









# The Ebell

Volume Two

Number One

November  
1898



[March 1899]

Dear Sir.

In answer to your request for vol. I and vol. II, no. I, of The Bell, I would say that owing to the fact of a lapse of two years between vols. I & II and that vol I was merely the monthly bulletin of the Bell Society of this city - no copies can be secured. The bulletin was merely a sheet of printed paper containing announcements and occasionally a

secure copies of the old bulletin  
now so I think you would find  
them available for filing.

Vol. II, No. I, was the year book  
of the society and I will send  
you a copy if one. It con-  
tains the history of the  
society, list of members, consti-  
tution etc.

I appreciate very much your  
kind interest in my efforts  
and hope sincerely to make  
the little shell in the course  
of time a publication worthy



literary bulletin. Contribution from some member-  
That bulletin I took into my hands, developed into a magazine under the auspices of the society and retained the name, The Bell. The connection with the society is now merely nominal and I design the magazine to become a regular Pacific coast publication. However as my connection with it began with the November issue, I can not

of our state. All encouragement  
generously given  
to its infancy is  
warmly appreciated -

Very truly yours  
Grace Atterton Drumer

# THE EBELL

November  
1898



Los Angeles, April 21<sup>st</sup>.

Having the consciousness of. affairs.  
will be generally expected. I  
shall be glad to know of  
your opinion in announcing  
the

November  
1861





**A History**  
of the   
**Ebell Society**

**F**ONDLY as the originators of this society hoped and dreamed of its future, we did not think that within four short years after its comparatively modest beginning we should be chronicling the history of a widely known and firmly established organization, a recognized influence in the community where it was formed and already sending out strong and sturdy branches into various parts of Southern California. Such is the fact, however, and for the notable success of the Ebell Society of Los Angeles at the present day we must give due credit to the broad and carefully laid foundation on which we built, as well as to the faithful, earnest effort that has raised the fair superstructure.

Dr. Ebell, the founder of the societies which bear his name, was a scientific man, the son of a scientific man, born in India, where the utmost degradation of womanhood exists. Educated in this country, he was among the early advocates of betterment to the race through betterment of that class least educated to appreciate profound study. He saw that the time had come in the world's history when a thinking womanhood was a necessity, a womanhood to meet and solve various questions which the stress of the age was presenting for solution more and more insistently. So this scholar and traveler decided that woman's superficial training could best be

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overcome by study of the exact sciences, and to that end he labored, establishing an international academy of science, art, music and languages in Berlin, his plan being to establish chapters in all parts of the world. While traveling in America in 1876, he formed the first chapter in Oakland. This was named the Ebell Society to commemorate his work, and was composed of various study sections making up the general society. The first section was devoted to the study of Biology and still has its original curator. Science, art, music, and finally literature, were taken up in rapid succession, until there developed the present broad and finely organized society which we have taken for our model, a central organization with sections that stand in the relation to it of states to the Federal Government.

In October of the year 1894 a small company of ladies met in the parlors of one of the number, under the leadership of Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, a member of the Oakland society, to form The Ebell of Los Angeles. Mrs. Strong was chosen president, and by the courtesy of the Oakland society a constitution was soon modeled after theirs, which enabled the new society to have a perfected organization in two meetings. The third meeting found a constitution and by-laws and sixty-four charter members. Thus The Ebell of Los Angeles was firmly established and continued to develop and strengthen from month to month, until it closed its first year of existence in June of 1895, a live organization, already recognized as a power in the community, with its methods tested and approved and a constantly increasing membership.

For three years, under the wise guidance of



Mrs. Strong, the Ebell grew and developed. Comfortable rooms were rented for its use and enlarged quarters brought new members, new sections, new responsibilities, and the ladies who formed the society proved themselves able and willing to fulfill all the duties that a rapidly growing organization brought upon them. In 1897 the society incorporated, and Mrs. Clara B. Baker, the president of the ensuing year, erected permanent quarters for its use and enjoyment on one of the main streets of our city. Thus, year by year, the little nucleus formed by a few trusting ones who felt the need in our rapid civilization of all that The Ebell means, has enlarged and developed until it stands, at the opening of its fifth year of activity, "All that The Ebell means." What does it mean, what has it always meant to its members? A broad culture, a keen appreciation of the best the world has to offer, an opportunity to come into touch with every line of development. This for its members. For the city in which it has its home, for the surrounding country, where its influence and example have already fostered the growth of two branch organizations, The Ebell means higher standards of education, of social development; it means an effort for the highest in society and the home, it means the gracious influence of a constantly broadening and deepening womanhood to permeate and bless every phase of our complex modern life. The Ebell federation stands to-day as a moving power in the advancement of Southern California. It is our earnest wish that the plans of our great-souled founder may be carried to completion and his organization become national and even international, a moving power in the advancement of the world.

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

### Officers

#### PRESIDENT—

1894-5—MRS. H. W. R. STRONG,  
Ranchito del Fuerte.

1895-6—MRS. H. W. R. STRONG.

1896-7—MRS. H. W. R. STRONG.

1897-8—MRS. CLARA B. BAKER,  
Pasadena.

1898-9—MRS. CHARLES N. FLINT,  
927 Westlake ave.

#### 1ST VICE-PRESIDENT—

MISS A. K. PARSONS, 1922 Grand ave.

#### 2ND VICE-PRESIDENT—

MRS. G. M. DANSKIN, 1434 S. Flower st.

#### 3RD VICE-PRESIDENT—

#### RECORDING SECRETARY—

MRS. A. P. WEST, 3101 Figueroa st.

#### CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—

MISS FRANCES M. MAURICE, 830 Bonnie Brae st

#### TREASURER—

MRS. T. T. KNIGHT, Box 386.

#### GENERAL CURATOR—

MRS. L. S. COMSTOCK, 1621 Flower st.

## DIRECTORS.

MRS. C. N. FLINT, 927 Westlake ave.  
MISS A. C. ADAIR, 1039 W. 21st st.  
MRS. J. S. VOSBURG, 2317 Figueroa st.  
MRS. T. D. STIMSON, 2421 Figueroa st.  
MRS. H. W. R. STRONG, Ranchito del Fuerte.  
MRS. C. B. BAKER, Pasadena.  
MRS. D. A. MACNEIL, 623 W. 16th st.

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## STANDING COMMITTEES.

### Membership

MRS. L. W. BLINN, 137 W. Adams st.  
MRS. C. B. JONES, 2302 Flower st.  
MRS. SUMNER P. HUNT, 424 Stimson Blk.

### Printing

MISS FRANCES M. MAURICE, 830 S. Bonnie Brae st.  
MISS HARRYET R. STRONG, Ranchito del Fuerte.  
MRS. J. B. MILLARD, 548 Alvarado st.  
MRS. E. G. HOWARD, 1602 Santee st.

### Receptions and Lectures

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

### Committee on Sections

MRS. L. S. COMSTOCK, 1621 Flower st.  
MISS A. C. ADAIR, 1039 W. 21st st.  
MRS. HUGH VAIL, 336 W. 28th st.  
MRS. H. W. R. STRONG, Ranchito del Fuerte.

## SPECIAL COMMITTEES.

### House

MISS E. H. PARSONS, 423 W. 23rd st.  
MRS. J. ROSS CLARK, 2433 S. Grand ave.  
MRS. C. H. HALL, 512 W. 30th st.  
MRS. MURRAY M. HARRIS, 121 W. 27th st.  
MRS. WEST HUGHES, 507 Adams st.  
MRS. C. C. PARKER, Hotel Lincoln.  
MISS M. CLUTE, 1528 Ingraham st.  
MISS GEORGINA P. STRONG, Ranchito del Fuerte.  
MRS. CHARLES C. GILBERT, 421 W. 31st st.

### Social Thursday

MRS. J. E. COWLES, 1301 S. Hope st.  
MRS. F. E. EASTMAN, 1006 W. Washington st.  
MRS. BURT ESTES HOWARD, 2823 Orchard ave.  
MRS. FRANK KING, 903 Westlake ave.  
MISS M. N. RYAN, 937 Westlake ave.  
MISS GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN, 1922 S. Grand ave.

### Library, Art and Music

MRS. H. W. R. STRONG, Ranchito del Fuerte.  
MISS A. C. ADAIR, 1039 W. 21st st.  
MISS ALICE PARSONS, 1922 S. Grand ave.

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**THE MEETINGS** of The Ebell are held as follows :

First meeting of the year, last Thursday in Sept.  
Final meeting of the year, last Thursday in June.

#### DIRECTORS.

First Thursday of each month at 11.30 a.m.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

First Thursday of each month, 1.30 p.m.  
Second " " " 2.00 p.m.  
Last " " " 2.00 p.m.

MEMBERS.

Last Thursday of each month, 2.30 p.m. Business and reports of sections. Election of officers for ensuing year at last meeting in June.

Second Thursday of each month, 2.30 p.m., literary and social afternoon; special program.

Each member is privileged to invite one guest to any general meeting except the last, held in June.

Cards of invitation may be obtained from the General Curator.

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SOCIAL THURSDAY PROGRAM.

1898.

Oct. 13, "Education," MRS. LOUISE S. COMSTOCK.  
Nov. 10, "Woman as a Power," MRS. I. B. HAMILTON.  
Dec. 8, "Music"—with Piano Illustration,  
MRS. SARA B. HICKMAN.

1899.

Jan. 12, "Unity in Diversity," MRS. F. A. EASTMAN.  
Feb. 9, A Dramatic Afternoon, MISS GRACE A. DENNEN.  
Mar. 9, "Industrial Education," MISS ELLA E. CLARK.  
April 13, Art, MRS. W. S. BARTLETT.  
May 11, (Not assigned.)  
June, Symposium. Topic: "Where shall we spend our vacation?"

## SECTIONS AND THEIR PROGRAMS.

### Literature Section

Every Friday at 2.30 p.m., at Ebell Rooms.  
Curator, MRS. GEORGE D. RUDDY ; residence, 728  
Coronado street; telephone, Green 1572.  
First half hour of each meeting is devoted to current  
literature, followed by the regular program.

#### PROGRAM FOR THE YEAR 1898-9.

##### Oct. 7.—LITERARY ILLUSTRATORS.

1. Charles Dana Gibson; his personality and work, with cuts exhibited.
2. F. Hopkinson Smith ; character, writings and pictures.
3. Mary Hallock Foote, A. B. Frost, Frederic Remington and other American literary illustrators.

##### Oct. 14.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

1. Biographical Sketch.
2. As Lecturer.
3. As Poet.
4. As Philosopher.
5. Review of "Representative Men."

##### Oct. 21.—HENRY D. THOREAU.

1. His Life and Aims.
2. Selections from "Walden."
3. Influence upon American Writers, including John Muir, John Burrough and Maurice Thompson.

Oct. 28.—MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

1. Character Sketch.
2. Sentences from The Stoic.
3. Value of his Philosophy.

Nov. 4.—EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE.

1. Ballades and Chansons.
2. Rondeaux and Rondels.
3. Villanelles and Triolets.
4. Specimens of Early French Verse.

Nov. 11.—A GROUP OF POETS.

1. Austin Dobson.
2. Andrew Lang.
3. Frederic Locker.
4. Clinton Scollard, Samuel Minturn Peck, H. C. Bunner, Frank Dempster Sherman, and specimens of American verse showing several of old French forms.

Nov. 18.—TAINÉ.

1. Biographical Notes.
2. Historical Work.
3. Review of "Art in Greece."

Nov. 25.—HERBERT SPENCER.

1. Life.
2. Philosophy.
3. Review of Essay on "Egoism versus Altruism."
4. Review of Essay on "Altruism versus Egoism."

Dec. 2.—WORKS ON ECONOMICS.

1. Henry George.
2. Charles Wyckoff and "The Workers."
3. Andrew Carnegie and a Review of "Triumphant Democracy."

Dec. 9.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

1. Personality.
2. In Magazine Work.
3. As Novelist.
4. Review of "Our Italy."

Dec. 16.—THACKERAY.

1. Mrs. Ritchie's Biographical Edition.
2. Characters in Thackeray's Novels.
3. Thackeray's Drawings and his Illustrations, including Du Maurier, Cruikshank and Millais.

Dec. 23.—STORY TELLERS.

1. Mary E. Wilkins.
1. Her New England Characters.
3. John Kendrick Bangs.
4. Amusing Selections from Jerome K. Jerome.

Dec. 30.—PERSIAN POETRY.

1. Hafiz.
2. Omar Kháyyám.
3. "The Rubaiyat."
4. Review of Emerson's Essay, "Persian Poetry."

Jan. and Feb.

Leaders of Thought in England, including Disraeli, Gladstone and John Morley.

March and April.

Studies in Scandinavian Literature.

May and June.

German Philosophers and Poets.

\* The Warner Library at the Girls' Collegiate School, or that at the Public Library, may be consulted by members of this section. Apply to the Curator for other reference books.



## Story Tellers' Section

Second Tuesday of each month at 2.30 p.m.

The aim of the Story Tellers' Section :

As so few ladies can respond to a demand for an impromptu speech, or have sufficient command of language or self possession to tell a story with readiness and grace, the Story Tellers' Section of the Los Angeles Ebell is organized that its members may acquire ease and fluency in conversation, may be able to tell a story without hesitation or embarrassment, or give an impromptu speech, when necessary, in a graceful and ready manner, with both pleasure and profit to their hearers.

It is the design of this section that the work shall be of a literary character and shall consist of book reviews, biographies of noted people, discussion of topics of the day and presentations of bits of dialect, stories, poems, music or personal reminiscence. Perfect freedom is allowed in the choice of subjects, so as to give variety to the program and allow each member to choose such material as she is best fitted to use.

The work must be original in that it is given in the language of the speaker and represents her own personality. No manuscript or notes are allowed.

There shall be a critic appointed at each meeting whose duty it shall be to offer helpful criticism or suggestions.

## Economics

Last Tuesday of each month at 2.30 p. m.

Curator, MISS MARY N. RYAN, 637 Westlake ave.

### OUTLINE OF STUDY.

This section studies Economics as "the best means to the highest ends, with the least expenditure of force."

#### FIRST TOPIC.

How can modern science be applied to lessen the mental and physical strain of every day life?

#### SECOND TOPIC.

Home life as based on scientific principles and systematic truth and intelligent investigation of household problems.

#### THIRD TOPIC.

Body building by intelligent and careful living. In this connection the able paper by Mrs. Rohrer on "Body Building" will be read before the section and used for consultation.

#### FOURTH TOPIC. Nutritive value of foods.

#### FIFTH TOPIC.

The study of harmony in the making of the home.  
"Proper home-making is proper nation-making."

#### SIXTH TOPIC.

The importance of making charity educative, thereby elevating the standard and achievements of the human race.

#### SEVENTH TOPIC. Free kindergartens and day nurseries.

#### EIGHTH TOPIC. Sweating system and child labor.

#### NINTH TOPIC. College settlements and working girls' guilds.

TENTH TOPIC.

Women in business. Why men object to business dealings with women; the attitude of women toward business obligations.

ELEVENTH TOPIC.

What the literary society may do for the improvement of towns and villages; for the preservation of our forests; of our missions.

TWELFTH TOPIC.

The necessity and economy of the traveling library; its development due to women's clubs.

THIRTEENTH TOPIC.

The relation of the club woman to economics.

FOURTEENTH TOPIC.

Industrial education as a moral agency. Causes of poverty.

**The Science of Social Development.**

Fourth Saturday of each month at 10 a.m.  
A curator is appointed for each meeting.

I.

1. General analysis of principles of sociology.
2. The nature of social evolution as compared with inorganic and organic evolution.—The striking resemblance between the life of society and that of organic growth in general; the advantage of applying to sociology the methods of natural history.

## II.

### THE DATA OF SOCIOLOGY.

1. The factors of social phenomena: Environment, community.  
Extrinsic factors: Climate, surface, flora, fauna.  
Intrinsic factors: Primitive man — physical, emotional, intellectual.
2. Secondary factors: Inheritance, primitive ideas, adaptation, modifications.

## III.

### THE INDUCTIONS OF SOCIOLOGY.

1. General facts, structural and functional, as gathered from a survey of societies.
2. Societies may be broadly based as:
  - a. The militant type—compulsory co-operation.
  - b. The industrial type—voluntary co-operation.
3. Social metamorphoses.

## IV.

### GENERAL SUBJECT—The development of institutions.

1. Domestic institutions.
2. Primitive relations of the sexes.
3. The family; the status of women; the status of children.

## V.

### CEREMONIAL INSTITUTIONS.—The government which, having a common root with the others, serves to regulate the minor actions of life.

1. Ceremony in general—Trophies, presents, visits, titles, badges, etc.
2. Further class distinction; fashion.
3. Ceremonial retrospect and prospect.

## VI.

1. The evolution of governments, general and local, as determined by natural causes.
2. Their several types and metamorphoses.
3. Their increasing complexity and specialization; the progressive limitation of their functions.

## VII.

### ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS.

1. Tracing the differentiation of religious government from secular; its successive complications and the multiplication of sects.
2. The growth and continued modification of religious ideas.
3. The gradual reconciliation of these ideas with the truths of abstract science.

## VIII.

### PROFESSIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

1. The development of professions chiefly from the ecclesiastical element; no group illustrates with greater clearness that society is a *growth* and not a *manufacture*.
2. Professions in general: Physician, surgeon, orator, poet, historian, scientist, philosopher, judge, lawyer, teacher, architect, sculptor, painter, musician.

## IX.

### INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTIONS.

1. The development of production and distribution agencies.
2. The progressive distribution of labor and the increasing complexity of each individual agency.
8. The successive forms of industrial government, as passing through like phases with political government.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

- Principles of Sociology } —*Herbert Spencer*.  
The Study of Sociology }  
The American Journal of Sociology.  
Early History of Institutions—*Sir Henry S. Maine*.  
Cosmic Philosophy—*John Fiske*.  
Natural History of Creation } —*Harckel*.  
Evolution of Man }  
The Story of Creation } —*Clodd*.  
Pioneers of Evolution }  
History of European Morals—*Lecky*.  
Psychic Factors of Civilization } —*Lester F. Ward*.  
Dynamic Sociology }  
Natural Law in the Spiritual World } —*Drummond*.  
Ascent of Man }  
Social Evolution—*Kidd*.  
Relation of Sociology to Scientific Studies—*Giddings*,  
No. 32 American Journal of Social Science.

**Conversation Section**

Second Saturday, 10.30 a. m.

Curator, MRS. H. T. LEE, 414 W. Adams street.

This section discusses and converses together upon all topics of general interest bearing upon modern life and its exigencies. It is founded on the idea of the salon, and as far as possible carries out the salon principle.

## Music

First and third Mondays, 3 p.m.

PROGRAM FOR THE YEAR 1898-9.

October, November, December.

### OPERA.

(From Gluck to Wagner.)

Gluck . . . . . { Greek Legends,  
Greek Plays.

Mozart . . . . . { Sonata illustrated,  
Opera.

Von Weber { Dawn of the Light Motif,  
Solo work.

Wagner . . . . . { His Innovations in Opera—The Music  
of the Future,  
Niebelungen Lied,  
Parsifal.

January, February.

Romantic School of Composers.

March, April.

Classical School of Composers.

May, June.

Modern School of Composers.

## Current Events

MRS. R. W. BURNHAM, Curator.

MRS. A. W. SPRAGUE, Assistant Curator.

MRS. SIDNEY PARSONS, Secretary.

First and third Thursday of each month, 10.30 a.m.

Papers, as far as outlined, will be on the following topics:

1. The Crisis in the Far East—Shall the Slav dominate Europe?
2. For our Commonwealth—Empire or Political Isolation.
3. Social Forces.

(a) Industry { Machinery,  
Labor Unions,  
Corporations.

(b) Church . . { Social Movements,  
Charities.

(c) State . . . . { Paternalism,  
Socialism,  
Business Methods vs. Patronage  
System.

4. The Dark Continent and its Political Problems.
5. The Rubaiyat of Omar Kháyyám.
6. The Future of Education.
7. Race Problems in Europe and America.

*Reading lists will be posted in Ebell Rooms.*

COMMITTEES.

CHAIRMEN.

Our Commonwealth . . . . .	MRS. H. W. FULLER
Foreign Affairs . . . . .	MRS. LOU V. CHAPIN
Sociology . . . . .	MRS. A. W. SPRAGUE
Education and Philanthropy . . . . .	MRS. E. G. HOWARD
Men, Women and Books . . . . .	MRS. I. B. HAMILTON
Science and Invention . . . . .	MRS. R. P. SIBLEY
Art . . . . .	MISS GRACE ALBERS.



## Tourist

First and third Saturdays, 2.00 p.m.

Curator, MRS. W. S. BARTLETT, 322 W. 27th st.

This section travels by means of books and maps through different sections of Europe, visiting all cities and points of interest, becoming familiar with famous cathedrals, galleries, gardens, etc. It has been suggested that the course pursued this year should include France, with its many treasures of history and art, as a preparation for the coming Paris exposition.

PLAN OF STUDY, 1898.—Country visited, France.

The course will embrace: Map study, race characteristics, brief review of the history of France, routes of travel, Normandy and its literature, in Provence with Janvier and Pennell, La Vendee and the Revolution, La Rochelle and the Huguenots, the cities of France from the Mediterranean to Paris. Here the class will linger indefinitely until the city, its history, art and treasures will have been thoroughly studied.

### Reports of Sections

(Last Thursday in month).

CURRENT EVENTS.....	October
LITERATURE.....	November
CONVERSATION.....	December
TOURIST.....	January
MUSIC.....	February
ECONOMICS.....	March
STORY TELLERS.....	April
SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT.....	May

## List of Members. ❁ ❁

Mrs. Elizabeth Abascal	- - - - -	933 S. Olive St.
Miss A. C. Adair	- - - - -	1039 W. 21st St.
Mrs. Roscoe B. Ashley	- - - - -	730 W. 16th
Mrs. Chester C. Ashley	- - - - -	Hill St.
Mrs. C. W. Allen	- - - - -	802 W. Washington St.
Mrs. S. P. Anderson	- - - - -	1006 W. Washington St.
Mrs. J. H. Adams	- - - - -	1199 Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena
Miss Catherine S. Albers	- - - - -	2646 Menlo Ave.
Miss Grace G. Albers	- - - - -	2646 Menlo Ave.
*Mrs. P. C. Baker	- - - - -	891 Orange Grove Ave., Pasadena
*Mrs. W. S. Bartlett	- - - - -	322 W. 27th St.
*Mrs. L. W. Blinn	- - - - -	137 W. Adams St.
Mrs. George Bugbee	- - - - -	1263 W. Adams St.
Mrs. R. W. Burnham	- - - - -	1006 W. 21st St.
Miss A. F. Bassett	- - - - -	2644 Portland Place
Mrs. B. R. Baumgardt	- - - - -	1029 W. 23rd St.
Mrs. J. J. Byrne	- - - - -	2624 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Norman Bridge	- - - - -	100 Grand Ave., Pasadena
Mrs. Le Grand Betts	- - - - -	1617 Ingraham St.
Mrs. M. C. Burnett	- - - - -	2328 S. Hope St.
Mrs. John Bley	- - - - -	819 Adams St.
Mrs. Irving L. Blinn	- - - - -	2920 S. Flower St.
Miss M. E. Biles	- - - - -	119 E. 33rd St.
Mrs. Coles A. Bashford	- - - - -	1455 Wright St.
Mrs. J. H. Braly	- - - - -	St. James Park.
Mrs. H. G. Bundrem	- - - - -	3425 S. Flower St.
Mrs. R. M. Bell (C.)	- - - - -	1043 W. 21st St.
Mrs. S. C. Bogart	- - - - -	1920 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Alberta R. Brown	- - - - -	Pico Heights
Mrs. Albert H. Busch	- - - - -	2623 Monmouth Ave.
Miss Madelaine Boles	- - - - -	249 N. Chicago St.
Miss Katherine Casey	- - - - -	221 W. Jefferson St.
*Mrs. Alexander Campbell	- - - - -	Hotel Vincent
Miss Hattie Chapman	- - - - -	203 N. Soto St., Boyle Heights
*Mrs. W. G. Cochran	- - - - -	213 Loma Drive
*Mrs. J. E. Coffin	- - - - -	Whittier
*Mrs. J. E. Cowles	- - - - -	1301 S. Hope St.
Miss Mary Cobleigh	- - - - -	500 W. Adams St.
Mrs. Alfred Cooper	- - - - -	2310 S. Flower St.
Mrs. E. Mitchell Cook (C)	- - - - -	care of Times
Miss Susie B. Cogswell	- - - - -	1138 S. Flower St.
Miss Sarah L. Cogswell	- - - - -	1138 S. Flower St.
Mrs. J. Ross Clark	- - - - -	2433 S. Grand Ave.
Mrs. Wm. Curren	- - - - -	811 W. 28th St.
*Mrs. T. J. Cochran	- - - - -	2508 S. Flower St.

## LIST OF MEMBERS—Continued.

Mrs. E. P. Clark	- - - - -	817 W. 23rd St.
Miss A. B. Clark	- - - - -	933 S. Olive St.
Miss Ella E. Clark	- - - - -	933 S. Olive St.
Mrs. Louise S. Comstock	- - - - -	1621 S. Flower St.
Mrs. S. A. Calkins	- - - - -	706 W. 16th St.
Miss Olave B. Clark	- - - - -	828 W. 17th St.
Mrs. Warren Campbell	- - - - -	1030 W. 23rd St.
Mrs. Lou V. Chapin	- - - - -	418 Dora St.
Mrs. A. P. Chipron	- - - - -	1504 Orange St.
Miss Mabel Clute	- - - - -	1528 Ingraham St.
*Miss Grace A. Dennen	- - - - -	1922 Grand Ave.
*Miss Jeanne W. Dennen	- - - - -	1952 Grand Ave.
Mrs. W. E. Dunn	- - - - -	1946 Park Grove Ave.
Mrs. G. M. Danskin	- - - - -	1434 S. Flower St.
Mrs. G. E. Durkee	- - - - -	717 Alvarado St.
Mrs. Frank F. Davis	- - - - -	28th St. and Grand Ave.
Mrs. Adams Darling	- - - - -	517 W. 23rd St.
Mrs. Williamson Dunn	- - - - -	527 S. Fremont Ave.
Mrs. M. A. Dinsmore	- - - - -	824 Westlake Ave.
Mrs. C. C. Desmond	- - - - -	724 Coronado St.
Mrs. G. Aubrey Davidson	- - - - -	901 Orange St.
Mrs. P. A. Demens	- - - - -	3317 Grand Ave.
Miss Addie Doran	- - - - -	1434 S. Flower St.
Mrs. Edwin Earl	- - - - -	1019 S. Hill St.
Mrs. F. A. Eastman	- - - - -	1006 W. Washington St.
Mrs. Enderlein (C.)	- - - - -	care of Capital
Mrs. Thomas S. Ewing	- - - - -	Hotel Lincoln
Miss Carrie Etchmندی	- - - - -	237 N. Hope St.
Miss Lizzie N. Elliott	- - - - -	The Ammidon
Mrs. L. E. Edwards (C.)	- - - - -	Throop Institute, Pasadena
*Mrs. C. E. Ferris	- - - - -	802 Beacon St.
Mrs. C. W. Fish	- - - - -	1025 W. 23rd St.
*Miss Frye	- - - - -	Hotel Lillie
Miss Anna Fay	- - - - -	241 Adams St.
Mrs. Charles N. Flint	- - - - -	927 Westlake Ave.
Mrs. W. H. Fuller	- - - - -	450 Alvarado St.
Miss Lila J. Fairchild	- - - - -	837 Burlington Ave.
Miss Helen M. Fairchild	- - - - -	837 Burlington Ave.
Mrs. E. W. Forgy	- - - - -	1019 W. 21st St.
Mrs. C. J. Fox	- - - - -	2817 Orchard Ave.
Miss Edith H. Field	- - - - -	645 Coronado St.
*Miss E. J. Gibson	- - - - -	229 N. Grand Ave.
*Mrs. Charles S. Gilbert	- - - - -	421 W. 31st St.
Mrs. A. M. Goodhue	- - - - -	Long Beach
Mrs. John T. Griffith	- - - - -	720 W. 28th St.
Mrs. S. W. Garretson	- - - - -	1007 Orange St.
Mrs. H. C. Gooding	- - - - -	2007 S. Grand Ave.

LIST OF MEMBERS—Continued.

*Mrs. Merrill Grigg (C.)	- - - -	2629 Orchard Ave.
Mrs. C. C. Gibbons	- - - -	2124 Bonsallo Ave.
Mrs. F. H. Gordon	- - - -	1505 S. Flower St.
Miss E. R. Graham	- - - -	229 S. Flower St.
Mrs. J. B. Hambrook	- - - -	2644 Portland Place
Mrs. John Haynes	- - - -	945 Figueroa St.
Mrs. A. Hine	- - - -	3300 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Margaret B. Hobbes	- - - -	2622 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Stephen Hubbel	- Mt. Pleasant, Aliso St.,	Boyle Heights
*Mrs. C. F. Holder	- - - -	Pasadena
*Mrs. Felix C. Howes	- - - -	2920 Figueroa St.
Mrs. West Hughes	- - - -	507 W. Adams St.
Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt	- - - -	3404 Figueroa St.
*Miss Mary Haynes	- - - -	929 S. Main St.
Mrs. Victoria Harrell	- - - -	625 Figueroa St.
Mrs. I. B. Hamilton	- - - -	1375 W. 24th St.
Mrs. J. S. Henderson	- - - -	2515 Grand Ave.
Mrs. C. H. Hall	- - - -	512 W. 30th St.
Mrs. R. H. Herron	- - - -	395 W. 23rd St.
Mrs. W. G. Hunt	- - - -	1826 S. Flower St.
Mrs. T. D. Hammond	- - - -	1918 Grand Ave.
Miss J. E. Henderson	- - - -	828 Figueroa St.
Mrs. J. W. Hunt	- - - -	158 W. Jefferson St.
Miss Bertha Hall	- - - -	2825 S. Hope St.
Mrs. Albert A. Hubbard	- - - -	903 Burlington Ave.
Miss Evelyn Hamburger	- - - -	345 Westlake Ave.
Mrs. Burt Estes Howard	- - - -	2823 Orchard Ave.
Mrs. E. G. Howard	- - - -	1602 Santee St.
Miss Hasse (C.)	- - - -	Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica
Miss Frida Hellman	- - - -	958 Hill St.
Mrs. Murray M. Harris	- - - -	121 W. 27th St.
Mrs. F. J. Hart	- - - -	956 S. Hope St.
Miss F. M. Housh	- - - -	734 S. Hill St.
*Mrs. O. T. Johnson	- - - -	1221 Orange St.
Miss Katherine Johnson	- - - -	1221 Orange St.
*Mrs. C. B. Jones	- - - -	2302 Flower St.
Miss Sadie Johnson	- - - -	947 S. Hope St.
Miss Gertrude Johnson	- - - -	947 S. Hope St.
Miss Beresford Joy (C.)	- - - -	1939 Oak St.
Mrs. E. P. Johnson	- - - -	947 S. Hope St.
Miss Margaret James	- - - -	712 W. Washington St.
*Mrs. Frank King	- - - -	903 Westlake Ave.
Miss Cornelia Kneeland	- - - -	Milwaukee, Wis.
*Mrs. T. T. Knight	- - - -	Box 386
*Miss Knight	- - - -	Box 386
Mrs. Frank Kelsey	- - - -	2304 S. Grand Ave.
Mrs. E. W. Kingsley	- - - -	1501 Georgia Bell St.

## LIST OF MEMBERS—Continued.

Mrs. W. Knippenberg	-	-	-	-	2124 Estrella Ave.
*Mrs. H. T. Lee	-	-	-	-	414 W. Adams St.
Mrs. Walter Lindley	-	-	-	-	1415 S. Grand Ave.
Mrs. Le Doux	-	-	-	-	1430 Constance St.
Miss Mabel Luitweiler	-	-	-	-	1925 Figueroa St.
*Mrs. Dean Mason	-	-	-	-	Klamathon, Cal.
*Mrs. J. C. Merrill	-	-	-	-	2719 Ellendale Pl.
Mrs. E. H. Moore	-	-	-	-	511 W. 23rd St.
Miss Anna W. Mayo	-	-	-	-	622 W. 18th St.
Miss Alice Maxon (C)	-	-	-	-	Rivera
Miss Frances M. Maurice	-	-	-	-	830 S. Bonnie Brae St.
Mrs. F. L. Moore	-	-	-	-	1007 Union Ave.
Mrs. W. T. Maurice	-	-	-	-	1125 Westlake Ave.
Mrs. J. B. Millard	-	-	-	-	548 Alvarado St.
Miss Maud E. Masac	-	-	-	-	945 W. Washington St.
Mrs. Wm. Mead	-	-	-	-	935 Pasadena Ave.
Miss Clara Mueller	-	-	-	-	700 Burlington Ave.
Miss Grace E. Matthes	-	-	-	-	127 N. Hill St.
Miss Nellie C. Myers	-	-	-	-	422 W. 2nd St.
Miss Mary Mendenhall	-	-	-	-	614 E. 29th St.
Mrs. C. S. Myers	-	-	-	-	253 S. Hill St.
Mrs. Chas. McFarland	-	-	-	-	1145 W. 28th St.
Mrs. Jno. McCoy	-	-	-	-	1919 S. Grand Ave.
Mrs. D. A. Macneil	-	-	-	-	623 W. 16th St.
Mrs Wm. Niles	-	-	-	-	E. Washington and Maple Ave.
Mrs. George E. Nolan	-	-	-	-	1206 Trenton St.
Mrs. Eugene Norton	-	-	-	-	Long Beach
Mrs. J. G. Ogilvie	-	-	-	-	1 Colonial Flats
Mrs. Gertrude Osman	-	-	-	-	3131 Figueroa St.
*Miss E. H. Parsons	-	-	-	-	423 W. 23rd St.
*Miss Alice Parsons	-	-	-	-	1922 Grand Ave.
Miss Palmer	-	-	-	-	1407 Carroll Ave.
Mrs. E. A. Praeger	-	-	-	-	Terminal Island
Miss Ione Parsons	-	-	-	-	215 Lorna Drive
Mrs. Edward S. Pauley	-	-	-	-	1243 Westlake Ave.
Mrs. O. P. Posey	-	-	-	-	2530 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Eugene Pettigrew	-	-	-	-	State Loan and Trust Co.
Mrs. Edwin W. Pratt	-	-	-	-	816 Figueroa St.
Mrs. W. A. Phelps	-	-	-	-	921 S. Olive St.
Miss M. C. Pearson	-	-	-	-	1918 Grand Ave.
Mrs. Sydney J. Parsons	-	-	-	-	3020 Grand Ave.
Mrs. Jennie S. Perce	-	-	-	-	757 W. 16th St.
Mrs. C. C. Parker	-	-	-	-	Hotel Lincoln
Mrs. G. D. Ruddy	-	-	-	-	728 Coronado St.
Mrs. W. C. Read	-	-	-	-	2325 Thompson St.
Miss F. Riley	-	-	-	-	1105 S. Olive St.
Miss Frances Roberts	-	-	-	-	530 3rd St., Santa Monica

## LIST OF MEMBERS—Continued.

Miss Ryan	- - - - -	937 Westlake Ave.
Miss C. W. Roberts	- - - - -	1019 S. Olive St.
Mrs. Frank Rader	- - - - -	California Hotel
Miss Soule (C.)	- - - - -	Care of Times Office
*Mrs. J. F. Sartori	- - - - -	725 W. 28th St.
Mrs. Estelle B. Smith	- - - - -	Hotel Lindsay
Mrs. Ira O. Smith	- - - - -	636 W. Adams St.
Mrs. T. D. Stimson	- - - - -	2421 Figueroa St.
*Mrs. H. W. R. Strong	- - - - -	Rauchito del Fuerte
*Miss Georgina P. Strong	- - - - -	" " "
*Miss Harryet R. Strong	- - - - -	" " "
*Miss Nellie de L. Strong	- - - - -	" " "
*Mrs. Edgar L. Swaine	- - - - -	230 W. 21st St
Mrs. P. S. Swaine	- - - - -	Los Nietos
Mrs. Stearns	- - - - -	Glendale
Mrs. Madison W. Stewart	- - - - -	2623 Monmouth Ave.
Mrs. Willard Stimson	- - - - -	2426 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Frank Simpson	- - - - -	1032 Ingraham St.
Mrs. W. P. L. Stafford	- - - - -	Long Beach, Cal.
Mrs. R. P. Sibley	- - - - -	1200 Hill St.
Miss Kate H. Spence	- - - - -	445 S. Olive St.
Miss Helen Sinsabaugh	- - - - -	225 Loma Drive
Mrs. C. M. Seeley	- - - - -	1940 Park Grove Ave.
Mrs. A. C. Smithers	- - - - -	1147 S. Hope St.
Miss Clara L. Severns	- - - - -	1320 Arnold St.
Mrs. Theo. A. Simpson	- - - - -	1053 S. Olive St.
Mrs. H. B. Strange	- - - - -	450 S. Alvarado St.
Mrs. A. R. Sprague	- - - - -	1035 W. 21st St.
Mrs. Cameron E. Thom	- - - - -	118 E. 3rd St.
Mrs. Eugene Torrey	- - - - -	533½ S. Fremont St.
*Mrs. Hugh Vail	- - - - -	336 W. 28th St.
Miss May Veeder	- - - - -	1039 W. 21st St.
Mrs. J. S. Vosburg	- - - - -	2317 Figueroa St.
Mrs. H. C. Veazie	- - - - -	1629 Maple Ave.
Mrs. E. F. R. Vail	- - - - -	2824 S. Flower St.
*Miss M. H. Wilson	- - - - -	229 N. Grand Ave.
Miss N. M. Woodward	- - - - -	Whittier
Mrs. Dwight Whiting	- - - - -	1944 Figueroa St.
Mrs. A. P. West	- - - - -	3101 Figueroa St.
Miss Alice Wisewell	- - - - -	2 Colonial Flats
Miss Leodora Whitcomb	- - - - -	Glendale
Miss Mary K. Weber	- - - - -	1138 Figueroa St.
Miss Bertha Worm	- - - - -	910 W. 11th St.
Mrs. M. T. Whitaker	- - - - -	815 W. 18th St.
Mrs. Partridge Wood	- - - - -	939 Figueroa St.
Mrs. Charles Dwight Willard	- - - - -	Terminal Island
Mrs. O. C. Whitney	- - - - -	956 S. Hope St.
Mrs. A. M. Whitson	- - - - -	220 W. 28th St.
Mrs. Warren S. Young	- - - - -	1036 Bonnie Brae St.

\* Charter members.



# The Ebell of Los Angeles

ORGANIZED OCTOBER 27, 1894  
INCORPORATED 1897

## BY-LAWS.

### ARTICLE I.

The incorporate name of this society shall be the Ebell of Los Angeles.

### ARTICLE II.

The object of the society is advancement in all lines of general culture.

### ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, a General Curator and Librarian. These officers with its Board of seven Directors (one of whom shall be the President) shall constitute the Executive Committee.

### ARTICLE IV.

#### POWERS AND DUTIES OF DIRECTORS.

SECTION 1. The powers of this corporation, except as herein otherwise provided in these By-Laws, are vested in its Board of Directors.

SEC. 2. The Board of Directors shall consider and control all permanent matters, *i. e.*, financial investments, disbursements and all established matters that pertain to the life, welfare and methods of the Society.

SEC. 3. The Directors shall appoint their own Secretary from their number.

SEC. 4. Resolutions passed by the Directors shall be handed in writing to the Executive Committee to be acted upon and entered on the minutes.

### ARTICLE V.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee shall arrange and control the current affairs of the Society, receive the reports of all committees and act upon them. The chairman shall report matters of general interest at the business meetings and at the annual meeting of the Society.

SEC. 2. The Executive Committee shall incur no indebtedness beyond the necessary current expenses of the Society.

SEC. 3. Five members shall constitute a quorum.

December  
1898

SEC. 4. Any vacancy occurring in the Executive Committee shall be filled by the Board of Directors.

SEC. 5. The Curators of the Sections shall constitute an Advisory Board to be called upon when required by the Executive Committee.

## ARTICLE VI.

### DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The President shall be chairman of the Board of Directors and of the Executive Committee; shall preside at all meetings, call all special meetings, appoint all committees, sign all bills authorized by the Executive Committee, and make an annual report.

All appointments of committees made by the President shall be subject to the ratification of the Executive Committee.

The President shall exercise supervision over all the affairs of the Society and shall be an honorary member of all committees. In the absence or disability of the President, her duties shall be assumed by the Vice-Presidents in the order of their rank. In absence of the presiding officers, if a quorum is present, a temporary chairman may be appointed.

SEC. 2. The Corresponding Secretary shall be ex-officio Chairman of the Printing Committee, and shall attend to the correspondence of the Society, and issue all notices except notices to proposed members.

SEC. 3. The Recording Secretary shall keep the minutes of the meetings of the Society, and of the Executive Committee, furnish a report of the membership to the Corresponding Secretary when called upon, and shall submit a report at the annual meeting, sign all bills and corporation papers, shall call the roll of the entire membership at the beginning of the year, and of the members in good standing at the annual meeting. She shall hand to all committees their instructions in writing.

SEC. 4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all the funds of the Society; shall pay all bills audited by the Executive Committee; shall submit a report of all receipts and expenditures monthly to the Executive Committee and annually to the Society and to the Board of Directors when called upon; shall send notices to proposed members and issue membership cards.

SEC. 5. The Curator and Librarian shall have charge of all the books and papers of the Society and keep an inventory of all the property belonging thereto, which inventory she shall deliver to her successor in office, requiring of such successor a receipt for the same. She shall keep posted upon the Bulletin Board in the rooms of the Society a statement of the time and place of all Section meetings and any information which may



be of general interest to the members of the Society. She shall see that each new member signs the By-Laws and shall ascertain which section she desires to enter, and shall also keep a list of charter members. She shall receive applications for the formation of new sections, and shall keep herself informed of the general character of the work of each section, reporting the same to the Executive Committee monthly, and make reports of the same at the annual meeting of the Society. She is also ex-officio chairman of committee on Sections.

## ARTICLE VII.

### STANDING COMMITTEES.

SECTION 1. Chairmen of the Standing Committees shall be members of the Executive Committee.

The Standing Committees shall be:

1. Committee on Membership.
2. Committee on Printing.
3. Committee on Receptions and Lectures.
4. Committee on Sections.

SEC. 2. The Committee on Membership, upon receiving the properly endorsed names of applicants for membership from the President, shall act upon the same and report at the next regular meeting of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 3. The Reception and Lecture Committee shall receive and introduce new members and special guests. This committee shall be ex-officio the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Printing Committee shall attend to the publication of the annual report, the necessary printing of notices, membership cards, blanks, bulletins, etc.

SEC. 5. The Committee on Sections shall assist in the organization of Sections and advise the Curators of Sections in arranging their courses of study.

SEC. 6. It shall be the duty of all committees to assist the Executive Committee, they shall meet on the first Thursday of each month, and shall report in writing to the Executive Committee.

## ARTICLE VIII.

### MEMBERS.

SECTION 1. An applicant for membership shall sign the blank provided. Her name shall be endorsed by three members in good standing, one of whom shall be a charter member; this application handed to the chairman of the Executive Committee at any meeting, shall pass to the Membership Committee; upon receiving the endorsement of this committee it shall be voted on by the Executive at their next meeting.

The notice of acceptance shall be sent to the proposed

member by the Treasurer, together with bill for admission fee and half-yearly dues.

SEC. 2. Members may be elected for one year who shall be known as complimentary members and who shall not be required to pay admission fees or dues, but who shall have no interest in the management, property or assets of the corporation.

SEC. 3. A non-resident may become an associate member for one year by having her name duly presented and upon the payment of five dollars, but she shall have no interest in the management, property or assets of the corporation.

SEC. 4. Election to membership shall be forfeited unless confirmed by the payment of the admission fee within one month after notification of election as a member. A lapsed or forfeited membership may be restored by the Executive Committee upon the unanimous vote of the Committee on Membership.

SEC. 5. Any member may resign at any time upon the presentation of such resignation in writing and the payment of all back dues.

SEC. 6. Each member of the Society must sign the By-Laws before she shall be entitled to any of the rights or privileges of membership.

## ARTICLE IX.

### DUES.

SECTION 1. The admission fee shall be \$10.00.

SEC. 2. The annual dues shall be \$3.00, payable in advance, one-half on the first day of October, and one-half on the first day of March of each year. Non-payment of dues for one year shall cause forfeiture of membership, but such members may be restored upon regular application and payment of back dues, if such application is made within eighteen months of lapse of membership.

SEC. 3. Any member paying \$50.00 shall receive a certificate of life membership and shall be exempt from payment of dues.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall have authority to remit the fees and dues of any member when it shall be deemed for the best interest of the Society.

## ARTICLE X.

### MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. The Regular Meeting of the Society shall take place on the last Thursday of each month, excepting the months of July and August, at 2.30 p. m. for the report of sections and the transaction of business. Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. 2. Unless otherwise ordered by the Executive Committee, a literary and social meeting shall take place on the second Thursday afternoon of each month, excepting the months of July, August and September, at the hour of 2.30 p. m., at which meeting papers will be presented.

