woman in the southern part of California cleared \$7,500 last year on her bees. Other women are making from \$1,200 to \$2,500 a year in the same way, while hundreds of farmers' wives and daughters are making good pin money out of a few colonies, which are cared for in addition to the other duties of the home life. There is no danger of the industry becoming overcrowded, for the demand is increasing all the time, and the field is a broad one.

La Puerta Del Oro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held the regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. A. Schloss, 3804 Jackson Street. The members of the Chapter have resolved to make personal contributions, in addition to the fund voted from the treasury, to help furnish a California room in the new Continental Hall at Washington, D. C. Mrs. W. F. Southard was proposed for membership. A fine literary program was furnished by the hostess.

MRS. HENRY P. TRICOU.

Parliamentary Practice--Concluded from Page 16.

reconsider, it is reconsidered just as if the debate had not been ordered closed. The motion to reconsider brings the question up again, just as it was in the first place.

The motion to close debate on a certain amendment may be made, if so specified. Its adoption brings that amendment to vote, and when it is either adopted or rejected, the main question is open for debate still. The simple motion to "close debate," without specifying any particular amendment, brings the whole question up for vote. First, any privileged motions, such as to refer to a committee and then to the amendments, and last of all, to the main motion.

It is difficult to leave the subject of the "previous question," for in lectures and classes so many questions arise, and endeavoring to answer all possible questions in the limits of these lectures is not an easy matter.

California International Sunshine Society

MABEL ADAMS AYER, Editor Sunshine Page

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Wouldn't you like to travel this summer by the Magician's Route? It will be a delightful prospect to feel that you can visit every day wherever it may please you, from the highest mountain peak to the deepest cavern, or to revel in the beauties of nature or art, as it may suit your fancy.

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Sunshine Library

Recent communication from the Schmidt Lithograph Company gives notice that suitable cabinets are being erected in the box factory for the protection of the books recently placed there for the library. Although the library is yet only a beginning, some two hundred books and several hundred magazines, yet it is a practical foundation, and will no doubt grow as the need becomes known. The genuine pleasure and interest which this privilege has given to the girls cannot be told in words. We hope that many will now feel like adding to the collection, if it be only one volume. We should like more of such authors as Miss Alcott, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Alice Hegan

Rice, Margaret Sangster, etc. During the past month those who have contributed books are Mrs. Wallace McLeod, state organizer for California, Los Angeles; Mrs. L. E. Kelshaw, 1639 Polk street; Mrs. Isidore Burns, and Mrs. J. A. Davis, San Francisco.

Notes

Among the recent individual memberships it gives us pleasure to welcome Mrs. Clyde Lindsay, of Santa Cruz. Mrs. Lindsay has been actively interested in the progress of Sunshine for some time, her young daughter, Miss June Lindsay, having been one of the busiest among the junior members.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the entertainment of Sunshine members and friends who will visit the annual convention to be held in New York in May. Special hotel rates and reduction in fares have been made. Visiting delegates will be entertained in private homes. Mrs. Nellie Furman, of Brooklyn, New York, has charge of the bureau of information.

Miss Cecile Rogers, president of the Alden Club, sends greetings from Japan, and Miss Linda Priber, the recording secretary, is making rapid progress with her Spanish while visiting Mexico.

Members and clubs in California are reminded that annual reports will be due very soon, in order to be compiled for the State records to be sent to headquarters.

The Saturday Club has done more for the musical life of Sacramento since its organization thirteen years ago than any other influence. Of late years the local reputation has spread until it is now recognized through the United States as one of the leading musical clubs.

Emilie Frances Bauer, in the *Philadelphia Musical Etude*, says: "Not only is the Saturday Club of Sacramento conducted on the highest plane artistically, but from personal knowledge I am able to state that its membership enrolls more artistic musicians than most cities of its size can show."

In speaking of Mme. Zeisler, Miss Bauer says that this artist is happy to state to any one who discusses this Coast and its musical conditions, that in her travels she has never found a more intelligent audience than the Saturday Club of Sacramento.

The constitution and by-laws Miss Bauer recommends "to every club about to organize or desirous of being more successful than it is," and she refers to the "Shakespeare Programme" given by the members themselves as one of the most splendid that has ever come under her notice.