SEC. 3. A regular meeting of the Directors shall take place at 11.30 a. m., on the first Thursday of each month.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall meet on the first Thursday of each month at 1:30 p. m., and upon the second and last Thursday of each month at 2:00 p. m.; a meeting of the Executive Committee may be held upon the call of the President.

SEC. 5. The annual meeting of the Society for the election of Directors, and officers for the ensuing year, shall be held on the last Thursday of June, at 2:30 p. m. Elections shall take place by ballot, and those elected shall enter upon their duties at the close of the meeting.

Two Directors, to hold office three years, shall be elected at each annual meeting. Officers shall be elected for one year. The President by virtue of her office, is elected a Director for one year.

## ARTICLE XI.

### SECTIONS.

The study of special subjects shall be carried on in Sections formed and managed according to the following rules:

RULE 1. All members of Sections must be members of "The Ebell of Los Angeles."

RULE 2. Members wishing to form Sections must apply to the Executive Committee through the General Curator.

RULE 3. Curators shall preside at the meetings of their Sections and plan a course of study and make an annual report of the work of the previous year when called upon to do so by the Executive Committee. Section Curators shall notify the General Curator of the dates when their Sections are to meet and when they adjourn for vacation. A Curator may appoint a secretary to assist her in the Section.

RULE 4. Sections have no power to organize or disband, nor to dismiss or appoint Curators, but may express a preference to the Executive Committee.

RULE 5. Sections may limit their numbers and close admission, by showing ability to keep their number complete. New Sections may then be formed based on the same line of work, bearing the same name and numbered according to order of formation, 1st, 2nd, etc.

RULE 6. All members of Sections are required to perform their portion of work assigned by the Curators.

RULE 7. Special teachers may be employed by any Section.

RULE 8. No Section or any officer thereof shall have power to incur any indebtedness or liability binding upon the Society, but shall defray all its expenses not expressly authorized in detail by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE XII.

SECTION 1. Copies of all papers read before the Society and in Sections shall be placed on file with the Curators and at the end of one year shall be placed under the care and charge of the Librarian.

SEC. 2. All papers shall be written on legal cap, on one side of the paper only and fastened securely at the top.

ARTICLE XIII.

The discussion of politics and religion is prohibited at all general meetings of this Society.

ARTICLE XIV.

All communications on business must be made in writing.

ARTICLE XV.

Ten members in good and regular standing—half of whom shall be charter members—may in writing at any time request special action by the Executive Committee, which will include amendments, complaints concerning neglect of duty, or transcending of privileges by any officer or member, or concerning any other matter pertaining to the Society. The Executive Committee shall at once refer the Communication to the Board of Directors for immediate attention, after which it shall be referred back to the Society for final vote. In the case of amendments to the By-Laws a two-thirds vote of the Society is required.

ARTICLE XVI.

All meetings of the Society and of the Executive Committee shall be governed by Robert's Rules of Order.

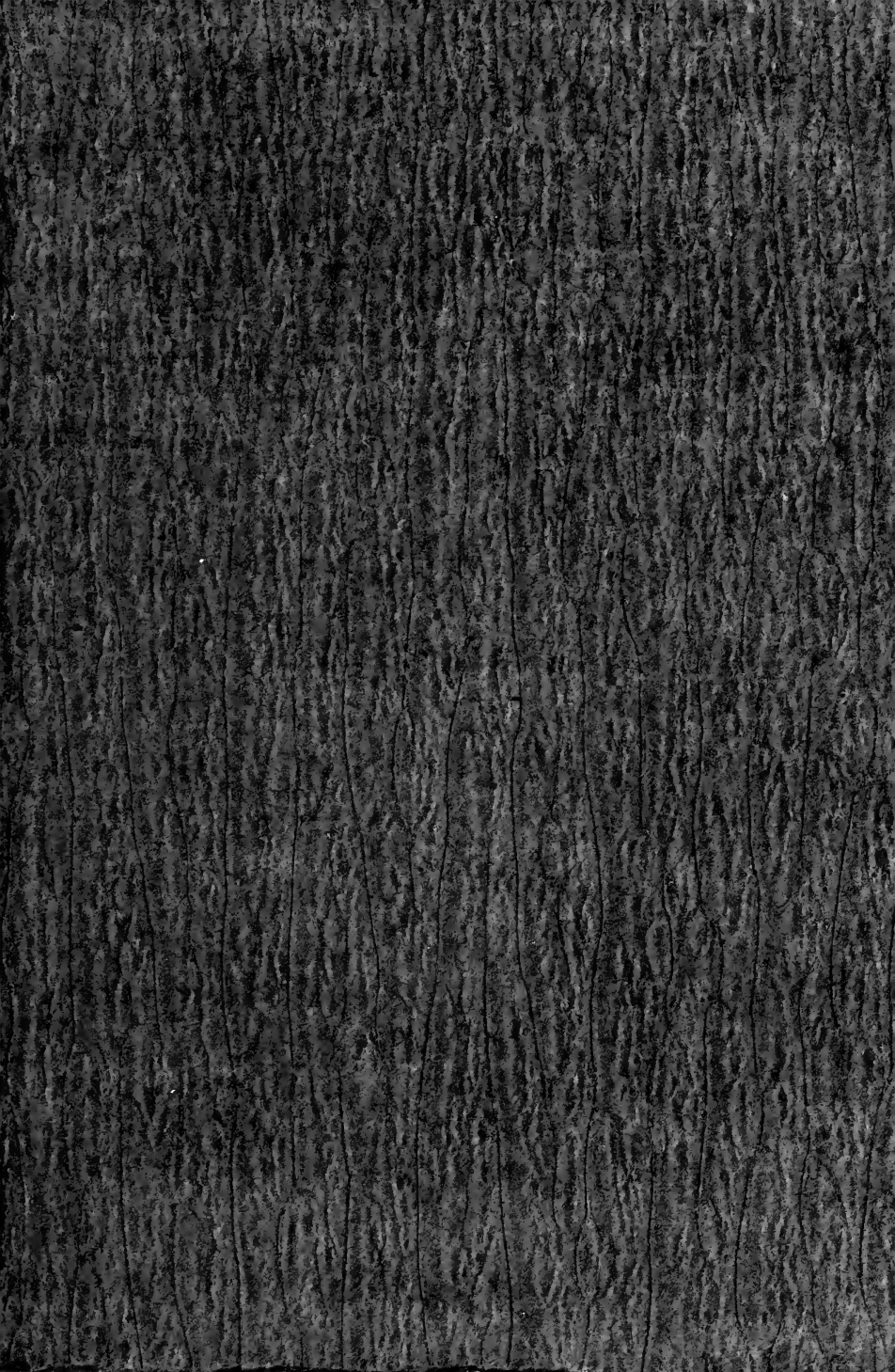
ARTICLE XVII.

The twenty-seventh day of October of each year shall be known as "Charter Day," commemorating the organization of the Society. A reception shall be given on this day, when the President of the previous year shall present the members of the Society to the newly elected officers.

ARTICLE XVIII.

Whereas the provisions of these By-Laws require the signature of each member of the Ebell Society, we do hereby, in signing the same, pledge ourselves to abide by these laws and regulations.

Passed by the Executive Committee at the first regular meeting in September, September 1, 1898.



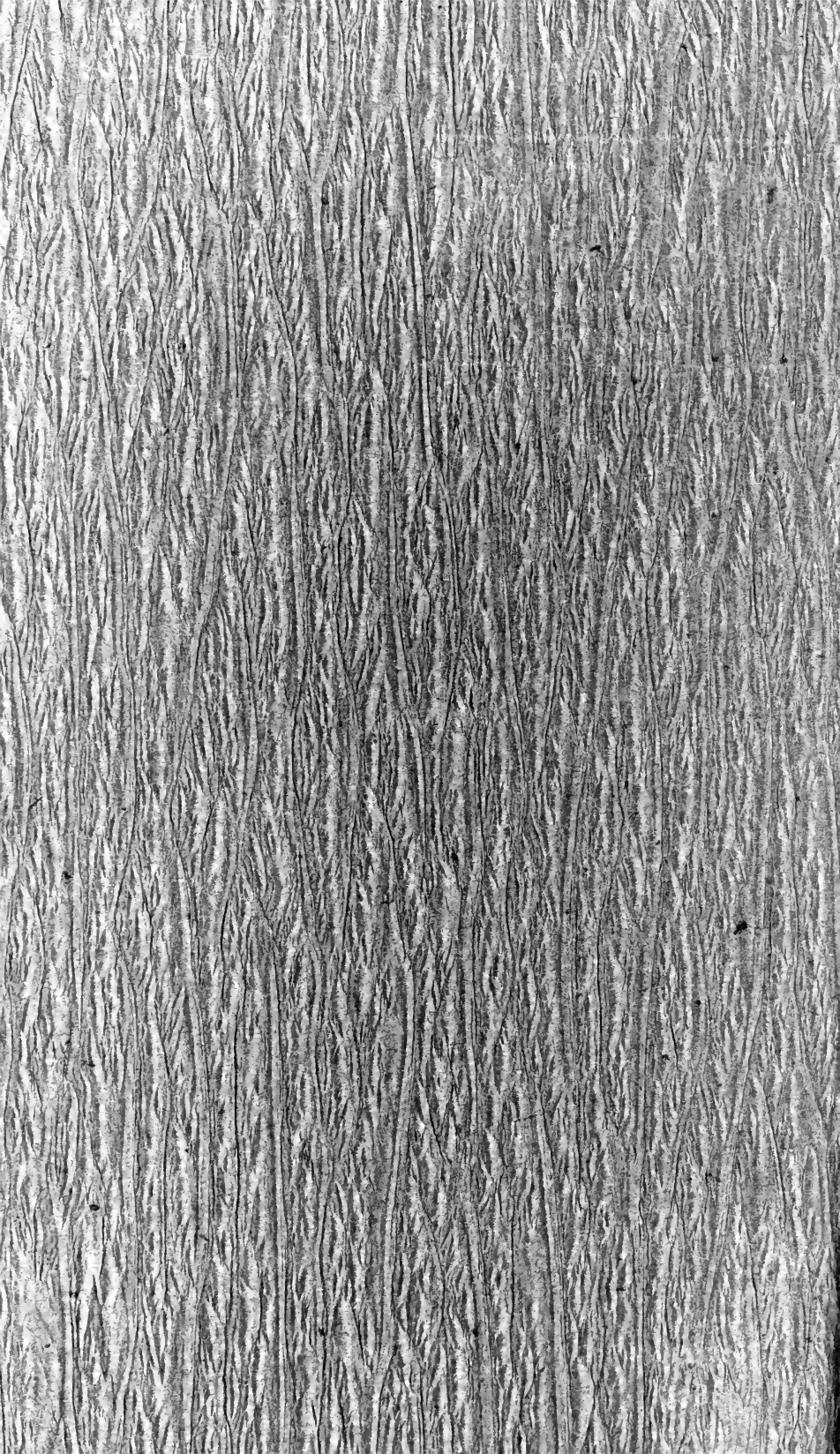
November  
1898



# THE BELL

Volume Two  
Number Two

November  
1898





# The Ebell



## A Journal of Literature and Current Events



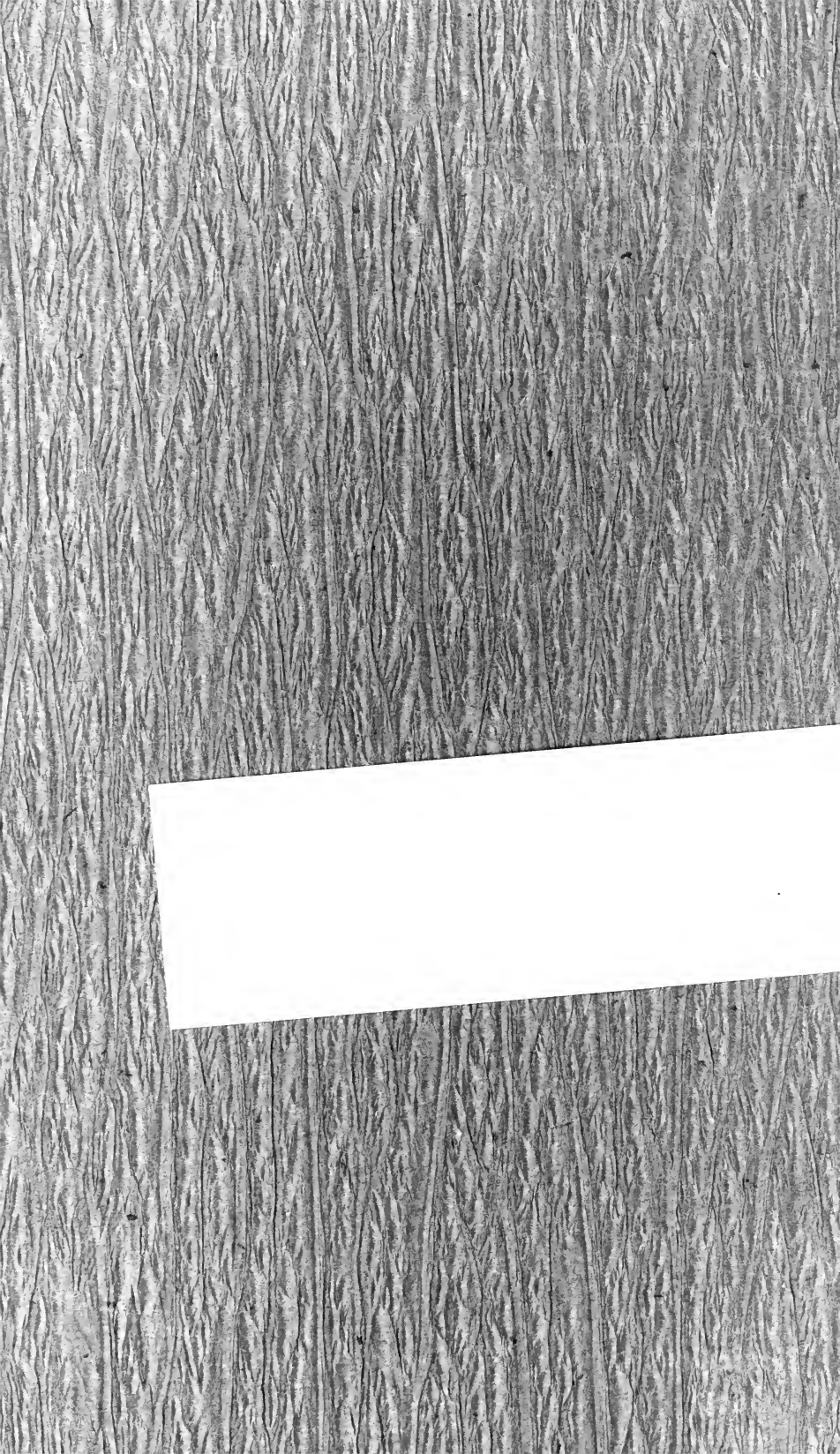
Grace Atherton Dennen, Editor  
1922 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, California  
Telephone, White 3213

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Copyrighted October, 1898.





**A  
Girl's  
Impression  
of Hawaii  
fourteen  
Years  
Ago**

**E. B. V.**

**I**N THE YEAR 1884, on the deck of a steamer, as it plowed its way through the narrow channel which separates Oahu from Molakai, stood a party of travelers, viewing for the first time the islands of the Hawaiian group. It was early dawn—the water like shimmering silk, the air soft like the breath of a humming bird, and a musical hush seemed settled over the islands. Oahu rose from its bed of tropical waters, bathed in mist, its shores fringed with a border of coconut palms which inclined gracefully toward the water as though gratefully acknowledging the approach of dawn and refreshed by their bath of early dew.

Diamond Head, the cape that all Hawaii knows and loves, extended its long neck far out into the sea, hiding from us for the time the harbor of Honolulu. The steamer crept slowly on, for the coast is surrounded by coral reefs, therefore the approach to Honolulu must be cautiously slow. Finally the steamer rounded the cape, and in a few minutes reached the wharf at Honolulu. A crowd of dark, upturned, curious faces were scanning the decks of the steamer. The women were bareheaded, dressed in the native costume called Hulakoo, which we call "Mother Hubbard," and though it may be difficult to believe, the natives look picturesque in this costume, which on an American looks unkempt and slovenly. Their dark eyes, coarse wavy hair, heavy jaws, and altogether heavier type of human nature, suits the primitive costume better than would a more refined type of woman.

Brilliant colors were everywhere; a soft musical monotone arose from the crowd as the natives were passing criticism upon the new arrivals, for their language is a beautiful contralto monologue, and everywhere through

the air was heard "Aloha, aloha!"—Welcome, welcome! Around their necks were wreaths of flowers called *lais*, made of sweet-scented flowers strung together like beads.

The travelers passed by through the crowd and on to the Hawaiian Hotel. On either side of the main street leading to this hotel were houses built low, with double verandahs all around, and hidden almost from view by the luxuriant growth of trees, vines and flowers in the gardens. Such a profusion of vegetation! Banana trees, drooping their long weighty leaves to the ground; gorgeous hibiscus growing through the green foliage; poinsetta twenty feet high, with its bright slender petals stretching like tongues of flame above its sister flowers; trailing vines, with bright blossoms festooning from branch to branch, climbing over balconies and on over roofs of houses, hiding all work of man from view with the luxury of their tracery of leaves. The atmosphere was heavy with moisture and weighted with the perfume of flowers; a languor stole over the senses of the travelers, a feeling of rest and peace was theirs, for this climate is one of "dolce far niente" and enervating in its laziness.

Such was the impression made on all of the party, and as the days followed each other new attractions and interests of the place increased. There was the visit to the palace and breakfast with the King, who was Kalakaua I. His features strongly resembled the negro, being very black; his hair kinky, his nose and mouth large and thick, like the African type. He had courteous manners and was agreeable and interesting as a conversationalist—that is, when he was not under the influence of gin, which unfortunately was very often. At such



times he was known to drop off into slumber whilst apparently listening to the conversation of a lady.

The throne-room contained the celebrated feather cloak, which is made of yellow feathers, plucked from a native bird—"oo." Each bird has but one of these feathers, under the wings; therefore to collect enough for a large cloak is a work of great magnitude, and this cloak



to-day is priceless, as the bird is fast becoming extinct. The feather is very small, bright orange in color and very glossy. As the cloak is held toward the light, with the bright sun shining on it, one can easily imagine how it glistens like gold and what a strong impression it creates in the minds of the superstitious natives, who believe it endowed with miraculous power.

The visit to the Pali is one of great interest; driving through acres of rice fields, so brightly green, one can almost feel the freshness arising from the beds. The travelers came to a road leading over the summit of a mountain and on to the other side of the island. This is the Pali. It is very precipitous and historical, as here it was one of the Kamahamahahs—the greatest of all Hawaii's kings—defeated his enemy.

The Park at Honolulu is quite a social feature, especially on moonlight nights, for then the elite of Honolulu gathers together, driving, promenading, flirting, gay with laughter and merriment, while the air is full of music.

The music of Honolulu is one of its most attractive features; soft and plaintive, one hears it everywhere. The sun rises and sets on the happy, simple people of Hawaii, always to accompaniments of music, whose motif is "Aloha," which word embraces much that is poetical. "I love you," "May happiness be yours," "We greet you," and many others.

To the south of Oahu, of which Honolulu is the capital, lies Molokai, the seamy side of this fair group of islands. Here the doomed lepers are placed to finish out their lives apart from their fellow men, while the dread disease saps their life blood, eats away the tissues like loathsome parasites which never cease their horrible work until the victim is laid in his grave.

Away from this sad, cruel place, and farther south, we come to the last of the group and the most wonderful. Here the fern forests grow taller than a man, and so thick that the sunlight is excluded. Farther on, at the edge of the town of Hilo, is the volcano Kilauea. Brilliant like a spectacular scene, it burns and bubbles and

boils, throwing fountains of flame-tinted steam high in the air, and then down, down, down again into the depths of the earth, with a horrible, hissing, revengeful sound, as though angry to be disturbed from the lower regions and brought to the surface to illumine the pure air of God's fair world with its infernal beauty. Then the earth cracks and separates, and one sees it burning far



down below in horrible glory, creeping nearer and nearer until it plunges forward, and one jumps back to escape its deadly breath. Sometimes the molten fire escapes, stealing like a living, fire-breathing snake down toward the village below, until the colder air will hold it and harden it, remaining there on the mountain side, a grayish, dull piece of sullen-looking lava.

Fourteen years later this interesting group of islands has come into the possession of the United States, annexed without bloodshed, by the calm diplomacy of our President.

We extend Aloha to Hawaii, and we will twine our native lai of the Stars and Stripes around her neck, guarding her from the snares and intrigues of other nations, which would devastate her fair garden, laying it bare and stricken to death in the ashes of cruel and invading wars; but under the shade of the glorious strength of our invincible shield may she prosper and blossom into perfect maturity, and may the far-reaching arm of a humanitarian civilization bring her, at the beginning of the twentieth century, to a prosperous and happy chapter in her first volume of United States history.



**A**LONE, all alone,  
On the shore of the infinite sea.  
Alone in the grasp of a great despair  
With thoughts that are more than the heart can bear,  
Surging and beating on me.

All, all alone,  
Ah, who so alone as I?  
With naught so far as the eye can rove,  
Naught but the sea and the sky.

That I should do this thing that I have done!  
That I should live the hours of such a day!  
To find this end to all that was begun,  
In hope and happiness! Now men will say,—  
“He has forever stained a spotless name,  
His—to shield from blame.”

A trust betrayed—an hour's mad, brief delight—  
And here I stand beside this lonely sea.  
Ah, how it grows and widens on my sight!  
The very vastness of it quiets me:  
All human woes must shrink from great to less  
At sight of this unfettered mightiness.

Ah well, what matters one more soul's despair?  
A leap, a plunge, and I shall cease to be.  
The winds will scatter my last frenzied prayer,  
The placid depths of the untroubled sea  
Will close above me—who is there to care  
For a soul's despair?



The wind is rising high,  
Oh listen to the moan !  
I am all, all alone—  
Who so alone as I ?  
O God, is there none to care  
That I suffer, that I die ?  
I call upon the Heaven  
And the Heaven is like a stone.  
Only the awful moan of the weary, restless sea.  
To die—to strangle beneath its waves !—  
Yet to live is agony !  
Let me go ! I can not stay alone  
On the shore of the infinite sea !

\* \* \* \* \*

Listen ! Whence comes that whispered thought,  
In the air or in my heart ?  
“ ’Tis the fear of yourself that drives you mad.  
To despair is a coward’s part.  
There is nothing in life or death to fear  
For the man who liveth well,  
Is God to blame, dare you rail at Him  
That you make of your heart a hell ?  
Be still, wild soul, and hear Him speak,  
For to one who stands alone,  
Face to face with himself at last,  
The voice of God shall come.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wind is dying in the south,  
The stars are sinking low,  
Upon my soul there falls a peace  
As the day begins to grow.  
Life seems again a precious gift,  
For there comes a strength with sorrow,  
And better than all my yesterdays  
Shall be this sombre morrow.  
For he who hears the voice of God  
From himself is forever free.  
'Tis a wondrous thing to be alone  
On the shore of the infinite sea.





**Crooked  
Billy  
A  
Character  
Study**

Mary B. McCoy

**B**ILLY was not only crooked, he was black—that is, on the outside. I am sure his soul was white, and his heart, too.

He was also a slave; but to him neither name nor condition bore any sense of degradation. He was born in the "quarters" at Riverview, Mr. Thomas Nelson's estate, about eighteen years before the beginning of the civil war. Melinda, his "mammy," had been cook in the Nelson household for many years.

Poor Billy was born crooked—much to the mortification of his mammy's pride in her children, the rest of whom were straight and comely.

Numerous falls and bumps in his infancy did not tend to enhance his beauty, and finally a stick, in another little black hand, put out his left eye. That was a deadening blow to his personal appearance; and Mammy, with that tender solicitude usual with mothers for an unfortunate child, permitted him to stay in the kitchen where she was at work, creeping or toddling after her in his bow-legged, awkward fashion, receiving from the fair, white hand of "Miss Mary" many a sweetmeat, as she went her rounds each day, with her little basket of keys, giving out the provisions.

So he grew up to little less than idolize his kind and beautiful mistress. Riverview mansion crowned a hill, up which the road from the county seat climbed laboriously, turned to the right, and made a detour in deference to the broad, well-cultivated acres of the Nelson estate. The mansion was of stately red brick, with portico encircled by white Corinthian columns; wide hall, large, airy rooms, and a generous atmosphere of open-house hospitality.

The large, well kept grounds were equally attractive, with many nooks and trysts, sylvan bowers and lofty look-outs, from which the river with its wooded islets was visible for many miles.

As Crooked Billy (so he was always called in the quarters) grew up, a slow and painful process, being stunted from birth, he grew in favor with "Mars Tom" and "Miss Mary." His first introduction into the service of the household was wielding the big peacock fly brush in the summer time, while he was still so short that he must needs be perched upon a box at Mrs. Nelson's right hand, where she might direct him. He enjoyed the dignity of the position, and the white duck suit that accompanied it, beyond measure and made it a point to strut up and down in front of the envious row of piccaninnies who gathered before each meal to view his grandeur. With great pride he announced that he "soshated wid white folks." Gradually he was advanced in service until his ambition reached its climax in a seat on the carriage box, beside the coachman. Life could hold no better gift for him than to be allowed to open the carriage door for his beloved "Miss Mary and de young missusses."

This was his position when the war cloud cast its shadow over our country. The unrest among the white people was not long in communicating itself to the quarters. Not only the Nelson servants were there but those from the adjoining plantations, discussing, in an excited manner, this strange new idea of freedom. Billy was there, and held himself in check with difficulty while several "reverend bredrin" held forth on the possibilities of the future for the black man. Finally

Billy's opportunity came. Being too short to satisfy his ideas of dignity, he stood upon a chair to address his audience. Having secured this vantage ground he paused for a moment, looking over the dusky forms before him, that under the flickering light of the one smoky lamp melted into shadows in the darkest corners, save for a gleaming of eyes and teeth.

"Friends and bredrin," he began, "I hab ariz to 'dress you, coz my heart won't let me set still no longer. I hab listened to de bredrin speechafyin dis ebenin, an' all de time my heart kep a-sayin to myself, 'dis nigger doan want none o' dat;' I doan want nothin what tak me 'way from de bes' friends I got on dis yearth, what done feed me and clove me all my bawn days. No, bredren and sistern, Billy's crooked, an' he's black, an' you done hep him not to forgit it, but he aint no deserter," here he seemed to grow taller and straighter, "No, *Billy aint no deserter*, and me an' my mammy's gwine stick to Mars Tom and Miss Mary as long as we lib." Silence for a moment, and then some one from the back of the room called out: "Come down from dar, you black niggah, an' let yo' mammy nuss you to sleep." Another voice said, "Better go fight Mars Abraham Lincoln hissef, you'd make a fine *soger*, you would." Billy stood unmoved. "Is dere any one is dis 'sembly what feels like we does 'bout dis matter? If der is, let dem come forward." Melinda was already beside him, and one by one, three men and two women came silently, and with the slow step of advancing years, and grouped themselves around this young knight, who had proclaimed himself "no deserter." Only one of them, old Uncle Peter, belonged to the Nelsons. The

others were the patriarchs of the adjoining plantations. One by one the rest of the company shamefacedly shuffled out the door, and became one with the darkness outside. Then, with the new-born dignity of his noble resolve still upon him, Billy carried his master's boots, neatly blackened, and placed them outside his door. He touched them reverently with his lips before he put them down. Shaking his head and mumbling to himself he shuffled noiselessly about, brought his pallet and placed it before his master's door, put out the light and stretched himself contentedly where he had slept every night since the troublous times began, a silent but eloquent proclamation that his life lay between his master and any danger.

And so it came to pass that after peace had once more settled over the land, Billy and Melinda remained with the Nelson family without a trace of any change in their relations as faithful and beloved servants. As the years passed Riverview showed more and more the effects of an owner who was *land poor*. But family pride held up its head as of yore, and Billy did his part to preserve the dignity and outward appearance of prosperity.

However, with the creeping on of age and infirmity, Mr. Nelson grew to lean more and more upon Billy and his cane; till one day with bared heads and sad hearts they carried him out to the place prepared for him until the resurrection.

Then did Billy show his solicitude for the welfare of his beloved "Miss Mary." Coachman, footman and man of all work, he sat proudly on the box of the carriage, over which "Ichabod" was plainly written, wear-

ing a suit of livery from which the glory had also long since departed. And as the carriage rattled through the streets one caught a glimpse of a stately lady within, whose beautiful, pale, sad face sent a thrill to the heart. Having no son to lean upon, and preferring to keep the old home, and the independence that went with it to living with her married daughters, Mrs. Nelson accepted gratefully the watchful care of her true and tried servant.

“Mammy” had yielded to the inevitable results of old age and rheumatism, and had “gone to her place.” Delilah, one of her daughters, had come to take her place in the kitchen. Every summer the daughters came home, and the shouts and laughter of children gave to Riverview something of the gayety of former years. They had just completed a happy summer at the old home, in spite of the changed conditions, and the lovingly tended grave on the hill. Mother and children had been so happy to be together, and the golden summer months had flown quickly; now they must say good bye with tears and embraces and go their several ways.

The day after the last good byes had been said, Mrs. Nelson, feeling lonely and restless, had walked out toward “God’s Acre” on the hill. Billy was fulfilling his afternoon round of duties, talking to himself as was his custom. Chancing to look up at the roof of the house he stopped his work and began to address himself after this fashion: “Billy, ’pears to me you better be lookin arter dat roof—dem shingles curlin up mightly—fust ting you know, de rain be comin right down on Miss Mary’s head. Niggah, what Mars Tom tink ob you if

dat happen?" Then a moment's silence in which his mouth hung open and his eyes grew larger and larger. "Fo de Lawd's sake! if dat aint smoke comin outen de roof!" But before the words had dropped from his lips his feet were flying over the ground toward the kitchen. "Delilah!" he shouted, "de house is on fire! an' me an' you's got to put it out!" Seizing two large buckets he ran to the cistern, followed by the frightened Delilah, also with a bucket in each hand. A stairway led from the paved porch below to the upper gallery, which extended the length of the ell. At the end of the gallery was a store room, over the kitchen, and in the ceiling of this storeroom a hatchway led, by means of a ladder, into what was called the "far garret," used in years gone by as a place to store dried fruit. Billy knew that the fire was in this garret, and had evidently caught from the kitchen chimney.

When he opened the hatch door great choking clouds of smoke rushed down upon him. "Deah Lawd o' massy hep pore Billy save de ole house! It'll done break Miss Mary's heart to lose de ole house! O God, hep po' Billy!" On he pushed into the attic to where the fire was gaining headway, close to the heated chimney. The oaken timbers were yielding stubbornly, sending out great clouds of smoke, as if in protest at the sacrifice. It was no easy task to which Billy had set himself. Back and forth from the cistern Delilah ran, leaving the water at the foot of the ladder. Furiously Billy fought, using an old blanket he had snatched up on the way, dipping it in water and whipping out the flames. It was a fierce fight! The heat stifled him, the smoke choked him; but he never wavered for a moment, pray-

ing aloud all the time, "Oh God, hep Billy! Hep po' Billy!" Stumbling, reeling, sometimes falling in his frantic efforts to reach the flames, which were creeping up into the rafters, furiously he worked, almost frenzied with the thought that he might not succeed. Gradually he began to gain headway over the flames, and then his prayers turned to thanksgiving.

"Tank de Dawd! Tank de Lawd! De ole house aint goin arter all! Miss Mary doan hab to lose de ole house!" On he worked, utterly unconscious of his own exhaustion—unconscious of the heat and smoke—unconscious of everything save his great happiness that he had saved the old home. At last, feeling sure that every spark was out, and having dashed bucket after bucket of water on the charred timbers, he turned to go down the ladder. But alas, dizzy and faint, his foot missed the mark; his hands, burned and bleeding, failed to grapple aright, and he fell heavily from the hatchway, striking upon his back. He made no sound; but lay still, *so* still, scarcely seeming to breathe.

Mrs. Nelson was coming leisurely up the graveled walk in front of the house, accompanied by young Albert Morton, who had come to Riverview on an errand. Oblivious of the danger that had threatened her home, she was chatting pleasantly with the young man when a series of frantic screams reached her ears. Greatly alarmed she and Albert ran in the direction from which the screams came, and found poor Billy lying there, helpless and speechless, and seemingly dead!

Tenderly the young man and Delilah lifted and carried him, at Mrs. Nelson's direction, into the guest

chamber, and laid him in the great canopied mahogany bed.

Half an hour later good old Dr. Williams, the family physician, was standing beside the bed, his finger on Billy's pulse, his open watch in his hand.

"No, Mrs. Nelson," he said, "Billy cannot live—the tide is going out with him—*rapidly*. Evidently he burst a blood vessel, and the fall and exhaustion but hasten the end. A few hours is the limit of time with him. He may regain consciousness for a brief space just before the end; I will go down stairs and answer inquiries."

And so the good man went below to answer questions from the many people, black and white, who were crowding into the house, for the news had spread rapidly, and Billy was beloved by many. One—two—three hours Mrs. Nelson sat beside him, anointing his poor burned hands, and watching for the time when his spirit might return to earth for a moment before it went forever into fields elysian. At last that moment came. Billy opened his eyes and rested them on Mrs. Nelson's face; then looked about the room, up at the crimson canopy, down at the white counterpane; seemed to comprehend the situation, and then closed them. Presently he said:

"Miss Mary?"

"Yes, Billy."

"I doan want to go 'way an' lebe you, Miss Mary!"

"The Father has a better place prepared for you, Billy."

"Do you 's'pose he'll let me wait on Mars Tom up dar, Miss Mary?"

"I do not know what is in store for you, Billy, but



I'm sure it is something a great deal better than anything you have ever known on earth."

"An' I'll see de Blessed Lam'! an' de Great White Throne! But de Lawd knows I doan want to lebe *you*, Miss Mary—who done take care ob you when Billy's gone?"

"Billy, don't you know that not a sparrow falleth without our Father's notice? He will watch over me and care for me—and then I shall not be very long behind you, Billy—you can tell your Mars Tom that I shan't be very long on the way—and tell him, Billy, that you gave your life to save the old home for me. I can never reward you my dear, faithful friend, but our Father in Heaven will." Silence for a moment, and then Billy said:

"He hepped me, Miss Mary, I couldn't never done it by myself—He hepped po' Billy!" Silence but for Delilah's weeping. Then—"Miss Mary?"

"What is it, Billy?"

"When I been out yonder to de grabe yard, fixing up Mars Tom's grabe, I measured off de places fo' de fambly, an' foun' der was room nuff fur me right down at Mars Tom's feet—seems I wont be 'tall lonesome ef you bury me dere, Miss Mary, right down at Mars Tom's feet—do you tink Mars Tom would care, Miss Mary?" "I think your Master would like to have you there, Billy; it shall be as you wish."

"Tank you, Miss Mary!"

"Good bye, 'Lilah," he said, turning his eyes to the weeping woman. "Be a good girl and take care o' Miss Mary—I'm gwine to see Mammy, 'Lilah, and I'll tell

her you're a good girl, and some day you'll come up dar too."

"Good—bye—Miss—Mary!" Painfully he folded his hands across his breast—"Now I lay me—down—to—sleep—I pray—de Lawd—my—soul—to keep—If I should die—befo'—I wake—I pray—de Lawd—my—soul—to—take—"

Peace settled over his features, his breath ceased, and faithful, Crooked Billy had passed to his reward.

In the cemetery that lies on a hill near Riverview, one can easily find the Nelson lot. A tall granite shaft, erected by the mourning daughters, bears the names of Thomas and Mary Nelson.

At the foot of their graves is another, marked by a simple marble headstone which bears this inscription:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
'BILLY,'  
FAITHFUL AND BELOVED SERVANT  
OF THOMAS AND MARY NELSON.  
FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.  
HE HAS GONE TO RECEIVE HIS  
CROWN OF LIFE."

Often there comes to visit the grave a mulatto woman, bowed with age and infirmities. And as she lifts the trailing tendrills of sweet briar from off the inscription she murmurs, "Sho as you lib, *Billy wa'n't no deserter.*"



**W**E HAD spent the morning in the National Museum, Munich—such a dear, delightful old curio shop, where dwells that comfortable middle past, which recked nothing of the subtleties of ancient wisdom and dreamed not of the isms and ologies of modern days. Its art consisted in the fashioning of spears and welding of coats of mail; its music was the bugle under castle walls or the harp in my lady's chamber; its jewels and satins and laces were all the spoil of my lord's valor. It was a charming, irresponsible time, when right was wrong and wrong right, according to circumstances; when lying in a good cause made bread turn to roses, and canonized the gentle liar; when the heavenly powers were most indulgent to human weakness, and the grim old German, Luther, had not yet awakened the sleeping conscience of the world.

In the Munich Museum is just such armor as Richard of the Lion Heart or Geoffrey must have worn when they led their followers forth. Such tall halberds were borne before them; such fair-haired pages as those in the frescoes on the walls must have followed them, and such silk-embroidered banners as those o'erhead must have waved them on to victory. At home, in the cold, clear light of the nineteenth century, we may talk of murder, arson and rapine clad in knightly splendor; but here, in the bewildering old museum, we think only of the romance of it, and vaguely and vainly try to fit our thoughts to some couplets from the *Idyls of the King*.

When the Middle Ages have filled our ears with din of arms, we can wander on to long galleries dedicated to the fripperies and vanities of a later time—a butterfly age, with the soul of a worm. Here is a plum-colored

coat embroidered in thistle; lace ruffles and jewelled shoe buckles, and a striped blue satin, white-vested suit, such as old Pepys might have put on when he rose up from writing his gossiping diary to go to a court ball with his wife "in her best blond wig." And then there are the chairs and beds which belonged to these people with the brocaded gowns and embroidered coats; rare old carvings, inlaid cabinets, beautiful china and glass, jeweled ornaments and splendid clocks. Most fascinating are these clocks, for they alone live and still mark the hours of the present work-a-day world, which knows not of knee breeches and despises lace ruffles. Think of the hours these untiring clocks have marked; still ticking relentlessly, reminding us wayfarers that the train awaits us and we must go, out from this passive, impersonal real of Has-been, into the rush and the toil of the Now. And this brings us to Aline and Elwine.

We were sitting in that stuffy abomination, an European railway carriage, momentarily expecting our train to move out from the Munich depot. We were still dazed with the atmosphere of the old museum, and were feeling very dissatisfied with our prosaic century. Was romance indeed dead—choked by the turmoil of money-getting? Was there primeval freshness nowhere in our hurried civilization? Was there— Here the guard flung open the carriage door and two women and a young man scrambled hastily in. Slam, whistle, ring, and off we go. Our traveling companions soon claimed our attention. The young girls were both handsome; the elder of that fair-haired, flaxen type which suggests the name of Gretchen. The younger had dark eyes and hair, a brilliant olive complexion, and a smile which constantly

played hide-and-seek with some fascinating dimples. The young man was a soldier, which is equivalent to saying that he was very much like a large proportion of his compatriots. We soon found out that the trio understood and were following our conversation, so that we were not surprised when the black-eyed maid addressed the young lady of our party in English, and in so charming a voice that it disarmed all criticism of her accent. The acquaintance progressed rapidly, and we soon passed from generalities to personalities. The trio were thrilled with lively interest on learning that we were Californians. "Oh! but that was enchanting! They had never known anyone from there. It was very exciting living in California, was it not? They would like to go there but for the fear of being shot."

"Have you any enemies there?" we inquired of the lively spokesman, whose name we learned was Aline.

"Oh, no; how would that be possible? But I have read that shootings are so common that one is always in danger of stray shots. Do you always carry pistols? and have you ever picked up any gold? And do tell us about the Indians—are there very many where you live?"

Aline's interest in us waned somewhat when we owned that we had never seen a gold mine, and knew almost as little about the Indians as she did; so we led her to tell us about herself. She had nine brothers and sisters, she said, and they spent their summers on an estate two hours by carriage from Ingoldstadt. Her father was the Baron Seefried-Buttenheim, and this mountain estate had descended to him through many generations. They had been Protestants since her great-grandfather's time, but there was still a Catholic chapel

at the castle. There were forests all about them—glorious pine forests. “In the mornings we are all busy, each one has his duties, but in the afternoons we do as we like. I paint and read—I like best English poets, and then I go for a gallop through the forest,” said Aline. “Elwine does one thing and does it well, but I do twenty things at once. She is the bee, while I am the butterfly, which tastes every flower but never makes any honey. In the evening Elwine plays and I sing. I sing very well, but I like sad songs best, perhaps because when one is happy one can think of sad sad things without pain. Our life is very pleasant, but it is not like yours, who go out into the great world.”

“Some day,” we said, “the gallant knight will come along and steal your heart, and then the quiet life will turn into a thrilling romance.”

“Perhaps so,” she answered, “but then marrying is a very intricate business; there is so much to be considered. If I take a fancy to anyone the family or the money is sure to be unsuitable; and then I say ‘Aline, life is too good to be spoiled grieving for anyone,’ and then I forget all about it. But if someone comes along who is exactly suitable, and papa says ‘That’s the man,’ then it is all too easy and prosaic to be interesting, with everything done but the marrying, so I say ‘No, I thank you!’ In the winter we live in the city and go to balls and are very gay, but I like the forest better.”

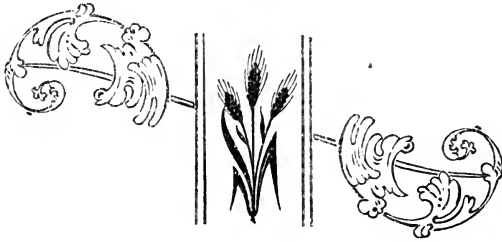
So she talked on while we admired her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. And then we fell to wishing that we could transplant that knight in armor, with the embroidered banners, from the dusky idleness of the Munich Museum and send him riding on a coal-black charger

through the forest to knock with mailed hand at the Seefried-Buttenheim castle, and carry off pretty Aline, despite her nineteenth century father. But for Elwine we could paint no such fancy; good little German maid! broadcloth or regimentals would suit her better.

The air of the forest is blowing in the carriage windows; Ingoldstadt is drawing near. "Good-by," says Aline. "When people talk of California we will say—O, so proudly!—that we know some real Californians, and they are not dangerous at all!"

"Good-by," we replied, laughing; "and we will boast that we know two maids from the German forests, and they endanger every heart they meet."

FRANKLINA GRAY BARTLETT.





*M*IST-VEILED foothills in the distance,  
Ever changing greet our eyes,  
Hills embosomed in warm splendors,  
'Neath the brilliant sunset skies;  
Purple hills where sunbeams linger,  
Lighting mountain tops beyond,  
Always make emotions holy,  
Musings reverent and fond.

Soul, amid the golden poppies,  
Carpeting the lowlands sweet,  
Thou hast found the hidden treasure,  
Mines of Peace, at Gabriel's feet!  
Thrilling promises of beauty  
That shall never fade or wane,  
Hopes immortal, visions radiant,  
Faiths that bud and bloom again!

For we know, though vanished brightness,  
Love's vows hushed, and long farewell;  
Darkness, silence, starless night-time,  
Sunset glories oft foretell  
That, above the cloud-wrapt summits  
And Antonio's bleak, cold crest,  
Power beneficent is planning  
Endless peace, each worn heart's rest.

Life is full of dreams idyllic,  
Realized in the far west;  
Gabriel's silent trumpet summons  
To this wondrous vale God's blest.

MRS. GEORGE DRAKE RUDDY.



**T**HERE has always been a class of human beings, since there has been any civilization, set off to represent an ideal. We call the members of this class gentlewomen. With the ideal attained comes a sense of aloofness; the gentlewoman is a thing apart. Like the lily, she lives on a pinnacle, and, like the lily poised on its stalk, she cannot descend to learn anything about the root of things. She is truly the flower of the ages, and being the finished product of civilization, she is carefully enclosed in a tower of convention, considered necessary on account of her preciousness.

The gentlewoman is the lineal descendant of the Lady of Shalott. Like her prototype in the tower, she is a woman and must know; and, since even window near is too close to the real, there has also been provided for her a mirror, which supplies her safely with information from afar.

This magic looking-glass is called Modern Fiction. The human mind, even though a woman's, may be as large as the world. By looking into her mirror she sees it without coming into contact with it, and at the same time she sees it round.

This characteristic (in the modern novel) of revelation is not exclusively for the gentlewoman. Life is too large for any human to learn by experience all he ought to know, and it is a little hard to assert that the "lady" is the only one to suffer from limitations. The novel is a magic mirror for all mankind.

What a wonderful thing this development of modern literature along the lines of fiction has become! It is an adaptation by this, the most civilized century, of teaching all things by parable. It reveals East to West, the

High to the Low, the shackled and heart-broken to the happy and free. It pictures all lands, all races, all ages. It is a university of morals, a history of action, an encyclopedia of Life. It removes dangerous illusions by picturing things as they are, and so destroys the peril of heart-break; it encourages hope and endeavor by showing life as it ought to be, as it should be, as it must be.

The two eyes of fiction are realism and romance. Through it the lady on her tower sees the "children of the sea;" she learns something of the life of the sailor before the mast, and although a gentlewoman might never wish to be Foc'sle Jack, she can extend to him in his hard life her pity.

She sees the "Gate of the Hundred Sorrows," and she knows about the troubles of the shop girl and the ice man, "The People We Pass."

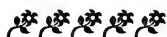
And as the procession, sad or gay, or only dust color, files across the glass, it develops in the gazer sympathy.

When the greatest Teacher of all said: "There was a certain rich man," or "A certain man had two sons," and there followed a picture true and unfading in its imagery, the maker of fiction in this century has but followed in His footsteps, and has drawn pictures and pictures which mirror the whole world and what is therein. So he teaches all things to humanity.

Happy Lady of Shalott! Although it may seem hard work to be a contented gentlewoman, and she may glance at her mirror for amusement merely, yet she can not but learn and learn.

The magic found therein may in time destroy her tower, it may even destroy the conventionalized Ideal of Womanhood; but in the awakening of her sight she may find more than she loses, and the world lived in may be the better for her, as she may be the better for the world.

HARRYET STRONG.



### Compensation

**S**EE, on my hearth the ruddy fire is glowing,  
And with the light just touching her soft hair,  
Half hid by shadows ever deeper growing,  
She waits my coming there.

My heavy load falls from me as I enter,  
All things grow right, I shut outside the gloom,  
And bow before the spell of that sweet presence  
Within my quiet room.

—R. W.



WORLD of music! And what is our musical destiny, expansion or retrogression?

Out of mere wails, shouts, murmurs, impulses—out of fragmentary factors, have come to us through enlarged environment an artistic unity, a perfect figure, form beautiful as sculpture, color warm as painting, a glorious design.

The alpha of music was but a mere letter of the art; vagueness characterized its earliest form, its shadowy beginning. But vagueness would soon be utterly lost in the mist of faint and false impression. Art must have perfect design, perfect form, perfect adaptation as the essence of strong necessity for existence—there must be a certain uniting of elements in a perfect structure.

Unpractical people are apt to look upon music as of little real use, as inferior to all other arts because of its lack of usefulness; its lack in plan of invention. It seems to belong to an ethereal realm where real, earnest, purposeful beings dwell not.

Painting, sculpture, and such arts are the delightful expressions of the environments, and the existence of man; while music is the expression of the nature of man. It is not simply the fanciful dreamings of eccentric spirits—dreamings fairy, mystical, and of fleecy indistinctness.

While its beginning was vague, and while its progress has, from necessity, been slow, it has reached—this glorious art of music—a dignity, force, purpose and plan which impel us toward expansion and a marvelous perfection. It must have force of intellect, effective grouping, artistic weaving of a perfect design, strength, beauty, symmetry of structure that artistic

impulses, feelings, thoughts may be expressed and retained.

Where music exists, *there* is highest civilization. It is in very truth the evangel of civilization. A celebrated scientist has said that hereafter men should not be graded by the color of their skin and hair, and the shape of their skull, but by their capability for improvement. Shall we find a peculiar force in this opinion from the fact that Aguinaldo's band composed entirely of Filipinos ranks as the famous military band of Manila, and has played classic music on the Lunetta ten thousand miles distant from centers of *musical culture*? This band is said to have one bass drum, two snares, a lyre, five tubas, eleven saxaphones large and small, eleven clarinets, eight cornets, one ballad horn, four altos and tenors. Let us bestir ourselves in the interest of Symphony Concerts and Musical Festivals lest far-away Manila, and not Los Angeles, becomes the musical centre of the world.

The allusion to Symphony Concerts recalls the charming season of symphony under the artistic direction of Prof. Harley Hamilton. We are glad to note the deep interest manifested in these concerts by artists and lovers of the art. The symphony concerts of last season were a medium of delightful study in musical classics, and many sought with eagerness the opportunity for a better knowledge of the masterpieces of Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, Wagner and other composers, among the shelves of our fine Public Library. Such research was made easy and interesting by the generous aid of Mrs. Wadleigh and her able assistants. We hope they may post, as were posted last season, lists of books con-

tained in the Library, explanatory of the glorious creations and improvisations of these men of a genius as marvelous and divine as that of Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven. Rich indeed is the programme arranged by Mr. Hamilton for the approaching weeks of orchestral concerts. The interest in these concerts should be intense and substantial. Such enthusiastic, artistic effort for the crystalizing of the *best* musical conditions in Los Angeles should meet with a hearty and prompt response from all who desire the growth and good of the city, for these Symphony Concerts are wonderful factors in a refining education. There are strong signs of an unusual interest in music in our sunny southern home during the winter now approaching.

The Ebell should encourage particularly all efforts toward a higher musical condition within the city gates.

We shall follow with pleasure our "Lark Ellen" on her trip through the British Isles and Scandinavia. To the world she is a sweet singer; to her home friends, a sweet and gracious spirit; and to the forlorn, homeless urchin who shouts each day his "two-for-a-nickel" song, she is a guardian angel with tones seraphic. Many other lands sincerely rejoice, as do we, in "Lark Ellen."

The song and drama often make large hearts. Annie Louise Cary was a sweet friend to the poor and unfortunate; and now Mlle. Emma Calve has built upon her estate at Cambrieres a sanitarium for girls in Milan. Twelve invalids were admitted in August and will be nursed by the nuns of Aguessac. Many noted musicians give generously out of their princely salaries where deserving charity is needed.

Why not encourage musical festival ideas that shall

make possible a yearly convention where we may learn more of oratorio, concert glee, and grand opera? The noted Worcester Festivals bring about a sweeter atmosphere of music, a more generous fraternal sentiment among musicians, and help young people to acquire a taste for the best in the art. The musical convention idea is not a new one; large cities in New England engage in this work once, at least, each year.

The interest in such study is being revived with wonderful vigor at this time. It has reached far-away Norway, and recently, at Bergen, the works of Scandinavian composers were presented and received with great enthusiasm.

Opera, oratorio, and symphony—musical scenes presented with supreme artistic merit by such sweet singers as Nordica, Eames, Patti and others engage the attention of both continents at this season, while more than ever before all, fullest merit and highest excellence demanded.

What wonderful talent has been sent out from far-away Maine—that “stern and rock-bound coast”—so remote from our sunny summer land! Yet amid its chilling blasts, her firesides shut in for days by banks upon banks of snow and sleet, have been nurtured and educated a Nordica, an Eames, a Carey and many others with voice supremely sweet, and a genius divine.

Music is the glorious voice of all creation, an echo from “choirs invisible,” a tone seraphic and divine which must, one day, appeal to *all* races, and to which a musical universe must, one day, respond with joyous note and sweet.

**L**ITTLE Miss Davis dropped into a chair with a look of helpless dismay. The front door had just closed behind her only boarder, and she was left for two weeks to tell his patients that the doctor had gone up into the mountains. Not that she cared so much about that, for she had admitted the new doctor to her home only because her slender purse had demanded some means of recuperation. She could spare him for the fortnight easily enough,—though he was as nice a boarder as one could ask. It was not he that she mourned,—it was what he had left behind him, and she looked up at the sitting-room wall with a groan. She never had wanted that telephone brought into the house.

“At my age,” she had said when he first mentioned it. “At my age, I can’t be expected to take up with new ideas. I don’t like the thing. I am afraid of it. I lived in New England for fifty years before I came to California, and I never saw one of them. Maybe they had ’em in the big towns, but not in *our* place. *We* could do all the talking we needed to without calling in the lightning to help us. They’re dangerous, and I don’t want one in my house.”

“But every physician has to have a telephone, even in a small town like this,” mildly expostulated the doctor.

And at last she had yielded the point, though only with grave apprehensions. The instrument had to be hung upon the sitting room wall, and accordingly she moved her easy rocker out to the dining room. She took a wide circuit whenever she passed it, and she dreamed, night after night that the house had taken fire from the





wires. And now, despite her fears, she was to be left for two mortal weeks alone with this engine of possible destruction, and with the polite request of the doctor constantly upon her conscience.

"If anybody rings me up by the telephone, please tell them I'll be back in a fortnight."

She looked up at the mysterious machine with a face of piteous appeal, but it held up its one arm relentlessly, as if threatening her total extinguishment. And then, to crown her miseries, the bell suddenly began to tinkle.

"Oh, doctor,—Doctor Price," she called, but the doctor had already disappeared.

"I won't go near it!" she thought, defiantly, but fifty-two years of New England training were not to be set aside so easily. Where duty called, the Davises had never flinched before, and her Puritan conscience gave her an excruciating twinge.

"It may be for some poor sick baby," she thought, and with set lips she walked up to the telephone and took down the ear piece as she had seen the doctor do. She expected to hear some piteous appeal, but instead of that a blithe voice was saying:

"Mr. Barr will go too."

She had an indistinct recollection that the doctor had said something about being able to hear everything that was said at Col. Lockwood's, because they used the same wire—whatever that might mean. But she waited a minute, thinking still that she might be needed. Another voice answered:

"Oh, of course, Mr. Barr will be there if you are. That goes without saying," and then came two little laughs.

"One of the Lockwood girls talking to some chum," she thought, as she hung up her 'phone with a distinct feeling of having widened her horizon by several degrees.

In the course of the day Miss Davis discovered that Miss Lockwood talked with her chum a good deal, for the bell jingled assiduously and, prompted by her New England conscience, she attended every jingle, being quite unable to distinguish the bell that was meant for the doctor from the irresponsible tinkle in which a telephone so often indulges.

The next day, however, there was silence, for the Lockwoods had gone to a picnic, and Miss Davis was given ample solitude in which to weave together into a romance the scraps of conversation that she had heard.

"This Mr. Barr seems to be a very nice man, from all that those girls say of him," she reflected, as she busied herself about her breakfast.

"That Lockwood girl, though, is too much of a flirt," she mused, later, as she put the cups away. "She will say things she doesn't mean, and hurt the poor boy's feelings, if she isn't careful."

In the course of a few days she discovered that her prophecy was proving true. Poor Mr. Barr was sailing in troubled waters, and "that foolish Lockwood girl" was making his life wretched in a most scientific manner.

"She'll be sorry some day, poor child," thought Miss Davis, with a backward glance at her own life. In her determination to do her duty by the doctor's patients, it did not occur to her that she was becoming an unpardonable eavesdropper, and her interest in affairs at

Col. Lockwood's great house grew apace. It was the morning before the doctor's return that a most persistent tinkle of the bell took her to the telephone. A most dispirited voice was saying:

"Well, it's all over now."

"And isn't there any door of repentance?" asked the sympathetic chum.

"No. No, indeed. If he would take things in his own hands and act the conquering hero, it would be all right. But he won't do that! I have treated him so dreadfully that I should have to take the first step, and of course that is out of the question. Come up this afternoon, can't you? I feel as if I never wanted to go outside of the house again."

"Yes, I'll come and then we can talk. Nobody can say anything through one of these horrible telephones! Good-bye, Alice, dearie."

Miss Davis hung up her telephone with a look of perplexity. Poor boy,—yes, and poor girl, too! What a pair of children they must be! If there were but some older hand to get things straight for them! She felt almost acquainted with Mr. Barr, for she had heard him talk with Miss Lockwood so often, and she liked his straightforward, manly way. She half resolved to ring him up and tell him all she knew of his sweetheart's state of mind. But then, she reflected that she did not know how to ring anybody up,—and, moreover, the crime of her eavesdropping was just beginning to dawn upon her. She went about her work with an anxious face. What a pity to let two lives be made miserable when a few words might set them right! Her opportunity came, however, sooner than she thought. With

one of the inspired mistakes which the telephone girl at the central office occasionally makes, the doctor's bell rang vigorously.

"Hello," said Mr. Barr's voice, as Miss Davis took down her phone.

"Hello," answered she, with a beating heart.

"Is this Miss Alice?" he asked. And she answered "Yes," in amazement that he should know her name.

"I hardly knew your voice. Have you a cold?" And then the mistake flashed upon her. She was personating Miss Alice Lockwood, to be sure!

"Oh, a dreadful one," she answered, mechanically, wondering what she should do with her newly acquired personality. He went on, in evident embarrassment:

"I—I have gathered up a few things—the letters, and the pin you gave me, and one or two other things,—all I have from you, except the book. I have made them into a package, and will leave them at your house as I pass this afternoon, if you wish. Some one will be at home, of course.

With sudden vivacity, the new Miss Lockwood answered:

"If you call, I shall be at home," and then hung up her telephone, in a panic at her own audacity.

At the other end of the wire, however, young Barr had become suddenly beatified.

"Dear girl, dear girl," he was saying to himself, ecstatically. "She is an angel of forgiveness. I will go and tell her it was all my fault, and I will *make* her fix the day for September instead of January!" And as he rode up to the Lockwood mansion, he certainly wore the air of the conquering hero for whom his remorseful sweetheart had sighed.

In September, indeed, the wedding bells were ringing. As the festive party passed Miss Davis' house, the little spinster, of whose existence they never knew, peeped through the blinds and smiled to herself.

"Who ever thought that I should become a match-maker in my old age," she thought.

CLARA E. HAMILTON.

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## Ebell Notes

Members will find all notice of regular meetings of the society in the bulletin issued last month. No further notices will be sent.

A new section on Wit and Wisdom was been formed under the direction of Mrs. H. W. R. Strong. This section is to study the wit and wisdom of the ages as found in the lives and sayings of various great wits and sages. It is also intended as a relaxation from more serious study and effort. From the number of names already presented, the idea of such a section seems to meet with favor. This section meets the third Thursday of each month.

It is also under discussion to revive the French Section in view of the coming Paris exposition. Further particulars will be given later.

The Ebell appears this month for the first time in its permanent magazine dress. The society hopes to create for it a place among publications of high literary order. This is the ideal toward which we work and no pains will be spared by the society or its officers in rendering it a worthy organ of its literary activity. The cordial greeting accorded this first number is most gratifying to all concerned in its production.

It is  
Like  
This  
The  
Passing  
of the  
Ancestor

**T**HERE are signs of late that ancestral worship as a factor in social dynamics is gradually passing away. One of the surest of these symptoms is the development of the ancestor into a fact; and another, that his name is being kept green by societies. A really robust progenitor heretofore has needed no artificial bolstering of his memory.

There are many reasons advanced for this cruel state of things. One of the first and most plausible seems to be that, as a nation, we have now outgrown the ancestor. He has lingered among us as a social tradition for the sake of the few people who had inherited him and couldn't repudiate their heritage; and on account of others who have acquired him by adoption or purchase, because they thought him fashionable. But now, in the length and breadth of the nation, there are so many whose ancestors are all living, those who are things of the past are becoming forgotten, or diluted, or crowded into out of the way corners. We move about too much to remember "who was who" in the old days.

Furthermore, our ideals are changing. We do not value so highly the deeds that created the ancestor. His usefulness arose in an age when notable achievements were few and were thrown up against a background of medieval darkness, and for which even his descendants were esteemed worthy of honor. But we have changed all that. The ancestor was only moderate as a money-getter; now, when we put up money versus blood, it is money that will tell. And the old orders, the Law, the Army, the Church, the Landed Estate, all bow before the millionaire.

This new substitute in family building is not prov-

ing a great success; he guarantees no exclusiveness that will be respected. Among the millionaires the next comer to the ranks may rise by the pick, or a flight in the stock market; and, unfortunately, a new million is as effective in power as an old one. No; the old order has passed away when the flower of ancestral aristocracy, exclusiveness, is destroyed.

We now live in an age when achievement is cheap. This diminishes our respect for the past, and also gives little hope for the future. When everybody can have a first-class ancestor in a generation or two, why treasure anything that will soon become so common?

This is the same objection raised by a certain class against popular education: "If anyone can read and do sums, or even go to college, wherein do *I* achieve distinction for the knowledge I have so painfully acquired?"

After careful consideration of the subject, it must be admitted that the outlook for the genuine ancestor is grave. He has always been a thing of the past, as it were; but now, when there is so much of him living, a really dead one will, in a short time, only evoke a mild species of curiosity, and then indeed will the end come in spite of fads and associations. F.

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The questions asked here will have a bearing upon perverted or misunderstood facts, and those answers that are closest to the fact will be given in this department from month to month. Art is supposed to represent things, not as they are, but as they seem to be; Law is traditional custom; Science, classified knowledge; Money, a medium of Exchange; Genius, "unceasing toil, per-

petual painstaking;" "The philosophy of all success depends upon it."

#### IS IT ALL LIKE THIS ?

1. What is the inspiration of Art?
2. Is "Quo Vadis" an attack on Christianity?
3. Is Law for the benefit of the majority, or is it to protect the minority?
4. What does money represent?
5. What is the distinct charm in "Hugh Wynne"?

Send answers to B. D., care of Editorial Department of The Ebell, by the 10th of November. Make them short and concise. Give full name of the writer, which will be known only to the B.D.



## Among the Books

**A**Ll SUMMER the reading public, tucked away in shady mountain nooks or by the murmuring sea, has been devouring whatever author or publisher could provide to please its palate. History, poetry fiction, magazines, were served in rapid succession. But it is a voracious animal, this reading public, and no sooner has it deserted beach and mountain and betaken itself to winter quarters than once more it raises the old familiar cry, "What shall we read?"

Well, what shall we read, to make our winter evenings pass pleasantly? The book store windows and library shelves will answer this question. Suppose we go over them together.

For the lover of romance and adventure there is Anthony Hope, the prince of romancists—two new pub-



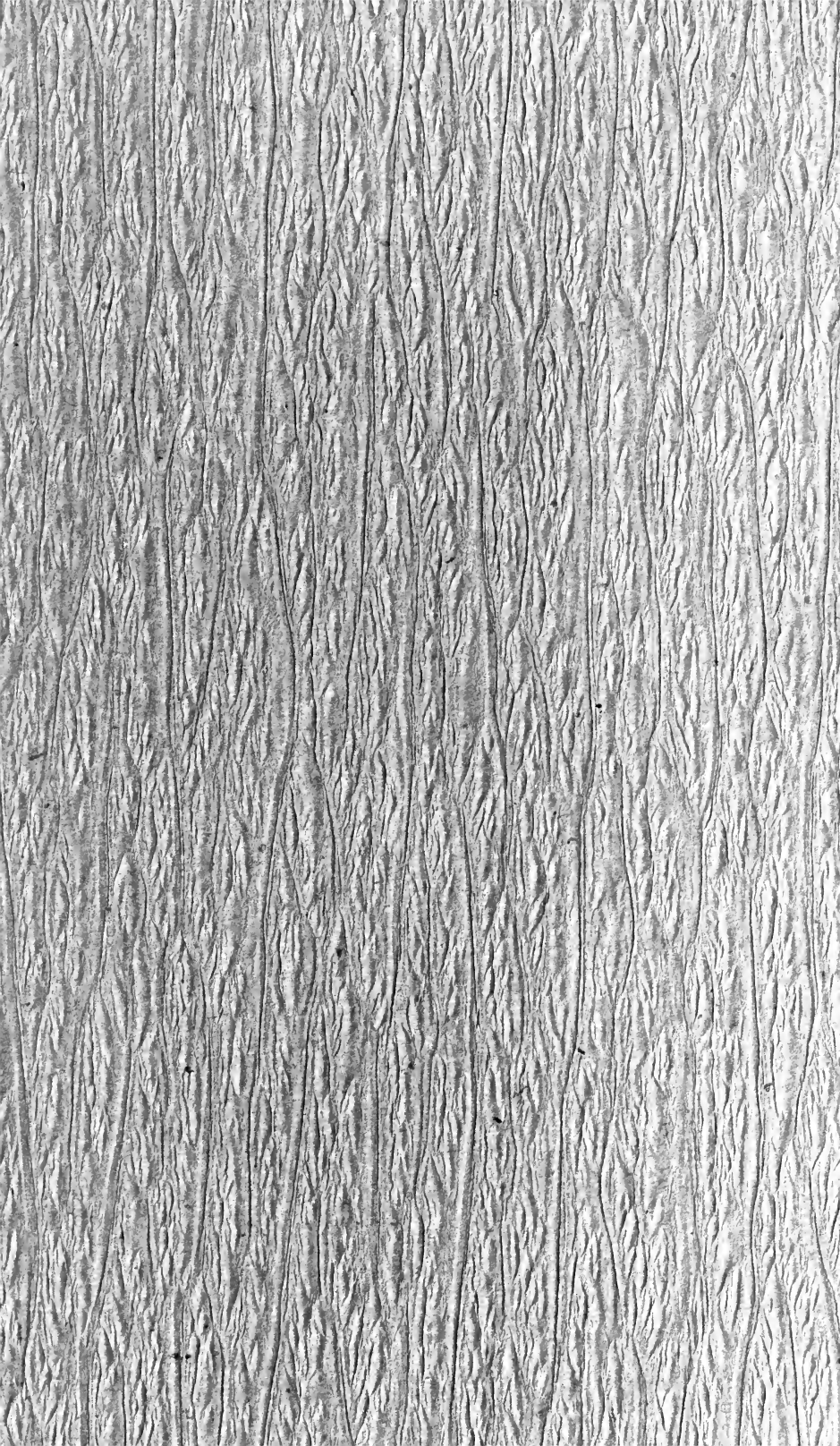
lications, "Rupert of Hentzau" and "Simon Dale." "Rupert of Hentzau," with all its engaging appearance, is a disappointment. Those who carry in mind a warm and loving memory of the idyllic romance of "Rudolph and Flavia," with its pathetic but perfect climax, are tempted to exclaim as they run through the pages of "Rupert," "Why will authors write sequels to successful books!" For the Rupert of the sequel is no longer the gallant, if reckless, favorite of fortune, who yet values his honor above his happiness, the man who says "The king shall do no wrong." Nor is Flavia that sweetest of princesses whose glorious Elphberg hair crowns all that is noblest in woman. The whole tone of the book has dropped. We are inclined to think that Mr. Hawkins was hard pressed for plot and ideas, and a book which would have roused an interest of its own as an independent production is distinctly unsatisfactory in its effort to continue a popular romance. "Simon Dale," however, is a story of adventure written with much of the swing and dash of Mr. Hawkins' best mood. It deals with the days of Charles II. in England, and pictures the adventures of the young and gallant Simon at that corrupt but brilliant court. Nell Gwynne is a prominent figure in these pages and is drawn with much skill. Both books are now being dramatized and will be seen in this country during the winter.

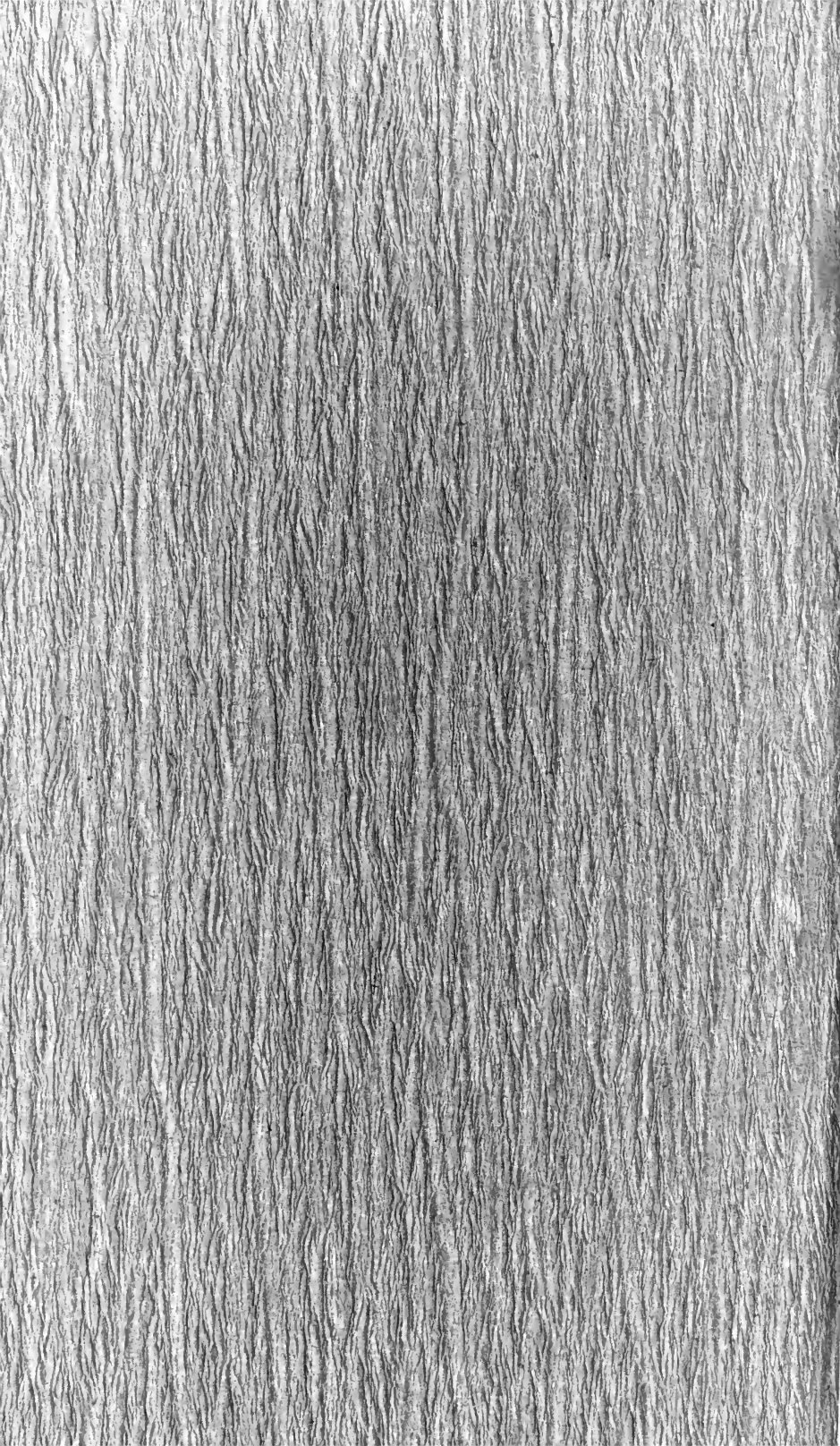
Other interesting books for the lover of romance are Stanley Weyman's tale of "The Castle Inn," lately running through Munsey, and "Rodney Stone," by Conan Doyle, both pictures of English high life in the picturesque dress of a past century. An old favorite still holds a prominent place on the shelves, "The Courtship of

Morrice Buckler," one of the best of the stories of adventure also being dramatized for presentation in the near future.

Of a different order, but full of merit, is F. Hopkinson Smith's new book, "Caleb West." This is a further study of that sturdy, self-respecting type of laborer so well portrayed in "Tom Grogan." Mr. Smith's character drawing is always notable, and this book forms no exception. Amusing to the point of absurdity is John Kendrick Bangs' new publication, "Ghosts I Have Met." A most astonishing array of spectres is this with whom he claims acquaintance, and the appalling situations into which he and the spectres are entrapped, with the ludicrous complications thereby ensuing, must be read to be appreciated. An idle half hour will be pleasantly passed with these ghosts. Still further investigation reveals a new book by Mrs. Ward, which is receiving very favorable mention; also "The Forest Lovers," by Maurice Hewlett," is attracting some notice, and "Madam of the Ivies," by E. P. Train.

What further literary pleasures the winter has in store for us will doubtless be revealed in the near future. There is no doubt that good fiction and plenty of it may be expected. The war has not yet received its due meed of attention from our writers. Who will give us the great war novel, the great war epic?





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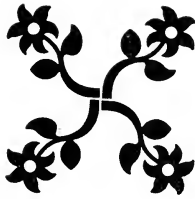
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PEACE ON EARTH. GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

**C**LUB study predicates a breadth of range that belongs to maturity of mind. It is not elementary—in the sense of piecing out a defective education; it is not for entertainment of desultory character, nor for superficial accomplishments. It is not for exploitation of doctrines and fads that take the popular fancy. It means a wider knowledge of existing conditions; a deeper sense of our relations to them; a broader grasp of the totality of *living*. It is a search for the *best* in nature, art, in books, in life; for the underlying unity—the interdependence of all human interests; for knowledge and use of knowledge that develops equally, character and intellect. It is “scientific, sympathetic investigation,” the meaning of which may be explained in few and simple words,—to know things in their relation to one another. It is this sense of proportion, perchaps, so many of us lack; this tendency to substitute “a part for the whole” that brings reproach upon our working methods. Club work is the study of nature and life as unfolded by science; the grasp of impressionism on the causes of growth and development; a conception of the true meaning of evolution and the change it has produced in education. The searchlight of science has given new strength to our vision, and right perspective to our heritage. We are learning the wisdom of selection from the vast accumulation of tradition. If we have lost a little in reverence for the old forms we have gained in infinite appreciation of the substance. “It is one sign of progress,” says a writer, “when a generation ceases to imitate the ways of a past generation.” Surely this spirit of “inquiry and experiment” which has been the dominant spirit of a century more fraught with change,

discovery, invention and humanization than a previous millenium, is a spirit we can safely foster in our working theories in Ebell.

To know things in their relation to one another! To study Art and Science and Ethics from commanding points of view does not limit the work to one time or one race. "All great ideas," says Benjamin Kidd, "have been the products of time rather than of individuals." When we get far enough away from our work to recognize the provincialism of *one* point of view we will have learned the vital part of what we seek,—to know history, not as a catalogue of events, a biography of individuals, a disconnected record of warfare, but a study of social growth and nation-building, following in natural sequence; a comparison and identification of our own times with all times. We measure our progress over the line of our advancement. Something of this unity of common interests is understood if we reflect as John Fiske says "upon the enormous place in human history which is filled by the products of Athenian intellectual activity during two centuries; when we reflect that the foundations of exact science, of aesthetic art in all its branches, of historic and literary criticism, and of free political discussion were then and there forever securely laid; when we consider the widely ramifying influences of this intense productivity upon Roman ethics and jurisprudence, upon the genesis of Christianity, upon the lesser Renaissance of the thirteenth century and the greater Renaissance of the fifteenth; when we see how inseparably the life of Athens runs as a woof through the entire web of European life down to our own times." Herein lies the value of studying things in their relation

to one another. Social interests are strands of an intricate network that gathers in the whole of human kind.

To know the history of Art; not in detached or isolated periods, nor in the limitations of individual creations, but in its relationship to Nature, to Religion, to Civilization, and in its changing ideals in different stages of culture. We may not know the joy of creation, but we may know the delight of cultured appreciation. To study art, not to talk of pictures and artists, but to learn the lesson of harmony in our surroundings. Art is the aesthetic record of nations, and we recognize its purpose when we bring intelligent sympathy to its understanding.

To know literature that is abiding; "for to know anything that turns up," says Frederic Harrison, "is, in the infinity of knowledge, to know nothing." To know the rank of Science, Philosophy, Poetry and Fiction, the Thought that stands above the century of its birth, because it thrills in touch with all of human kind. It was this fellowship that made the masterpieces of the Greeks; it was this kinship of feeling between the race and the man that made the glory of the Renaissance—to know things in their relation to one another.

With the same wideness of view to know the relation of study to *use*. An aesthetic conscience is a good thing to develop in a club, but there is equal need of an ethical one. It means study at first hand of social, industrial and civic conditions; knowledge of things which most closely concern our lives and homes; not my home, nor your home alone, but all homes where men and women are striving for footing against the stress of life. If "the highest ideal of civilization is homes presided

over by enlightened womanhood," then we must know not only the things that dignify and beautify, but the things that menace homes; and these are too often the weapons of ignorance in woman's own hands. We must fit ourselves to protect those homes. In the knowledge of weakness lies capacity for strength.

We may expect ideal club results when club women fully grasp the meaning of reciprocity; the wisdom of co-operation. Loyalty to club interests involves self-sacrifice, sacrifice of individual opinions and desires to social welfare. The beauty of giving, the fineness of receiving are still uncertain factors in much of our work.

With the influx of social and civic problems, however, comes the uplifting of the club horizon. Blind sentiment and rant are giving place to intelligent action. The most conservative organizations are adjusting their work to changing environment. Active membership projects beyond the scope of books and newspapers. The practical interest in economics, the thoughtful work in all departments of social science, speaks with conclusive proof of the nature of this great movement.

The ends of study are not in erudition, nor bound in the shallows of self-interest. "Development," says Spencer, "does not end in family affection. Civilization advances because sympathy widens beyond self, beyond family, beyond tribe." Women of culture do not hesitate to consider any subject that tends to self-improvement and the betterment of humanity. Culture is a many-sided development; an expansion of heart as well as brain. It is fine selection, assimilation. Like art it may be forced, lose its vitality and dwindle into selfish intellectuality; but broad, generous culture, full of the

light of joyous living, is active, using, sharing, giving with largeness, and receiving with largeness. Culture implies wisdom, virtue. "Wisdom," David Star Jordan says, "is knowing what to do next; virtue is doing it." The spirit of the woman's club is democratic. Let the work it does be as broadly democratic. To belong to a nation whose racial characteristics are rooted in the ethics of centuries entails responsibility in proportion.

The power of Ebell for good is in like proportion to the breadth of its work. It has been said of the English that they are the people who not only recognize to the fullest their opportunities, but also their obligations.

Let us remember this in club work: To know the relation of study to *use*; to know all things in their relation to one another.

JEANNE W. FLINT.



**H**ONOLULU!—the very name brings to the imagination visions of a fairy land, which has crept so close to us that now it is at our very door, and what a few years since seemed a vague country floating somewhere in the Pacific is now a part of the great domain over which the Stars and Stripes act as sentinel.

The traveller seeing this country for the first time is astonished at the grandeur and luxuriance of the vegetation, the marvellous and ever changing color of the sea, the soft and fragrant air, and the refreshing showers which keep the landscape perpetually green. If you happen to be out in one of these downpours you will think it is only a make-believe rain, for the sun goes on shining and the people go on strolling as if nothing unusual was taking place. But the rain in Hawaii seems to be as liquid as anywhere else, and spoils your best clothes and gives you malaria. As a reward for this state of affairs, look about you and see the wonderfully beautiful rainbows, here, there, everywhere, until it seems as if the Heavens must declare to the children of men that, especially in these islands, the promise of God was still remembered.

The modern city of Honolulu is full of interest. Beautiful homes line the streets, with well-kept grounds full of magnificent foliage plants, each leaf of which seems to have its own individuality, so brilliant and varied is the coloring. Here and there one sees the banyan tree, whose branches extend to such a length that they fall to the ground and take root, forming a dense mass curious to behold.

The drives are delightful, that to Waikiki being the



the favorite. A sleepy mule car snails along the delightful road and gives one plenty of time to admire the beauties on every side. To the right is a cocoanut grove, the trees of which are fifty years old; to the left a banana plantation, loaded with fruit, a bunch of which you can buy for fifteen cents. Count them, and you will find over a hundred for this sum. Rice fields, with Chinamen up to their knees in water cultivating the small shoots;



A NATIVE FEAST

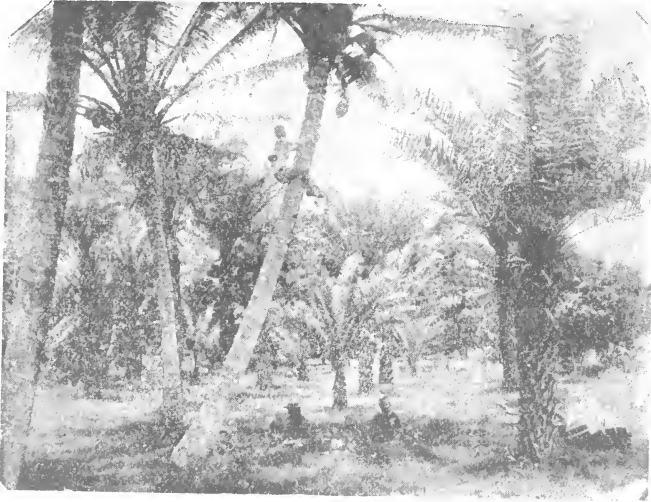


coffee trees, with their pretty glossy leaves; and at last the beautiful beach, where the water is warm and refreshing. Huge trees grow close to its edge, and handsome villas nestle everywhere. One of the greatest charms about these homes is the "lanai," or enclosed porch, which is fitted up as a general sitting room. Venetian blinds keep out the sun and heat, cosy corners are fitted up with soft couches and dainty pillows; a hammock, low table and chairs add to the comfort. This is where the family live and receive their friends, taking afternoon tea or sitting in the cool of the evening, singing the quaint, weird songs of the natives.

The stranger in Honolulu is sure of receiving a cordial welcome, for the hospitality of this gem of cities is proverbial, and whether you pass a native with his greeting of "Aloha," or meet a transplanted American, you feel that you are truly welcome in this land of the afternoon.

By chance you may be invited to a luai, or native feast, and there you will see the native in his true element. The place selected is a shady glen, where the ferns grow to a mammoth size and a silvery stream dances over rocks and rills. The men make a fireplace of stones, in which they heap up sticks, dry grass and anything available. When the embers are almost at a white heat, a huge fish wrapped in many layers of ti leaves is buried in the coals and allowed to bake an hour. The women in the meantime have laid a large grass mat upon the ground and on it placed the poi bowls, one for each person, filled to the brim with the native food. Mangoes, bananas, alligator pears, live shrimps and a relish made of the kukui nut, to be eaten with the fish, which by this

time is well cooked, are heaped upon the mats. A more delicious repast it would be difficult to find. Each one of the company has brought a grass mat to sit upon, they all fall to with great gusto, eating everything with their fingers, popping the live shrimps into their mouths, talking, laughing, without a thought of care or trouble, free as the air they breathe, poor in purse but proud in spirit.



In contrast to these simple native feasts are the receptions given by the wealthy Americans, the most elaborate, perhaps, being the one yearly given by President Dole. There you will meet many distinguished people, the ladies costumed in the daintiest of Parisian gowns, the gentlemen either in military or evening dress. The Marine Band discourses sweet music, tropical plants abound in profusion, and the splash of fountains mingles with the voices of well-bred people. Surely this might be Washington, not Honolulu.

Such is the Hawaii of to-day; a lovely, restful abode, far away from the turmoil and bustle of our great cities. Go there where while yet this simplicity exists, drink in the beauties and wonders which no pen can describe, and listen to that plaintive native air:

“One fond embrace, aloahoe,  
Until we meet again.”

LOUISE Y. PRATT.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

**W**HAT gifts, dear Father Time,  
Hast in thy hand for me?"  
The child pleads eagerly,  
Lifting a face where sunrise glories rift—  
"What gift, what Christmas gift?"

The kind All-Father smiles:  
"I give thee present joy,  
Songs, flowers and sunny days,  
Fullness of life, that pleasure may not cloy."

"What gift, old Father Time,  
Hast in thy hand for me?"  
The youth cries cheerily,  
With flashing eyes where dreamy shadows shift,  
"What gift, what Christmas gift?"

The grave All-Father smiles:  
"A bold and daring heart,  
High hopes and History's page,  
Where men, for good or ill, have played their part."

"What gift, stern Father Time,  
Hast in thy hand for me?"  
The man asks anxiously;  
"So much I want, thy flight is all too swift—  
What gift, what Christmas gift?"

The stern All-Father smiles:  
"For thee, a world to sway;  
Sharp tests of manhood's strength;  
A woman's love to light thee on thy way."

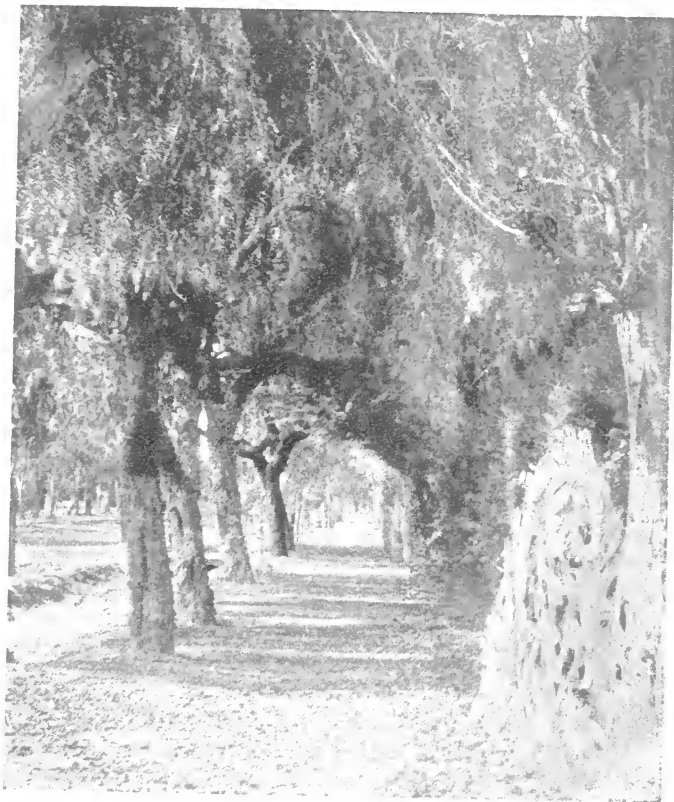
“What gift, gray Father Time,  
Hast in thy hand for me?”  
The sage asks wearily,  
With wrinkled face where twilight shadows drift;  
“What gift, what Christmas gift?”

The gray All-Father smiles:  
“I give thee of my best;  
Tried friends, good memories,  
A few more quiet days, and then—thy rest.”

R. W.



# Driftwood



A VILLAGE ROAD

Lives which like driftwood by current tost  
Rest at last on alien coast.

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I.

**T**HERE are roads *and* roads in this world, as none will care to deny. Some are practical one-ideaed thoroughfares, their only purpose in existence that of leading the traveler to his destination. Such affect backyards, and delight in prosaic surroundings, are indifferent of shade trees and are unobservant of such wayside charms as fate thrusts upon them.

But the one which forms the artery of this story was an aimless vagrant among roads. It began suddenly with no especial object, in the midst of a treeless plain, whose undulating vastness was as blue and unbroken as a summer sea; and it ended in front of a great white house which obstinately barred its progress. It is true, a lane led off here at right angles to join the dusty county road, which reached by direct and serious means a bustling town three miles distant; but *the* road clearly ended at the square white house. Its brief mile of green and lovely length was known as "The Village," although the houses by the way were so hidden behind walls of cypress and interlacing orange branches as to be almost lost to sight. The store and the blacksmith shop were the two uncompromising facts of "The Village." Planted exactly on the roadside; the first neat, prosperous, with an unblinded row of windows staring up and down the street, giving a much-appreciated power of observation to the brisk, grey-haired little woman who reigned within. But the shop, grimy, unpainted, dilapidated, was



the one unsightly thing in "The Village." A double row of plume pepper trees bordered the road, shading and over-arching neat sidewalks which loitered past vineyards and orange orchards, fringing away to the south until they met the plain, while to the north they extended to the hills which formed the lowest bench of range after range of mountains rising in purple majesty against the sky.

Ten years before this story opens, this fair valley had been an untilled plain, forming part of a great Spanish Rancho. The coyote and wild cat disputed its solitudes at night; bands of sheep and horses guided by mounted Mexicans, swarthy of face, heavy of brow, roamed about its plains nibbling low the sweet alfileria grass which the scant winter rains brought to life. Twenty-five miles away, the ranch house, rambling, well-walled, hospitable, crowned a hill and fed itself upon the fatness of its possessions. The *dolce far niente*, whose sweetness can alone be well tasted by the languid southern tongue, brooded over the valley and inspired its life. The wheat and corn were ground between two stones; the earth was barely scratched to plant the grain; the vineyard on the hillside bore grapes whose luscious blood was trampled out by bare-legged boys, to the subsequent befuddlement of their lazy progenitors. Beautiful and idle was life under these southern skies, until that "race of the future," the active, restless, wealth-acquiring Anglo-Saxon, invaded the peaceful El Dorado. Then began the old story, enacted in so many quarters. The Mexicans grew poorer, sold their land for ruinous prices, withdrew to their ranch houses and hill-set adobe villages, and the valley blossomed forth in widespread vine-

yards and in thrifty towns whose inhabitants spoke of their predecessors with undisguised contempt.

In the hurry of money-making and the smoke of factories the Village had no part. It was exclusive and aristocratic in its tastes, not that all its inhabitants were either rich or well educated—far from that—but they were honest and respectable and able to give a clear account of themselves and their antecedents to Mrs. Foss, the storekeeper and autocrat of the Village, who kept a sort of Americanized book of heraldry; and woe betide the man or woman against whose name was written “Doubtful,” or something worse. The wealth of the Village lay in fruit, and it was justly proud of the car loads of oranges, lemons, limes, prunes and raisins which were sent away from its orchards and vineyards. But is not that the poetry of money-making, incomparably to be preferred to mere vulgar traffic!

So at least thought Mrs. Foss, as she sat by the window of the large kitchen back of the store, knitting and casting occasional glances up the street. It was a balmy afternoon in early spring, the flowers were blooming, the birds nest-building. In the neat kitchen, which also served the purpose of dining and sitting-room, the stillness was only broken by the ticking of the clock and the rapid click of swiftly moving knitting needles. A look of excitement was, however, visible in Mrs. Foss’s face, and she occasionally murmured “Well, I declare!” as though surprise must find expression. A musical bell broke presently upon the silence, and almost immediately a sound of voices and laughter echoed through the trees. “There’s the school bell,” said Mrs. Foss, rising. “I might as well go in the store, for some of the children

are sure to come in. How do you do, Ruth? I suppose you came for that package?"

"Yes, Mrs. Foss, and I want some sewing silk to match this sample," returned the rosy-cheeked girl, who, accompanied by two others, had entered the store.