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Class-Distinction vs. Universal Brotherhood

HELEN BINGHAM.

Some six hundred years before the dawn of the Christian era there reigned in Greece a line of kings called tyrants. Though they were not tyrants in the true acceptation of the word, still the remains of temples, monoliths and other extensive architectural feats which are attributed to this period give ample evidence of the labor and servitude of these people who could attain such results with their supposedly primitive instruments.

Besides the interesting remains of her architectural splendor, Greece has bequeathed to us another legacy—a legacy which all progressive, right-minded people wish she had left buried beneath her far-famed Parthenon, rather than have it descend adown the long centuries, polluting and destroying every nation who has given it a permanent abode.

Thus fostered and nurtured in the Hellenic peninsula, and finally destroying the land which virtually gave it birth, *class-distinction*, the relic of the tyrants, has descended and still lives in this our twentieth century.

Although at a prior date there may be found traces of class-distinction existing in Egypt and other Oriental countries, still it remained for Greece to divide the people into distinct sets or classes.

In Southern Greece the first and so-called highest class, the Spartiataë, or Spartans, were the descendants of the conquerors; the second were designated the Periæci, and ranked as the noble gentry; the third and lowest class, the Helots, were slaves and serfs and the property of the state.

These Helots practically had no rights which their masters felt bound to respect. If one of their number displayed unusual powers of body or mind he was secretly assassinated, as it was deemed unsafe to allow such qualities to be fostered in this servile class.

After the fall of Greece, the next to be pervaded with this caste-spirit was Rome, and the decay of the empire of the Cæsars mitigated the evil, though it was not entirely eradicated.

In modern history the most conclusive illustration of class-distinction and its appalling results is found in the city on the Seine.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century France, divided into three distinct classes—the nobility, the clergy, and the third estate (the people)—fought its desperate battle for existence, which culminated in the downfall of the nobility and the supremacy of the down-trodden people.

For many years prior to the Revolution there had existed in France this distinction of classes. The common people were treated as the serfs of the nobility, heavy taxes were extorted from them which supplied the extravagant luxuries of the court, and the people were made to suffer all sorts of indignities at the hands of unscrupulous ministers.

Finally, being repeatedly refused a constitution and equal rights in the government, and furthermore exasperated by the sufferings entailed on them through the mismanagement of the finances by M. Necker until they were forced to cry for bread, they arose in revolt.

Intoxicated by their success in the storming of the Bastille, and goaded further by the hauteur of the court, the people became a frenzied mob,

reeking vengeance on all that represented royalty and nobility, the signs of oppression.

Out of the frightful carnage that ensued, the people gained their hard-fought liberty only to be subjected shortly after to the domination of that other oppressor, "The Little General"; and it was not until the forming of the third republic, in 1871, that the battle of the people against class-distinction was virtually won.

History amply proves that when a nation is divided into classes there is bound to be strife, and finally revolution or decay.

The present internal disturbances in Russia are the direct outcome of this caste. The masses of the people have been kept in ignorance, presumably in order to keep them in subjection.

There are few schools, freedom of thought is prohibited, and until the late war the press was under severest censorship.

In the outrage of January 22, 1905, in which the people, upon assembling on the Neve, before the winter palace, and humbly begging that the Czar would meet them and read their petition, the while vowing that no harm would befall him, they were met with mounted troops and mowed down and trampled under foot.

In the ensuing strikes which have disturbed the empire for the past six months, the same policy has been pursued—intimidate, subdue, crush.

Upon contrast, the outrages perpetrated in St. Petersburg and Moscow are analogous to the beginning of the Revolution of the French.

The recent startling changes in the government would intimate that Nicholas II, realizing if he is to save his person and nation from a similar fate, must take a lesson from the mistakes of the Bourbons, set about breaking down the walls of social prejudice and bureaucratic power and establish an equality of opportunity for his people before it is too late; otherwise this class struggle might prove the cancer of Russia.

But it must not be inferred that the spirit of class-distinction is only met with among foreign nations, for nestling in the midst of our own glorious Republic is this infant terror—this hobo of the world.

In a democracy the forms of class-distinction differ from those of a monarchy.

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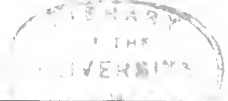
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In the latter the social rank is measured by titles and estates, while in the former the money-bags are the chief consideration. That is, if all republics can be estimated by our own.