"And I want a pound of crackers," said the second.

"Which will you take first, crackers or silk?" asked Mrs. Foss testily. "I can't get both at once."

"Either you please," returned the first girl, laughing and swinging herself to a seat on the counter, while Mrs. Foss looked at her with marked disapproval. "Now, don't frown at me so or I'll not tell you the news."

Mrs. Foss's brow relaxed somewhat.

"It is not becoming a girl to sit on a store counter, and your pa wouldn't like it," she said. "I suppose your news is about Sycamore Cottage?"

"No, it is about the new teacher. She came to school to-day, and she's just lovely, isn't she, girls?"

"Yes, she is, but she looks as if she hadn't courage to say boo to a goose," said her companion. "She'll have a hard time of it with those boys."

"Do tell! Now, she must have rented Sycamore Cottage," said Mrs. Foss, standing, silk in hand. "I wonder, now!"

"How dreadfully wicked of her," said the girl on the counter, mischief twinkling in her very bright eyes. "Why, I thought the teachers always boarded with you, Mrs. Foss?"

"And so they did, Ruth; but I suppose this house isn't good enough for your fine new teacher."

"Then we'll wait on her in a body and tell her nobody can teach our young ideas who is not fed on your

beef and mutton," said Ruth, jumping down. "Come on, girls. Good-bye, Mrs. Foss."

"That girl is no better than a wild Indian," said Mrs. Foss, looking after her. "I think I'll get Sarah to tend store awhile, and just walk around to Sycamore Cottage and take a look."

The good genius which presides over the fate of country school teachers was singularly remiss in his duty this lovely spring day, for just as Mrs. Foss, already rather irate, approached the cottage, a dray was standing in front of the gate, and some men were unpacking an unusually handsome piano and a satin lounging chair. What more was needed to condemn, unheard, a school mistress who refused to follow in the steps of her predecessors! "An idle miss, who plays on a piano and lies around in a satin chair reading novels," thought Mrs. Foss. The new teacher's fate was sealed. She was an objectionable person to introduce into a community, and the sooner she was made to feel it the better. How often is the balance of Fate tipped by so light a thing!

Sycamore Cottage stood well back from the road, overhung by grand old trees which gave it its name. These trees were all the more beautiful from contrast between their massive age and the youth of all about them. They were dotted in groups here and there all over the valley, and none more beautiful than these which shaded this little grey cottage and by their height made it appear so diminutive. Within the house were four neatly papered rooms; the floor was covered with matting, and at the windows a stout, middle-aged woman was hanging muslin curtains. In the satin lounging chair, just placed in the room, sat the new teacher. She was

dressed in deep mourning, which, added to the effect of light brown hair and a delicate complexion, gave her an appearance of extreme youth and fragility. Yet her lithe, strong figure, rather above middle height, disproved any tendency to ill health, and the well poised head and firm mouth bespoke her a person of positive convictions and independent actions. If her eyes had been less changefully dark, hers would have been a face to be satisfactorily read and decided upon at once; but, as it was, her restless glance seemed to hint at something at variance with the calm mouth and clear, low voice. At present she is resting from the labor of setting her tiny house at rights, and is languid and flushed.

"Therese," she said presently, and it was a surprise in this far western village to hear her speak in pure, rapid French, "the curtains are a mistake. They will look pretty and cool, but there are no shutters and we will have to buy shades, so the expense is doubled."

"But madame could never live with those ugly windows staring at her with nothing to hide them! To teach those dreadful children all day, and then have nothing pretty to look at at home—that shall not be. I will sell eggs to buy shades."

"But you have no chickens yet, Therese. Where will you get eggs?" said the lady, laughing.

"Madame has but to wait; the hens will be obtained." Madame seems to have often waited before, for she drops the subject with a little sigh and closes her eyes. Two tears creep from beneath the lashes and drop on the satin chair. Therese, seeing this, shrugs her broad shoulders impatiently, and opens conversation with a new topic.

"Did madame find the school more dreadful than she expected?"

"Oh, no! not at all," says her mistress, rousing herself. "The boys and girls are older than I thought, but that is all the better. They seemed someway rather astonished at me. I think I shall have to fix my hair differently, so as to look older."

"You'll get old fast enough with all this trouble," said Therese, with a cough, which was not far from a sob. "There, those curtains will do."

And so, indeed, they would; for the French woman had knotted them back with red ribbons, and their dainty whiteness was fair to look upon. At one side stood the beautiful piano, with a quaint sconce above it filled with candles; the satin chair was placed between the windows commanding a view between the trees, of a quiet road and a far range of mountains. A red draped table occupied the centre of the room.

"You shall have your dinner at once," said Therese, hurrying out, but pausing after closing the door quietly, to wring her hands and shake her head until her white cap trembled. Then changing expression, with an alacrity wonderful to see, went into the bare little kitchen and began her preparations for dinner.

## II.

Mrs. Barton was working in her garden, if occasionally using a toy hoe, and gathering a heavy-headed rose could be called work. Her broad hat shaded an open, white brow and kindly eyes. She was humming a song, pausing now and then to listen to a yellow-breasted bird poised upon a tree among the oranges. A high cypress hedge shut the garden in from the road,

and the low, rambling house which sat in the midst with outstretched wings like a brooding hen, had its verandas overhung with a tangled mat of honeysuckle and evergreen Australian pea vine. A sturdy palm tree and a ragged clump of bananas gave a semi-tropic aspect to the place. The roses held carnival everywhere! even the lower arms of a huge sycamore tree were garlanded with Lamarques, and the white and yellow Banksias stretched their downy bloom to the very roof of the house. A Giant of Battles, eight feet high, held aloft a coronal of intense glowing red, which seemed to burn against a background of dark green hedge. Mrs. Barton went about among her flowers, caressingly, as though each one were a friend; she wound up the drooping tendrils of a vine; picked dead leaves from the plants; stooped to smell the rich perfume of a hyacinth; and brushed a cluster of yellow roses against her cheek.

Had those of Mrs. Barton's friends, who often wondered wherein lay her indescribable charm, seen her at this moment they would have understood that it sprang from the divine content which shone in her face. She was so joyfully thankful for all the blessings which filled her life that she strove constantly to share with others her happiness; and sorrow for her was ever brightened by remembered sunshine. Among other things, she was very grateful that she was an uncommonly attractive woman, not pretty in the usual sense—she would not have cared at all for that—but comely to look upon in a way which opened all hearts to her and smoothed many difficulties from her path. Confusion and discord fled her calm presence; her graceful tact guided her safely past the shoals and breakers of social life; and if she did

have a decided taste for managing the affairs of those who fell under her sway, she did it so gently and skilfully that this was altogether to her credit. And nowhere did she display these talents more charmingly than in her home, that crucial test of every woman's character. The house which she presently entered, with her hands full of flowers, abundantly attested this fact. The door opened through a curtained vestibule into a large irregular room with recessed windows looking upon the broad verandas. Pictures hung upon the softly tinted walls; book shelves filled the angles; comfortable chairs pushed wherever the last occupant chose to face; a table upholding a great bowl of brilliant flowers; a workstand in a window with an open book upon it—a room strongly marked with the personality of its owners.

Mrs. Barton did not stop here, but passed on to what proclaimed itself at a glance as "Mother's room." A corner devoted to toys, a table covered with a nondescript collection of special treasures; the easy chair drawn to a window with a basket of "mending" beside it; a small bed, curtained daintily in blue and white, all told of little people who found this the home spot of all the world.

"What! wide awake Ned?" said Mrs. Barton, lifting from the crib a rosy, blue-eyed boy, a year old, who clasped his dimpled arms around her neck and began a series of inarticulate cluckings and gurglings. "What a sweet story, Ned; mother understands every word of it," said Mrs. Barton with a laugh as merry as the baby's. "Come and be dressed now before Papa comes."

The little gentleman's toilet occupied but a few minutes; and just as the last golden curl was adjusted



about the white brow, the sound of wheels and voices came in through the open windows.

“Oh! Mamma, we have such lovely flowers,” cried an active, nine-year-old boy, as Mrs. Barton came out on the veranda, Ned in her arms. “And Papa tried to get the anemone roots, but they broke off and I don’t believe they’ll grow, and Jack has a horned toad and Ethel is afraid of it.”

“Gently, my son, or you will tell all the news in one breath,” said Mr. Barton, who, having lifted a little girl from the light wagon and watched his second son roll out behind and arrive without injury on the ground, gave the reins to a servant and turned toward the group on the porch. He took off his hat and gloves as he came up the steps,—a tall, black-bearded man, with lustrous dark eyes, which rested admiringly on his wife, as she stood among the flecking vine shadows, the fair-haired baby in her arms, and a joyful welcome in her face. They had been married ten years and yet the romance of their honeymoon was fresh between these two; his coming was happiness to her; her presence was peace to him.

“Fair and fresh as the spring day,” he said, putting his arm around her and placing Ned upon his shoulder. “We missed you dreadfully, little Mother, and Arthur has told you the sad truth—the anemones are a failure.”

“How clumsy you must have been to have broken the roots! Was the trowel so dull?”

“Arthur broke the trowel shying it up a tree at an owl, so we dug the flowers with a stick,” said Jack, ever ready to speak. “But never mind, Mamma, I’ll give you my toad. He’s a beauty and you can keep him in a box

under your bed. That's where Harry Thompson keeps his."

"So I have lost my trowel, my flowers, too," said Mrs. Barton, half vexed, half laughing.

"Arthur shall buy another trowel out of his own money, and the first day I can get off we will go to the hills again, and take Mamma with us," said Mr. Barton; "now be off, boys, and get ready for supper." He stepped in through one of the low windows as he spoke. He looked tired as he sat down, and his wife noticed it at once. "Run Ethel and call nurse to take Ned," she said, and then drew a low seat to his side. "Now tell me your adventures."

"Well, strange to say, we did not have one adventure, which does not often happen when you are not along. Just as we left the wagon to look for the flowers, we saw a tall, slender figure ahead which Arthur informed me was 'the new teacher.' She was standing quite still with her back to us and seemed to be lost in thought. Imagine my surprise to see our little, timid Ethel run to her at once and cry 'How do you do?' The lady stooped, and put her arm around her and knelt talking to her with a smile, until she caught a glimpse of me, and then she rose with such a look of reserve that the change was puzzling. 'Come see, Papa,' cried Ethel, but she withdrew her dress gently from the child's grasp and with a slight bow passed on. What a contrast to the fat country girl who reigned last over the youthful ideas! Where did she come from?"

Mr. Barton stopped abruptly, seeing that his wife was smiling.

"As enthusiastic as ever over a pretty face," she said, "the traditional 'school marm' is an ogre in your

eyes, and yet this one is forgiven even that occupation for a graceful bow. 'Frailty, your name is' indeed man!"

Mr. Barton laughed heartily, and repeated his question.

"I haven't seen Mrs. Foss since this lady's arrival, so I know very little about her. Ethel made her acquaintance at the Post Office one morning, and has talked with her through the hedge once or twice. Her maid, a portly French woman, came here yesterday to ask if I had any fine laces which needed mending or washing, and made the startling proposition that I should pay her in chickens. She looked so eager that I took her to the hen house, and she picked out a rooster and two hens, with great deliberation; but refused my offer to let her take them at once. 'Je pay first, take apres,' she said, with an impartial mixture of French and English, so I gave her some laces, and she went away with many bows. I really hadn't the courage to ask her any questions, she looked so unapproachable, and so much afraid she might say something."

The supper bell here interrupted the conversation, and the father, mother and children gathered around the pretty, flower-decked table. It was their simple family custom that standing around the evening meal they sang the time-honored benediction—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Passers by often heard the sweet words floating out upon the twilight, and looked through the unshaded windows upon the lovely group. Strife and discord flee such a home, where Almighty Love inspires the life which is a type of that within the Many Mansions.

FRANKLINA GRAY BARTLETT.

(*To be continued.*)



(Fragments from a girl's letter to her fiance. His reply and her decision).

### THE WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

"I expect you to love me just so long as I am interesting to you and not one moment longer—as I with you. I expect you to be loyal to me always, because you promised and you keep your word; I expect you to be courteous to me because you are a gentleman, and tender because all manly men are gentle to the weak, women and little children and dogs. Expecting all these things I trust myself to you with no fear for the future, and because you are you. As for love, that is only the beginning. The other things make life possible. That you should love always is more than I dare hope."

### THE MAN'S LOGIC.

"Since you doubt the permanency of my feeling for you, and only promise to be true to me as long as I am "interesting," you can call the thing off now. When the time comes later, it might be a little awkward—for you."

### THE GIRL'S REFLECTION.

"He is not most of the things I thought him, but he is the best I have met; and if I do not marry him I may not any one. I think I will take for granted the "durability" of his affection, and let it go at that."

HARRYET R. STRONG.

## OUR SEMI-TROPIC WINTER.

**W**INTER is with us, and he whispers low,  
In fragrant words through all the winds that blow;  
How bright the blossoms which his fond lips press,  
How smile the buds his tender hands caress!  
His glorious skies are sapphire-like and fair,  
Bird songs have not a single note of care;  
Golden the wings the butterfly doth spread,  
And rainbowed those of bee and fly o'erhead.  
Earth breathes a psalm from blossom, bud and tree,  
And the grand mountains lift their symphony  
To stars and winds, to bending sky which leans,  
Touching their shoulders, while their silver streams  
Are like the voice of music in our dreams.

I catch the lily's scent, the roses sweet  
Pave with their perfume pathways for my feet;  
The palms drop shadows cool upon the grass,  
The green vines nod unto me as I pass;  
The cricket's chirp sounds merry to my ear,  
The humming bird is sipping nectar near,  
Poised on the edge of honeysuckle's bloom,  
Bathed in the sunlight of the glowing noon;  
The world is swathed in splendor everywhere,  
Valley and mountain tops and deeps of air.

Old year stay with us, let your lingering feet,  
Sandaled with bloom, the gracious footsteps meet  
Of the young year. O, dear old year, go slow,  
Tarry to glad us, do not haste to go,  
For your bright days are full of splendid light,  
And breezes pure, so soft that they well might  
Be sweet June's breath of perfumed bloom and balm,  
Your hours May's hours, full of delicious calm;  
Your skies June's own, so wondrously blue,  
The universe of worlds may well look through  
Their starry midnights, fair as Summer's own,  
With no harsh winds from stormy deeps outblown.  
Pass like a saint, old year, with footsteps slow,  
With glory's halo round you as you go.

ELIZA A. OTIS.



**T**HE criminals are and must be considered a distinct class, half way between brute and man. Let us treat them as such; let us confine them as those who have cut themselves off from their fellows by their own acts. At any cost society must be protected from them, for crime, like cholera, breeds most rapidly where population is densest."

With this burst of rhetoric I brought to its close my night's work and leaned back in my chair. Before me lay the closely written pages of my article—its title, The Prison System, and I flattered myself that I had done it full justice. In fact, for a maiden effort, I considered it a little masterpiece—brief, to the point, convincing. Moreover, it already had a market, which was more than I could say of earlier efforts. Johnson and Smiley had said to me only last week :

"Haven't you a little something that will do to fill up our column on public affairs?"

I answered promptly, "Yes, sir, and you shall have it Wednesday morning." Then I came home and went to work. Public questions—Why I was overflowing with theories on the whole lot of them and fairly aching to give these theories the light of day. Which should it be? That was the weighty problem. Which should be the happy topic to employ the eloquence of my pen for the columns of Johnson and Smiley, that should woo to my side Fortune, who had been playing hide and seek with me too long? Just then my eye fell upon the newspaper and I read the following heading: "A young desperado arrested for robbing a bank. Gives the detectives a long chase and lively work."

"One more to fill up the prisons," was my mental

comment. Then an inspiration came to me: Why not write up the prison system? That was a burning public question, and I was full of ideas. I felt the fountains of eloquence stirring within my bosom at the thought. I seized the pen and wrote.

Now my article was finished, and I surveyed it with open exultation. I felt it to be good. To-morrow I would take it to Johnson and Smiley, it would be published, and the great New York public would read and be struck with the justice and force of my arguments; they would inquire about the writer, learn that he was a young fellow of promise, request something more from his pen—and behold, my feet would be firmly planted on the ladder of fame! I pushed back my chair and going to the window, opened it and let the cool night air blow across my face. It was Christmas eve. The night was clear and frosty. Innumerable stars glittered in the vault of heaven, while below me the vast city lay wrapped in snow, as in a pure, Christmas garment, sending up its myriad breath into the face of overhanging night. A sudden restlessness seized me. After so many hours of hard thought I longed for action. There was my black horse in the stable, eating her head off (though an aspirant for fame, I did possess some of this world's goods). I would take a midnight ride and give her and myself some needed exercise. So I booted and spurred myself, drew on a great coat and made my way to the stables. A few moments later, my pretty Nell was bearing me through the quiet streets of upper New York with long, swinging steps, out into the open country.

A distant clock was striking one as I drew rein on the top of Lincoln Hill and gazed about me. For an



hour I had ridden hard, and now Nell and myself were in a glow, which the keen wind racing by us only served to heighten. I dropped the reins on Nell's neck and let her rest while I leaned forward and musingly watched the headlight of a far distant train speeding along through the night like a serpent of fire. All about me was star-lit darkness and silence. Again my thoughts returned to those closely written pages and dwelt there lovingly. I could see the sentences one by one; they seemed to be written across the sky. Folly, you say—but what would you? I was young. Besides, one does not write a masterpiece every night.

Those closing thoughts were certainly fine, so clear, so concise. I rather flattered myself that there was a Charles-Dudley-Warnerish touch about the lines. It might be in years to come— What was that! The stillness about me was suddenly broken. From the long line of trees on the right came a confused noise, a crackling, a snapping as of underbrush—then all was silent. But in a moment the stillness was broken again, for up the road on the further side of the hill came the sound of rapidly running feet. I am not a coward, but there was something in the sound of those running feet that stopped the blood in my veins. Moreover, they were making straight for me. Mechanically, I drew my pistol from my pocket and cocked it. Nearer and nearer came the flying feet. I waited in awful suspense. A midnight ride for pleasure is one thing, but to try conclusions with a desperate man on a lonely hill at one o'clock at night is quite another. Suddenly a thought struck me. I had the advantage of this flying fellow, whoever he might be, for I knew that he was coming, while he was rushing

headlong, unknowing, into the mouth of my pistol. I would make the most of this slight advantage. Instead of letting him charge me, I would charge him. It was my best chance, perhaps my only chance. Instantly I dashed my spurs into Nell's side, and before the startled animal had fairly touched earth after her wild leap I was at the turn of the road and face to face with a dark figure outlined clear against snow and sky.

"Stop!" I shouted desperately; "Stop, or I'll put a bullet through you!" and lo, before I had finished speaking, the dark figure had thrown itself flat on the snow under Nell's feet, and lay there motionless. I was victor of this bloodless field. To tell the truth, I did not feel very proud of my conquest as I leaped from my horse and bent over the prostrate figure. It was that of a young fellow, scarce more than a boy, with a slight form clad in coarse shirt and trousers, with neither hat to his head nor a coat to his back, and a face so pale—ah, what a face on a mere boy! I stood quite silent and gazed at him. Then the silence was broken, the black eyes fastened on my face blazed up suddenly. "Shoot!" he said, "and get it over with." I put my pistol into my pocket.

"Get up off that snow," I said, "and tell me what you are doing here this way, at this time of night."

The young fellow pulled himself slowly to his feet. For a moment he looked at me, then his eyes wandered to the distant city, and they were like the eyes of a tiger at bay. With a sudden movement he turned.

"No, you don't!" I exclaimed, seizing him by the collar and dragging him forward into the starlight. "I've not done with you yet. Your actions are too suspicious. I must know, first of all, from whom you're running.

Come, own up. Is it a burglary or a saloon quarrel, or"—here I tightened my hold on the ragged collar—"have you left some poor devil lying back there in the road with his face turned up to the sky?"

"No, no; not that," he murmured.

"Well, then, out with it. If it is not that, we can stand it."

Again he gazed wildly toward the city and my eyes followed his. "Yes," said I, "there it is, the city, so near, ready to receive you into its great vortex and hold you safe. Just a word or two of explanation and you are free to go. If not—I will put you up in front of me on that horse and take you straight to the police station. They will know how to make you talk there."

He writhed in my grasp for a moment like a mad thing; then turned and faced me with a wild despair.

"Take me, then," he exclaimed, "it's all up with me anyway. I got out o' prison this very night and they're on my track now. I had a fair chance—I'd a struck the city if I hadn't run up agin you—but now it's all up!"

I drew my breath in a prolonged whistle and stared at him.

"You escaped from prison? What were you there for?"

"Forging," said he, briefly.

"What!" I exclaimed, a thought striking me. "You aren't the fellow I read about a few days ago who forged for \$5000 and was caught in Albany?"

"Yes," he answered, "I suppose 'twas in the papers."

"Well," said I coldly, "You ought to be in prison; it's the place for you. Weren't you man enough to take your punishment when you earned it?"

"'Tisnt that," he muttered. "If 'twas only myself—but her and the baby—what's to become o' them? She doesn't know—'twould kill her, I reckon—and she's been three weeks without money—she and the little one."

"So there's a 'she' in the case," I said slowly. "I'm not surprised. There usually is."

"Yes, 'twas all along o' her. She's young and flighty. She had to have things—she was born that way—an' I got out o' work and couldn't give her money an' so—I did it."

He coughed, and I shivered suddenly to see how the icy wind whistled through his garments, ragged and thin.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

He uttered a cry as of a wounded animal. "It's three weeks since I was found out and had to run for it," he moaned—"three weeks! She had no money an' the little un was sick. And it's Christmas Eve. Do you know what I felt, over there in those walls, when I found 'twas Christmas Eve?—five years they gave me—and her never knowin'!"

"How did you get out?" I asked.

"There was a bar loose an' I squeezed through. I'd a gone mad before morning. They never saw nor knew, but they know by this time and they're on my track."

"What would you have done?" I asked slowly, "if you had met no one? Would you have gone straight to her?"

"I'd a been there by now," he answered. "I'd a known by now—"

"Listen!" I said.

Far away in the direction of the river was borne on

the night air the sound of galloping hoofs over the frozen road.

"They are coming," I said.

He threw himself flat on his face in the snow and scattered great handfuls of it with frenzied fingers. There was a silence.

"They are near," I said. "They are riding very fast." I thought of my article on the Prison Reforms, and looked down at the prostrate, writhing figure. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and grasped my arm.

"Look here," he said, "you've got a pistol—just put a bullet through me."

Once more I thought of my paper. "Yes, it is Christmas Eve," I said. Then I turned to him and slipped off my great coat. "Put this on," I commanded.

"Why—what—" he gasped.

"Quick!" I exclaimed, pulling it over his shoulders, "don't you hear those hoofs?" and he slipped into it without another word. "There are twenty dollars in the pocket. "That'll give you another start in the world. Now go for your life!—spend your Christmas with her."

He looked at me, dazed. "Then you ain't goin' to give me over to 'em?" he gasped.

"Go!" I responded, pushing him in the direction of the city.

He seized my hand a moment and wrung it in a vise-like grip, then turned and fled into the darkness. Shivering in the keen wind, I mounted Nell and rode slowly down hill to meet the approaching horsemen. Five minutes later they had reached me.

"Have I seen a man on foot in this neighborhood? Why yes, come to think of it, I did notice some one be-

low there on the river road; no one along this way. An escaped prisoner? You don't say so! Desperate? Fortunate I didn't meet him. Yes, the river road Good night"—and Heaven forgive such bare-faced lying," I added to myself as I turned Nell's face cityward.

It was five o'clock, though still dark, when I entered my room. The housemaid was sweeping outside and I called her in.

"Kindle a fire for me, Mary," I said, "and make me some coffee. Oh, and wait a moment. Here is some paper to start the blaze." I took a pile of closely written manuscript from the table and thrust it into her hands. It was my article on "Prison Reforms."

I am still trying to decide which of all the burning questions of the day shall employ my pen for the columns of Johnson and Smiley.

MARY S. WILLIAMS.



**W**HERE are the delightful carols of the olden time? Where are the joyous songs of Christmas-eve before the cosy fireside, or the carols of the breakfast hour on Christmas morn?

Who sings in these latter days that stately, beautiful chant-story written in language sweet, with majestic intoning of melody—that chant of our grandmothers' time—

“When marshalled on the nightly plain  
The glittering host bestud the sky,  
One star alone of all the train  
Could fix the sinner's wandering eye.”

What wondrous sweetness and force were found in those simple, melodious songs of Christmas-tide before the Yule log in the great fire-place, and in the carols of the crisp, sparkling, white-robed, rosy-hued dawn in the East, where the Pilgrims once sang amidst the storm at Thanksgiving, and again, a hymn of the Christ-child, with that Gloria of Holy Writ—“Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of All!”

Now we have the Christmas Service, Song, Festival, Cantata, and the marvelous “Messiah”—but that simple, joyous carol—who sings it? That wonderful creation of a great genius—“The Messiah”—was written, you may recall, in twenty-four days by one who looked on music as a religion, and who, I believe, through his very love for painting and scripture created this song-story of the “Prince of Peace” with inimitable beauty, grace, and glory of conception, and coloring, and of a majestic finishing. Who can listen without exaltation of spirit to the Hallelujah finale in Handel's masterpiece!

The words, as you may know, were written by Charles

Jensen, the friend of Handel, though it is commonly believed that Handel had conceived a Messiah Oratorio before he was invited by Jensen to arrange music for the libretto with which we are familiar.

Handel performed the Oratorio annually from 1750 to 1758, for charity, and sometimes twice a year did he give it. It was thus given by him in Covent Garden eight days before his death.

At the Handel commemoration—we may add in passing—in 1784, the oratorio was sung in Westminster Abbey, and King George III. requested by uplifted hand a repetition of the Hallelujah and Amen Choruses. In many Eastern cities "The Messiah" is now given in December of each year, either for charity, as a church service, or as a concert performance during Christmas Holidays. The Oratorio Society of New York will sing "The Messiah" this year, as it has sung it for many years, at Christmas time. It is very popular—even as popular as many performances of drama. At this season there is an almost uninterrupted festivity of song and symphony in cities of chilling blasts and blizzards.

Beneath the flaming, flashing aurora borealis, crushing the sparkling frost lands under fleet footsteps, crowds seek great halls and spacious churches to listen to such artists as Careno, Eames, Aus dev Ohe, Sauer, Nordica, Kneisel Quartette; and now Melba sails from Liverpool and comes to the Metropolitan Opera House in a concert for the Sunnyside Day Nursery.

This is peculiarly a season for charity concerts in the East. Boston is called a city of charities. One of its most deserving subjects is the Working Boys' Home. A concert will be given in December for this home.





There are Mayor Quincy's concerts, held on Sunday evening under the auspices of the city, and any profits made are devoted to the city hospital.

Orchestral concerts are given for the benefit of those who labor during the week with no opportunity to hear good music. These are high class concerts with popular admission fee of ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents. They are called municipal concerts, and the city has a municipal band.

The famous old Handel and Hayden Society will give their first concert of the season with "The Messiah."

Mr. H. J. Tricker with a chorus of fifty fine voices and orchestral accompaniment has advertised two concerts of Bach's works. The first concert programme will include two cantatas, selections from the *Messa Revis* in A, and the Christmas Oratorio. Second concert on Good Friday evening, when St. John's Passion will be sung. In Philadelphia there will be the Boston Symphony, with many first-class artists.

The Milwaukee Musical Society, which has had forty-eight years of good work, will give holiday concerts with a male choir as a special feature. Over all the East is this perfecting of *The Messiah* which, more than any other musical creation, perhaps, has been performed in aid of charity.

Now what is to be given in this beautiful southland of the Rockies? To be sure, we have here a young city, and we are remote from the centers of music, But, may we not, with our splendid symphony society, with many rich voices, and with real artists in our fair city, enjoy those creations which do not cease with the composer, but which need the interpreter to re-touch, to re-create.

One great treat is in store for the music lovers of Los Angeles, the engagement of the great Rosenthal under the Fitzgerald management, for a series of concerts during the Christmas holidays. This is a rare chance to hear one of the world's favorites. Shall we not, as a music loving city, make the most of it?

Music unperformed is little; rendition gives new beauty, new life. There *must* be within the *interpreter* three principles as they existed before in the *composer*; these three forces are physical, intellectual, emotional;—they must also be sympathetic, though while not the same. If we *rightly* study we will *truly* intrepert. “Love fervid, philosophical, divine—a triune key—unlocks the entrance to musical paradise.”

MARY C. PEARSON.



**It is  
Like this**

This department is devoted to the discussion of certain aspects of society and the world in general. It will contain each month certain questions, tending to misunderstood or perverted facts. Our readers are urged to answer these questions and send answers to B. D., care of the Editorial Department of THE EBELL, These answers will be printed in the ensuing number without names.

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**A**LTHOUGH the glory of the ancestor may be considered faded, one result of his reign still lingers among us, a sort of by-product of his memory, as it were, which is the code of manners compounded when caste was king. It deals chiefly with the relation of the members of one stratum to each other and of one rank with another.

All these boundaries were then fixed and acknowledged by outward and visible signs, not only revealed in the deportment of such members, but also through dress and insignia regulated by law. These were the palmy days of the aristocrat. We note especially the tone deemed suitable for inferiors as reflected in the old plays.

“What ho, Sirrah!” and “Hither minion!” were the approved forms of address acquiesced in by all hands; frequently punctuated with an aristocratic caning should his Serene Excellency happen to mislay his lordly temper.

Alas and alas! that it should be so, but times have changed, not to say degenerated. Things have come to such a level in the grind of centuries that with the increasing difficulty among members of the same class to distinguish “who is who,” has arrived the utter impossi-

**On the  
Gracious  
Art of  
Condescension**



bility of impressing the so-called lower classes with a sense of "what is what."

This forces the whole question of aristocratic patronage into a position of extreme delicacy; condescension is now becoming a fine art. To be gracious and at the same time visibly and admittedly superior can only be attained by years of constant study, and is filled with pitfalls for the unwary. Since the great have given over wearing coronets, one is often in danger of showing a noble superciliousness, called bad temper in common folk, even to the topmost in rank, should such a one for the moment chance to be unknown. Such a distressing situation is most painful to contemplate. It almost compels one to be polite to everybody.

This well known tendency of the high-and-well-born toward masquerade calls for legislative interference. They ought to be compelled by law to wear at least an authenticated button, then one could be as disagreeable as one pleased to alleged inferiors without danger of mistake.

But here lies another pitfall. We might be able to distinguish present people of high rank or high finance, but how can one divine who will be the next raised? I may snub my landlady today and tomorrow she might marry a millionaire. Such annoying complications are constantly arising in this democratic age. As one said who had "arrived," "One never knows who to be polite to."

Since the genuine article or the to be genuine is so hard to distinguish the safest rule to follow might be this:

Address all unknown or supposedly inferior persons

not as present equals but with a continuous courtesy and a manner that implies:

"I am myself just now quite your superior, but I am so graciously aware of your existence, that when you also 'arrive' I shall be pleased to number you among my choicest associates—in time."

I. e. "Should your harness be well plated I might condescend not only to borrow your carriage but even to be useful to you in many ways."

What if one should occasionally err in patronizing some of those "others," one would still achieve a reputation for delicacy and good nature, and would feel a conscious glow at helping along the dawning of that golden era when all men will be *not* equal. F.

### Questions Answered

What is the inspiration of art? To one it is "feeling." To another "emotion," while a third says "ideals expressed." The latter combines inspiration and its expression, which is all there is in art.

When the portrayal represents objects of everyday life, "homely affairs," we have realism. "Doing well a thing not worth doing" is usually realism—accepted realism and impressionism are far from high art.

"Is *Quo Vadis* an attack on Christianity?" One says "It is an attack on every thing and is an awful book." Another, "It is a fine picture of the times, and those times and people and events are not to be judged by our present standards."

### Questions Asked

1. Can art expressed by others elevate above the possibility to produce it?

2. Why could not Mrs. Maybrick have been granted a new trial?

Is there one "Christian" in Hall Caine's book of that name? B. D.

Among  
the  
Books

**T**HE stores present a most attractive array of Christmas books for the holiday season just beginning. Covers as attractive as the art of bookbinder and designer can make them, conceal treasures of thought old and new, and win the interested observer to feel that this is indeed a bookmaking age. The lover of poetry, history, romance—there is something interesting for each. Among the month's publications receiving the highest praise are a Swedish story and a tale of Colonial Virginia.

"The Story of Gosta Berling," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerloff, by Pauline Bancroft Flach. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.—This charming story of Swedish life introduces a new author to American readers and one whose remarkable skill in character portrayal and descriptive effects will undoubtedly give her a permanent place. The plot concerns itself with a priest for hero and the strong-souled wife of a major, who awakes the priest to his slumbering manhood. Despite the confusion of incidents and local coloring, this plot has a strong and peculiar fascination, born of the analysis of new and vigorous types of character and the atmosphere of the great forest stretches and lonely, legend-haunted uplands. Let the sated novel reader take up "Gosta Berling," and find a new and peculiar thrill of pleasure in its unusual charm.

"Prisoners of Hope," by Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50. — This is a story of Colonial Virginia, a story well worth the telling and well told. It holds the interest from beginning to end, with never a moment of flagging. It is pervaded with a high, pure, moral atmosphere, created partly by the tenor of

the plot, partly by the nobility of the characters, among whom young Godfrey Landless, who creates the main interest in the masterly story, is a man so true, so chivalrous, that merely to be in his company for a few hours refines and elevates. We are thankful even for the conception of such a man. This book, with its wealth of incident, dramatic plot and high thought, will undoubtedly be one of the novels of the year.

"The Black Curtain," by Flora Haines Loughead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This is a book of interest to Californians, giving as it does so many pretty pictures of life among the foothills and their perennial charm. The California atmosphere is well preserved throughout the book. The story revolves about a painter and a singer who retire to this wild paradise to recover, the one a voice, the other his eyesight, and who discover that they have both taken up the same grant of land. The incidents growing out of this mistake are both amusing and pathetic, and brightly told. As a whole the book furnishes very interesting reading, and will help to make Mrs. Loughead's name prominent among California writers.

Among other books of the month of much interest are "The Town Traveller," by George Gissing; "The Destroyer," by Benjamin Smith; "A History of Spanish Literature," by James Fitzmaurice Kelley; "The Land of Contrasts," by James Fullarton Muirhead; and two volumes of poems—"My Lady Sleeps," selected by Catharine S. Page, and "Under the Stars," a stirring set of war poems by Wallace Rice and Barrett Eastman.

It will doubtless be of interest to our readers to know that the six books which have had the best sale in

America during the past month are, in order of demand:

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale, by Mrs. Ward.
2. The Gadfly, by Voynich.
3. The Pride of Jennico, by Castle.
4. Penelope's Progress, by Mrs. Wiggin.
5. Caleb West, by F. Hopkinson Smith.
6. The Forest Lovers, by Hewlett.

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Among the magazines, *The Century* begins a splendidly illustrated life of Alexander the Great, and Marion Crawford's novel of the Crusades. The December number promises a set of articles by Lieutenant Hobson on the sinking of the *Merrimac*.

Lippincott has a story full of interest by Mrs. Burton Harrison in its November issue, and promises many good things for December, among others a complete novel, "Mrs. Russell's Sister," by Annie Eliza Brand; also some good short stories and poems.

The *Overland Monthly* has a bright Thanksgiving number, in every way up to its usual standard of excellence, and promises much good reading for December.



## Ebell Notes

Send answers to B. D., care of Editorial Department of The Ebell, by the 10th of December. Make them short and concise. Give full name of the writer, which will be known only to the B.D.



The summary of this last month's work in The Ebell shows a busy and productive period in its yearly history. On the second Thursday of the month the literary and social afternoon was filled with a scholarly paper by Mrs. I. B. Hamilton on "Woman as a Power." Mrs. Hamilton discussed woman's power in the business, intellectual and spiritual worlds, and decided that her particular kingdom was that of the refining and purifying influences of the spirit. A short discussion followed the paper.

The regular meeting for the report of sections was postponed from the last Thursday to the last Saturday because of the recess. The literature section gave its report at this meeting with an Emerson afternoon. Very interesting papers were presented; a biographical sketch, Mrs. C. C. Gordon; Emerson as lecturer and poet, Miss Frye; as philosopher, Mrs. Lou V. Chapin. After the program tea was served by the literature section.

The sections have held their regular meetings during the month, with papers and discussion upon their stated topics.

The programs for each section at each meeting are contained in the year book.

General meetings for December are as follows: Thursday, Dec. 8, Literary and Social afternoon; music, with piano illustrations, Mrs. Sara B. Hickman; Thursday, Dec. 29, the report of the Conversation Section.

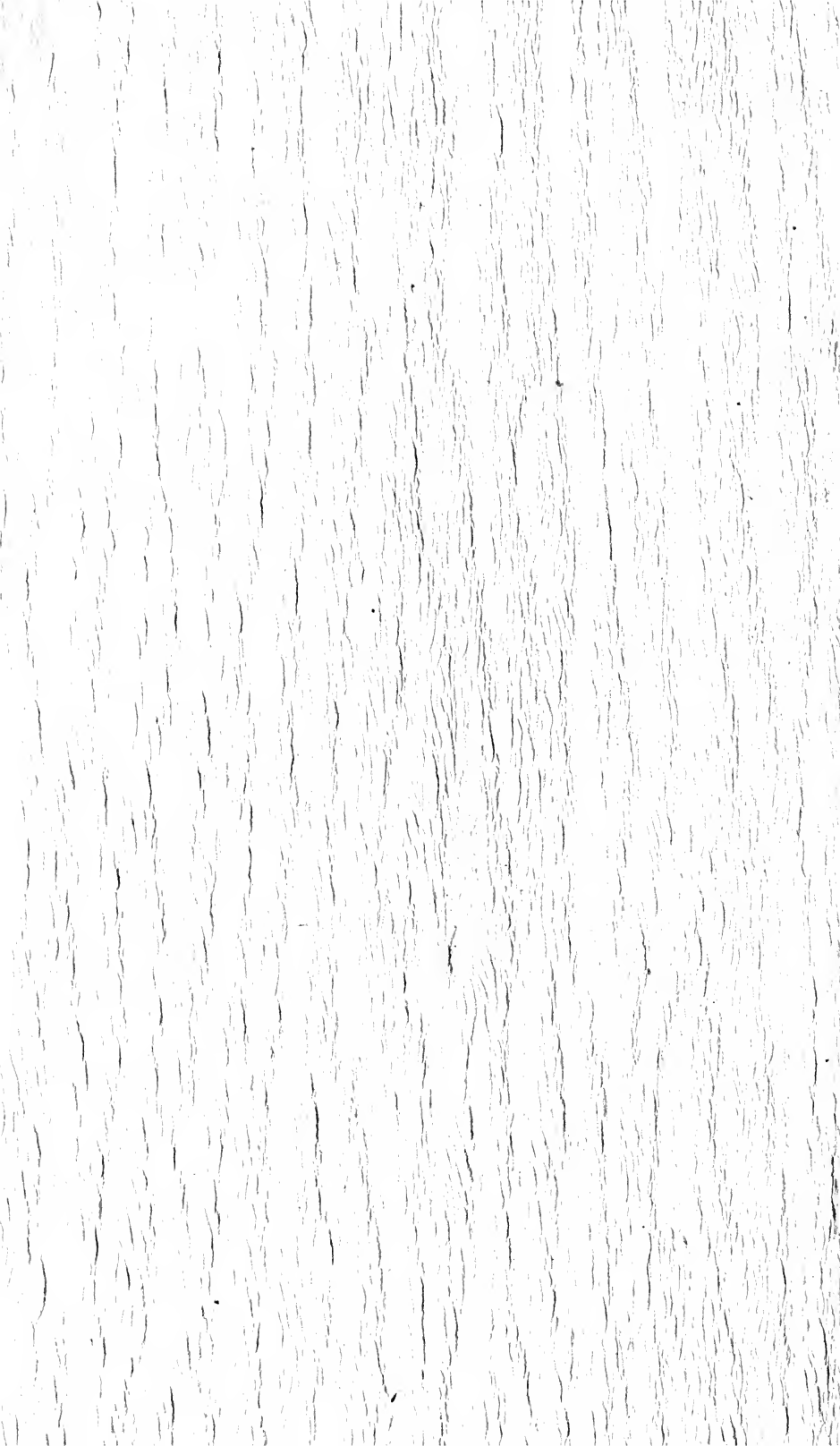
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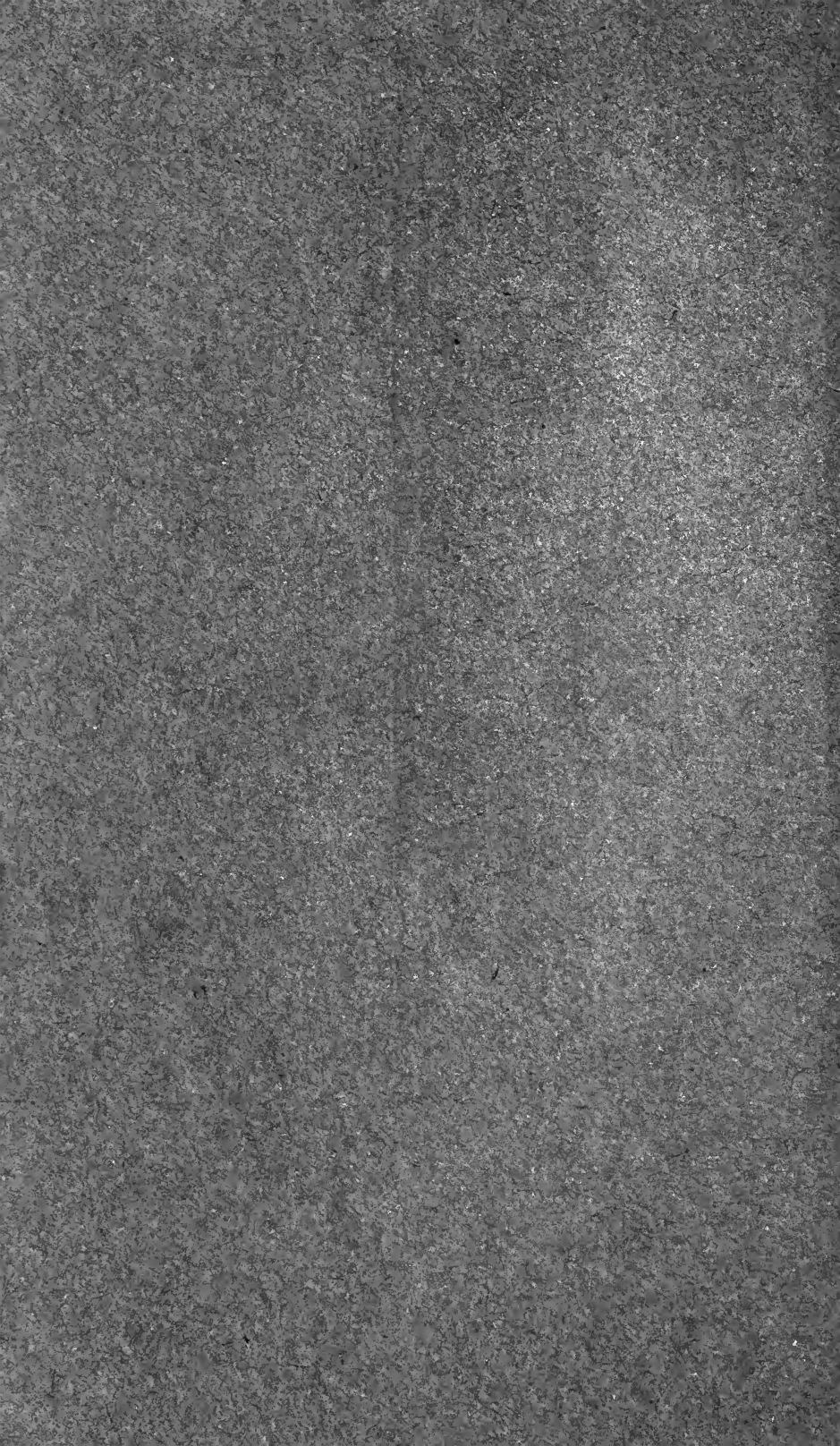
# The Ebell

VOLUME - TWO  
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# January

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# The Ebell



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## January

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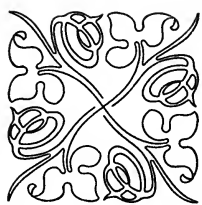
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NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

## New Year's Greeting

The Origin of  
"New Year's  
Day."

**A**

BOW to you, New Year, come upon us hoary with age!

What a joke it must be to Father Time to see his ancient offspring's youth renewed each year. Adam and Eve, or their near kin, in their pristine innocence received him as a rosy infant and straightway began to solve the mystery of his birthday and to dress him in months and days. Their efforts proved a misfit and posterity has had a knotty time with this problem legacy. Yet our ancient ancestors made a fair beginning when they chose the sun and moon as the basis of their calculations. The eleven and one-quarter days' difference between the twelve lunations and the time of the sun's orbit may have given them pause; possibly have been a straw in shortening man's span of life. At any rate as time went on this discrepancy caused endless tribulations and it took considerable ingenuity on the part of the Egyptians and Hebrews to dispose of these ubiquitous days.

Romulus tried dressing the year with ten months of three hundred and four days, and just how he disposed of the superfluous time is not recorded. This robbing was not satisfactory and changes were made from time to time until Numa added a couple of months and finally Julius Caesar gave us practically the year as we have it now, (Pope Gregory the Seventeenth making some corrections) beginning with January and followed by February, and making the first day of the year fall as desired midway between the autumn and spring equinoxes. The year had previously begun on the first day

of March and the Julian year, 46 B. C., was inaugurated by celebrating the first of January, so named after the two-faced Roman god Janus.

The Ancients, generally, celebrated the new year with feasting and pagan rites, and our observation of New Year's day is similarly a relic of paganism and idolatry, which prevails in spite of Pope's invective and public fasts "appointed to bewaile those heathenish interludes and prohibit from sending New Year's gifts."

The superstitions of our pagan ancestors are hard to down. We feel more comfortable if the "first foot" crossing the threshold to herald the doughty old year's new birthday is a man of fair complexion. A good omen is augured for the twelve months if the year begins with promise, and much effort is given to make a New Year's showing.

Who has not at some time watched the "old year out and the new year in!" The temperates reconcile this pagan custom with their consciences by omitting the wassal bowl or loving cup of "warm spiced ale with some spirits." But our nineteen centuries of Christian training have not gone for naught even with this pagan New Year's day. We have grafted upon it a moral responsibility and converted it into a two-sided mirror, through one side of which we see history and the handwriting on the wall, and turning, view the future through the other side darkly, though shot mayhap with the light of prophecy. So Lamb says, "Of all sounds of all bells most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year," while some one else has said, "Every first

of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone on the turnpike track of human life. \* \* \*

The man who does not at least *propose to himself* to be better this year than he was the last must be either very good or very bad indeed."

Our Ebell is the first, *very good*, and, though absolved from a New Year's pledge, it is impelled by its own inherent quality to go on evolving from good to better. It bring from the old year one hostage for the future, "*The Ebell*," an infant which yet counts its birthdays by months, but which Ebell feels will honor the parent who nurses its growth and throw open a wider field for its expansion of Good.

Turning its fourth milestone this New Year's day, Ebell bids farewell "to the spirits of the departing year" and royally greets the New year, bidding it

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart and kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

MRS. DONALD A. MACNEIL.

The  
New  
Day

**S**UNSHINE, the song of birds, the nodding grace  
Of flowers, bidding welcome to the morn  
A program born  
Of joy and mother-earth fills all the air,  
And everywhere  
Dear nature smiles with happy loving face,  
I, only I, am sad.

Wherefore, oh heart? Arouse, and be thou glad.  
In His own time have all things beautiful  
Been made for thee:

This morn is all thine own, chosen by God  
From far eternity:

Peace, gentle peace, His gift with this fair day.  
Be brave and pray

That through the coming years, remembrance sweet  
May on her tablets keep this day complete.

ALICE K. PARSONS.



**M**RS. ALFORD sat by the red-covered table, writing. She was eagerly intent upon her task and her fair face was flushed. The morning breeze fluttered the white curtains and toyed with her paper. Saturdays leisure was being busily spent by the school mistress, yet she looked in need of rest. The education of thirty boys and girls was rather a heavy task for unaccustomed hands, but it was growing daily lighter. The first symptoms of rebellion among her subjects had been met so firmly that a repetition had not been attempted, and an innate chivalry was leading the older lads to constitute themselves the champions of the fair-haired lady who met their clumsy advances with such gentle graciousness.

It was of this she was writing as she sat at her table.

“The school hours are beginning to be my happiest because my busiest. The peace of this sweet flower-full village is very soothing, but when I am idle I think, think, think! To think is the crowning joy of happiness, the keenest pang of pain. Not that I grieve; the past is over; why should I moan it! The future is coming toward me and I hold out my hands eagerly for any scrap of joy it may bring. But I was writing of my boys. Yesterday I found a bunch of hyacinths on my desk (it was not the first time) I did not know from whom the offering came; but after school hours one of the oldest and roughest boys in my class who, when I first came, tried my patience sorely, lingered behind the rest looking very sheepish, “Did you want to speak to me, Tom?” I asked. “No marm,” he answered, “I only





wanted to say, as you think such a lot of flowers, wouldn't you like Jim and me to dig a garden for you around your house?" I accepted the offer gladly and the digging is in progress while I write. Of the girls, I could tell you many pleasant things. One merry hoyden is laughing her way straight into my heart. She is so careless and confident, so utterly indifferent to any consequence which antedates the day. Of these more another time. I brought home the hyacinths and they stand by me on the table. Do you remember that Spring at San Remo, how the moist south wind would bring their fragrance into the salon where I used to sing? By the way did I tell you about my piano? The day before I came down here I saw a piano in a store so like the old one at home that it startled me like the face of a friend. It had the same oddly shaped case which I have never seen before. An irresistible longing seized me to possess it; it seemed a bit of the past which I have just called dead. Oh! how tenderly we remember our dead! Well, I went in and priced that piano. I had money enough to buy it, although our house keeping plan would be somewhat cramped by the purchase. I know so little about money and its value that I leave my purse in Therese's hands. But although she shook her head, I bought the piano. It has stood in my room here nearly four weeks and I have not yet opened it; I have not the courage to hear its tone yet. I half hope it will be unlike the old one, although I shall no longer care for it if it is. Therese has just been in to say that our larder is bare and that she has but one franc in the treasury. That will give us lunch, I say, and this afternoon I draw my

first month's salary—an ample one it is too considering the work I do. Blessed power of earning bread! I am free and yet in no danger of starvation—what better can I ask of life?"

Mrs. Alford paused abruptly here and laid down her pen. With slow precision she folded the sheet, put it into an envelope which she sealed, then taking a key from a box on the table unlocked and opened a small drawer. Three sealed envelopes, all without address, lay there side by side. To the number she added the one in her hand and then closed the drawer with an impatient sigh. At this moment Therese ushered in a visitor.

This was not the first time Mrs. Barton had called upon the school mistress. She had come before in the afternoon a little formally and a little inclined to disapprove of the stranger, but a chord of sympathy was struck between these two women at once; they trusted and admired each other at a glance. Yet Mrs. Alford had not yet returned the visit and she greeted Mrs. Barton in pleased surprise.

"I know I am shockingly early," said the lady without taking the proffered seat, "but Therese assured me, I would not disturb you. My husband has just telephoned me from town that he will be out in an hour to take us for a day to the hills. I left Yok, our Chinese cook, putting up a lunch and came over to see if you would not take the vacant seat in our wagon and complete the party."

Mrs. Alford flushed with pleasure, but she hesitated. "The ferns are lovely now, and to quote from Arthur, you don't know how jolly our picnics are until you try

them," added Mrs. Barton, and then, with a sudden impulse holding out her hand, "I should like to be your friend, will you not let me?"

Mrs. Alford put a trembling hand into her visitors. "Thank you. I will gladly go," she said.

It was a task worthy of renown for Mrs. Barton to get her little family ready for the excursion within the prescribed time. Arthur could not go without his knife which was chronically missing. Jack must finish a trap for rabbits which he was manufacturing in the barn. Ethel's dolls must be dressed to go too. Ned tried nurse's patience by upsetting everything attainable and utterly refusing his hat. Yok prepared a huge hamper of lunch, pausing occasionally to put his head in Mrs. Barton's door and growl "Got nothing good to eat. Why you no tell me yesterday."

"I couldn't tell you what I didn't know myself, Yok," said Mrs. Barton laughingly, 'put up plenty of bread and meat and we'll get along."

It is wonderful how the unwavering good temper of the mistress of a house can smooth away difficulties and oil the creaking wheels of domestic machinery! No one had the courage to scold when Mrs. Barton only laughed; so when Mr. Barton drove up punctual to the appointed time he found the family group already on the steps awaiting his arrival—by which fact it may be inferred that his wife had already learned the lesson so absolutely necessary to conjugal happiness, that masculinity forgives tardiness only in himself! Arthur, mounted on a sturdy pony, was doing his best to break his own neck and his steed's legs by trying to jump the horse block.

"I would have done it if papa had been five minutes later," he said to admiring Jack, who sighed for the day when he should possess a pony.

"Stop at Sycamore Cottage for Mrs. Alford, Papa, she's going with us; and I'll ride ahead and tell her you are coming," cried Arthur going off at a gallop.

"So you have coaxed the school marm out of her shell?" said Mr. Barton. "I believe you were afraid she was going to cut you, and you took her by storm to avert such an unprecedented catastrophe."

"You have come very near the truth for she almost refused me this morning," said his wife, laughing, "but I am confident her reasons are general, not personal."

Sycamore Cottage was but a stone's throw away, so that they stopped before it as she spoke. Mrs. Alford was at the door and came out at once, followed by Therese carrying a shawl. The Frenchwoman stood looking after them as they drove off through a vista of trees.

"*C'est bien pauvre enfant!* She will begin to forget now," she thought with a smile as she turned to the house. Therese had never read those words of a writer of her own land,—*"To strive to forget, is to remember and weep,"*—and if she had she would not have understood them, fortunately for her.

A spring day among the hills! Who that has felt its ecstasy can ever forget it? The atmosphere, tremulous blue, shot with sunbeams; the foliage tender green, fringed with yellow; the wild flowers, iris-tinted, numberless, sweet smiles of nature which speak her joy,—in all, a day to grant the soul wings and point it Heaven-

ward. By and by they began to climb, up bench after bench of hills, until suddenly turning a bend, in sunlit splendor the world lay below them! Mr. Barton reined in his horses and paused to drink in the beauty of the scene. The valley spread below them was full to the brim with greening vineyards and budding orchards. There, a square of pink told where peaches and apricots were blooming; here, dark green orange groves made a spot of gloom; thickets of Eucalyptus tossed their high and disheveled heads on the outskirts of undulating grain fields; cypress hedges and fern-like peppers outlined the roads; and far beyond a glittering band of sea bound the horizon, broken only by the blue crest of a distant island.

"Do you see the village?" said Mr. Barton, pointing with his whip. "The school house is the only one plainly visible by its height; the rest are wading to their very eaves in green. I have distinctly heard the bell up here when the wind blew this way. Off there to the east is the smoke of the town and one or two church spires. This is our last wide view for we are going into a wooded cañon between the hills."

"How like Italy this country is," said Mrs. Alford, and then stopped in sudden confusion.

"Have you been there?" exclaimed Mr. Barton in pleased surprise. "We went abroad when we were married and spent a delightful year roving from place to place and we love to talk of it now."

"I was in Italy when a child," said Mrs. Alford, "and this scene recalled my impressions of it."

"It has been nine years since we were there, so our

visit might have been contemporaneous," said Mr. Barton with a smiling glance at the youthful face of his guest. "How odd if we should have been in some of those old cities at the same time and then meet on this western shore. I had a college chum with me, a royal fellow who added no little to our pleasure. He has lived abroad almost ever since, but has written to me lately promising to turn his wandering feet westward soon. He has had a world of trouble since then, but we'll both like to review those happy days when I used to pity his bachelorhood so undisguisedly, and he would say 'That's a fault easily mended, John, and you'll travel with me yet on my bridal tour.' How full these nine have been to us both!"

No one replied to Mr. Barton's reminiscences; Mrs. Alfond was looking over the valley with a memory-haunted glance; Mrs. Barton was looking at her.

"Oh papa, why do you stop here so long," cried Arthur, riding back to where they stood. "I don't see that the view has changed any since we saw it last, and I am getting hungry."

"How realistic is boyhood!" said his father laughing, "your days for views and memories are a long ways off, my son, and meanwhile lunch awaits. Ride on and we will follow."

The winding road soon lead them into the heart of a grove of giant live oaks which spread aloft great canopies of green caught together with brilliant red tassels. Wild grape vines climbed to the very top of the tallest trees festooning them in graceful luxuriance and shooting their slender arms above the highest branches to

wave in every breeze. A brawling stream, swollen by the winter rains, hurried through this grove, answering with a silvery splash to the song of the nesting birds which swayed upon the trees above its waters. Beyond, the hills folded close together as though to bar all further progress.

"What a peaceful spot shut in from all the world," said Mrs. Alford, as they descended from the wagon under one of the great trees. "This day is like a little island in my life, separate from all the rest."

"Come and look for ferns," said Arthur, "these rocks are full of them. Come on Jack."

Mrs. Alford gave each of the boys a hand and started off at a run. A moment later her laughter, sweet and joyous reached the group at the wagon.

"A will o' the wisp sort of a woman," said Mr. Barton "very interesting, but rather unsatisfactory. Her spiritual barometer points always to change."

"But isn't it delightful to find someone we don't know all about and who gives us some scope for imagination. I should never forgive Mrs. Alford if with that face she should turn out to have a commonplace history. I should never trust a lovely face again. By the bye, you did not tell me you had heard from Lysle Howard, when did the letter come?"

"This very morning so you see you are not very much behind the time. I have not heard from him for three years and I looked at the hand writing in amazement. It is a queer letter, like himself. Sit down on this rug and read it while I water the horses."

FRANKLINA GRAY BARTLETT.





**L**ADY Idalia, is it you indeed!  
You and no other? But what need to ask!  
Only for you could this upleaping heart  
Beat such wild rapture. What eternities  
Have passed since that brief moment in the hall,  
When, 'mid the torches' glare I sought you out  
And whispered, "I await you on the terrace!"  
You answered not, save by that one, swift look—  
It meant—what? I have grown old since then  
Trying to read the meaning of that look—  
But that is over—you have come at last—  
See how the moonlight floods the happy world!  
(Was the moon shining so a moment since?)  
Sit where the light shall fall across your face  
And touch the dusky softness of your hair,  
Here, on this terrace step, while I shall tell,  
(Heaven teach my faltering tongue!) the reason why  
I urged your presence here.

It is not long

If one counts time by suns, since that May morn  
When the fair Princess Katherine and her train  
Rode in the sunshine to the palace gate  
And I saw you. Yet in that very hour  
I first began to live. Nay, start not so.  
Is confirmation worse to bear than doubt?  
For you have guessed this, sweet, you are a woman.  
Let me but say it once, 'tis not so strange.  
I love you! Tell me, daes it frighten you?  
Why I could shout it to the very stars  
And hear my own words echoed back to me  
With a wild rapture in their utterance.

I love you ! Heaven only knows how well.  
May Heaven grant me power to tell it you !  
Why do I love you ? Can you ask me that ?  
Ask of the earnest, fevered artist-soul  
Beating its life not blindly, what it feels  
When, for the first time, o'er its quivering sense  
There steals the mystical, bewildering pain  
Of the passionate violin. So felt my soul  
On that May morning when the sunshine cast  
A halo of soft glory 'round your head  
And drew my wandering gaze. Why do I love ?  
Because I must. 'Tis what I waited for,  
But knew it not all through my careless youth  
On into manhood. That deep want I felt  
And wondered at, when life else seemed so full.  
But all that kept me restless, ill at ease,  
Found utterance when I looked into your face  
And read its fragile loveliness. That face  
Had looked acrossed the mist to me for years.  
Blindly I'd striven towards it, yearned to it,  
Held out that little best of me, hard snatched  
From the giant world that would have claimed it all.  
Till on that summer morning shrank the mist,  
Sun-pierced, away. There shown the face, revealed.  
Speech is too poor, too cold, too colorless  
To tell you of such love. Can woman know,  
Or does she ever fathom to the end  
The deeps of such a passion in a man ?  
So, beyond speech, I love you.  
What is't you'd say? Catherine? Too well I know  
All that one word contains ! My promised bride,

The regal daughter of a line of kings  
To whom my faith is pledged with knightly oaths,  
Whose presence in the palace even now  
Means their fulfillment, she waits me within  
And half her brilliant world is gathered there  
To celebrate the approaching nuptial day.  
(Oh, 'tis a brilliant match, —so I thought too,  
Till I had seen your face !)  
And I, the unworthy hero of this hour,  
Steal from her side into the moonlight gardens  
To pour my heart out at another's feet !  
I know it all!—O heaven, I know it all !  
All you would say—and they, her friends—and she!  
My vows to her made false—her trust abused—  
And why, forsooth? Because of one pale face  
Belonging to—who knows?—who cares?—has flashed  
Some ray of—who knows what?—mere coquetry  
Into my eyes and I can see no farther.  
Well, 'tis the truth. You should forgive, at least.  
Yours is the face that robs me of my honor!  
And I have struggled to resist its spell  
These many weeks, till pride and strength and will  
Totter and fall and lie beneath your feet.  
You raise your eyes. Lady, what means that look?  
Can you then think that I have brought you here  
Only for this, to tell you of my love,  
To thrust upon you, thus, and all unsought,  
The burden of a helpless, hopeless passion,  
To free my heart and so degrade us both?  
No, not for this I came, but overfull  
Of an unflinching purpose. Let me tell it,

This is my plea. Oh, put away all fear,  
Or tremble if you will, so you but listen.  
Come with me! Leave the palace now, ere yet  
Any have time to miss us. Ride away  
Under the cover of protecting night,  
Across yon hills, along the river-bed,  
To where the mountains rise. There in a gorge  
My castle stands, the village neath it mine.  
The castle priest, my subjects loyal all,  
Shall at my word our marriage solemnize.  
Once in that castle, I can hold my own  
Against an army, brave with ease the storm  
That swift would follow on an act so bold.  
Then let affronted royalty enlist  
The world in its behalf! The gates secure,  
You by my side, my own to hold and guard—  
What care I for the world when you I love  
Were safe within the compass of my arms!  
We two, with just our love against so much,  
Shall taste life's full perfection till the years  
Shall bring forgetfulness of all that now  
Seems so o'erwhelming. Time will soften down  
And custom dull reproach, until at length,  
The wonder over, I shall bring you back  
To rule, a queen within that brilliant court  
I mean to win for you. Yourself shall teach  
Those who would blame, to justify my deed  
When they have seen and known you.  
This is my plea. Now you have heard it all.  
Speak! For my soul is hanging on your words!

\* \* \* \* \*

Will you not answer me? Is it not clear  
What I would have you do? The burning hope  
With which I called you here—for which I plead  
With all the eloquence that strongest love  
And deepest need, and heaven pitying  
My tortured heart can give me? Must I then  
Plead all in vain? Let the world talk at will!  
Shall I not wed the woman whom I love?  
Not earth nor heaven  
Shall keep you from me—only your own word!  
Then, speak! For I am mad with this suspense!

\* \* \* \* \*

You will not! Nothing more to say than that!  
No word of explanation, no attempt  
To soften your refusal? Oh, I see!  
Now 'tis too late—you do not love me! No!  
'Twas my mad folly thought it read your love  
In look and turn of head and tone of voice!  
O heaven to madly force on you  
An interview like this! Ah, you have turned!  
Those wondrous eyes—surely the heart speaks there!  
The flush unwonted—even in this light  
I see it plain—why are you so much moved  
Unless—I cannot doubt—your eyes speak truth!  
Oh, to forever hold you thus, the light  
Falling across that passionate, upturned face,  
Wherein the heart's true color, love's protest,  
Flashes and trembles like the sunrise glow  
Athwart the sky! You love me! I defy  
Time or eternity to work me ill!  
Now I am deified, I am a god!

I can create ! You love me ! In the strength  
That surety gives me I can form a world,  
A world for our two selves, where love shall be  
The only law. Sorrow nor age shall touch us  
Nor earth's alloy have any power upon us.  
Come then with me ! One step across the turf  
Into the shadow, and that full, new life  
Enters our souls, claims us forevermore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Catherine ! Yes, true.—My honor? Yes.  
Duty cannot be lightly set aside.  
I, a prince, to whom my country looks,  
Uphold the wrong, 'stablish a rule for all  
To flee their post, obey love's call at will !—  
Our right another's wrong !—tell me no more !  
I will not hear it even from your lips !  
What law is there for us, what duty more,  
Beyond our soul's stern need of one another?  
Or how shall you and I be justified  
If we let mere conventions, time-worn props  
Of all that's artificial, doomed to fall,  
Hold us from realizing to the end  
Life's possibilities, from reaching out  
After our full perfection? Ah, no.  
Yours is no dwarfened nature. Think again.  
We love. Each needs the other. Each alone  
Fails of the highest and so robs the world.  
There's cause enough why we should disregard  
Established custom. Come. Make but the plunge  
Your woman's nature shrinks from ! Future years  
Will prove the deed well done.

Come! Time is passing. Oh, delay not till  
We lose our golden opportunity!

\* \* \* \* \*

You still refuse! Yet said you not but now  
You love me? 'Tis because you love? Strange cause,  
And stranger love! Where is your woman's faith?  
Have all my pleadings yet availed no more?  
Oh, who can understand a woman's nature!  
It grounds itself not upon large issues—  
Even her faith is small!

Ah, I have hurt you! Cruel I am, and yet  
You drive me to it! It is life or death  
Hangs on my words, and shall I weigh them all  
Lest they should wound? Idalia, look at me!  
And let me find your soul deep in your eyes!  
Now come out into the sweet, new life,  
For the old is past.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, could I find a way to make you feel  
Something of what I suffer! I, a prince,  
Young, rich, successful,—dream not that this act  
Makes me aught less when once the storm blows o'er—  
Is it a little this prince should kneel  
And pray you as I pray to wed with him?  
A crown!—bethink you well, the highest gift,  
So says the world, that life can offer, this  
Is what you are refusing! You are poor,  
Obscure, unknown—How scornfully you turn!  
I've wholly missed the key-note of your nature!  
How, then, discover it when time so presses?  
Oh, come! I love you so! forgive my words!

They were mere madness! Everything is false  
But just our love! Come, 'tis our love that pleads!

\* \* \* \* \*

Lady, beware! You try me overmuch!  
This hour is mine, 'tis you remind me of it!  
We are alone, one signal for my carriage,  
My arm thrown 'round your waist—the order given—  
The door fast closed—where are your scruples then!  
Who blames a prince too harshly for such a fault?  
So simple 'twere to make you mine by force—  
So simple—yet I cannot!  
Those steadfast eyes—could I face them again  
After such deed? No. 'Tis not thus I love you.  
With your own lips shall you pronounce my fate.  
I will endure, submit to your decree  
As to a saint's, even though it whisper death  
To all my glowing hopes. But ere 'tis said,  
The word that shall condemn or save, once more,  
Only this once I promise, hear my plea,  
My soul's last plea—then give me your decision.  
I cannot live without you. God, Himself,  
Who sent this passion so to master me,  
Knows how the best, the purest, most enduring  
Of all my nature rushes forth to you!  
My man's soul that till now had spent itself  
Playing with shadows, wasting all its strength  
In empty aspirations, lacked the aim,  
The one great aim that should have called to light  
Its hidden power. But now all that is changed.  
On that May morning when I saw your face  
Then my whole nature suddenly cried out,



And stilled at last in perfect harmony!  
I knew for what I waited all those years.  
Then stirred within my drowsy consciousness  
A fine, new energy. Then I stood forth  
A man, stripped of all outward accident  
Of birth or office, with a man's broad work—  
A destiny to shape with great, strong blows  
Such as my soul, new waked, panted to strike.  
What hours were those! full of that mighty strength  
Which comes to one when he has found his place  
And sees his work, his only, clear before him.  
That something worthy of him, which to do  
He was created, just to fill this gap  
And make the great world-fabric by his life  
So much the more complete.  
Idalia, I had so near missed my work!  
You showed it to me and I understood.  
This is my task. I will accomplish it.  
You say, not thus, not thus, but I know best.  
Grant me but this, my star to shine on me,  
So will I do all things! —  
Can you now rob me of your guiding light?  
Condemn me to the old, false, struggling life,  
To see my best self die and say no word?  
For I am weak, not strong, all motive gone  
For noble action. No, you set a task  
Too hard for one before whose yearning eyes  
Heaven has wide opened! Can he turn away  
And feed his gaze on earth, or satisfy  
His starving soul with fragments of the clod?  
Oh, let my weakness now, not my strength

Plead for me! Of what worth to me  
Are high birth, right of office, hope of power,  
Wealth, gratified ambition, life itself  
Without my love! I care for nothing, nothing!  
I want you! you! my soul cries out for you!  
Idalia, see!  
I cast my pride, my future hopes, my life,  
Myself here in the dust at your feet !! Choose!

\* \* \* \* \*

Speak! Oh, this is past endurance! Speak! !  
Say even the worst then, if it must be so.  
In some way I shall bear it, bear it better  
For not enduring longer this suspense.  
What!—Am I mad, indeed? Can it be so?  
That word I caught—or fancied—was it fancy?  
You will go with me! ! Hillo, without there! Ho!  
My carriage, Jean, at once. Be quick with it!  
Prepare to drive yourself. O dearest one,  
Not now will I say aught of what I feel  
Lest I unfit myself for what's to come.  
You need some thick, warm cloak to wrap you safe  
'Gainst the damp and chill of night. This cape lies here,  
Let me wrap this about you. Ah, not yet?  
Well, as you will. Then in this moment's time  
That's left us, lift your sweet face up to me  
That I may read, if I shall dare, the truth  
Of all this wonder, deep within your eyes!  
And let it sink far into my craving soul  
Before the need for action. Ah, you shrink.  
Grant me this boon. Do you still fear me, then?  
I ask too much?—O God! ! is that the face

Of one who loves!—will leave home, kindred, friends  
For the sake of him who needs her?—why the face  
Of a pure angel, stricken for man's sin  
Might look like that!—that look—'twould follow me  
To heaven's very gate, 'twould turn me back!  
That face—the face I love—to see it so!  
Help me, O heaven, hear what I must say.  
It is all over and I yield at last.  
I cannot snatch my bliss at such a price!  
You suffering for my weakness! !—you, alone,  
Bearing through life the brand I would not bear,  
Letting your soul grow sick and faint within you,  
Complaining not because I willed it so!  
That were too hard to see, though you shrank not,  
Does one permit an angel to endure  
One's weakness for him? Some men may, I cannot!  
Mine is the fault, all mine. Take courage, then.  
For I will pay the penalty, not you.  
How you are trembling! Oh, my storm-tossed soul  
Should never touch a thing so fine, for harm  
Must come of it! I, all unheedingly  
Have let this passion-tempest break in full  
Upon your unresisting heart. Yes, I,  
Who would have given my life to keep all breath  
Of pain and sadness from you, I myself  
Have grieved and tortured you beyond the power  
Of woman's gentleness, even yours, to bear!  
Be this my punishment!  
'Tis over now, I will not hurt you more.  
Heaven—and there is a heaven—will give you to me.  
Meanwhile, my work remains—the work you showed me.

I'll find my strength in that till it is done.  
Look up now—fear no longer, raise your eyes!  
See, for the first, last time I kiss your hand.  
Henceforth you are to me not flesh and blood,  
But my perfected soul whom I shall find  
When from this tangle I have aught wrought out  
Not all unworthy you. For it will come  
That moment, be it this world or the next,  
When, in the sight of God, and our two souls,  
I shall be free to seek you, and unfold  
My life before you. Then shall we two be one.  
And now, until that moment comes, farewell!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, Jean, what is it? The carriage? Very true,  
I ordered it, but 'twas a passing fancy.  
Shall we return now, lady?—What—my lords,  
Come you to try the freshness of the air  
After the ball-room heat? It is a night  
To tempt one to forswear a palace roof  
And turn a gypsy. Catherine! You, too!  
You stray to join us? That is gracious, truly.  
These gardens waft their choicest perfumes up  
To do fit honor to their visitor.  
Come this way but a little. You shall see  
The country bathed in glory at your feet.  
The view is finer here than where I stood  
With your sweet friend a little ere you came  
Watching the moon rise from the terrace steps.

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

**I**NFORMATION proves that the true birth and development of modern illustration sprung from the Spanish Goya, as draughtsman; Bewick, the Englishman, as engraver; Menzel in Germany and Mes-sioner in France, spreading from Spain and England to France, back again to England and finally to America, whence it has been diffused again all over the world. In almost every respect, illustration (as well as the work of our illustrators) is more advanced in the United States and more thoroughly recognized *by all* countries than anywhere else and is overshadowing the work of England, France, Germany and Spain. It is to these four named persons above that our modern illustration is solely and entirely due.

The illustrative work of America is more interesting than that of any other country. The wonderful artistic results obtained in its very short life, not perhaps of more than twenty-five years' duration, has given it wide recognition. The year 1876, that of the Centennial, the first international exhibition was held in America. There was at that time a band of young men, who had been abroad studying, and returned to New York, and it is mainly due to their return and the encouragement that publishers gave them, that what is now known as the American school of wood engraving, together with American illustration and printing, was developed. Two editors of note, Mr. A. W. Drake and Mr. W. Lewis Frazer, made it their especial business to encourage and assist young artists. Their plan was this: If an artist brought a drawing to them in which there were signs of intelligence and individuality, their endeavor was to use that

drawing and encourage the artist to make others. Another good reason for the great success of American illustration is, that the publishers of our most noted magazines have the good sense to see if one expects to obtain good work from a person, he must pay him for it and then reproduce and print this work in proper fashion.

Among some of our most noted illustrators (who are, by the way, paid liberally for their work and who have climbed the ladder from the first round) are C. D. Gibson, who exhibits the follies, graces and styles of polite society; Kemble, Redwood, Frost and Remington, who show the life of the West and South. Frost stands at the head in America, as a comic draughtsman, while Mary Hallock Foote portrays vividly, life in California and Colorado.

Mrs. Foote has won wide fame, both as an artist and an author. A New York journal says of her: "An artist supplements his work by becoming an author and an author endeavors to demonstrate his ability by illustrating the work that comes from his pen. The combination is not always a happy one, but Mary Hallock Foote has combined both and proven herself to be both." She was born in Milton, New York, November 19, 1847, making her fifty-one years old and strong-minded enough not to care at all who knows it. As a child she developed great talent and as soon as possible was sent to New York to study. The School of Design in Cooper Union was the only art school of importance and here as Mary Hallock she worked for some time under Dr. Rimmer. She soon chose illustrating as her true field, and had considerable study with Frost, Johnson, and William J.

Linton. She has contributed full-page pictures to many leading publications and her work has been in great demand. In 1876 she became the wife of Arthur De Wolf Foote, then a young mining engineer, whose work soon called him to the mining regions of California and Colorado. The picturesque scenes of the West made a deep impression upon the young wife, as well as the rough, wild, and oftentimes lawless life. "These scenes stimulated her artistic ideas, and awakened her dormant literary talents," so that in the 70's she wrote her first story upon "the life in a mining town in California."

She has since written a number of stories, all demonstrating her literary as well as artistic talents. Mary Hallock Foote is one of the few women who continues to draw upon wood, and it is said that she does this beautifully. As far back as May in 1889 she wrote stories of the far west and illustrated them. She certainly shows the love of her own sex in her work as many illustrations have as a central figure a picture of a woman, and all interest centers about her. She also proves to us that landscape drawing is within her range. Rivers, lakes and waters appeal to her, and she brings out the shadows so clearly, that one could imagine seeing to the bottom of the stream, were he near enough to it. Mary Hallock Foote should truly and deservedly rank among our foremost illustrative artists.

A. B. Frost is perhaps more widely known throughout the United States than Mary Hallock Foote as an illustrator as his pictures are frequently seen illustrating short stories in Harper's, Scribners, etc., such as in 1895,

“Sawney’s Deer-Lick,” by Charles D. Lavier, ’97; “The Non-Combatant,” by Octave Thanet,” etc., and in the October number of Scribner’s, a story by the same author “Johnny’s Job,” portrays mill and foundry life, in which Frost is taking a great interest. Frost does not attempt to show the artist in his illustrations so strongly as the realist. His figures are plain, not affected, perfectly true to life and lacks the stiff pose of the head, foot or body that many deem necessary to an artistic picture. His backgrounds are subservient to his foregrounds, not seemingly to worry over the perspective, his first desire being to put before the reader, his central figure. The faces and forms of old men, as well as the life in our colder regions, he has illustrated charmingly.

Frederic Remington is perhaps the best known artist of this group. His first object in illustrating is to depict scenes in the life of the far south and west. He has proven himself an author as well as an artist, in so much as he has written a number of Indian stories for the Harper’s magazine and illustrated them himself this past year. He seems to have revolutionized the idea of drawing horses. In most pictures we see the horse galloping along, with not more than one foot raised from the ground. Remington draws, or I might say sketches them, as a kodak picture would take them in action. All four feet are raised high and rather curled under them while going.

He, like Frost, draws very distinct shadows, compelling each object to stand out plainly to the observer and exceedingly well defined. His illustrations of frontier life and types are very popular in the century of 1888.



He, as well as Frost, allows the perspective to fall into insignificance in preference to the central figures.

Remington's friends say that one reason for his taking up literary work, has been the lack or decline of his special line of work—frontier illustration. Frontier life is beginning to be a thing of the past and naturally Remington would turn his attention to what most appealed to him. During the war he has produced many illustrations of scenes of our most notable battles for New York journals and perhaps in the near future we may see more of his clever and artistic work in different publications upon our Spanish-American war.

Pennell says: "I believe illustration is as important as any other branch of art, and will live as long as there is any love of art, long after the claims of the working classes have been forgotten and the statues of the statesmen, who are the newspaper heroes of today, have crumbled into dust, unless preserved because a sculptor of distinction produced them.

MRS. WILLIAM KNIPPENBERG.

## Autumn Leaves

*A golden haze now rests on distant hill  
And dell and busy hamlet. O'er the deep  
Expanse of blue, like white-sailed ships at sea,  
Bright, fleecy clouds fast hurry here and there.  
And keen, shrill blasts that sweep adown the main,  
With magic touch make every tree a lyre  
From whose enchanted depths sweet music springs  
And solemn dirges float upon the air.  
The red, warm west with love the somber scene  
Encircles. Pensive autumn, like some sad,  
Fair queen, her regal form enwraps and stands  
In quiet musing o'er the vanished Past.  
How great a change since mountain rill leaped out  
In eager haste from flower-decked homes to speed  
Their errant way swift down to lake below!  
Since twittering birds among the leafy trees  
Spoke each to each of goodness and of God,  
Since roses, rare with grace of soul and thought  
Would bless all passers-by with fragrant beauty,  
And all the earth rejoiced, the world was glad.  
And now the dead leaves fall, the sun sinks low,  
The wind sighs softly through the bending trees,  
And chants a requiem to the passing soul  
Of nature, till the Resurrection morn  
In bright, supernal beauty comes again.*

—Mrs. R. P. Sibley.



PAINTED BY JULES BARTON.

THE REAPERS.

“A prophet is not without honor save in his own country.”

**T**HIS sentiment, with change in sentence-building, will apply very forcibly to our musical artists. An American musician is not without fame and laurels save in his own native land. Why should this condition obtain in a country so progressive, so expansive, so desirous of making pre-eminent—before the world, among her own people, and for her own up-building—her forces, power, wealth, intellect, resources, and native worth? A government “by the people, of the people, for the people” politically—in sense of governing—should be just that in highest sense for all noble and beautiful advancement and culture.

We have had less than four hundred years of music within our borders, yet we to-day excite the admiration of the entire musical world. It is said that our American voices are superior in many respects. The birth of music in America may truthfully be traced to the Puritan colonies of the stern New England coast.

There were English operatic singers in the early days of Virginia and South Carolina, yet it is conceded that little was accomplished by them for the growth of American taste in musical matters.

From crude, unmusical psalm tunes of the Puritans there has arisen a degree of culture in our own beloved country which, considering our youth, is really marvelous.

Europeans seek eagerly American artists, who are crowned with European laurels and who reap harvests in European shekels. Would that equal honor might come to these same artists in their native land! From

the crude Puritan psalmody there grew a more elaborate musical form, deemed, by the extremely rigid and fanatical, a "frivolous art." Puritan music became a sort of *völklied*, like "Die Wacht am Rhein" of the German nation. These simple, discordant, unmelodious psalms were to the Puritans in 1620 and 1700 what Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner now are to us in this wonderful, glorious nineteenth century—religiously patriotic.

"The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang with the anthems of the free." Out of "straining, harsh, discords and unpleasing sharps," the rough, unfinished melodies which "the stars heard, and the sea," on that wild New England coast in the early days of American freedom and American independence, there has grown a marvelous stature of musical beauty, in whose form and comeliness we have just and pardonable pride.

To this founding of a new nation under so rigid a system, that obtained in music as in matters less aesthetic, we must attribute with somewhat of truth a slow growth of English music. The temporary power and strength of the religious sentiment of the Puritans in Great Britain, and their hatred of secular music and of musical instruments, made inventiveness impossible. There must be incentive to and environment for invention. But our English cousins have made gigantic efforts to spring out of that lamentable musical condition; have made great leaps toward a supreme excellence in all music. But for this hated *Puritan gap* in their history, what grand conditions might now be true in dear Old England!

The first practical instruction-book in singing was published by Rev. John Tufts, pastor of a church in Newbury, Mass. He was a graduate of Harvard.

Boston opened a new era for musical advancement. From what was called the Billings School grew musical societies, and the work in instrumental music. To the famous Handel and Haydn Society of Boston must be traced the first real broad growth of music in this country.

The Stoughton Musical Society, Massachusetts Musical, and New York Philharmonic Society were also strong factors in this work. Boston gave incentive and invention for musical expansion, and there is nothing superior in the United States to-day, to the musical advantages of Boston.

All these conditions have arisen through the influence of the training of youth in the oratorios of "Messiah" and "Creation," two inimitable masterpieces.

The Academy of Music first gave Orchestral Concerts. Members of the orchestra, in the early fifties, numbered about fifty. Harvard students grew so enthusiastic over this new force in society that they declared music a literature; declared it not simply art but books and decided to look upon it "not as an amusement but as a serious pursuit; not a thing to divert the listless mind, but to expand it, nourish it, inspire it, and give it utterance."

They decided also to place the statues of Handel and of Beethoven beside those of Homer, Plato, Newton, and Shakspeare.

"A Sonata should be worth as much as an oration;

a hymn or a sacred voluntary, as a sermon or a prayer.”

What wonder that we have risen to such stature in the eyes of the musical world as equal in point of culture and gift, if not in inventive genius.

The Boston Handel and Haydn Society in singing, and the New York Philharmonic Society in instrumental music, have been the strongest factors and building forces in our musical expansion. We have sent to European capitals singers who rank with Patti, Melba Nilsson, Parepa and Rose.

We boast of our Culture, our superiority in point of talent. We boast of our wealth and of the prices we pay the artists who sing for us; we point with pride to our societies and institutions; yet we must, forsooth, rush after a term or a short period of study in a European capital where we may add a little foreign polish to a rare American gem, which was found by American artists among American resources. But, — “who wants to fight for his own boarding house?” What is to become of us as a musical nation if we find nothing worth among “our own.”

Life comes through fostering, care, and protection; extinction and annihilation comes through disowning and neglect. Let us remember that in our own dear country we may, if we so desire, find as true artists as in other lands. Ay, and here plods genius divine, awaiting the trump which shall call it to “Excelsior” heights by lips that breathe loyalty to America.

## It is Like This

This department is devoted to the discussion of certain aspects of society and the world in general. It will contain each month certain questions, tending to clear up misunderstood or perverted facts. Our readers are urged to answer these questions and send answers to B. D., care of the Editorial Department of The Ebell. These answers will be printed in the ensuing number without names.

### The Apotheosis of the Nouveau

**T**HE advent of the "nouveau riche" into society is hailed by some as a remedy for the drawing of caste lines. But it is a sad blessing at best, and should be prescribed in the smallest doses; since if it does not cure it is warranted to kill; and there are, after all, many things in the old regime that the social world cannot well afford to be without. Constant practice for generations has taught the human animal how to deport himself gracefully among his fellows, and this the newcomer has yet to learn. But if too much of him is admitted at one sweep, as is the present tendency, the security of the whole structure is endangered. The problem is, then, how to stretch the social code without breaking it.

These late arrivals are often of themselves rather good fellows, they simply do not know the ropes; and this colossal ignorance of theirs gets them into endless trouble while they are learning, so that until they do learn society verges on the chaotic. Nouveaux, being most of them grown up or middle aged can not be sent to the kindergarten, nor can they be snubbed, they don't know it when they are; subtlety is lost on them; they do not see the glance of scorn; a painfully supercilious manner has some effect but is bad for the supercilious one. It may be said, however, that the pachydermaton's hide is toughest in the second period of novelty; at first



there is a manner of embarrassment, almost of timidity, which soon gives way to a rash self-confidence, when arrogance holds sway. Now, in this tentative period couldn't those who really wish to be useful to the new one seize him and quietly but firmly impress upon him a few simple suggestions.

The following might be offered as samples:

I. Advise him not to be ostentatious.

As some one says, "Only the vulgar can afford to be very wealthy," that is, only the vulgar will be excused for their display, on the ground that they know no better.

II. Suggest that he does not tramp on people's toes until he knows everyone, then he may tramp freely; this would reveal his acquaintance with the rules of the game, and would show that he tramps with discrimination.

III. Impress upon him that it is best to be polite to everybody; until he masters rule two at least. This would lead observers to fancy that his position is secure, certainly it is one of the best disguises of newness. It is a trait much affected by the high-and-well-born, especially royal folk, and is supposed to require several generations of high rank for its perfecting.

On account of a mental argument somewhat of this sort: "I feel my personal superiority so keenly that I now dare to be disagreeable; I never dared before when I was lowly"—arrogance places one under the suspicion of "arriving" but yesterday; and therefore courtesy does not savor of servility.

Although it has remained the mark of the grandest,

a manner of simple distinction may be acquired even by the least in rank. But it takes time and pains.

As the tea gown has been warned off the course of public appearance by the constant advice of such magazines as the Ladies' Home Journal and others, so the well disposed might hope to dislodge brutality of manner from among the members of smart sets by a continual reminder that such ways are not to be considered good form; and by indulging in arrogance, as well as by misplacing verbs, one unconsciously reveals the modesty of one's origin.

F.

#### QUESTIONS.

What is the reason for the decline of the legitimate stage, and the great popularity of vaudeville ?

Is the romantic novel, with its tales of adventure and gallant daring, being overdone ? If so, what is likely to be the next literary development ?

If Ian McLaren accepts his call to the Plymouth church of Brooklyn and still continues to write, will he then be a Scotch writer or an American writer ?



**T**HE book-shops are gay with bright covers and attractive designs, setting forth the literary promise of the New Year. Fiction, history, art, science and music are all represented, and the old favorites in new and artistic dress vie with more recent comers into the world of letters. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish two attractive and carefully prepared holiday editions, the one, a reprint in two volumes of Lew Wallace's *Fair God*; the other, Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*. A handsome volume of Tennyson, *His Homes, His Friends and His Work*, by Elizabeth L. Carey, proves that the interest in that sweet singer has a firm and enduring foundation in the hearts of poetry lovers. A bright little holiday book in a scarlet cover is *Gallops*, by David Gray, a collection of short stories brightly told and full of the atmosphere of the chase. The lovers of fine horses and of those who love fine horses will find ample to interest and amuse them in these clever stories.

*John Splendid*, by Neil Munro, comes from the columns of the *Bookman* where it was completed last month, in book form for the new year. It is a powerful story of the wars of Lorn, full of interest and good character drawing.

A new volume by Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe, entitled *Literary Haunts and Homes* is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Dr. Wolfe is well known to readers as the author of *A Literary Pilgrimage* and *Literary Shrines*—so full of interesting information. This new publication deals with the literary landmarks of old New York and tells of Poe, Cooper, Irving and others.

Among the books which have sold best in the last month are *The Day's Work* by Kipling, *The Adventures of François* by Weir Mitchell, and *Roden's Corner* by Merriman. *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow* also enjoys great popularity.

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## Ebell Notes

**A**T THE Social Thursday afternoon, December 8th, of the Ebell, Mrs. Sarah B. Hickman gave an interesting and thoughtful paper on music, in which she set forth the true interpretation of musical genius and the misconceptions arising from exaltation of the performer over the composer. The true musician subordinates himself to the master whom he is interpreting and makes it his chief care to see that this master's work is given a true and fitting expression. Mrs. Hickman's paper was illustrated by one of her pupils who rendered several selections from famous composers.

On the last Thursday of the month the Conversation Section made its report in a very interesting program containing papers by Mrs. C. F. Gilbert and Miss Hamburger, and a general discussion on Color opened by Mrs. R. W. Burnham.

The program for the month of January will be as follows:

### GENERAL MEETINGS.

Thursday, January 12th, Social Thursday, paper "Unity in Diversity," Mrs. F. A. Eastman. Thursday, January 26th, General Meeting—report of the Tourist Section.

SECTION MEETINGS

Literature Section—Each Monday, 2 p.m.

Story Tellers' Section—Second Tuesday, 2:30 p.m.

Economics—Fourth Tuesday, 2 p.m.

Conversation Section—Second Saturday, 10:30 a.m.

Music Section—First and third Mondays, 3:30 p.m.

Current Events Section—First and third Thursdays,  
10:30 a.m.

Tourist Section—First and third Saturdays, 2 p.m.