The republic has freedom of thought and of speech, equal judicial, educational, political and legislative rights, together with the free press, etc.

To this is added an equality of opportunity which every citizen is supposed to enjoy.

The spirit of class-distinction spread its baneful influence on the all-absorbing spirit of the hour and the most important factors of society—capital and labor.

People have come to regard these two indispensable units of society as separate, distinct bodies.

The capitalists have fostered this belief by forming into gigantic corporations and trusts, and the employees by their huge labor organizations.

Upon this division into classes, the people, governed usually by personal motives, side with either faction.

By this time we have factions.

One stands for its rights backed by specie, the other dictates its terms no less forcibly by numbers.

Thus it is that these two factors which should through common interest and dependence on each other stand firmly knit together, are pitted each against the other, and the result is the insubordination of both and the consequent strikes which are the greatest discord of the present age.

Toward the close of the Civil War President Lincoln penned the following prophetic utterances:

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“We may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearly to a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure and blood. It has been indeed a trying hour for the republic; but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me, and causes me to tremble for the safety of the country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before even in the midst of the war.”

If there was ground for such fears and apprehensions more than a quarter of a century ago, how much greater reason have we now to apprehend danger from these causes, when corporations have multiplied and combined their power and influence, and wealth has been aggregating in the hands of a few with such unexampled rapidity, until it overshadows and controls all the important industrial interests of the country, and has become the most potent factor in every election of political, legislative, and ministerial offices.

Of this subject President Roosevelt once said:

“Finance, tariff, these are important. But the question of the relations of capital and labor is vital. Your children and mine will be happy in our country of ours, or the reverse, according to whether the decent man in 1950, feels kindly toward the other decent man whether he is a wage-worker or

not. 'I am for labor,' 'I am for capital,' substitutes something else for the immutable laws of righteousness. The one and the other let the class man in and letting him in is the one thing that will most quickly eat out the heart of the republic. I am neither for labor or capital but for the decent man against the selfish and indecent man who will not act squarely. The White House door while I am here shall swing open as easily for the labor man as for the capitalist and no easier."

It is thus, that the man of the hour—Theodore Roosevelt—end the dissensions between capital and labor.

Whether we reach the ideal state to which he refers, entirely rests with us, the individuals who constitute this nation. For the solution, the only true solution of our political and social problems lies in cultivating everywhere the spirit called brotherhood.

It is this fellow-feeling, this mutual kindness and sympathy in the broadest sense which destroys class rancor and political strife.

When the employer and the employee come to realize that they are both working for a common object; that each has rights which should be respected, and a non-observance of these rights only results in dissensions which hinder their joint interest, then only will there be a cessation of the disastrous strikes which impede the progress of our glorious country.

The maxim of the brotherhood of man is not "I am as good as you are, but "You are as good as I am."

It stands for the best that is in mankind, bringing to the surface all the dormant qualities for good which every individual possesses, however besmeared he may be by the influence of this money-grabbing age.

It is opposed to the rapacious greed of our oil kings and Wall Street manipulators, for it believes in an equal chance for each individual, irrespective of color, wealth, social position or creed.

Of all plans devised or suggested by philanthropists or political economists for harmonizing the interests of capital and labor, those which embrace the essential principles of co-operation, or profit-sharing appear to be the most feasible, practical and just, because mutually beneficial in the financial, social and moral aspects.

While the institution of great corporations and trusts in the usual and customary management of affairs separates the employer and the employed so widely as to offer but little ground for sympathy between them, co-operation and profit-sharing bring the capitalist and the laborer into constant association and inspire mutual respect and kindly feeling in each toward the other.

This plan does equal justice to all. The man of wealth who lends his money to those engaged in manufactures or other business enterprises may receive a fair return for its use.

The manufacturer or other employer is entitled to a fair reward for the capital he puts into business, and for his skill and enterprise, and the risk incident to the business. The laborer also is entitled to a fair remuneration for his toil and faithfulness, and when, after satisfying these claims, a surplus of profits remains, simple justice requires that this should be shared by and distributed to the capitalist and the laborer, the employer and the em-

ployed, whose combined labors and resources have produced it. If this system could be everywhere adopted and carried into practical effect it would solve the great problem of the equitable distribution of wealth.