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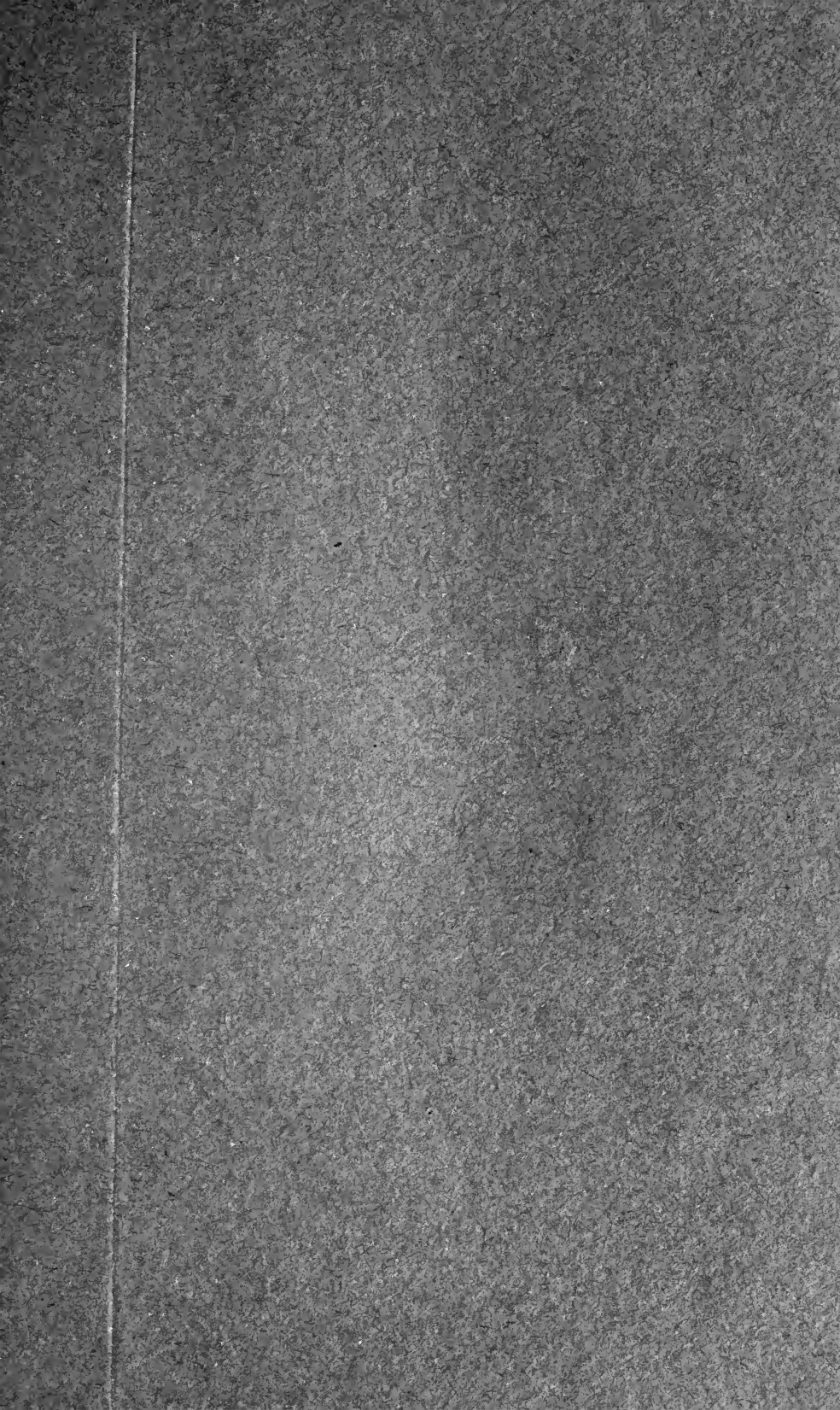
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Six dollars is all you need hand me and I will deliver to your home a new high grade Upright Cabinet Grand Piano, with handsome stool and scarf of your own selection. Subsequent payment, six dollars monthly. In selling pianos on these special terms I deduct from \$50 to \$75 from the regular prices, and do not charge interest. I advise you not to pay cash for a piano while these terms are offered.—J. T. Fitzgerald (Fitzgerald Music & Piano Co.), 113 So. Spring Street.

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We have just passed through one of the most successful years in our business career, and we aim to keep one of the most complete stocks of pianos, musical instruments and music in the city. We invite the public to call and look over our large stock, and they will be shown the best of courtesy by our salesmen, and we will make it our aim to sell the best goods and endeavor to please our patrons.—J. T. FITZGERALD (Fitzgerald Music and Piano Company), 113 S. Spring.









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# The Ebell

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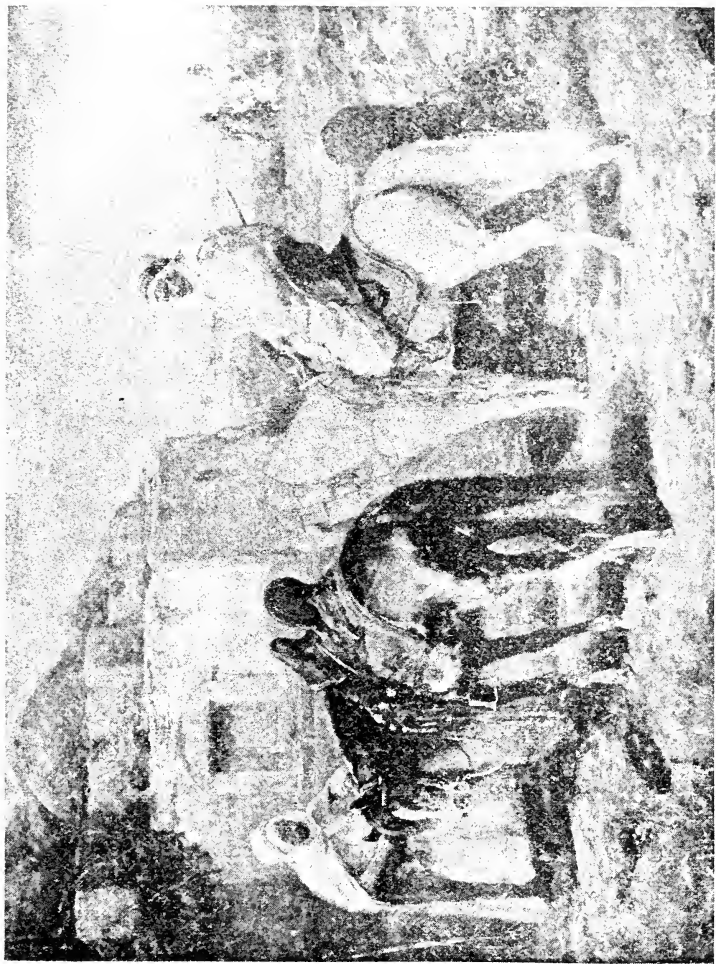
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THE OASIS.

“ **W**HEN a man is a light-house builder by trade, a painter by profession, an author by choice and an after-dinner speaker and story-teller by nature, how can any critic deal adequately with his varied accomplishments?”

F. Hopkinson Smith was born in Baltimore and intended for trade, not for a professional career, but having amassed a comfortable fortune as a contractor, he took up the study of the art in which he has become proficient.

It is said that he is at home everywhere on earth—his orbit touches Omaha and Constantinople. In winter he is heard from the lecture platforms in the Eastern cities—in summer he sketches in a row-boat upon the beautiful American river or moors his gondola to the stones of Venice or he goes voyaging adown the billowy Bosphorus. At intervals he writes books and builds light-houses. His business is a pleasure and it is his pleasure to be busy.

His beautiful home in 34th street, New York, is fitted up as only a man of taste, travel and means can direct. Its staircase is lined with sketches, its reception room with old brocade. His studio on the top floor is full of Chinese embroideries, Venetian mirrors, Mexican pottery, Japanese masks, Turkish rugs, Cuban machetes, Spanish water jars and old Dutch copper vessels. By each of these hangs a tale.

This bit of flowered brocade has clothed a statue of the Virgin. It was her feast day in Guanajuato and he piously presented her with a new robe and as piously carried off the old one. Espero, his favorite gondelier,

has brought him his coffee in this quaint little coffee pot upon the Grand Canal. There are also souvenirs of places and people not so far away. There are tiles painted by the Tile Club, Chase and Abbey and others, and in an ancient cupboard a set of old china from a lady who at one time entertained weary artists in a condemned canal-boat upon the Harlem.

In the midst of all this, imagine a man of medium height, still active tho' growing stout, fifty-three years old with iron gray hair and gray mustaches, looking at the first glance like a prosperous French man of affairs. When he speaks, however, this illusion vanishes, for his voice has the peculiar ring and his gestures the illustrative significance which are acquired by no one but the American lecturer.

Among his notable works as a constructing contractor, are the Race light-house off New London (this is mentioned under another name in his last story of Caleb West, also in a short story called "Captain Joe"), the sea wall around Governor's Island and the one at Tompkinsville, L. I.,—the foundation of the Statue of Liberty—improvements at the mouth of the Connecticut River—a system of jetties and a number of light-houses and jetties.

As to the record of his books in the order in which they were written and the corresponding dates. A Day at Laguerres and Col. Carter of Cartersville were among the first of his stories. They appeared in book form in 1890-91—A White Umbrella in Mexico some time after Gondola Days in 1897, Tom Grogan in 1895 and Caleb West in 1898. Of course there were many others—some



magazine articles and short stories which have been compiled and have appeared in book form during these years mentioned.

His books, excepting those classed as fiction, are mostly of adventures and travels in countries where he has gone to sketch and paint.

Old Lines in Black and White, Well-worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy, A White Umbrella in Mexico, Gondola Days and several others are delightful records of his trips through these countries. He has had many moving studios—tartanas in Spain, broad-sailed buggies in Holland, mules in Mexico, and cabs everywhere, but he says in all his experience, there is nothing like a gondola to paint from—a little boudoir, he describes it, with down cushions, silk fringes and soft morocco coverings. In his Gondola Days he makes no attempt to review the glories of Venetian history, but his treatment of his theme is picturesque and sentimental. It is like a series of beautiful pictures, as he says “that the pencil and the palette must lend their touch when one would picture the wide sweep of the piazzas in Venice, the abandon of her gardens, the charm of her canal and street life, the happy indolence of her people and the faded sumptuousness of her homes. To know her roughly is to know all the beauty and romance of five centuries.” This book under the name of The Venice of To-day and also Well-worn Roads of Spain, Holland and Italy have been very popular as holiday volumes with reproductions of water colors and pen and ink sketches by himself.

It was my good fortune to see a very beautiful book



by him called *American Illustrators*, with reproductions of their pictures by himself. There are rumors also of a book of the *Tile Club* by F. Hopkinson Smith which contains 114 reproductions of representative paintings, bas-reliefs, portraits and sketches by members of the *Tile Club* of New York.

*The White Umbrella in Mexico* is one of his best known books and belongs to the class I have mentioned—his travels in foreign countries. It is illustrated by himself as all of his books are and is a narrative of his experiences in finding picturesque and historical out-of-the-way places in Mexico to sketch and paint. It differs from most books on Mexico as he has avoided as far as possible the usual routes traveled by tourists, but takes delight in finding some ancient ruin or relic of the past in envious far-off places difficult of access.

In this book, as well as others of its class, one notices that he mingles with the people, avoiding the usual guides, preferring to find out the true inner life of the people from themselves.

The two books that have really stamped F. Hopkinson Smith as a writer of fiction are *Tom Grogan* and *Caleb West*. In one way they both seem more like character sketches than novels.

*Tom Grogan* was written for a purpose. In it Mr. Smith paints organized labor in colors so black that all traces of manhood seem to be lost in one who sells his soul to a Union to protect "the sacred rights of labor."

*Tom Grogan* is a woman, the wife of a stevedore, who, when his health fails, steps into his place, taking his name and fulfilling all of his contracts so well that

the manager of the company for whom she had worked for years never suspected that it was a woman who was working for him and only accidentally discovered it. Her family were very helpless and dependent upon her alone for their support—her aged father, her daughter and her little crippled son. She was a woman of great physical strength, perfect health and a perfect control of herself and surroundings. There was also a dignity and repose, unmistakable to those who have watched the handling of large bodies of workmen by some leading spirit.

Underneath all these outward indications of dominant power and great physical strength, one could detect in the lines of the mouth and eyes a certain refinement of nature. There was too a fresh, rosy wholesomeness, a sweet cleanliness about her. Tom may have been rough in her speech and manners but she seemed to be free from every vice—no profanity was ever indulged in by her, and the worst that can be said of her was that she had a temper, but as the book says, her descent from the land of the shamrock and the shillalah was not to be doubted, and she certainly had sufficient provocations in the insults and jeers of the Union men with whom she came in contact.

She performed wonders working with her men in all kinds of weather, and her happy good natured way of directing them won the devotion and good will of all those in her employ.

Few criticize the character of Tom Grogan, and the plot is considered perfect. One writes that in this story we see what a divine thing a woman may be made even

though she belongs to the lower walks of life and be forced by stress of circumstances to go into the world and stand with men and against them in the struggle for bread for her own. One likes her even better when the other side of her character is laid bare to us—her womanly gentleness and quick sympathy and her helplessness.

Tom Grogan was long considered F. Hopkinson Smith's best story, but his last story, Caleb West, promises to rival if not to out-do it. A first edition of 10,000 was exhausted on the day of its publication—in April of this year—and a second edition was rapidly taken up.

The story appeared in the Atlantic Monthly during the winter. A prominent bishop in the Episcopal church says "it is a strong, clean and wholesome story. So far as it is nature, it is the best nature, and so far as it is creation and character painting it is a noble creation and Capt. Joe is in the image and likeness of God." The mystery of the origin of evil is impenetrable but the problem of the purpose is plain enough—that we may resist temptation and forgive sin and the book is built for that purpose.

I think we realize in reading of Mr. Hopkinson Smith that all his books have some purpose. He either deals with some of the social problems, showing the evil and extracting the good or else he tries through his pictures and word painting to elevate to a true appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art.

The west, he says, is ruled by women's clubs because men will attend to nothing but business. Even in the east he says that the man who forms a library or a collection of paintings is a rare exception. He would have one enjoy the sunshine, to read, to look at good pictures and good statues and he thinks the rich man's duty is to provide places for such. His own life has certainly answered to his ideal.

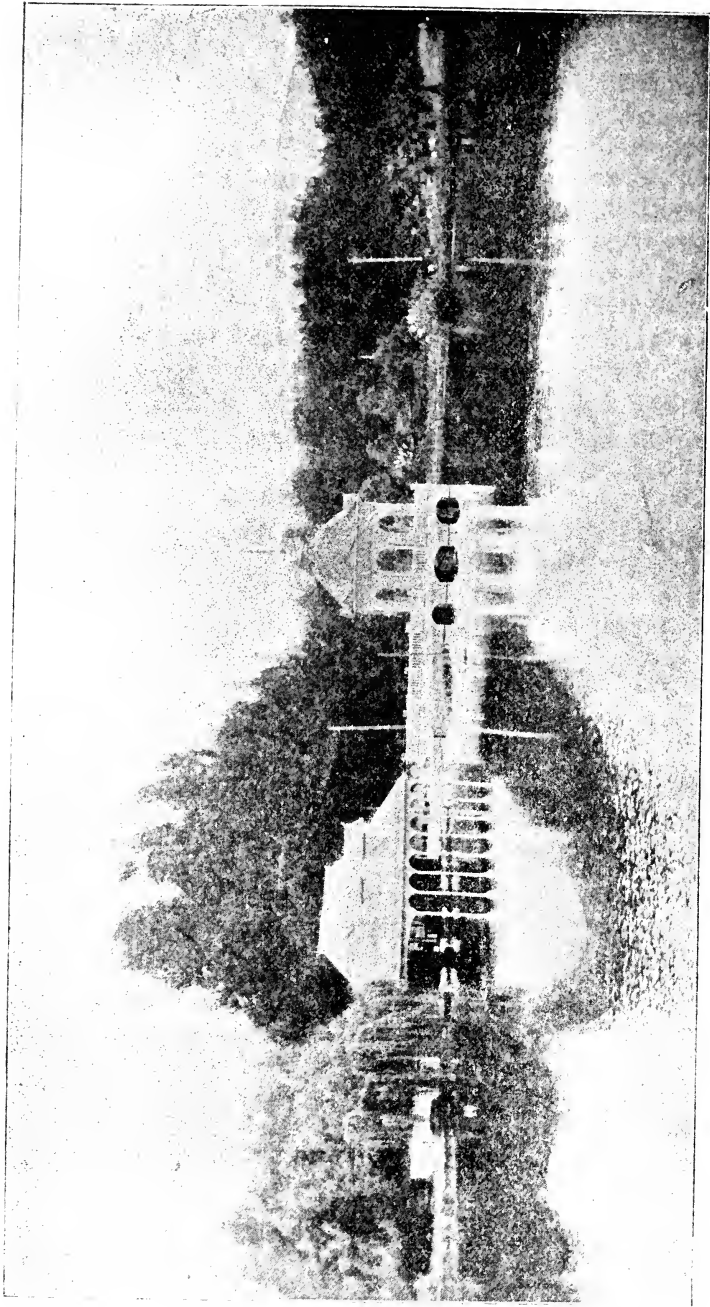
L. J. STRANGE.

III. (CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Barton, leaning against a tree-trunk watching her husband walking away through a vista of shadows, seemed in no hurry to read the letter in her hand. She was reviewing dreamily the most delightful year of her delightful life, when she and John had read their love story in the fair and storied places of the earth. Everything in those journeyings had been idealized by the light of her happiness—even Lyle Howard, her husband's college chum, who sustained well his difficult part of third in a bridal party, realizing that he was often loved best in his absence. Mrs. Barton thought of the happy years which had fled since then, and sighed—partly with pleasure, partly with regret; then she turned to the letter in her hand and read:

DEAR BARTON: In looking through my desk tonight preparatory to a journey, I came across your last letter. The seal had never been broken, though it bore date three years back, for it reached me at a time of great mental anguish and was laid aside unopened. Not very complimentary this, but truth nevertheless. Well, I read it tonight, and the desire to see you and revive again my old self is strong upon me. I leave tomorrow on business which calls me to Chicago, and will detain me there some weeks. From there, if the present impulse still lasts, I will make my way to your flowery clime. Once in sight of the Pacific I may keep on and come back the "long way round," especially if I can persuade you to accompany me—but I forget you are a domestic man, *taut pis*. Drop me a line at once bidding me welcome, or otherwise, and cultivate patience till you see me. Yours Faithfully,

LYSLE HOWARD.



SCENE FROM ATTRACTIVE LOS ANGELES—EASTLAKE

"John, I thought Lysle was married, I wonder he does not mention his wife," said Mrs. Barton as she folded the letter.

"I thought of that too, and on second reading I came to the conclusion that she was dead. He refers to some great sorrow occurring three years ago, which would be about a year after his marriage. Lysle always was a queer reserved fellow. He had a brother who went wrong in some way when we were at college and the mortification so weighed upon him that he has been like a snail in his shell ever since. Listen! what is that?"

A voice clear and buoyant as the sound of a silver bell, was singing. There is ever a peculiar power in open air song, and to this one was added a picture which these two listeners would never forget. Through a gap in the trees they could see Mrs. Alford sitting on a bank above the brook; she had laid aside her hat and her sunny hair was tossed lightly by the breeze. Her lap was full of flowers and ferns which the boys had just thrown there, before running to gather more. Her hands were clasped among the flowers and she was looking upward, singing and smiling in the joy of song. Her black dress was the only spot of gloom in the picture and even that was brightened by flecking sunbeams.

"What does she teach school for with such a voice as that," said Mr. Barton, as the song died away. "She could make her fortune singing."

"I can't imagine that voice dedicated to money making; she throws her soul into every note," said Mrs. Barton, "and looks like a picture besides; imagine any body paying to look at her!"

"Well, don't be so indignant dear, I have no idea of offering her a dollar for her song. Shall we spread the lunch now?"

This was soon accomplished even with Ethel and Ned to hinder by helping and the little party gathered about the low laid feast.

"Now Mrs. Alford, one more song," said Mr. Barton when the meal was over and the children were repacking the hamper; "you were too distant for us to fully appreciate the last.

The school mistress had little sleepy Ned in her arms, and was rocking him gently back and forth.

"I have not sung for several years, but this lovely day in the woods has brought back both the power and the desire to sing," she said, and began at once a plaintive lullaby. She looked into the baby face on her arm as she sang, brushing back the golden curls with one hand. The westerning sun touched her brow and crowned it with light; the breeze-driven shadows fell across her face; a passionate yearning filled her song; the tears gathered and fell one by one from her drooping eyes until her voice broke suddenly:

"Forgive me," she said, "but I cannot bear it, singing to your boy while my own is dead."

Mrs. Barton laid her hand silently upon Mrs. Alford's, while her husband rose and walked away. The scene was too pathetic for words, and the happy wife and mother had nothing but silence before the other woman's grief. But her touch was eloquent of pity.



#### IV.

The formative period to any society is to a certain degree chaotic. The fusing and proper commingling together of indiscriminate material must of necessity be a work which can only be accomplished by the masterful hand of time. But the key note of the future even at first is to be found in the motive which drew the community together. The great mining fever which brought thousands to the mountains of California, scarred the fair face of nature with ugly gashes and great shadow-haunted pits. When once the "lead" failed, the eager, noisy villages which clung around these caverns melted away, leaving scarcely a vestige of their brief and busy presence. Where however, commerce and the slow gains of legitimate business were mingled with the spirit of adventure and speculation, more or less permanent and wealthy cities rose; not only houses, but homes were built and educational institutions established. Gradually the reckless population to whom excitement and adventure were necessary, drifted away to new and more congenial scenes, and the great chaldron of society seethed and simmered over the fires of time until most of the froth had risen to the surface and been skimmed away. Three decades sufficed to build cities, whose society was as well established as that of the places which were three times their age.

But the far south of the Golden State slept undisturbed by the din of pick and drill, until at last it awoke with a slow yawn to hear the shrill echo of a steam whistle. The iron horse had brought the world to its doors—that great turbulent money-making world of which it had heard only vague rumors.

Then came civilization, commerce, wealth, panting and puffing in their midst. Spring beds, parlor matches, and Paris millinery were on their way; lawyers and doctors and notaries following fast in their wake. But this fast coming army of invaders soon found that the wealth of the south lay in two inalienable commodities—its fruit and its sunshine. Those who must make money in some quicker way than growing it, and those whose lungs were unimpaired, passed on and made way for an innumerable company of health-seekers who dreamed of those fountains of life which long ago were said to spring in Floridian wilds. Many too, who were content to wait for a slow wealth, planted orchards and vineyards and marked their way through the lovely valleys by a path of green. So it will be seen that though the population of Southern California was drawn from all grades of society, it lacked the adventurous and reckless element which congregated about the mining towns of the north. The wealthy and educated sought it for health; honest and frugal farmers were driven to it by the rigors of some eastern climates, and many men, and women with a sad history written in their faces, fled to it for oblivion. Out of such elements what a noble structure ought time to fashion out!

Of these contrasting elements the village had its full share. A Sunday glance into the little church where one service a week was conducted by a shy, scholarly young minister, always made a stranger wonder how and why these people got together. Near the front sat a white-haired gentleman in irreproachable broadcloth, whose very spectacles proclaimed him a

scholar and ex-professor. The lady by his side wore an India shawl of finest texture, and her bearing spoke of a life spent well in a circle of such queenly women as herself. Behind them were a young couple with a very wide-awake baby, all rather uncomfortable in their Sunday clothes. Then a discouraged, sad-looking man with a bench full of disorderly children, and a very pretty, eager-looking young girl who tried in vain to keep them quiet. Mrs. Foss and her husband (no one ever thought of him as anything but his wife's husband), neat and orthodox; the Barton family handsome, happy and well ordered; a half-dozen rough men in overalls and innocent of collars, whose wives wore kid gloves and very gay hats, although chronologically wrong in the matter of the fashion, and then the usual proportion of over-grown boys and healthy young women. But the matter of surprise was to see how many refined and educated men and women were in the little congregation, people who seemed strangely out of place in the pioneer life of the far west—if pioneering could by any manner of means be associated with the bowery homes of the village!

On this particular Sunday in April the sunshine was slanting low into the west windows of the church as the people came out from the afternoon service. The locust trees were budding out in tender green overhead; the peach and apple trees were clad in roseate blossoms. A hum of voices rose about the church steps; tongues forced to silence for an hour broke forth into unwonted activity; the children ran up and down among the trees. "You will come tonight as usual, Agnes?" Mrs. Barton said to the young girl who had charge of the troop of



restless children, "we can not spare you dear. And Mr. Murray how do you do? we have not seen you for some time; will you be with us this evening?"

"It was just about that I was wishing to speak with you," returned a tall, sandy-bearded Scotchman, whom she had addressed. "I should like to ask a favor of you if I may walk on a bit with you."

"Shall we wait for Mr. Barton, or is the request especially for my ear," asked Mrs. Barton, as she saw her husband approaching.

"He is quite necessary to my request," answered Mr. Murray. "You have already inspired many good things in the Village; now I am going to ask you to extend your sympathies to one who sorely needs a mental and spiritual tonic."

Mr. Barton having fallen in step by his side the three passed on under the embowering trees.

"I have had with me for some time," Mr. Murray resumed, "a man whom I met by chance in Los Angeles, but in whom I have become deeply interested. I know nothing of his past, but what he tells me, and that is little to his credit. He seems to be one of that large class, whose life craft has sprung a leak early, in a sea of selfish indulgence, and which has never been beached long enough to dry out. Such a one sinks where a staunch boat would sail in safety. He is ashore now in a safe spot with time to get his bearings, but he seems too spiritless to take up the task. He is a gentleman by instinct and education,—for that much I stand sponsor,—for the rest God only knows. I want your permission to bring him to your Sunday evening. It may rouse

him from his melancholy. Will you admit my chance acquaintance?"

Mrs. Barton looked at her husband, waiting for him to reply, and he walked on in silence for a few moments, mentally reviewing the little company which weekly gathered in his parlors.

"Is he a young man?"

"Forty, I should judge, although he looks younger."

"You know our Sunday evenings were established to give our young people a place to spend the hours which the lack of church service leaves idle. We do not consider them in a social light. Let your friend come."

The tall Scotchman thanked them and then stood still a minute to watch the couple as they passed through the hedge and up the path which led to their home. The children came running to meet them; a mocking bird trilled his vesper song overhead, the perfume of orange flowers lay heavy upon the air. Mr. Murray shook himself with a sudden motion as though ridding himself of unwelcome thoughts, then with long, firm strides started toward the hills. He was an eccentric old bachelor about whose odd ways the Village had long ceased to speculate. Why a man should buy land on an unplowed hillside, build a rough cabin and fill it almost to the low roof with books, and there divide his time between farming and studying, was a question many had asked at first; but he managed to satisfy them with some droll Scotch reply which sent them away laughing but none the wiser. So gradually the Village had grown to feel that it knew all about Mr. Murray but it did not choose to tell! He seemed a commonplace enough subject of

speculation this Sunday afternoon as he turned his honest face homeward and left the last house of the Village a mile behind him. The mountains rose before him, purple in the distance, emerald green near by, their lower slopes bedecked with great patches of wild flowers, here yellow, there violet, yonder red, like the coat of many colors woven by the fond Patriarch of old for his much beloved son. And indeed this land, buoyant with youth, confident in its own strength and loveliness is a very Joseph among nations, a son favored above all others by the lavish hand of Nature. "God people its solitudes with good and noble men," said the Scotchman as he looked about him at the sunset glories of the scene; and then as he approached his unpainted two-roomed house his eye fell on the figure of a man, sitting upon the doorstep. His head was thrown back, the afterglow lighting his face. He brought his gaze slowly from the purple horizon to return his host's greeting with a nod. Mr. Murray went into the house and soon returned with a pitcher of milk, some bread and cheese. Spreading a clean cloth on a table which stood on the little porch, he removed his hat and quietly asked God's blessing on the frugal meal. His bent figure seemed to assume a patriarchal dignity in the gloaming.

"Murray, you are a good man; I wish I'd known you years ago before it was too late," said Henry Leith abruptly, not changing his seat and and refusing with a gesture, the food offered him.

"Too late! Who are you man, to say too late. While there is life it is never too late. Stop drifting, and brace yourself to row up stream."

"I've lost my oars," said the man gloomily.

"Say rather you are weak in the muscles," retorted his host. "Come with me tonight Leith, to see some friends of mind, they'll do you good. You are jaundiced with too much of your own company."

"The Lord knows I am tired enough of it," said Leith. "Yes I'll go with you anywhere."

The sunset lights had faded from the sky; the abrupt luminous night of southern climes was falling over the valley and shrouding the mountains. An occasional star pierced the darkling globe of the sky. His simple meal ended Mr. Murray removed the few dishes, and in silence the two men started down the slope to the village.

The sound of music greeted them as they reached their destination, and entering the house they found Mrs. Barton seated at the piano while a dozen neighbors were gathered about her. A shaded lamp stood on the center table throwing stray gleams of light on the picture frames and revealing the homelike room.

The hymn finished Mr. Barton took his seat beside the shaded lamp and prepared to read aloud. It was the custom of this little company to meet every Sunday evening to read some book selected by the vote of those interested, and the reading was continued from week to week until the volume was completed. Although the selection was always made with reference to the holy day it was not theological in character, being sometimes biographical, sometimes narrative. The reader was frequently interrupted for questions or discussion. All seemed at ease and interested. Promptly at nine o'clock Mr. Barton closed the book and took up the Bible,—family prayers always closed this quiet evening.



Tonight the 13th chapter of Hebrews was read.

"Dear friends," said Mr. Barton as he finished, "did you ever realize the grandeur of that great 'cloud of witnesses?' Think of it! The blessed citizens of Heaven throng about us waiting with tender anxiety for our victory or defeat. Is any soul tempted let him be nerved by the uncounted eyes which watch for his decision. Would you send them back to Heaven to weep for you with veiled faces before the throne, or shall there be songs of joy because you have conquered through him who died? Think how exquisite must be the ecstasy which can add to the joy of Heaven, how cruel the wrong which can shadow its peace. May we not be nerved for the struggles of the coming week by the thought that each one in this room, weak to the guide even the destinies of his own home, may sway the songs of Heaven! Let us pray."

The prayer ended the little company dispersed to their homes their hearts stilled with the peace of the evening. Henry Leith rose up with the others, bewildered by the strangeness of his emotions. He had been breathing another atmosphere and it was suffocating him. The hostess came toward him as he stood, bringing an odor of flowers with her. She held out her hand frankly as she said: "We are glad to have had you with us Mr. Leith; I hope you will come again." He did not take the proffered hand nor look up as he thanked her briefly. Once in the open air, he pushed by Mr. Murray and walked on rapidly alone. He raised his eyes to the splendor of the Southern sky above him. To his excited imagination the stars seemed to sway

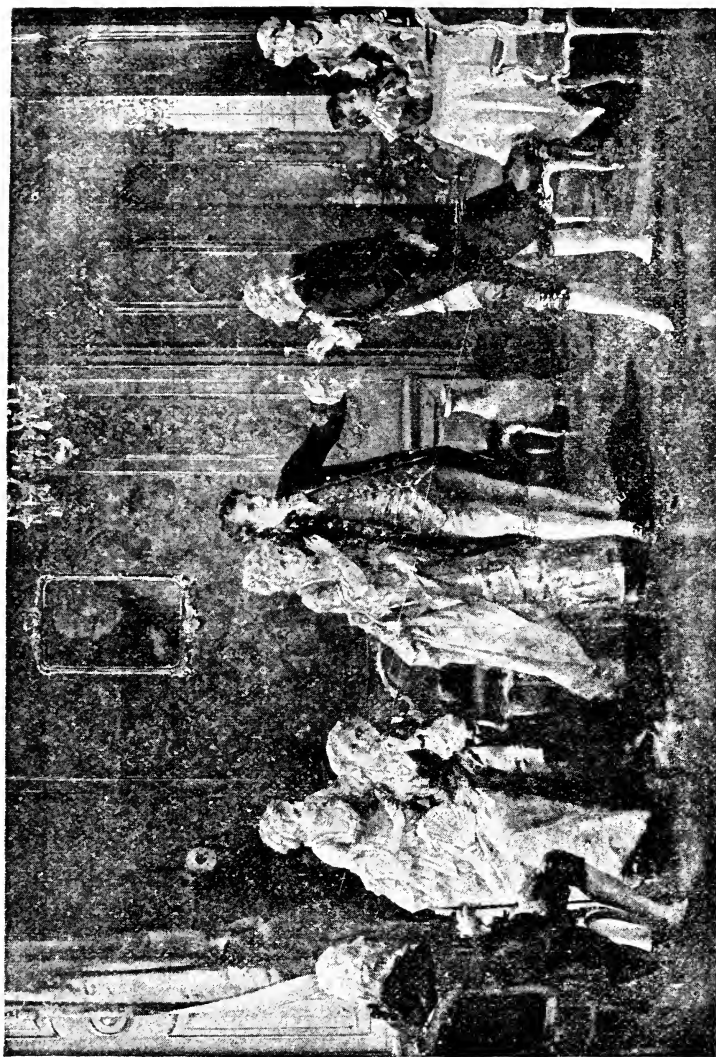


aside to make way for invisible witnesses. Was it indeed too late if Heaven wished him well? He had made a sad muddle of his life so far, but he had only reached its meridian. Why not try again for achievement? His pulses tingled with new energy. Here, a stranger with no weights to pull him down, he would start afresh. A long dormant ambition awoke within him. They should be proud of him yet! But even in this moment, deep down in the man's soul, he heard a prophetic echo—"unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Like smoke-borne sparks his aspirations had often soared brilliantly only to be quenched in mid-air. Still he resolutely turned his thoughts from the past, as he climbed the hillside that spring night. The life he had found so worthless a few hours ago shone with a new hope. He felt strong to conquer and to do.



In the eyes of the woman,  
Beware, beware!  
There is hiding a look—  
You may see it there.  
Is it love? Is it hate?  
Is't for me or another?  
'Tis either, 'tis both.  
Try and see, young lover.

B.



THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE.

PAINTED BY O. ERDMANN.

**I**T was June and that corner of "The Park" where the mulberry trees stood, was exceedingly popular. There were three of them clustered in such a friendly manner, reaching out their arms toward each other, and even shaking hands—or branches—in a most delightfully social way. Just now the purple berries hung heavy from their slender stems beneath the broad protection of the leaves, making glad many hearts. Squirrels, red and grey, scampered from limb to limb, and away and out of sight. Birds of many hues and songs flitted among the branches. And the children—ah! the children, how graciously they accept the bounties provided by mother nature for her own.

That sweet June morning half a dozen lads and lassies lately come to spend the summer at "Dear Grandmother's," awoke the echoes with their mirth. Eloise held her white apron to catch the luscious berries her cousin Rob dropped from the bending bough where he clung like a squirrel. When the store was goodly, and her own lips testified she had not fasted, away skipped Eloise toward Aunt Sukie's cabin. As usual Aunt Sukie sat just within the door, knitting, and as ever the sun light fell in big, bright patches on the floor. Eloise held out her apron with its luscious burden. "Bless her sweet life," said the old negress, delight written all over her countenance, "she nebber furgits her ole Aunt Sukie, does she?" "Why, Aunt Sukie," said Eloise, "you've been knitting on my stocking again." "I know hit, honey chile, I 'lowed I'd git down to de heel dis mawnin, so's I could show yo' 'bout turnin' it." Half an hour passed during which the knitting lesson progressed much to

Aunt Sukie's satisfaction. The curly head bent low over the work and the little one's cheeks grew flushed with the perplexing intricacies of turning a stocking heel. Finally the task creditably accomplished, Aunt Sukie's face beamed with satisfaction, and the little head leaned contentedly against her knee. The old black hand tenderly smoothed the soft hair, as she said, "Well, honey chile, whut kin' of a story yo' want dis mawnin'." "About Grandmother," answered the little one. "'Bout yo' Gran'maw? Well, honey chile, I knows yo' lubs yo' Gran'maw, an' thinks she's a powerful fine ole lady; but yo' don' know nuthin 'bout what she usen to be. W'y she was de han'somes' lady in dis county or any udder county, fur dat mattah, an' hel' her hade so high, an' walk so purty dat eberybody turn roun' an' look at her when she go by. But she aint pay no 'tention to nobody 'cep Marse Jeemes an' de chillun, an' makin' her niggahs happy in dere cabins. Well, yo' know honey chile, when de wah come on, yo' Gran'maw was a tur'ble Rebel. But I stuck to 'er, an' I'll stick to 'er as long as dere's a piece ob 'er lef', cause she's my own blessed Miss 'Ri Lou, an' dey aint nobody else on dis yearth half as good as she is, Rebel or no Rebel. But Marse Jeemes, he kindah sittin' on de fence. He 'lowed he didn' want de United States split in de middle, but I'se head 'im say dat dem folks up dah at Washin'ton didn't hab no right to free his niggahs! But hit didn't make much diffence bout him nowaye, cause you know he done got he kyork lage in de Mexican wah, so he couldn't fit nohow. So he kindah sittin' on de fence, an' ef a Rebel got in trouble he heps him out, an' if a Yankee got in trouble he heps him

out. An' Miss Libbie (dat was your maw afterwards) an' Miss Marg'et, dey like de brass buttons, dey doan care whos got 'em on, an' all de time dey got a cap'n or kyernel on der string, an' whedder he's a Rebel or a Yankee, doan make no diffence to dem.

Well, de way Miss 'Ria Lou contrived to he'p dem young rebel sogers 'long *wus* a *caution*. An' Marse Jeemes tell 'er all de time she git into trouble. So when de Yankees wus 'roun he was mighty skeert, coz some ob de po' white trash been tellin' it 'roun dat he wus a southern sympafizer, and in dem days, chile, dat go, many a good man's hade shot off. Oh, it wus tur'blet dat wah! Well, one time de Fed'ral troops come a marchin' in fur fo' or five days stiddy, till de whole country puddinigh wus one big campin groun'. De camps 'stended from de fayer groun's ober dah clar up into de west eend ob de far medder. Dem soger dey jes squat de tents down any whar dey wants to, widout askin leave ob nobody. Dem Yankees aint got no raisin no how! An' ebery day dey was a marchin' an' marchin' an' dere bans wus playin' dat silly Yankee doodle chune whut make all de young niggahs kick up dere heels an' skip aroun' like yearlin' colts! Well when dey fust come Marse Jeemes got kinder white an' went roun' wid his lips shet mighty close togedder, cause Miss 'Ri' Lou done hab a young rebel down in de cellah feedin' 'im. So we all kep a lookout for de sogers. Well one mawnin' I wus standin' in de cabin do', hit wus a beautiful mawnin' ef it wus November, an' I had jes got all my close out on de line, an' I wus standin' dere restin', an' Moses settin on de do' step smoken he pipe.

Well seem like I done furgit all 'bout de wah, an' al dem tents down yondah, an' was jes a watchin' a red bird hoppin' roun' in de osage orange hedge, an' sorta dreamin' bout de time when I wus a young gal an' me an' Miss 'Ri' Lou usen to go trapesin roun' over de country visitin at de gret houses. an' havin' beaux an' all sich nonsense, when all of a suddent I heahs hosses a gallopin', plunkity an' plunkity, I look an' dah come a whole posse o' sogers down de lane, not mo'n a quarter o' mile away. Bless yo', chile alibe, ef my heart didn't mos' jump outen my mouf! Den wus de time I had to think quicker'n a fiddle string bust! You see we done had hit all made up whut we gwine do ef de sogers come. Moses was gwine have Marse Jeemes hoss, Beppo, all saddle in de stable, and Marse Jeems wus gwine git on 'im an' split out throu de back paschure, an' git away *some* how. But you see dem sogers come jes like de smallpox or de yaller fever, when you doan spect 'em. Well I wus so upset dat time dat I gib Moses a kick wid my foot so quick dat he says "ouch" an' drap his pipe outen his mouf. "You fool niggah you," I say, "here come de sogers, an' dere aint no hoss saddle in de stable for Marse Jeems." He done tole me dat he feel sorry fur Beppo standin' up dah in de stable all de time wid de saddle on, so I know I got a right to cuse 'im ob it. So I make up my min' in a minute whut we mus' do. "Go 'long in dere," I says while Moses wus pickin' up he pipe an' rubbin' de spot where I kick 'im. "Go long in dere an' git in de bade an ten' like you's orful sick ef de sogers comes in heah," "an' Marfa," I say to my growd up gal, "you ten' like you's takin' care ob yo

daddy, an' when Marse Jeems comes down put 'im under de bade an' pull de bade spread down sorta careless like to hide 'im, jes like hits fallen' off de bade." Now Moses wa'n't no rebel like me an Miss 'Ri' Lou, but he's do what I tole 'im, jes like Marse Jeems 'd cut off his right han' if Miss 'Ri' Lou wants 'im to. Den I lit out fur de house wid my brains spinnin' roun' like one o' dem new fangled jim crack frashin murchines. Marse Jeemes done see 'em comin', an' I met him comin' outen de back do'. "Is de hoss saddled Sukie?" "No, Marse Jeemes, dat it hain't. But I done tole Moses to git in de bade an' play sick, an' you git under de bade an' Marfa'll take care ob de res'. Go quick, I say, befo' dey see yo'." An' he lit out fo' de cabin,<sup>4</sup> but he look like he thought dat wus a mighty fool way o' doin'. Den I went in to see 'bout Miss 'Ri' Lou. She wus up stairs prinkin up, coz she done make up her min' whut she goin' do. I look out her winder an' see 'em ride up to de poch an' git off dere hosses, an' fore I could git down stairs I heah de muskits rattle on de do', rat-tat-tat, like dat. An' I started to go to de do', but Miss 'Ri' Lou jes comin down de stairs, and she says, "Wait, Sukie, I'll go to de do'." An fo' dey had time to rap agin she got dah an threw de do' open, an' she says, makin a purty, dancin' bow, "Walkin, gentlemen." De young Cap'n step inside but de sogers look like like dey doan know whut to do, till Miss 'Ri Lou smile so sweet an' say ober agin, "Walk in gentlemen," an' de Cap'n nod to 'em an' dey all step inside. Den de Cap'n say to Miss 'Ri' Lou very purlite, "I'se sorry madam to intrude, but we have been informed dat dere is fiah arms an' refugees sto'ed in dis house." Den

Miss 'Ri' Lou smole an' look so purty, an' make annudder bow an' say, "De house is at yo' pleasure, Cap'n, shall I show yo' through?" Den he bowed an' she tuck 'im in de parlor an' de sogers followed. I done heahed bout how dem common sogers stole eberythin' dey could git dere han's on, an' I go 'long after 'em an' keep purty close to de ornerest lookin' one ob de lot. Den dey look under de sofas an' in de fiah place, an' I mos' snikkered when one young soger peeked into de bronze vases on de mantel. Den dey went into de library an' look into de book cases an' under de cheers, an' den in de dinin' room. But wusn't I glad de silver done burried down in de orchard? Well, dey look in de side bode an' in de cubbards an' den go in de kitchen an' look in de oven and up de big chimbley, an' las' in de pantry. Now hit wus comin' on Thanksgivin' time, an' Miss 'Ri' Lou been havin' lots o' pumpkin pies baked, an' dere wus two gret long rows of 'em settin' on de shelves. How dem sogers, Cap'n and all, look at dem pumpkin pies! I done heah tell deys ded set on pumpkin pies up norf, so I guess hit made 'em think of home. Den I saw Miss 'Ri' Lou's eyes flash up all of a suddent, an' she turn to de Cap'n an' she say, "If you an yo' men will be seated in de dinin' room, you are welcome to sample my pumpkin pies." Well, de way dey split into dat dinin' room an' got sot down to de table were a *caution*. Den we got down de pies, an' I went to de spring house an' got some *genuine quality* milk, an' Miss 'Ri' Lou wait on dem sogers herself. Well, when dey got up f'om dat table, dar wa'nt a crum o' pumpkin pie lef! An' dat young soger down in de cellah under de dinin' room skeert mos' to def! Well,



honey chile, when dey had et up ebery crumb ob dose pies an' drink all de milk dat young Cap'n tank Miss 'Ri' Lou fur her hospitality, jes like a real gentleman, an' said he guessed he had been misinformed, an' begged her pardon fo' de trusion, an dat she should nebber be sturbed agin, an' I doan know *whut* all, an' Miss 'Ri' Lou she stood in de do' a-bowin' an' a smilin' an viten' 'em to come agin.

An after dey got outside de sogers stopped an' give three cheers, an Miss 'Ri' Lou bowed agin an' shet de do'. Den honey chile whut you think yo' gran'maw did? As soon as de do' wus shet, an' she wus sho' de sogers done gone sho' nuff, an dey didn't foun' Marse Jeemes, she drapped right down into a cheer an' *bus't out cryin'*! "Sukie," she says atween her sobbins, "go tell yo' mastah to come here qui-ck." I didn' waste no time a tryin' to comfort her coz I knowed nobody couldn't do dat sho' nuff cepen Marse Jeemes his se'f. So I lit out fo' de cabin, an' I foun Moses in de bade wid a sho' nuff ager an' Marse Jeemes under de bade shakin' like a leaf. "Fo' goodness sakes!" I says, "whut fools yo' is, beggin yo' pardon, Marse Jeemes, layin here trimblin' when Miss 'Ri' Lou done whip de whole caboodle ob de United States army. Den Marse Jeemes poke he hade out f'om under de bade, an' he says, "Whut you mean, Sukie?" An' I says "I means dat yous got de smartes' wife in de United States, but she ain't got sense nuff to know it, an' yo' bettah go 'long up to de house an' tell 'er." "Is de, sogers gone, Sukie?" "Yes, Marse Jeemes, deys done gone, an' whut more dey aint nebber comin back; an Miss 'Ri' Lou can hab a young reb sittin' on de parlor mantel ef

she wants to, stid o' hidin' 'im in de cellah!" Den Marse Jeemes straighten hisse'f up an holler, "Hurrah! hurrah fo' de red white an' bl—" "No," I says, shettin 'im off quick, "Hurrah fur Miss 'Ri' Lou dis time!" "Bless 'er," he says kinda under his bref, but I heahed 'im, an' away he lit out fo' de house, kyork leg an' all!