Co-operation means mutual helpfulness, and its principles are adopted and practically applied in a great variety of ways.

The experiment of profit-sharing made by Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, marks a new and fraternal era in the labor question.

“Four thousand employees are called together to receive the report of their principal and to learn the share which they are to enjoy of the profits of the establishment. A result of the first year showed fifty-nine thousand dollars to have been distributed in monthly dividends, in addition to the weekly salaries. Ten thousand dollars have been paid over to the trustees as a pension fund for the permanently disabled, whether by reason of old age or accident in the service. In addition to this the balance divided in annual dividends amounts to forty thousand dollars.”

This system has been tried in many instances, and nearly always with success.

The leading experiments in Europe are well known, among them being the method in vogue with the Paris and Orleans Railway Company, the industrial partnership established by M. Godin at Guise, France; the experiments of Messrs. Briggs Bros. in Yorkshire, England, and other places.

It has been said that “In the United States but little has been done in this direction, but wherever the principle has been tried there have been three marked results: labor has received a more liberal reward for its skill, capital has been better remunerated and the moral tone of the whole community involved raised. Employment has been steadier and each man feels himself more a man. The employer looks upon his employees in the true light as associates. Conflict ceases and harmony takes the place of discord.”

With so many apparently incontestable facts in favor of the co-operation of capital and labor it seems reasonable to conclude that as soon as the employers of labor understand its operation they will appreciate its advantages and not hesitate long in adopting it generally. When this shall be accomplished the conflict between labor and capital will cease and their interests become identical.

If we each in our small way would determine to follow the precepts outlined by our progressive President, we might leave a noble heritage to our progenitors, a heritage more potent than the wealth of a Cræsus and stronger than the empire of the Cæsars, because implanted in each human heart would be the universal spirit linking all nations and making all the world akin, the spirit of enlightenment—brotherhood.

“The three best health rules for children,” said an eminent French physician, “are the following: First—Let them live in the open air. Second—Encourage them to live in the open air. Third—Make them live in the open air.—*Philadelphia North American.*”

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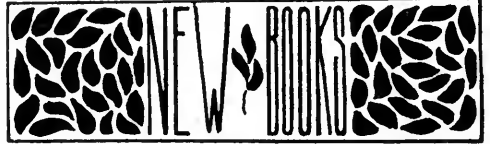
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Heretics, Gilbert K. Chesterton's series of fine essays under this title contain rarely logical criticisms—both a refutation and defence of the state of things as represented to the world by some of the foremost men of letters of the present age.

To know another's philosophic religion is half the battle in contending with opposing human forces, and if every one received his due reward according to his philosophy, the retribution of many marked literary characters, i. e. heretics, would be reversed.

Mr. Chesterton says: "I for one have come to believe in going back to fundamentals. Such is the general idea of this book. I wish to deal with my most distinguished contemporaries, not personally or in a merely literary manner, but in relation to the real body of doctrine which they teach. I am not concerned with Mr. Rudyard Kipling as a vivid artist or a vigorous personality; I am concerned with him as a heretic—that is to say, a man whose views of things has the hardihood to differ from mine. I am not concerned with Mr. Bernard Shaw as one of the most brilliant and honest men alive; I am concerned with him as a heretic—that is to say, a man whose philosophy is quite solid, quite coherent, and quite wrong."

The fact that the majority of the people are vitally interested in and even influenced by the works of writers such as Bernard Shaw, Kipling, W. G. Wells, etc., whose views are thoroughly pounded and expounded in these essays, is a sufficient guarantee that this collection of one man's criti-

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cisms is a literary curiosity of great worth. Published by the John Lane Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

Music and Other Poems.

Henry Van Dyke's name attached to anything in book form is eagerly looked for by the refined reading public, and this volume of dainty verse is one to appeal to all. The poems contain the finest texture of his thought in elegant language. There is a power of strength in all Dr. Van Dyke's prose, and his verse contains that subtle something we are all trying to reach. It is nature in its sweetest form. "The God of the Open Air," one of the odes, is typical of this thought, and we have pleasure in giving a few stanzas in this issue, which our readers will enjoy. The book is bound in the best of taste in green silk cloth, gold title design and gilt top. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$1, postage extra.

Twelve Stories and a Dream, by H. G. Wells, well-known writer of grotesquely weird, imaginative subjects, has given us a volume of thirteen good short stories. The principal characters seem to be imbued with the proverbial luck of that number, but there is no lack of interest in any of the tales.

"A Dream of Armageddon," the last one in the book, forcibly stands forth, however, far ahead of the others, a masterpiece of artistic handling. Two men meet in a railway train going to London, and one tells the other a story of his life in another time and place, as he dreamed it. The dream is so distinctly felt, and takes such a hold on his imagination in his waking moments, as to make his present life utterly distasteful, and insidiously deprives him of health and strength. The dream is told in a sim-

ple, matter-of-fact way, and the listener, who did not anticipate any interest, was vitally eager towards the end, before the train steamed into the "murky London twilight," to hear the finish to one of the most remarkable conceptions evolved from a man's brain.

All the stories are out of the common rut of themes and form a rare book for travellers. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York publishers. Price \$1.50.

The Ballingtons, by Frances Squire. The entire vein of interest in "The Ballingtons," one of the greatest novels of the year, is centered in the complexities of home life in all its social and private aspects. Profound problems cleverly unfolded in the married life of the central figures of the story—Agnes Ballington and her husband—are worthy of serious consideration, for they are identical with many we meet with in real life that are driving happiness out of the home.

The strong personality of Mrs. Sidney, the mother of Agnes, is an absolutely natural one, and in social happenings in which she takes an active part, the humor she evokes relieves the tone of seriousness involved by the vital theme of the book. The interest is supreme from beginning to end, and we coincide with Louise Chandler Moulton, who says it is "*a great book.*" Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.

Little, Brown & Co. announce a special limited issue of "The Triumphs," by Petrarch, translated by Henry Boyd, and printed at the University Press from Humanistic type, made especially for the publication, together with six plates from ancient Florentine engravings.

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A Servant of the Public is the title of a new novel on an entirely new theme by Anthony Hope, a title apt to mislead one into imagining this the story of a diplomat, whereas it is about a fascinating actress.

Does environment shape one's destiny into certain grooves of life as a natural sequence? The life of Ora Pincent, the heroine of Anthony Hope's new book, points decidedly that way. There is no hint of Ora's theatrical career, beyond the fact that she is an actress of note who uses her charming personality—a personality acquired by habit from the stage, backed by great personal charm—to win hearts, and she does win them, but lacks the divine power to hold a love which seemed best for both, eventually drifting into the fateful reality of her destiny. The story is like all Anthony Hope's books, one to draw universal interest. He has gone out of his usual trend of thought to a deeper analysis of human love. There are four illustrations by Harold Percival. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price \$1.50.

The Black Spaniel and Other Stories

Robert Hichens has given to the public a collection of twelve clever short stories, beginning with a longish one under the title of the book. It is a psychological phenomenon about a dog, absolutely impossible, of course, but so ingeniously told as to almost shake the reader's unbelief at the strange outcome. Many of the stories are permeated with the atmosphere of the Arabian desert, so well described in his popular novel, "The Garden of Allah." All are decidedly out of the common, and range from comedy to tragedy of the most excit-

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Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco, announce that they have in press two initial volumes of a series of Nature books which are to be a distinctive feature among the forthcoming publications of this Western house.

"The Garden Book of California," by Belle Sumner Angier, of Los Angeles, will cover the general subject of home-gardening, with particular reference to local conditions.

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A New Annex

The well-known Chinese and Japanese Bazaar, Sing Fat & Co., San Francisco, has opened an annex at 741 Sacramento street, connecting through their large premises to 614 Dupont street, for the sole use and convenience of shoppers. The annex is only half a block from Kearny street, and has large windows, attractively showing off special antiques.

Sing Fat & Co.'s big establishments are filled with the finest goods from the Orient, comprising in great variety antique and modern bronze, brass, porcelain, Satsuma, cloisonne, lacquer, ivory, jade jewelry, silk and cotton kimonos, handkerchiefs and scarfs. Besides being located at 614 Dupont street, and annex 741 Sacramento street, Sing Fat & Co., have a branch store in the Emporium.