Den Mose he got over his ager all of a suddent, an' he says, "Tell me bout hit, Sukie." An' I tell him bout hit, an' he laff till he roll outen de bade onto de floo'. Den he pick he se'f up an says "Sukie I'd radder b'long to Miss 'Ri' Lou dan anybody libin, but I doan want to b'long to *nobody*! Hurrah fo' de red white and blue." "Yes," I says, "yo' can say dat wid twelve t'ousand Yankees down dah in sight!" An' den I look at 'im like I usen to know how in my younger days, wid my hade thrown back an' my lips shet an' my eyes a blazin, an' he hung he hade an' when he got he close on he go out de back do' an' I didn' see 'im no mo' dat day. An' now honey chile g'long up to de house an' kiss yo' Gran'maw, an' try to be a comfort to her in her old days, coz she's been troo a heap, an' me an' her's good ole fren's togedder, bless de Lawd!

MARY H. MCCOY.



# LOVE'S EAST

Words by  
CLARENCE URMY

Music by  
GEORGINA PIERREPORT STRONG

*Andante.*

The pious o-m-ni-um, be it morn or ves-per

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment in 6/8 time. The piano part includes a 'm7' chord marking.

but Turns towards the east for life and hope... but

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

I, love's in-fi-del... Towards East or

*len Più mosso.*

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, including a tempo change to 'len Più mosso' and a 'm.' marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

West or North or South where'er

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'West or North or South where'er' are written below the vocal line.

thou may'st be. That way I turn for life and hope.

The second system continues the musical piece with the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics 'thou may'st be. That way I turn for life and hope.' are written below the vocal line.

for that is East to me - - - - -

The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics 'for that is East to me - - - - -'. The piano accompaniment features a prominent chordal texture in the right hand.

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## It is Like This

## On Brilliance

This department is devoted to the discussion of certain aspects of society and the world in general. It will contain each month certain questions, tending to clear up misunderstood or perverted facts. Our readers are urged to answer these questions and send answers to B. D., care of the Editorial Department of The Ebell. These answers will be printed in the ensuing number without names.

**M**OST of the thoroughly brilliant women have been French and in their energy has lain a great part of their charm.

They are found on the pages of history, on the stage or in those dim salons where women have shown what they can do with what is theirs if they have but a chance to try.

By the way, have you observed how few English women have had their chance? Poor Lady Mary Wortley Montague tried for it, and instead of covering herself and her age with fame, as she would have done had she lived across the channel, she handed down to obliquely an eccentric old gentleman's azure foot covering.

Lady Caroline Lamb also made an attempt, but as she was baddish as well as brilliant, she escaped the accusation of being "blue."

In making a list of the women who shine after the great salon leaders with Mesdames de Staal and Recamier at the head, one must include as modern types the Queen of Denmark, Modjeska, and Sara Bernhardt, for enduring charm; and Patti with the noted southern beauties. Sallie Ward and her mother for perennial youthfulness. These have exemplified the same traits as the secret of success, and their motto has seemed to be "Be energetic, and stay young and you have learned the secret of brilliance, for in that way you will always be interesting."

Apparently it seems unnecessary to be a professional beauty, or a faddist, or up-to-date, or charming merely, but alive to the finger tips, from the crown of the head to the points of the slippers. And the woman who shines thus should have her sparkle so delicately applied, so graciously radiated, that she would not dim but heighten the glow of all about her, and then I should not care who made her clothes. The clothes—and the woman too—should be good, of course, but not obtrusive, anything else is vulgar and adds no force to charm; the quality should be impersonal and tolerant—taken for granted as it were, like soap or tooth brushes, being brilliant is not of necessity being Bohemian.

If a class of girls were trained thus and sent forth to proselyte there would be an epoch made, and every kind of niceness in all women would be rolled up and expressed by this half dozen or so.

Actresses are now the only ones who undergo such discipline and they accomplish wonderful things because their profession requires them to take pains; but like beautiful dressing, or command of the voice or gesture, it does not belong to them by nature, but may be learned and practiced by anyone caring to take the trouble.

Women are lectured every day and especially Sunday, upon every topic imaginable until there is likely to be dire confusion in the cranium feminine; and to this distracting list is added one thing more: Do try to see a joke; do try to think; and do cultivate your imagination; and never be too severe unless you can be amusing at the same time; and do not be an echo. If a person says "so kind" or "awfully kind" in a mechanical society

tone, say simply "thank you" in your ordinary voice but as sincerely as possible. If everybody else is exclaiming "how lovely" or "how fetching" don't say anything if you cannot use something different to express your own rapture. You might venture to exclaim, if you dared; "I will tell you tomorrow what I think, I left my dictionary at home."

Slang and such words are to be avoided as savoring of repetition, but if you can make a good point by any speech (not vulgar) ever coined, use it. It is like pepper, bad for a steady diet but mightily enlivening.

And that is what the brilliant woman must be—she must be alive; she must see, hear, read, know everything, and then shut or open her eyes judiciously.

Above all she must practice, before the glass if need be, to talk without wrinkling the skin, then will she be of no age, almost of no race, always an adorable woman.

Such a one may be impersonal enough to talk to a man on his own ground about any subject interesting to himself without the need of fascination but of mere intelligence and still be delightful.

There are two ways of charming—by the ear and by the eye. If one is a beautiful lump of flesh and charms by one's profile, well and good. If one has behind the moderately well turned features, and smooth skin and bright eyes, a busy brain, and through the lips comes an enchanting voice, and one dimples up everybody's face within the sound of it, that will well compensate for the lack of dimples in one's own cheeks. Such charm lies not in the looks, nor does it depend upon what she wears; it is the woman herself who is admired. Such a woman does not take things too seriously and she consequently never becomes even middle-aged; which, more than a fine voice, "is an excellent thing in woman."

F.



## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. One reader thinks the decline of the drama and popularity of vaudeville due to the fact that there are no longer any great actors. The most positive answer to this question is the determination on the part of the people to protest against having to make their amusements luxuries by paying such high prices for legitimate performances. When stars are willing to shine on the people without the inducement of a thousand dollars a week, when they will give their best at prices within the means of the substantial body of the citizens, then the drama will flourish. The exceeding popularity of the recent James, Kidder, Warde engagement shows the deep-seated love of the people for really good dramatic performances.

### QUESTIONS ASKED

1. What is the Czars peace proposition, (a) from the standpoint of peace, (b) from the standpoint of war?
2. Will good actors make the drama popular?



## Among the Books

**T**HE literary world, after the excitement of the holidays, has now fairly settled down to its winter reading and it is finding much that is interesting to occupy its time. As it reads it talks. It is talking loudly at present about Mr. Crawford's latest venture, *Ave Roma Immortalis*, and not without cause. A third large edition just issued proves that the immortal city and its history when painted by the pen of one who writes as Mr. Crawford, has ever a power to stir the pulses of men with a thrill of hero worship. Among the good fiction now on the bookshelves or promised for the near future are *The Count's Snuff Box*, by George R. R. Rivers, Boston, Little, Brown & Co., and *A Herald of the West*, by Joseph D. Altscheler, New York, D. Appleton & Co., both celebrating the early history of America and the wars of 1812, the first being a social study of the times, while the other and stronger story portrays the history with vivid touches. Concerning *Isabel Carnaby*, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, D. Appleton & Co., is a bright and amusing bit of fiction, full of witty sayings and clever character drawing, well repaying the hour or two spent in perusing it.

Molly Elliott Seawell gives us a new story, *The Loves of the Lady Arabella*, as bright and pretty as her stories always are. Beatrice Harraden has recovered her health and is now in process of completing a new novel. Rumor gives its title as "I, too Have passed Thro' Wintry Terrors" and one may forecast for it a wide popularity.

A collection of sweet and graceful poems comes from the pen of Mrs. Ella Higginson as an artistic addition to the winter's store, entitled *When the Birds go North*

Again. Some of the sonnets of this collection show Mrs. Higginson at her best and are full of feeling and taste,

Among the magazines, Lippincott's pages for February are full of good things. For the French Lillies, by Isabel Nixon Whitely, is a stirring story of love and adventure, The Tale of the Doubtful Grandfather is a very original bit of fiction sure to entertain. Recollections of Lincoln, a Diplomatic Forecast and some good verses complete an interesting number.

The Ladies' Home Journal offers a stirring description of Mrs. Ballington Booth's experiences in prison work, and a fine, sensible protest from Mrs. Lew Wallace on the over education of children, which all mothers should read and ponder upon. Many pictures of fine American homes, artistic rooms and model gardens render its pages attractive.



**fellow  
feeling  
in Clubdom**

**T**HIS expression is comparatively a new one to most women, for women's clubs are a new departure and, we may add, at the same time one of the greatest benefits and advantages that the women of to-day may enjoy. These clubs are the outcome of the present generation, an arm reaching out toward the advancement of education and a general moral and physical elevation of the world at large. They tend to bring us into close unison, to make us feel for each other, to exchange sentiments, to know our defects as well as our good points, that we may erase the old and add the new. The feeling of one club woman toward another is indescribable. We have often heard one man say about another "I must help the poor fellow all I can, he is one of us, he belongs to our club." What woman ever understood his feelings until she herself became a club woman. Then those words ring and re-ring in her ears and what a world of truth and sentiment they contain! In the club we are all sisters, working for a common cause, looking forward toward the horizon of knowledge. We stretch forth to reach that goal, working earnestly toward that end, leaving to our descendants a heritage of thought and feeling rich as the sands of the ocean, that they may complete—or rather continue the ennobling work that we have begun. Continue I say, for will this great work ever be completed. Time alone will tell. We each add our mite in the club, each gaining from the other, and so being better fitted to perform our mission on earth. Woman is a great factor in this world after all, perhaps much greater than she is given credit for being. Upon her depends the making or un-

making of future generations. Her gentle hand guides and protects the coming race, with her ever watchful eye she trains her sons and daughters to be worthy actors in new scenes ever unfolding. Since we, the women of to-day, are the lode stars that shall guide the women of the future, does it not befit us to take advantage of all that tends to enlighten, and where better than in our clubs can we receive enlightenment? How different is the trend of the club woman's thoughts to those of the outsider. No trivial matter finds lodgment in her fertile brain. Her thoughts are all of the purer, truer life, she it is who can understand her husband and brother or lover, she it is whom men respect and reverence and she it is who is a fitting helpmate to the busy, toiling man of the 19th century. Women's clubs are yet in their incipency but the day will come when every woman in every station of life will belong to her particular club according to her own particular tastes. It is well known that woman is an indefatigable worker and women's clubs will not only be on a par with those of men but may excel them for thoughtful, conscientious work along their own lines. Long may our women's club's prosper, and long may our earnest club workers live to see the seed they have so successfully sown ripen into the fruits of knowledge!

EVELYN HAMBURGER.



## Ebell Notes

Synopsis of a paper read before the society by Mrs. F. A. Eastman, "Unity in Diversity," on the second Thursday in January.

This is the motto of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which was organized at a meeting called by Sorosis in New York City, March 1889.

Before this time there had been many women's clubs scattered over eastern states, each one living unto itself. The founders of the federation believed not only that in union is there strength, but in co-operation, communion reciprocity is there inspiration.

The desires for larger environment, increased knowledge and broader sympathies have led us on and we have found opening before us a new world, new interests and friends. There are now Federated Clubs in forty-five states and territories, besides two in the District of Columbia. Colorado leads with seventy-one, Massachusetts follows with sixty-six, Ohio fifty-six, Illinois fifty-five, California has twenty-three; and the sphere of usefulness is not confined to our own country, for we have clubs in Ceylon, Chili, East Africa, Australia, England and India. Following the General Federation of Clubs comes the State Federation of Clubs, which bear the same relation to the General Federation that the individual states of our union bear to the whole of the United States. The president of a State Federation is in the same position with our organization that a state governor is to the union. The chairman of correspondence bears the relation of Senator to the whole Federation. The Minnesota State Federation recommends the following work to local clubs.

“The establishment of Town and Country Clubs, to provide rest rooms for country women while in town, and to promote intercourse between the women of the town and of the country, Town and Village Improvement, to promote the beauty and cleanliness of streets, public and private grounds of railway surroundings.

Fostering of Art Interchange for the purpose of encouraging and promoting the study of art, and art history, by providing slides and pictures for the use of clubs.

The establishing and aiding of public libraries, to be made free whenever possible, and the securing of free traveling libraries from the state. The forwarding of the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, which is to be voted upon at the next general election, making women eligible to positions on library boards and to vote on library matters. Co-operation with the public schools to secure the best sanitary and intellectual conditions, and especially to secure instruction in morals and the development of right character.

Pennsylvania has a federation of thirty-six clubs, representing twenty-five towns and about seven thousand women. The interest of the women of these clubs had so drifted toward civics that the Board deemed it advisable to form a committee on civics. At the last annual convention in that state great interest was aroused by a brilliant speech on Forestry by Miss Myra Lloyd Doch. She told of the trees and woods of Pennsylvania, the great resources abused and of the suffering that must eventually come to a commonwealth neglectful of its own precious possession, the forest, and also



told of the terrible loss to the state from forest fires; also the danger to health and property from floods caused by the wholesale destruction of trees. These dangers also threaten Los Angeles. At the same meeting Mrs. Stevenson of Philadelphia pointed out the fact that it was not so much the new woman that was invading man's province, as it was the new man, with his labor-saving machinery and his organizing genius, who had invaded many fields formerly in charge of the housewife. Under nineteenth century conditions, the co-operation of women in many departments of municipal life has been deemed of value by men themselves and emphasized the fact that at the present moment women everywhere were called upon to participate in public affairs in exact proportion to their own fitness and to their practical usefulness. Through the work of Women's Clubs in different states, the attention of one hundred and sixty thousand women has been directed to the value and needs of the public schools in many different communities in the United States. These are the leading women in their towns and cities. Many of them are taking up the study of the education of children in the clubs and in mother's meetings, and pursuing it in a systematic way. In some places child study has been the leading topic, in others the kindergarten, in others school libraries; in all, school morals. Classes to teach children to sew and cook are in operation in many places. A work of great educational value has been done by club women in decorating school rooms with artistic pictures and stationery. The Nebraska State Federation has a fine circulating library and a traveling art gallery of three hundred photographs of old masters.



Michigan has three clubs owning their own houses the one at Grand Rapids costing ten thousand dollars, contains a library of fifteen hundred volumes, The legislature committees of the Michigan State Federation gives their efforts to secure the introduction of bills that will benefit women and children. Last year through their influence Governor Pingree appointed Mrs. J. M. Kinney of Port Huron, a member of the Board of Control of Pontiac asylum for a term of six years. Last year they secured an appropriation of four thousand dollars for a traveling library. Any club in Michigan that is in need of books can send to the State Librarian, and by the payment of the transportation will receive a small library to be used during the year.

Mrs. Lowe, the president of the General Federation, has announced that the policy of the Federation for the coming year will be to investigate the condition of wage earning women and children and to encourage them to organize for mutual protection and benefit. Mrs. Lowe said, "we do not offer organization as a panacea for all ills and all the evils of the world, but it has shown such wonderful results among club women that we feel it might be tried among the (3,000,000) three million laboring women." Working men have labor unions, and capitalists have formed combinations for mutual benefit, but as yet the laboring women have remained as individuals, and have been used by both organizations to further their ends. While the Denver Women's Club is the largest in the Federation, the Chicago Woman's Club, while not so large, has wielded a more patent influence in the club world than any other.

The city of Chicago has come to depend on the Woman's Club to inaugurate reforms for the municipality.

A prominent club woman has said, "The only reason for the existence of the Federation is, with one hand it can lift up the humblest member of its weakest club, and with the other it can grasp issues beyond the reach of individual effort." We as club members and club workers can lift the world no higher than we ourselves are.

The program for the month of February will be as follows:

GENERAL MEETINGS.

Thursday, February 9th, Social Thursday. A Dramatic Afternoon.

Thursday, February 23rd, General meeting—report of the music section.

Literature Section—Each Monday, 2 p. m.

Story Teller's Section—Second Tuesday, 2:30 p. m.

Economics—Fourth Tuesday, 2 p. m.

Conversation Section—Second Saturday, 10:30 a.m.

Music Section—First and third Mondays, 3:30 p. m.

Current Events Section—First and third Thursdays, 10:30 a. m.

Tourist Section—First and third Saturdays, 2 p. m.

The question which most puzzles Los Angeles piano dealers at the present time is, "How can the Fitzgerald Music & Piano Company afford to sell reliable, new upright pianos as low as from \$250.00 to \$350.00 and on such low payments as six dollars per month, asking only Six Dollars as a first payment, and besides this make no

charge for interest." This question is always readily explained to inquirers at Fitzgerald's, 113 S. Spring St., the facts being that this house has entered into a large contract with the piano manufacturers whose goods they handle, whereby they are enabled to sell 500 reliable makes of pianos at the low prices and easy terms named above.

While it is a well known fact that all piano dealers are obliged to pay either the piano manufacturer or their banker a liberal rate of interest on all time sales and therefore must charge interest to their customers, in this case the Fitzgerald House by the special terms of this large contract, a similar one of which has never heretofore been made with any piano dealer here, is enabled to sell superior instruments free of all interest charges and at about half the usual price. With each piano sold, a handsome stool and scarf valued at ten dollars, is given without charge. In addition to such well known and reliable makes as the Wagner, Fischer and Knabe pianos, this house can accommodate the buyer who is looking for a cheap instrument, with a piano as low as \$165.00 to \$185.00.







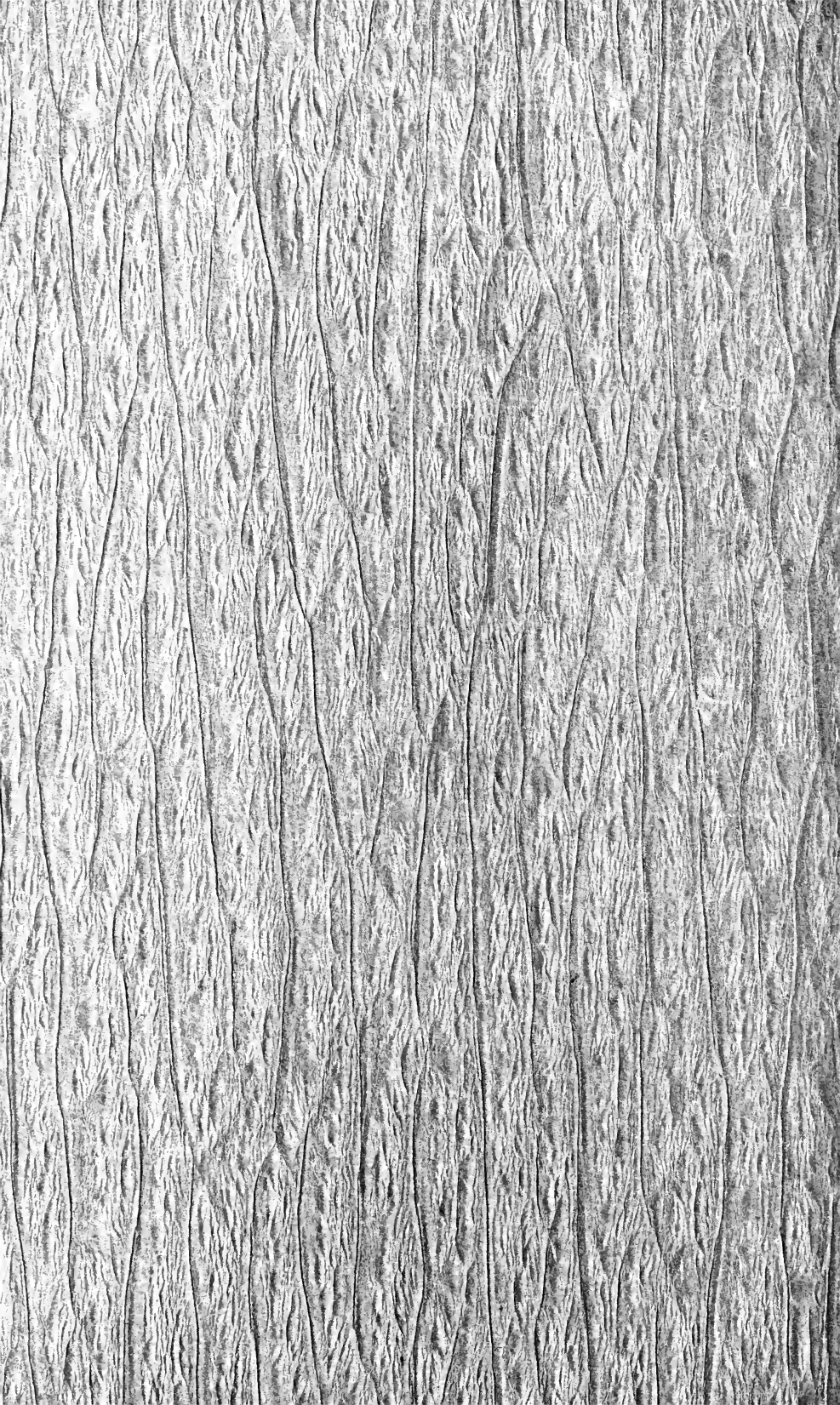


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and Current Events



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GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN, EDITOR

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I.

The  
Coming  
of the  
Rain

**T**HE parched and barren land with yearning eyes  
Watches to greet the coming of the rain,  
And fills the heavy air with her tumultuous sighs

She scans the distant mountain-top in vain.

No sign of his approach the Storm King sends.

Her weary eyes she turns with ever growing pain,

O'er her brown fields where dusty foliage bends

And shrivels in the pitiless noonday heat.

From the cracked earth dim vapor of hot air ascends.

She faints and shudders while beneath her feet

The burning sands give back a garish glare.

"Lord of my life," her parched and fevered lips repeat.

"Lord of my life, why dost thou wait and where?"

I faint for thee! Oh, come and hasten at my prayer."

II.

All day the mists, pale banners of the storm,

Have floated o'er the parched and aching land,

Wrapping in awful majesty his approaching form.

The cloud ranks gather at his dread command

His pure, cold breath steals through the fevered air,

An icy premonition. With his mighty hand

He loosens the fierce floods. Like wolves from lair,

Mad with their freedom they engulf the plain,

Stripping the trembling vines and leaves of foliage bare.

The torrents roar. The mountain tops would fain

Enfold themselves in mists against the might

Of the mad storm-king, but the longing, thirsty plain,

Panting and faint, with dim and aching sight,

Yields to his wild embrace with passionate delight.

### III.

The Storm-King's rage is over. Far withdrawn  
Across the hills, he gathers his rude train,  
Retreating at the coming of the golden morn.

But he has wrought enchantment. O'er the plain  
Floats a soft veil of opalescent light,  
Above her bridal robe of green, upspringing grain.

The purple hills, with dreamy shadows dight,  
Laugh in the sunshine while the perfumed wind  
Sweeps with a soft caress from some far breezy height.

Olive and palm with passion-vine entwined,  
Lift their fresh fronds to greet the brooding sky,  
While the blue rivers, new replenished, gaily wind

To meet the distant ocean. Clear and high  
The meadow lark thrills forth the summer's ecstasy.  
R. W.

**Will  
Music  
become our  
National  
Art**

**T**HE great Anton Rubinstein has been credited with the prophesy that Music would become America's national art. Those familiar with the gigantic strides made since the successful efforts of Messrs. Theo. Thomas and Wm. Mason in establishing the series of chamber concerts in New York in 1855, perhaps would be inclined to agree with the great Russian; and an intelligent comprehension of the musical compositions of truly American writers, although by no means free from the influence of German schools, shows sufficient traits of individualism and imaginative scope to strengthen the conviction. That the intelligence of the musical atmosphere of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities, begins to compare most favorably with the greatest of foreign art centers, no one can possibly deny. And not a few teachers in the above-named cities stand shoulder to shoulder with the best instructors that Europe in this decade has to offer. "Westward the course of empire has taken its way," and as we follow, crossing the continent from shore to shore, in either direction we may wish, we will find a musical instrument of some kind in almost every home. Whether this instinctive desire portends that music will become an important factor in education, the incoming century will prove.

And yet, convincing as these facts may seem, they were not the direct cause of such a prophesy. For more than three hundred years the musical world had belonged, almost exclusively, to Italy, Germany and France; but the last few decades had brought most formidable rivals in Russia, Poland, Hungary and Scan-

dinavia. Chopin introduced the new era with his artistic individualism, and was closely followed by Liszt with his attractive melodies and rhythms of Hungary; the warm national color of Russia, Scandinavia and Bohemia was added by Glinka, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, Gade, Grieg and Dvorak.

During the classical and early part of the romantic period, German musicianship led the world; but she had become less productive, and with the death of Johannes Brahms, Germany would become almost obliged to content herself with the sacred memory of her great dead, and the wonderful art treasures and stimulative atmospheres they had created. From the moment pianistic supremacy passed into the hands of the great Hungarian, it was never permitted wholly to return. Even the giant Von Bulow was obliged to divide all honors with the equally great, if not greater, Rubinstein, who in beauty and warmth of tone surpassed all other interpreters of his time. From Rubinstein it passed into the land of Poland, where, from present indications, it seems destined to remain. Another significant fact was, that not only the larger number of orchestral leaders of the last decade had been Hungarians, but the greater numbers of celebrated artist teachers of voice, piano and stringed instruments belonged to the nations possessing a more intensely nervous temperament than the German race. That the laurels were stripped from the brow of a nation that gave to the world such creative giants as Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Wagner and Brahms, is, after all, not so strange, for art belongs to no one land or nation, but to the world. Germany had given the best



it was possible to give, and the emotions of her race, as a race, are those of the intellect; the emotions of the Pole, Hungarian and Bohemian, those of feeling. To be an executive artist of the highest order one must possess both.

Fully conversant with these historical changes and the traits of temperament to which they were largely due, with an appreciation one would naturally expect from his own titanic temperament, having been cast in so large a cosmopolitan mould—since his mother was German, his father Pole, and the land of his adoption Russia—Rubinstein could not but be in sympathy with the character of our American civilization, and could thereby more honestly weigh and measure the quality and scope of our possibilities—musically—in which he was greatly aided by personal contact with American students.

But there is much to accomplish before “the veil of the prophet can be lifted.” New York, Chicago, and the few musical centers along the Atlantic coast are a very small part of this great republic. In the journey from Chicago westward, if you take the advice of Confucius, very slightly paraphrased, you will soon begin to ponder over the problem of the number of years that must elapse before the great tone interpreter’s prophesy can become a practical truth. One would naturally suppose, in this day and age, when it is possible to be so in touch with the opinions of those who are authority, that this art, so instinctively desired and widely attempted, would be more intelligently understood. But that there are many, many precious hours worse than wasted is proven by the

thousands of unfortunate students wearing their lives out in eastern and foreign cities, in attempting to eradicate pernicious habits formed through false methods of teaching, and the additional thousands of apathetically indifferent men and women who have been robbed of their artistic individuality which was theirs by birth-right—true it may not have been sufficient to grow into great musicianship, but if only a tiny spark, it might have been fanned into a flame of appreciation that would have carried the possessor into that one great realm of enjoyment through which the “trail of the serpent” has never passed.

Were it not for the fact that the vast majority of students, in their mad race for power and speed, dull their perception of tone and dynamic quality, I would fail utterly to comprehend how it could be possible for students to listen to and compare the methods and results of the finger, hand and arm action of the leading executive artists, and not waken up to the fact that the difference between the artist and amateur must be one of progress, not degree. Think of an ambitious, hard-working student listening to the broad, mellow chord passages of some grand finale, as rendered by the artists of to-day, and remaining content to go on with methods the arm movement of which carries one back to the days of Moscheles, causing an intelligent listener to sadly exclaim in an undertone: Ah, Leipsic! how the pedantic adherence to past glory robbed you of a reputation, that might easily always have been yours!

The utter lack of conception and the small amount of real refinement in the general class of amateur play-

ing is the cause of much anguish to those who appreciate the inestimable value of the great tone Art. And the technic one hears so much about—until one is not surprised that youth should become deceived and regard it as the end rather than the means—is so stripped of the elements that go to make up artistic technic, that it is no more beautiful or soul-inspiring than a clothes horse. And these conditions will exist until American mothers learn to appreciate more fully that the artistic sense is the most precious element in the human race, and that there is a distinction with a vast difference between the results attained under the guidance of the properly trained, conscientious professional and the amateur. If we measure and weigh the factors that have been largely instrumental in creating intelligent art atmospheres, such as we find in New York and foreign cities, we find one of the strongest to be the publication of honest criticism. The value of what Schumann did for German musical art with the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" can scarcely be estimated. If the leading papers of our Western cities must comment upon art, they should employ critics who are well grounded in the art they are attempting to pass judgment upon; for unless a musical critic has been well grounded in technique, harmony, melody, form, counterpoint, instrumentation, rhythmic, dynamics, interpretation and aesthetics, with a most plentiful sprinkling of knowledge of the poets and philosophers who largely influenced the inspirations of the composers, he can never prove helpful. Confusing a dynamic quality with emotional intensity—or perhaps worse, welcoming an instructor whose efforts betray in-

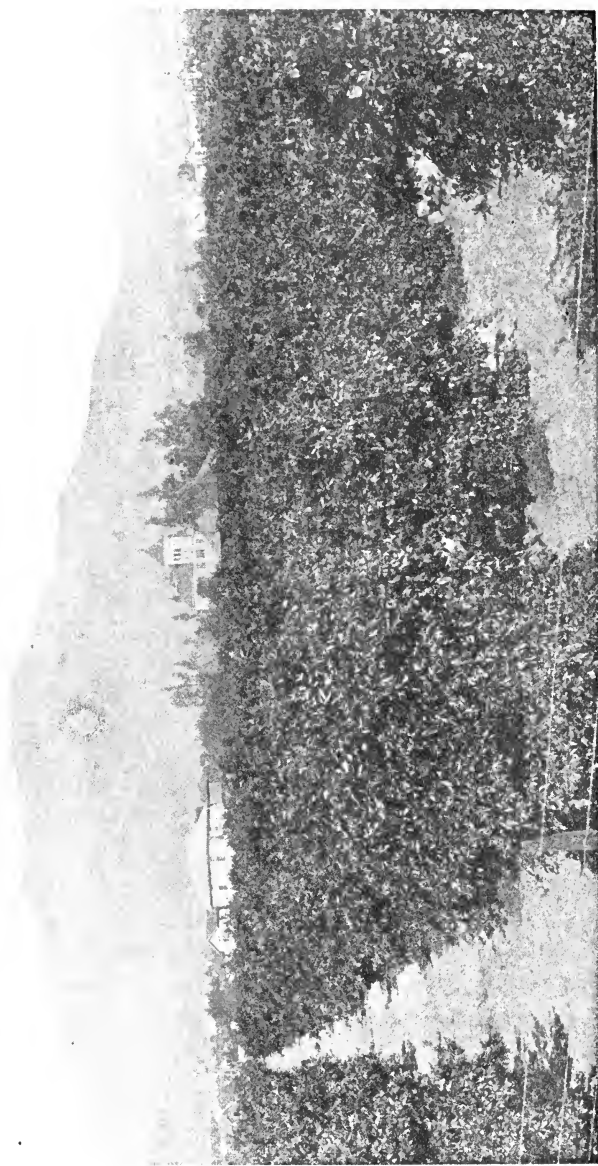
competence—is disastrous to a community pretending to possess any degree of musical merit. And without true standards of comparison, how, pray, are the youth to learn to discriminate, with any degree of true perception, between that which is noble and truly beautiful and that which is merely shallow pretense ?

Intelligent criticism is worth all the words of praise ever uttered; by it alone can we hope to attain genuine growth. It not only encourages by giving full credit for any good that may have been accomplished, but kindly points the principles embodied in the art and the models which furnished the standards for the giant minds who created that art. Under such searchlights only the most competent instructors would presume to hold their work up for inspection ; and when the public is not prejudiced by hollow display, it will soon learn to love the sublime philosophy of Beethoven, the poetical tempo rubato of Chopin and the romantic fancy of Schumann.

Then there would be little difficulty in securing sufficient subscriptions for symphony concerts, for “the promised land” would not be so far off. And what a boon the refining influence of such an atmosphere would prove. For it is an infinite pity, that over two-thirds of the human race should tramp along life’s dustiest highway, wholly unconscious that there is a by-path which leads through its greenest meadows, where the purest of atmospheres is redolent with life’s sweetest perfumes.

SARA B. HICKMAN.

**H**ENRY LEITH did not appear again at Mrs. Barton's Sunday evening circle, but Mr. Murray continued to give good accounts of him. He was moody and fitful but no longer desperate. He spent a great deal of time studying and writing, and rejoiced that his brain had not been so clear for years. As a college boy he had marked power with his pen, and great accomplishments had been prophesied of his future. Now once more a long slumbering ambition sprang into life. He had imperative need of stimulant and excitement; he would write a book and find in its pages what he lacked in his quiet life. He created a dream land and lived in it. This western hillside with its far view of purpling uplands and glittering glimpse of the sea, was only a shadow in that dream,—scarcely as real as the creations of his fancy. He fed upon himself with feverish interest, gaining from within the excitement which he craved. "I have conquered; I have gained power to be self-existent," he would tell himself triumphantly; but Mr. Murray, watching him, sighed as he felt he was building a house upon the sand, without firm foundation. It was just as this mood was beginning to wane somewhat that Mr. Barton rode up to the hillside cabin for a chat with Mr. Murray. Leith, seeing who the visitor was, would have escaped unobserved, had not Mr. Murray detected his intention and detained him. It was a lovely, glowing evening in June. The sunset lights were still painting the horizon, while while an occasional star glittered overhead. Mr. Murray placed chairs outside the door and produced a box of cigars. Conversation was soon animated between the



visitor and his host; they were discussing some late scientific theory. Henry Leith smoked in silence, he felt somewhat on the defensive, but soon he became interested despite himself, and joined in the conversation. Mr. Barton looked at him in surprise. He had thought him a sullen, rather dull man, but here was the fire of enthusiasm and appreciation. The soft June evening flew by on starry feet while the three men talked, until it was not far from midnight when Mr. Barton rose reluctantly to leave.

"I have a book you must read, Mr. Leith," said Mr. Barton. "Come down some evening this week and we'll finish this discussion. Shall we name Thursday, and come to tea?"

"Certainly, with pleasure," said Murray, but Leith was silent.

"I asked Mr. Murray and his friend to tea Thursday," said Mr. Barton to his wife the next day, "I find Mr. Leith educated and intelligent, and whatever his past may have been, he seems exemplary enough now." Mrs. Barton acquiesced, but without enthusiasm. Henry Leith inspired her good wishes but not her faith.

For him this social evening awakened many potent memories; he wondered why he had never before felt their charm. Why had the spirit of revolt within him found in every virtue a bond to be broken?

"It's a matter of perspective," he reflected. "I forshortened the wrong things; now I've struck the right angle of observation." His surroundings had always gained their value by their relations to himself; these people made an agreeable background to his mood at present.

As Mr. Murray and his friend passed Syeamore cottage on their homeward way that night their steps were arrested by the sound of singing. A low light burned in Mrs. Alford's room and through the unshaded window they could see her sitting at the quaint piano, singing in a clear, subdued tone, as though her thoughts were her only auditors. And these were the words which reached the ears of the two men who had paused involuntarily:

“The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the present, poor and bare,  
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through our paltry stir and strife,  
Glow down the wished ideal,  
And longing mould in clay what life  
Carved in the marble real;  
To let the new life in we know,  
Desire must open the portal.  
Perhaps the longing to be so  
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will  
With our poor earthward striving;  
We quench it that we may be still  
Content with merely living.  
But would we learn that heart's full scope,  
Which we are hourly wronging,  
Our lives must climb from hope to hope  
And realize that longing.

The singer rose suddenly and came to the window.



The night was utterly still save for the distant wavering note of a mocking bird. The two men walked on.

"I wonder if the poet knew anything of the agony of longing," Keith said, impatiently. "The words had a hopeless ring, so sung. Who is she?"

"The school mistress," said Mr. Murray briefly. This practical middle-aged man felt for the moment he could not hear either the song or the singer discussed. The longings of his youth, so sadly unrealized, seemed stirred to sudden life. "Hope belongs to the young," he thought, "and blessed hope of immortality! I shall be young again over yonder, with a youth that knows nothing of longings unfulfilled."

And meanwhile the schoolmistress stood at her window looking up at the quiet stars, her face full of the echo of her song. "How hard to 'climb from hope to hope' when there are rounds missing in the ladder,—great gaps, with nothing to rest the soul upon;" she thought. She had never learned to look upward for strength, like the man who had listened to her song a few minutes before, she was striving to become self-sufficient,—a hopeless task for a man, how much more for a woman! Yet the school mistress smiled presently as she stood looking out among the moonlit shadows. "How peaceful this life is!" she murmured, "no hurry or confusion to mar the hours; work enough to keep from thought; happy children for companions and a beautiful friendship growing up each day—how sweet is all this! When I forget, how contented I shall be here!" Through the trees she could catch the gleam of the light from Mrs. Barton's windows and she paused to look at them before

drawing down her blind and seating herself at the table on which an unfinished letter lay.

"Will madame then write all night?" asked Therese, sharply, entering at this moment. She carried in her hand a tray with a glass of milk and a white roll upon it, which she placed upon the table. "Your light always burns itself out; you must rest more, *mon enfant*."

The French woman's voice softened suddenly as her eyes met Mrs. Alford's; it was seldom she over-stepped the respectful distance between mistress and maid, although she had watched this woman's childhood and shared her fortunes ever since. Mrs. Alford laid her hand gently upon the woman's arm and smiled into her anxious face.

"I am glad some one loves me enough to scold me," she said. "My, good Therese, I wish you had better luck than to love me."

The ready tears sprung to the woman's eyes.

"It is twenty years ago that I promised your mother never to forsake her child, and I've never repented the the promise," she said. "It was in Paris that madame votre mere died, on a hot July night. She laid one hand on your head as you lay sleeping by her, the other she gave to me. 'Take care of her and her father, Therese,' she said. She was younger than you are now, and your father was a middle-aged man, not likely to marry again. That is why she thought you would need me, as, indeed, you have. Will madame drink the milk and go to bed now?"

"No, Therese, sit down and tell me more about my mother. I feel like hearing of her tonight; it makes

me less lonely to remember that she loved me once.”

“There is not much to tell, and that madame has heard before,” said Therese, still standing, the lamp light flickering over her white cap and honest face. “The first time I ever saw your mother was when I applied to her for the situation of lady’s maid. Your father was a *attache* of the American legation at Paris and but recently married. Your mother spoke but little French and I no English, still she engaged me, saying, one of us would soon learn the other’s tongue, whichever had the most wit to learn, *ce n’etait pas moi!* In a year she spoke French as well as I. She was so young and thoughtless that when you came she seemed like a child playing at dolls. She would often be very homesick and cry to go home to her mother, but only when your father was away, which grew to be very often at the last. When he was home she was very, very gay, and he seemed fond of her. But he was away that hot July night when she died, and you were two years old. After that we traveled about a great deal, to Homburg, to Spa, to Baden Baden, never staying long in one place, until you were ten years old, and you and I were left in Geneva that you might go to school.”

“I remember the rest without any telling, Therese,” interrupted her listener, impatiently. “The long days at *Mme. Frere’s* school practicing scales and taking walks on the quai with dozens of girls all dressed alike! I can see it all now, and the lake shining and changing in the sun; the band on the *Isle Rousseau* playing so untiringly, and the jewellers’ shops into whose windows we would cast covetous glances as we passed back and forth from

the Quai,—they are all plain to my memory. And then the little back room where you used to sit and sew, and where you told me one night that you had had a letter from papa and he was coming to take me away,—well that little room is as far as I care to go tonight, I will forget all the rest. Give me my milk, Therese; we will go to bed now.”

## VI.

“I know it’s so, for I saw it with my own eyes,” said Mrs. Foss, pausing in her work of wiping dishes to give emphasis to her words by tapping the table with a wet knife. “I was sitting by the door, knitting, jes’ before tea, and those two came along, she talking away and he looking at her as if every word was gold and he was afraid he wouldn’t ketch it.”

“I guess he’d jes’ met her by accident,” said Mr. Foss, settling himself to read the paper.”

“Then ’t aint the first time an accident has happened to that young woman,” retorted his wife as she returned to the dishes. “You are like all the rest of the men,—think a woman is a saint just because she’s pretty.”

“Well, she aint always a saint when she’s homely,” said Mr. Foss with exasperating emphasis, but his wife did not deign to notice the remark.

“The way she goes out of a Sunday is enough to disgust any one without anything else—never going to church and singing half the day in a heathen language. I said to that French woman that’s with her, ‘Don’t you know its a shame to be disturbing all your neighbors

on the Lord's day with your pagan songs? Don't you know what Sunday is for?' 'Yes,' she says, very pert, 'it is for to forgive your enemies,' I am glad she knows that much, although I can't see much connection between the answer and question. There! look out of the window, quick, and next time I hope you'll believe what you're told.

Mr. Foss turned in his chair in time to see the school-mistress and Mr. Leith go slowly by. The sun had not long set, and the twilight was still struggling to conquer the rosy reflection of the western sky. There was still light enough under the overarching trees to reveal a very troubled look on the man's face.

"And so you've decided to go," he was saying as they passed the store.

"Yes; I shall go for a month; Mrs. Barton really seems to wish it. I am not fond of the sea, and rarely go in sight of it willingly: but I think I can bear it now."

"A month? How much writing I will accomplish in that time! And you will not lose interest in it in a month surely?"

"No; indeed I will not," she said, smiling at his eagerness. "Could you not send me the chapters as you write them? Or would you dare trust these children of your fancy so far? My criticisms are really worth very little to you, but I do not want to lose my part in so famous a work,—for it will be famous some day, I know."

"Would you care to look them over down there? Oh! I should be so glad to send them. I will write with a purpose if I think that some one is waiting and caring for what I write."

A thrill in Leith's tone struck upon Mrs. Alford's

ear with an unpleasant surprise, and as she raised her calm eyes to his face her own blanched.

Two months had passed since the June night when Mrs. Alford sang and Henry Leith listened. Since then they had met very often. The lonely woman felt a pitying interest in the still lonelier man, who had such bitter memories for companions. He told her much of his history; she told him none of hers. Nor did he care to hear,—to be helped, sympathized with, strengthened, was all he thought of. He told her of his book, of how his hopes of fame rested on it, how his enemies—who they were besides his evil passions she did not know—should hide in shame before his genius,—he told her of his power and so revealed his weakness, that she felt constrained to help him the little which lay in her way. He never came to her house, but they were both often at Mrs. Barton's.

That Henry Leith should learn to feel for her aught but the friendship he professed, his egotism prevented her from fearing, he was so entirely absorbed in the making or marring of his own life that she felt herself but a stepping-stone in his progress. At least so she had felt until she heard the thrill in his voice and looked up into his voice and looked up into his eyes as they walked through that summer twilight.

"Yes, I shall care," she said, looking at him calmly. "Personal joy and pain are both in the past for me, and so I gladly fill my present with the interests of others. You are fortunate in having this keen ambition; it gives you a motive to your life. Without an object life seems so useless."

"And what is yours, may I ask," he said, meeting her glance a little wonderingly.

"To outlive my past," she answered, the color rushing to her face as he added, hastily and bitterly:

"You are naming the object of my life, not yours, I think."

A silence fell suddenly between them. A jarring chord had been unwittingly touched whose vibrations both felt keenly.

Mrs. Alford paused at her own gate and held out her hand:

"Good-bye," she said, "I shall expect the manuscript."

"Do you know that you have never asked me to cross you threshold?" Leith replied irrelevantly.

"Nor do I intend to now," she said, calmly. "I receive few visitors, Mr. Leith, and some of those are not always welcome."

"I deserve the rebuke," her companion replied, humbly, with a look of pain in his face. "I forgot for a moment—many things. Good-bye." And raising his hat, he walked off through the darkling archway of trees.

Within the cottage she was at once reminded of her intended journey. Therese was bending over a half-packed valise; some toilet articles lay on a chair.

"What a barbarous country this is!" cried Therese. "A lady will travel in a wagon and take not even the necessities of life. Will madame live a month with only that little bag full of things?"

"I am not going very far and you can send me anything I need. Will you not be very lonely my good Therese, here by yourself?"

“Mais non,” said the woman stoutly. “I shall have work, plenty to do. I shall think madame is amusing herself; that will be pleasure enough for me.”