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Corresponding Secretaries**Time and Place of Meeting**

Mrs. Heinrich Homberger, Mill Valley, Cal. Mrs. Pollock.	Last Thursday. First Friday, 2 P. M., Golden Gate Hall.
Miss May E. McDougald.	Fourth Saturday, Sorosis Club. Second and Fourth Wednesdays, 1400 Gough.
Mrs. Chas. Wm. Moores, 1518 Larkin Street.	California Club-House, 1750 Clay Street. At call of President, Academy of Sciences. Second Friday, 2 P. M., Central Hall.
Miss E. S. Ryder, 1614 Scott Street. Miss Cecile Rogers, Colonial. Mrs. Laura Bride Powers.	
Mrs. H. P. Tricou, 862 Grove Street. Mrs. L. M. Fletcher, 2217 Octavia Street. Miss S. P. Bartley, 72 Sixth Avenue.	2d and 4th Thurs., 2 P. M., 1620 California St. First Monday, 2 P. M., Parlors Unitarian Chch. Second & Fourth Tuesdays, Cal. Club-Rooms.
Mrs. H. Chase, 1208 Clay Street. Mrs. Wm. Ruthrauff, 1219 Jones Street.	2d and 4th Mon., 2 p. m., Cal. Club House. 2d and 4th Thurs., 2:30 p. m., 2668 Mission.
Mrs. George T. Phelps, 116 Devisadero Street.	First & 3d Mon., 3 P. M., Parlors Pioneer Hall.
Mrs. W. W. Wymore, 805 Valencia Street. Mrs. H. E. Thompson, 1405 Van Ness Avenue.	Second Tuesday, Utopia Hall. First Monday, 3 P. M., 1620 California Street.
Miss Josephine Feusier, 1027 Green Street.	Wednesday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street.
Mrs. H. Alferitz, 2209 Jones Street.	At call of President, 1825 California Street.
Mrs. M. E. Perley, 207 Post Street.	Third Monday, 3:30 P. M., 231 Post Street.
Mrs. Nathaniel Blaisdell, 3243 Washington St.	First & Third Wed., 3 P. M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. C. McL. Mason, 1123 Pine Street.	Second Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., 1620 California St.
Mrs. Josephine Martin, 2052 Fell Street.	California Club House. Thursday, 2:30 P. M., 223 Sutter Street. 2d-4th Mon., 2:30 P. M., Wheeler's Auditorium.
Mrs. C. W. Moores, 1544 Larkin Street. Mrs. Francis E. Randall, 1915 Baker Street. Miss Jennie Partridge, 3142 Twenty-first St. Mrs. I. B. R. Cooper.	2d Friday, 2:30 P. M., California Club House. 2d Friday, 2:30 P. M., California Club House. 2d and 4th Thurs., 2:30 P. M., members' homes.
Mrs. A. E. Buckingham.	First Tuesday, 3 P. M., Chapel of Calvary Chch.
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Mrs. W. J. Golden, 712 Cole Street. Miss Bessie G. K. Wright, Alameda. Mrs. Peer Tiffany, 1721 Lyon Street.	First and Third Tues., 10 A. M., members' homes First and Third Mondays, 2 P. M., Utopia Hall. Last Saturday, 2:30 P. M., Parlors Pioneer Hall.



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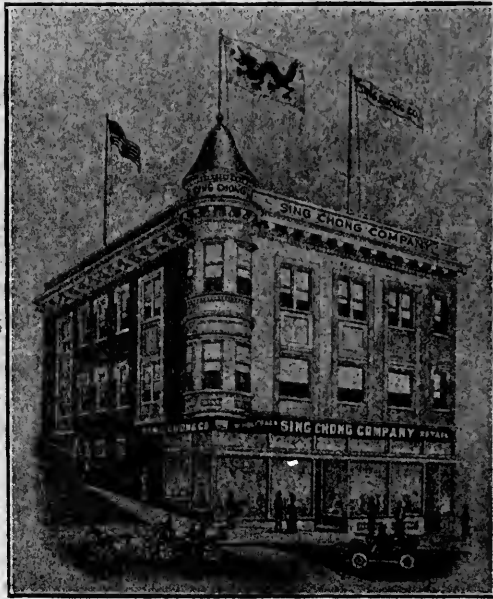
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