It was quite true that Therese was never idle. Mrs. Alford wondered how the work of so small a house could keep her busy. She did not know that the thrifty French woman was earning many a bit of silver, pickling, preserving, and washing laces or fine muslins for the near and even far inhabitants of the village. Therese had a well-ordered poultry yard by this time, and a vegetable garden which she worked and weeded with her own strong hands. Therese had her own ambitions locked in her broad breast, and she smiled as she dropped each coin into the cracked vase, which stood beside a little crucifix on a shelf over her bed. A wooden chair and the bed were all the small room contained—the furniture of the cottage was all concentrated in Mrs. Alford’s two rooms. If they were cozy and comfortable Therese was content.

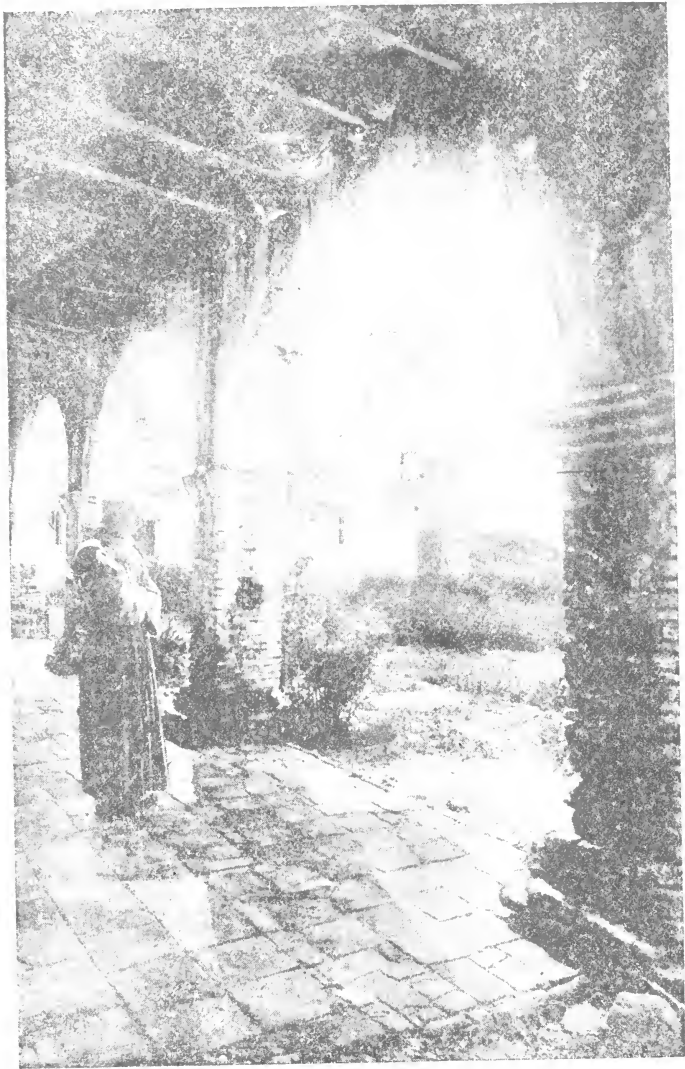
“I am almost sorry now that I decided to go,” said Mrs. Alford, sinking back in the crimson chair, “it is a change, and changes with me are always for the worse. We have been very peaceful, Therese, have we not? Trouble and care have not found us here, and I feel, somehow, as though we were going to meet them.”

“Fi done! Have you lost your courage?” said Therese, cheerfully. “Would you live always in this nut shell? Trouble is tired of following us and happier days than these are before.”

“God grant it may be true,” said her mistress. “I at least will try to believe it. Call me at five tomorrow morning, for we must start early.”







**O**FTEN I pass the gray old mission door  
 And pause amid the reverent kneeling throng,  
 While priests intone the sacred Latin o'er,  
 With organ notes, lost the dim aisles among.

And I, too, kneel with a strange, reverent thrill  
 In that incense-breathing atmosphere of peace,  
 Bidding my restless soul awhile be still  
 And all its weary questionings to cease.

From far above me in the vaulted nave  
 Through the rich glass a light celestial falls,  
 Such beams as might the floor of Heaven pave,  
 Making a glory on the sombre walls,

Gilding the pallid rapture of some saint,  
 Lingering about the sweet Madonna's shrine  
 With radiance such as Raphael loved to paint  
 Across the features of her face divine.

On the high altar where the candles burn  
 Gleams the pale image of the Crucified,  
 His arms extended ever seem to yearn  
 To draw the weary kneeler to his side.

While whispering along the arches, faint and sweet,  
 Steals the low-chanted benediction—  
 "Peace, peace I leave with you." The isles repeat,  
 And murmur "Peace," far-echoing, one by one.

And on my soul there falls a wondrous calm,  
 A sense of Presences ineffable.  
 Lapped in security, safe from all harm,  
 I kneel and pray, and know that all is well.

MARTHA EWING BARNETT.

## Sevres and its Manufacture

“**A** TALENT for any art is rare, but it is given to nearly every one to cultivate a taste for art, only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living.—[Platen.

The refreshing cup of tea at five o'clock, taken from a dainty bit of Sevres, has a double relish when we can appreciate the æsthetic value of the porcelain. Association plays an important part in the productions of art and frequently lends to them half their charm. We are strangely passionless when we can drink from one of Napoleon's cups and not find clinging to it historical memories, to add to our æsthetic enjoyment.

After a glimpse into the museum connected with the porcelain works at Sevres, where are contained the specimens from all factories, of all countries and ages, also a complete series of models of the porcelain made at Sevres since the commencement of this manufacture, the porcelain cannot fail to interest all students of ceramic art.

The manufacture of this porcelain began at St. Cloud about 1695, where every effort was made to further the art and to keep the secret process from being revealed. Two brothers engaged as workmen escaped the guard and offered to the minister of Louis XV. the secret of making porcelain paste. They were given a laboratory at Vincennes, but failed in their efforts. The factory was then transferred to Sevres through the efforts of Madame de Pompadour, a great patron of the ceramic art, who used her influence with Louis to re-establish the factory.

The efforts made in France to imitate Chinese por-

celain failed for want of proper materials, but resulted in the making of Vieux-Sevres, a beautiful ware, which has never been surpassed for purposes of color decoration. It is a soft porcelain or an artificial paste made without natural clay. The expense and care required in the manufacture of Vieux Sevres is one cause for its scarcity. The firing lasted from seven to eight days, conducted with a clear, bright flame. The paste contracted about one seventh and was supported on moulds of the same paste contracting at the same rate. This involved great waste, as the moulds could only be used once and were useless after the baking. The glaze was poured over it and the whole baked the second time, giving to it a richness and velvety softness never obtained on hard porcelain. Genuine pieces with authentic decorations are now very valuable, due to their scarcity and beauty of decoration, done by eminent artists, though much of the modern ware is as beautiful as the old. In all soft porcelain the over-glazed paints sink into it and incorporate themselves with it, producing the effect which gives to pate-tendre its superiority. About the year 1800, Brogniart abandoned the manufacture of soft porcelain and all the ware was disposed of, this being the only instance when perfect white porcelain was ever sold at the Sèvres factory.

In 1753 Louis XV. became a partner in the porcelain factory, and gave to it the title of "Manufacture Royale de Porcelaine de France." It was highly protected, other manufactories being prohibited from producing sculpture and painting on gold. They could only make wares in camaieu. At this time all France became

customer and connoisseur and went wild with enthusiasm over the caprices of individual style brought out by the artists of this period.

Boileau was placed by the king at the head of the factory and he occupied himself entirely in perfecting the works and in searching for the process of making hard paste. France owes this discovery to Madame Darnet, wife of a surgeon of the army, who by chance found some white earth in a ravine which proved to be kaolin, the necessary substance for the manufacture of hard paste and in 1169, Macquer, a chemist of France, was able to read before the Academy a complete description of French hard porcelain and to exhibit perfect types.

Color, the most invaluable element in this art, was now the chief aim of the best chemists of France, who devoted their energies to invent brilliant tones as varied as the rainbow, which would stand the firing. The Blue de Roi with its gem-like richness, first appears in various combinations. In 1752 Hellot discovered the turquoise blue obtained from copper, and Xzrowet made the flesh-colored pink called Pompadour, but sometimes erroneously called Rose du Barry, for this color was invented twelve years before Madame du Barry's appearance at court. Madame de Pompadour used every effort to further the ceramic art of France, and as this is well known to be her favorite color it should bear her name. At the same time appeared violet, pensee-vert, pomme and vert-jaune associated with flowers and emblems producing unparalleled results.

Many different methods are used for coloring; one is by applying to the porcelain coloring substances which

are developed at the same temperature as that at which the porcelain is baked; this is how the most valued results are obtained. As the enamel covers the glaze, it assumes an extreme brilliancy and depth, it becomes part of the object itself. The Sevres blue, certain browns and blacks are obtained by this method.

The color may be either mixed on the paste or may be applied to the porcelain already baked, which may be again baked at a higher temperature.

One of the most brilliant varieties of decoration is called the process of *pate d'application*. This method consists in painting by the brush on porcelain unbaked and heated by successive applications. A thickness is thus obtained, by sculpturing which the artist can give the decoration a remarkable finish and value. The object is then heated, enameled and baked.

Genius and taste are shown in the decoration of the porcelain made for use. Its creamy tints are relieved by garlands of figures enriched by gold scroll work, which, combined with the simplicity of form, give it a true artistic value, but the results of the soaring imaginations of the artists are displayed in the decorative pieces, which are ornamented with the greatest splendor. Imitation jewels made of enamel paste are set in gold, slightly in relief, on a background of Blue de Roi. During the end of the reign of Louis XV. large vases were undertaken and sculpture and painting combined ornamented these specimens. There is literally no exhausting the fancy shown in the forms that make up this series, but proportion, an invaluable adjunct in the hands of the artist, was sadly lacking and color was not always chosen with

reference to form. The clear cut lines of the Greek vases which Louis XVI. obtained as models of pure and simple form, make a marked contrast to the fantastically vanishing lines of this extravagance.

Our fancy is excited and our sense of beauty satisfied when we behold the frescoes of Raphael, the opalescent color of Titian, the bituminous depths of Tintoretto and the chef de oeuvres of modern art produced in lasting colors upon plaques of Sevres porcelain, but we little think of the troubles that beset the copyist. A glimpse into the firing cannot but enhance the value. The colors must be put on and fired in order according to the degree of heat they require, and as the fired colors bear no resemblance to the unfired ones, the artist must anxiously wait after each baking to gain the effect of his labors. The kilns are divided into parts which have different degrees of temperature and this process must be carefully watched through openings for the purpose, for as much depends upon the perfect firing as on the artist's brush. One of the workmen in charge of the kiln of soft paste which requires 2700 degrees of heat, fell asleep during his watch, and on waking, his thermometer indicated 3000 degrees. It is useless to add that the richly decorated gems were reduced to a mould-ten mass.

The artistic eminence reached by the artists of Sevres was shown in the collection in the Salles des Models, now destroyed by the Prussians. All that the genius of the sculptor, painter and goldsmith could produce was found in them. Groups executed in biscuit, porcelain paste unglazed, by Falconnet, Bizot, La Rue



and others were among this collection. Duplessis, goldsmith to the King, composed the models for the vases, and Bachlier superintended all artistic parts and directed the painters who produced such harmony of the brilliant colors fading into softer tones.

The marks, those mysterious hieroglyphs, which are found on nearly every valuable piece of porcelain, give the date of entry into the world of these dainty bits, which are passed from generation to generation and would otherwise be lost in obscurity. As modern forgeries are not uncommon the learned amateur notes the material, color and decoration as well as the mark. From 1800 to the present time the mark on Sevres has varied with each change of sovereign or government, but is generally self-explaining. Prior to that date the porcelain was marked with interlaced L's, in the center of which is a letter of the alphabet to designate the year. The present mark is a parallelogram containing S-48. If the article is perfect and decorated by artists in the factory, a second parallelogram is added containing the year in which it was decorated. Should the piece be imperfect, a diagonal line is run through the first parallelogram and the second is not added. The ware so marked is sold and decorated outside the factory.

The brilliancy of color, absolute smoothness of surface and most perfect delicacy of execution give to Sevres its great value and place in ceramic art.

LILLIAN EVERSON GOODHUE.



**T**HE winter of 1879 was marked by six weeks of intense and continuous cold, with glittering snow and fine sleighing. The parks and islands of Niagara are beautiful in summer, with their bowers and cool shade and rustic bridges; but they are passing beautiful in winter, beset with myriads of crystal gems. The forest trees, stripped of all foliage, yet completely clothed, limb and branch, with ice and frost; the bright green pines and hemlocks bowing to the earth beneath a weight of snow; bridges, bowers, gates—everything around the Falls glittering in the sunlight, and throwing out millions of diamond rays, which frequently formed broken rainbows on the higher mist that rises above the roaring cataract.

The Niagara river for much of its course is so placid, moving so slowly, bank-full, that it gives no hint of the hurry and rush with which it gathers momentum for its mad plunge over the immense precipice, 600 yards in width and 158 feet in depth at Horseshoe Falls, and 200 yards wide and 164 feet deep on the American side of the river. On the Canadian side the water's edge is reached by an inclined plane; on the American side by an inclined railroad, terminating at the ferry-boat landing. At the time of which we write the boathouse, landing and all surroundings were buried under twenty feet of ice. The ice on the river was in many places forty feet through and very rough and broken. In the river near the American Falls a pinnacle of solid ice eighty feet high, had formed from the freezing of spray.

It was the desire of most visitors to walk, or rather climb, across the river on the ice. To ascend the moun-

tain of frozen spray it was necessary to beshod with new rubbers, and to wear woolen mittens, as hands were as necessary to the climbing as feet. To reach the ice on the river, a stairway was cut from the foot of the inclined railway.

It was during this reign of King Frost that the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited Niagara Falls, and the writer was privileged to be one of the receiving party on the American side. The vice-regal visitors arrived in cutters and were met by the authorities at the end of the Suspension bridge, under our national colors, where, after appropriate greetings, a brisk drive through the parks was enjoyed.

On her return the Princess expressed a desire to walk across the river on the ice. Accompanied by a guide and Gen. Hollinger, most of the Canadian party went down the railroad and out upon the ice, where the Princess demonstrated the fact that English women are good walkers. After returning to the cutters, and enjoying a spirited drive, adieux were said and we ended a memorable experience.

MAUD E. BOWER, Santa Ana.

**It is  
Like This  
Advantages  
of  
Provincialism**

**I**N OUR journeying towards the west we have reconstructed this ancient term, Provincial, and have given it new and glorified significance; it now means being in the van. Absence from a metropolis in the latter half of this century gives refreshing opportunity to experiment with the latest and most improved methods of municipal lighting and locomotion. Obviously a city entirely illuminated and transported by electricity is, materially speaking, far in advance of one still depending upon those relics of barbarism, omnibuses and gas. Conversely, therefore, the social habits of a community thus enlightened must be advanced in equal proportion: What is adopted must make for betterments and what rejected must be a discard of hampering obstacles to progress.

In a new and vigorous commonwealth the manner and customs of the old world go through a process of filtration and emerge in a state of purity and effectiveness, seldom surpassed. Many surplus distinctions of rank are obliterated; all begin on a foundation of perfect levelness, and advance up the social steeps side by side. Such an arrangement is most admirably adapted to remove any uncomfortable awkwardness of the climbers it so neatly obviates criticism and creates an atmosphere of freedom. To particularize: The first thing to be adopted by the striving community is gorgeous apparel. Here the aforesaid independence of taste is most apparent and most admirable. Among the peoples left behind was the antiquated fiat: "No evening dress before six p. m." Behold now the courage and daring of the provincial. He boldly says: "Why not," and disports his even-

ing clothes (on the stage, at an afternoon concert), unabashed. And should the aforesaid daring one be a woman, she boldly turns on the electric lights at three P. M. and clothes herself in the most resplendent of gowns, which gives grand opportunity to display rounded arms and gleaming shoulders, if she happens to have them, under the caption: "You cannot have too much of a good thing." Should a solitary stranger protest at such an innovation, what better answer could possibly be given: "Old fogyism is worn out. We are beginning a new set of fashions. Let other places copy us." If added to this courageous action, evening clothes are demanded in a tent, well and good. Are there not many precedents, if required, among the ladies of the circus? "Go to! We please to do as we please." So much for clothes. Now for carriages.

In effete civilizations where every one thinks ill of his neighbor there is one seat in a carriage and one alone to be occupied by a lady—queen or commoner—and that is the right-hand corner of the back seat. Do such rules need to be followed by our provincials? Never! She sits on the left, right, north, south, any place most convenient, without regard to such descendants of such back number monarchies.

Supposing my lady chooses to call and that she is provided with a well-filled card case, and plenty more cards where those came from, shall she show herself niggardly and leave a paltry couple on her acquaintances? Not she, but boldly counts over the number of members of a family and leaves two or three apiece. Should thirteen be required, she never flinches, out they come.

In backward metropoli one is supposed to speak to all the guests under a hostess' roof, but our provincials are too careful for that. They demand an introduction by name before venturing, and also reprove unwary ones who happen to speak beforehand. "I think we have not been introduced," is said by one woman to another. This may be only proper prudence, as new society is likely to be rather mixed.

A provincial is not often given to apology. Although the frank innocence of his action may be liable to misinterpretation, yet he usually goes on his free way rejoicing; I cannot therefore understand why a prominent woman seemed to think a speech of hers needed explanation. After speaking of a certain lady by her first name she said, "I can call her Jennie; she's my daughter, you know."

After careful consideration of the whole subject, it may be said that members of new communities have the advantage all on their own side, and where once their naivete held them up to scorn, now their courage and bold originality entitle them to the sincerest commendation.

F.

## Editorial Department

**H**OWEVER harsh and cruel the ravages of winter in other parts of the country, we who make our homes in Southern California feel already the breath of spring. Mountains, hills, valley, bask in a shifting, golden light. Purple shadows chase each other across the landscape and vanish dreamily. Birds call in liquid notes in tree and bush and from somewhere there steals upon the senses a subtle, haunting fragrance, once known, never to be forgotten. It is the breath of the orange blossoms.

What hidden spell finds its expression in the breath of the orange blossoms? As the intoxicating fragrance steals through the air on these early spring mornings, there falls a glamour over earth and sky, a maddening suggestion of beauty and romance. Let it be where it will, in the house, on the street, in the office or the heart of the crowded city, that this mystic perfume greets one, the result is ever the same. As with an opiate, one is overpowered, enthralled, conquered by a flood of delicious suggestions. The living, actual present fades away and in its place comes the vision of long, low adobe walls buried in clinging vines, whose sheltering nooks hold glimpses of scarlet or blue and the flash of dark eyes from beneath a silver-trimmed sombrero. A richly saddled horse crops the tender grass near by and the sound of light laughter is borne on the perfumed breeze. Or perchance mellow floods of moonlight are falling across the dimly outlined plaza. Gay figures meet and intertwine neath the shade of overhanging trees and the air thrills to the sound of passionate music and the rattle of the castanets.



Oh, the moonlight and the scent of the orange blossoms! Oh, the delicate, dreamy California springtime! Brief, evanescent, capricious, but infinitely sweet is the spell that it weaves!

American art has yet to realize what possibilities it leaves neglected in the romance-haunted land of California. We have heard far too much of the lack of American art and literature. Too long have our American artists and writers turned their eyes to the old world and sought their inspiration in the echo of other lands. We are told that our development is too recent, that we have no historical associations, no long past stretching behind us, rich in stores of thought and learning, of feeling and action, that America is yet too much in the rough for art. But time moves on and even while these cries ring in our ears we have left behind the days of our probation. We have a history, rich, complex and far enough behind us to be full of suggestion. We have a country remarkable for natural beauty, standing on the verge of national greatness. Though we are a new nation, we have the strength, the vitality of youth; our future is before us, not behind. It is time for all who care for the glory of American art and literature, who wish to see them on the plane with the age of Elizabeth or the Italian renaissance, it is time for them now to unlock the rich stores of undeveloped material lying around them, and in all their searchings they will find no richer field than California. This is the land of hidden romance. All that Spain was to Cervantes, all that Italy was to Dante or Raphael, all that Provence was to the troubadours; all this will California be to her artist or her poet, or her dramatist who will bask in her sunshine, dream neath her white moonlight, breathe in the scent of her orange blossoms, absorb the whole of her subtle, haunting charm and make it his own.

## Among the Books

**T**HE literary year just completed, although one of some uncertainty, has been financially and artistically successful, judging from all reports. Moreover, there is every indication of continued activity in all departments of the book world for the coming months. Certain books have enjoyed remarkable popularity, their sales running into large numbers. The war has brought many new writers into prominence, none more conspicuously so than Mr. Dunne, author of those caustic sketches entitled, "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," which promises to be the clever book of the season. The following is the list of the six books selling best at the present date:

1. The Day's Work, by Kipling.
2. The Battle of the Strong, by Parker.
3. The Adventures of Francois, by Mitchell.
4. Red Rock, by Thomas Nelson Page.
5. Cyrano de Bergerac, (chiefly Miss Hall's translation).
6. Castle Inn, by Stanley Weyman.

## Ebell Notes

## Report of the Work

**T**HE CURRENT EVENTS section of THE EBELL has always been a popular division of the club work. Its sweep of interest is almost limitless and can touch the intellectual activities of almost everyone at some point. It aims at insight into today, but as the present is the result of the past and the herald of the future, its lines of radiating thought are of necessity widely diffused.

The work this year has been systematized under seven departments, viz: Foreign Affairs, Commonwealth, Sociology, Education and Philanthropy, Men, Women

and Books, Science and Invention, Art. The varied thought relations of the section's work will be best shown by listening to a few of the subjects that have come up for discussion and ingathering of facts, during the past few months. The Egyptian campaign and the seeming destiny of France to occupy for England and move out under pressure. The Dreyfus affair, involving the fate of the French Republic. Results of Kaiser Wilhelm's pilgrimage. The Czar's "Aureflamme of Peace." Is the disarmament of Europe possible, or are the hopes growing out of the rescript chimerical? The oncoming of Russia. Shall the Slav dominate Europe?

A morning given to this last question proved most interesting. A paper was presented by Mrs. J. B. Millard, the facts gathered by a most discriminating scale of values and the conclusions most logically drawn. Mr. P. A. Demens, a Russian gentleman of broad culture, then held the attention of the section and its guests, and at the close of his profitable and enjoyable talk the discussion was most animated.

The questions growing out of the late war with Spain, our new international relations and other problems confronting Congress have been full of material for thought-concentration, while profit-sharing, the convict-labor problem, free kindergarten and college-settlement work, and the proposed establishment of truant schools, have been among the live questions brought forward by our committees on Sociology, Education and Philanthropy. By reference to our science committee, our attention has been drawn to the fact that the scientific progress of the year 1898 includes cheaper lights, increased interest in

wireless telegraphy, discovery of serum for Bubonic plague, and most valuable experiments with liquified air. The most widely read new books have been brought to our notice and every meeting has offered something of interest in the wide realm of art.

For the next regular meeting, Mrs. A. M. Whitson is programmed for a paper, the first of a series, in the line of social forces, viz., The Church—social movements, charities. Two open questions are now before the section for thought and discussion, with no expectation that any conclusion will be reached in which all will concur: Which two women have most influenced the history of the world? What is the most important event of the nineteenth century?

MRS. R. W. BURNHAM, Curator.

An afternoon with Shakespeare's Comedies, comprised the programme for the social Thursday of February. After a few opening remarks on the harmony between the youth and buoyancy of the comedies and the springtide season of the year, Mendelssohn's setting of the Midsummer Night's Dream was rendered on the piano. This was followed by two short papers. the first one, The Special Charm of Viola, portraying the exquisite personality of that dainty bit of womanhood and the feminine charm that enfolds her; the second gave a clever contrast of those two famous wits, Falstaff and Prince Hal, contrasting Falstaff's broad and farcical humor with the keen, polished satire of the prince. That pretty lyric, "Hark, hark, the lark," as set to music by Schubert, was next rendered, and the programme closed with an animated discussion of that famous question, Was Portia masculine in her legal defense of Antonio?

The music section, owing to the lack of time to prepare a complete programme for its report of this month, will report again in April, at which time a delightful afternoon has been prepared.

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PROGRAMME FOR MARCH.

Thursday, March 9th—Social Thursday afternoon.  
“Industrial Education,” Miss Ella Clark.

Thursday, March 30th—Report of Economic Section,  
Literary Section—Each Monday, 2 p. m.

Story Teller's Section—Second Tuesday, 2.30 p. m.

Economics—Fourth Tuesday, 2 p. m.

Conversation Section—Second Saturday, 10.30 a. m.

Music Section—First and third Mondays, 3.30 p. m.

Current Events Section—First and third Thursdays,  
10.30 a. m.

Tourist Section—First and third Saturdays, 2 p. m.

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If there is any man in America today who thoroughly embodies the American idea of success, that man is John Philip Sousa. Back of this success stands the man who has created it, with qualities of heart and brain that appeal instinctively to human nature at large no less than to the American nature in particular. No other man in the musical world is so conspicuously and so constantly before the public and yet bears his honors and success with such becoming modesty. Sousa is the only American composer whose fame and popularity transcends the geographical limits of his native land.

The Sousa marches are played in every country on the globe where music is known, and the publication of a new composition from the "March King" interests strangely and widely diverse communities. With all the tremendous vogue of these marches it yet remains a fact that the Sousa Band alone can play them as they should be played. Sousa and his band will appear at Simpson Auditorium on the 14th and 16th of this month in two matinees and two evenings.



**F**OR AGES past men have acted as sole agents for that particular brand of intelligence called "Progression." Women were slow in learning there was no copyright on the royal label, but having once taken possession of the trade mark of their brother man, have made rapid advancement in the field of progress, have crossed the borders of art and science, made deep inroads in commercial circles, and stand shoulder to shoulder with their former rivals in the professional world.

Notwithstanding the wonderful advancement of modern times, there seems to be in the life of man a time when an exceptional opportunity presents itself. Such has been the case with one of our local enterprises, that engaged in by Orr & Hines.

Their establishment has been equipped with every modern convenience; careful attention has been given in the selection of their goods, every detail of the business has received the close observation from those of experience and ability. Despite these facts they felt there was one department being neglected. Opportunity presented itself and they were quick to recognize it, and henceforth Mrs. M. H. Connell will have entire charge of the ladies and children committed to their care, giving to each and every one that sympathetic and careful attention which only a womanly woman can give.

To Messrs. Orr & Hines belongs the honor of a full conception of what a complete undertaking establishment can be, and with every modern convenience, with an expert at the head of each department, they are safe in offering to the public superior practical and artistic service. 647 South Broadway.





# The Globe

VOLUME - TWO  
NUMBER - SEVEN



# EASTER

April, A. D. 1899



# The Ebell



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GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN, EDITOR

1922 GRAND AVENUE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.





EASTER SONGS

The  
Passion-  
Play  
at Ober  
Ammergau

**T**HE summer of 1890 found me in Europe. The questions uppermost in my mind for months were: Shall I go to see the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau? or shall I not? Will it jar on one's religious feelings or will it exalt and delight one? I met a friend who wanted me to go with her, so that decided the question.

One July day we entered Cook's London office, engaged our places for the Passion Play and three days' lodging in the village of Ober Ammergau, for September. Then we arranged to meet at Cook's office in Munich the 12th, as our tickets were for the Sunday performance, the 14th.

What a crowd we found in Munich en route to Ober Ammergau! One could hardly secure rooms in any of the hotels. We met early Friday morning, and finally everything was arranged and we found ourselves aboard the train for Ammergau. I have often wondered where Cook secured so many good-natured men. Everywhere we found his agents exceptionally kind and courteous. The man who had our trainful of people in charge that day was a marvel. The hundreds, yes thousands, of unnecessary questions he was asked by nervous women, always received a polite and gracious reply.

The ride from Munich to Ammergau was very interesting. Passing Lake Starnberg, we could see the Berg Schloss where the mad King Ludwig met his tragic death. One cannot visit Bavaria without becoming greatly interested in Ludwig.

From Ammergau we drove in carriages to Ober Ammergau high up in the mountains, a very picturesque

and beautiful drive, passing a quaint old monastery on the way. When we reached the village, Cook's agents gave us in charge of a fine looking peasant, who turned out to be no other than the son of the man who took the part of St. Peter. He conducted us to his father's cottage, white and clean both without and within. Our fine, saintly looking old host met us at the door. We felt it a benediction to enter and stay under his roof. He has spent his life carving images of his Master and must have dwelt with Him in thought to get the expression of countenance he wore.

The house was one of the plainest, back of the kitchen under the same roof dwelt the cow, but so neat and clean was everything one did not mind the roughness in the least.

On Saturday the peasants from a distance began to gather in the village. So many of them looked to us as though they had stepped out of Defregger's pictures with their picturesque Alpine costumes.

We spent that day merely drinking in the beauties of the mountain scenery—a good preparation for the Sunday experience.

Saturday evening the village musicians, headed by firemen, in uniform, paraded through the village playing a lively march. This heralded the play the next day.

We were awakened at 5 o'clock Sunday morning by the firing of a cannon to arouse people in time to attend Mass in the village church as a preparation for the wonderful performance to be witnessed that day. We went, of course. At seven the musicians marched through the streets in the same manner as on the previous evening.



Before eight o'clock we were in our seats at the theatre. Only about half of the seats were under cover, ours were of the fortunate number.

How can I describe that perfect morning in September! The mountain grandeur and solemnity, the serious, devout faces of the peasants, all making an impression that nothing can ever efface from the memory.

The stage is immense, part of it without any protection from the weather. When it rains the actors go right on with their parts seeming unconscious of everything. The following is a better description of the stage than I could give:

"The spectator sees in all five distinct places of action for the players; first, the proscenium for the chorus, procession, etc., second, the central stage for tableaux vivants and the usual dramatic scenes; third, the palace of Pilate; fourth, the palace of Annas; fifth, streets of Jerusalem. A vast space is thus put at the manager's disposal. The most beautiful of all the accessories of this wonderful stage is the natural scenery surrounding it."

Precisely at eight o'clock the cannon is heard again and the performance begins. All of the actors meet in the theatre back of the stage and spend a time in silent prayer before entering. First with stately tread march in the chorus of Schutz-geister, or guardian angels, eighteen in number, with a leader who gives the prologue. Their dresses are all in lovely soft shades of color, over which they wear white tunics bordered with gold fringe. These are very artistic costumes, designed by Munich artists. They advance from either side of the

proscenium. After the leader gives the prologue telling of the following scenes, the chorus chant and retire as they came.

Then the curtain is drawn aside and one sees a beautiful tableau representing a scene from the Old Testament prophetic of the scenes to follow in the life of Christ. After a second or so the curtain falls and the chorus comes on as before to chant and sing the connection between the picture just given and the act to follow. The play represents the life of Christ from his triumphal entry into Jerusalem to his ascension.

Act after act moves on through the grand and solemn scenes of our Lord's trial and condemnation to the awful climax of His crucifixion. With a terror and awe impossible to describe the spectator sees the Christ crucified and hanging from the cross. The intense emotion of the hour is such that all sense of time and place are lost and one lives only in the scenes before one. This emotion deepens still more through the mighty scene that follows until the glorious resurrection reaches its fulfillment and the risen Christ stands triumphant over death.

From eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night the mighty drama moves on its course and then one steals away worn out with a great strain and sorrow, yet thrilled as never before with the hope and joy of Easter.

The Bible has been dearer to me, means more to me than ever before that Sunday in the Alpine village of Bavaria.

If the Passion Play is to be given again next year, as rumor reports, no one who can possibly witness it should miss the opportunity. It is an epoch in a life time.

A. C. ADAIR.

## THE DOUBTER

Doubter, you say, and scorner of the creeds,  
Am I, who think the righteous God, who sways  
The planets by his breath, and moves the world  
By law immutable, who holds the days  
As sands upon the shores of His infinity,  
Can feel the passions small of hate and love,  
Or would revenge upon a helpless race  
The crime that came from brutal ignorance.  
Deny me, then, the bauble of your heaven  
Of idle joy and measured recompense  
For virtue, that is payment of its debt,  
For virtue, that each hour its record keeps  
In deeds that make men god-like, and that reaps  
In earthly fields its sheaves of golden grain,  
And gives a flower for every thorn of pain.  
The Heaven that is the place of the Most High,  
Is not of endless rest, and vague ignoble peace.  
Oh, rather would I sink into the dark, and cease  
To be a sentient ray, wandering in peopled space  
Seeking its source, for fuller potency,  
Than find that this were mine eternity.  
I do not know, I do not know, but trust  
The Power that called me from the senseless dust,  
To think, and feel, and be, for some great end.  
When this, my body fails, content I'll be  
If but a conscious atom, I but live and move  
To ends of grander deed and purer love.

LOU V. CHAPIN.

**T**HE sun was just taking his first sip of dew from the jeweled leaves of the orchards as Mr. Barton's family drove out of the village the next morning. They were bent on one of those excursions so common in a country whose newness deprives it of summer resorts. The time was near when convenient and fashionable hotels would dot these picturesque coasts and grand mountains, but as yet the travelers must take their all with them and snatch their comforts and pleasures from Nature's grasp. Thirty-five miles south of the village a party of "squatters" had built a group of rude cottages in the heart of an old Spanish rancho. They had fed their cattle among the hills until at the end of a long law suit they had been ejected and tearing down most of their houses had vanished whence they came. Three of the best of these cabins had been left standing, and these were the destination of our party of pleasure seekers. They crowned a cliff which plunged steeply down to a long stretch of shelving beach. Back of them a dense forest of sycamores stretched away to meet the mountains which rose abruptly from the narrow ledge of valley lying between them and the sea. A well of clear redundant water made the spot a halting place for the herds of horses and sheep, with their keepers, who ranged the ranch. The county road, upon which a daily mail coach passed, ran by the deserted cottages and was their only link with the wide, busy world which lay beyond. Here was nature in primeval loveliness. The sea sang its changing song heedless that not an ear was there to harken. The peevish cry of water birds

reached the woodland nestlings who swung and cooed among the sycamores. Flocks of beautiful crested quail rose whizzing out of coverts of dry leaves. The deer even ventured down the mountain side, and at dawn could be seen nibbling the scant grass which grew below the trees. High up on the first ledge of the mountains a little lake lay slumbering, close guarded by giant cliffs, and sending little rills down into the valley to refresh the thirsty woods.

To this seaside solitude Mr. Barton had removed his Lares and Penates, represented by a wagon load of furniture presided over by Ock, the Chinese cook, who had preceded the family by a day, to prepare for their reception. For several miles their road lay across the plains and then turned toward the hills.

"That is your last glimpse of civilization until we reach San Juan," said Mr. Barton as the trees and roofs of the village disappeared in a turn. "I hope you will like 'roughing it' Mrs. Alford; people generally do, for a short time."

"The chief charm of going away from home is the prospect of getting back again," said Mrs. Barton. "We were gone two months last summer and when we got back our house seemed a palace and our beds made of eider down. I positively could not sleep at first, the luxury was something oppressive. Mrs. Alford isn't that child tiring you?"

As usual baby Ned was in Mrs. Alford's arms, and she was dividing her attention between the child and the changing scene about her. Since that June picnic in the woods Mrs. Barton had understood the lovely woman's

clinging to this tiny, romping boy, and Ned claimed her devotion with baby tyranny. Her sweetest smiles were always his, and her splendid voice was tuned to nursery ditties at his bidding. The happy mother who had scarcely known an unsatisfied longing in her life, watched sometimes with painful wonder the passionate kisses which fell on the child's golden curls. No, Mrs. Alford was never tired of baby Ned.

It was noon when the travelers drove up the one straggling street of San Juan. The adobe houses crouching amid trees and fenced in with hedges of fragrant Castilian roses, seemed all lulled in a noonday siesta. Several men lounged before the little whitewashed hotel talking their musical patois, but the clean little square before the mission church was deserted. In front ran the low, tile-roofed cloisters and to the right rose, clear-cut against the glowing sky, a great vaulted alcove, all that remained of the old Spanish church. The front and side walls were gone, crumbled to the earth from which devoted hands once raised them, but the stuccoed ornaments of the recess which once sheltered the high altar still tangled the sunbeams in their shadows and proclaimed the memory of those brave old padres who first raised the voice of prayer in this lovely land. A new civilization is at its portals which claims from it no higher use than its picturesque decay.

Under the shadow of this vaulted wall, the party of pleasure seekers ate their lunch and rested until the afternoon breeze arose among the trees, then they started once more upon the way, plunging down to the beach after awhile and following the sandy road which ran between

the cliffs and the sea; until finally after climbing some long brown hills, their destination rose upon their view. The late sun was glorifying the sea and sky, and gilding even the unpainted cottages, sitting forlornly on the very edge of the cliff. Ock stood at the door of one of these energetically waving a towel.

"Hurrah," cried the children. "Is supper ready, Ock? We are half starved."

"Well, we can't eat until we get out of the wagon," said Mr. Barton. "Jump out Arthur, and don't break your neck over those cliffs before supper time. Now ladies, your seaside villa awaits you."

"I should think it had been waiting sometime, by the outward appearance," said Mrs. Barton, entering the low doorway. "But after all, this is not so bad."

The cottage contained four rooms, all unpainted and unpapered. Ock had spread some gay rugs on the bare floors; a cot bed was in each room, and plenty of chairs completed the furnishings. A second cottage stood but a few feet away which was exactly like the first, but Ock had arranged its front room for dining and sitting room. Here the table was already spread and rough shelves against the walls held a goodly array of dishes and canned fruits and meats. A tent back of the cottage served as kitchen.

"This is luxury compared to camping," said Mrs. Barton. "Clean beds; wind and fog-proof walls, and plenty to eat, what else do we need!"

What else, indeed, with Nature's work-shop of wonders spread all about their cabin doors!

And so their life of summer idling began. In the

morning the entire family, armed with umbrellas, books and writing materials, went to the beach. A rough shed of sword-like tules bound together answered for bathing house. After a plunge in the water the warm sand furnished them a delightful lounging place, where books and thoughts and desultory conversation whiled the hours away. The great globe of sky seemed trans-cut with a gleaming expanse of sea. The only shadow which fell from the amber air and the pulsating water, was the swift-passing shade of a gull's wing. From the beach they saw only the narrowing curves of the sheer cliffs broken by the gaps up which they climbed to their cottages. They seemed to be as alone in all the great, echoing world, as Adam was when he walked the ambrosial solitudes of Eden. Sometimes Mr. Barton would read aloud while the children played along the shore, and the two ladies sat with their hats well tipped forward and their hands sifting idly the glittering sand. But oftener they were absolutely idle, steeped in the dreamy beauty of the scene which seemed made up of light and water.

When the heat of the day had passed, a drive or horseback ride through the woods varied their pleasure. These rides were to Mrs. Alford the crowning delight of the days. Quick independent motion, such as one feels alone on a horse's back, excited her strangely. To go away from the dazzling sea, whose restlessness wearied her, through the varying beauty of the forest; now starting a covey of whirring quail; now catching the note of a dove or the glad whistle of a mocking bird; to feel the wind cool against her cheek, aromatic



with wild perfumes, and to be untrammelled by any will but her own, this was the intensest enjoyment she had ever known. Sometimes as she rode far ahead of the others, who always indulged her whim of being alone, she would look up to where the intense greenness of the forest betokened the high-set lake hidden in the bosom of the hills, and she would fancy herself riding on and up ever faster, faster; the world sinking below, the breeze growing fresher, until the panting horse should plunge into the green coolness of that land-locked lake; and then—the ripples would run widening out to die against the cliffs, peace, rest, silence; ah, how sweet! At such moments she would draw rein suddenly and rejoin the others with all her eager excitement quenched.

Once, with a stout Indian boy for guide, Mr. Barton, Arthur and Mrs. Alford climbed to this lake. The trail led them through the forest—rare in this land of brown unwooded heights, to a steep rocky mountain-side. Little streams fed from above crossed their path, their course marked with ferns and flowers. They left their horses where the rocks began to shelve towards the lake and picked their way on foot. Like a green well, deep bored into the rock, lay the little sheet of water. The sun except at noon scarcely touched its pellucid depths. The mountain towered above, too high to mirror its head in the face of its nursling. Tall reeds and brake fringe its margin; the trees flung down their great arms to caress it; a wavering line of crushed ferns marked the path by which the deer came down to drink; the sound of a falling stream and the rustle of leaves seemed to intensify the silence. Mrs. Alford thought of the ripples

dying against the cliffs, and she stretched out her arms suddenly, with a great longing. "I am so lonely and so are you little lake," she cried, and then she smiled at her own vehemence. Life was sweeter to her these sunny seaside days than it had been since one bright year of her girlhood. She had youth strength and pleasure; only hope seemed lacking and might not that come by and bye.

"Did you ever share the wish expressed by George Eliot 'to hear the sounds which lie on the other side of silence'?" asked Mr. Barton, gravely watching her changing face. "Listen! The low gurgle of the water, the hum of a bee, the flutter of a bird's wing, are all which break the stillness which is so full and sweet it is like a happy thought, too great for utterance! But suppose our ears were attuned to finer sounds—could hear the music of sunbeams breaking on the water or the fairy voice of ringing hare bells; or the song the moving stars sing—what a revelation! Perhaps that will be one of the joys of the new life."

"Not always a joy," said Mrs. Alford. "Sometimes on a still bright night I have thought of the earth-sounds which were rising everywhere towards that placid sky—the agonized prayers and groans; the protests against wrongs committed; the cries for mercy which never comes; the wailing of babes, the moans of age—ah, it was awful! I would be deaf to such sounds; surely we hear enough!"

"Did your vision include none but dreary sounds?" asked Mr. Barton, "was there no place for laughter and thanksgiving, none for praise or blessings? Were there

only discords in the song of the Universe? We forget that the time of perfect joy is not yet come; but it is coming."

"Let us hasten its advent by believing it," said Mrs. Alford smiling. "my faith in happiness ought to grow strong while I am one of your happy household. Is not Arthur calling? How clear sounds are in this atmosphere. I believe the Swiss jodel would echo finely here."

She raised her voice in the clear bugle-like notes familiar to travelers in the Alps, and a shower of silvery sounds fell about them seeming to strike upon the water and rebound. The shadows were lengthening as they turned to descend the mountain; the sea was rosy red against the glowing sky. The descent was rapid and the day still lingered as they approached their temporary home.

"I say, isn't that the stage stopping and somebody getting off," cried Arthur. "Who'd ever dream of a visitor following us down here! He looks like a brigand in that slouch hat; wouldn't it be jolly if he were, and then we could shoot him. Hello! what's the matter?"

Mr. Barton had sprung off his horse and seized the stranger with both hands.

"Lysle, old fellow, is it possible! I knew you at a glance. Just like you to follow us here, instead of waiting. Welcome a thousand times!"

#### CHAPTER VIII

Mrs. Alford slipped from her saddle unobserved by the two gentlemen and went into the house. It was dusk in her little room. She sat down on the cot and

took off her hat. She was shaking like one in a chill. Lights were beginning to gleam in the adjoining cottage; Ock was rattling the tea things; cheerful, excited voices were coming in through the open window. The stars were awakening in the darkling sky. For an hour Mrs. Alford sat silent in the gloaming until the sound of a bell roused her. "Perhaps it is but a chance resemblance after all," she said below her breath. "I did not see his face. It is but the phantom which seems ever following me. Were it indeed he, he would not know me." She raised the candle above her head and looked at herself in the little glass which hung on her wall. The face it reflected looked strangely wan and the mouth drooped wearily. She brushed her hair hastily. "The sooner this is over the better for me; I could not sleep unless I were sure," she thought.

The dining room had its windows open toward the sea; the shaded lamp gave a dim light except upon the table where it stood. Mrs. Barton was re-arranging the tea tray; a bunch of wild flowers was in her belt and they seemed a part of her dainty freshness. The newly arrived guest stood with his hand upon her chair waiting to place it for her. In his figure and pose there was something which bespoke at once a Cosmopolite who knew foreign lands and life so well he had lost the air of his own. Smiling, he was a handsome man, but in repose a cynical discontented expression marred his face. He was smiling, bending forward a little to listen as Mrs. Alford looked through the open door. Having looked she turned and fled.

"Go, Ethel, and call Mrs. Alford to tea," said Mrs.

Barton a moment later. "You are not our only visitor Lysle; we brought a friend with us to this rookery. You see friendship dares a good deal on these Western shores."

"And like all Western investments returns large dividends. You carry the atmosphere of home with you, so that these cabins remind me of that pretty room in Munich where you used to serve us afternoon tea out of the daintiest of cups. I used to think it was the place which gave the charm but I learn differently tonight."

"Mrs. Alford is very tired, Mamma, and says she will not come to supper," said Ethel, "and I want to take her a cup of tea by and by."

"We had a long climb today," said Mr. Barton. "I feared it would be too much for her, but she seemed determined to reach that lake. By the bye, Lysle, you can indulge your propensity for shot and powder; we saw deer tracks all up the mountain."

"I hope you won't expect us to eat them after they are killed," said Mrs. Barton, "If there is a carefully preserved delusion in this world it is that venison is fit to eat. It is tough until it is spoiled and raw until it is cooked to a chip. I rebel against accepting it as a luxury."

"Well, the deer are still alive my dear, so we will console ourselves with a beef steak. How the ocean roars! I think a storm must be coming up."

The group about the cheerful tea table were soon too much absorbed in each other and in the reminiscences called up by their talk to notice the ever rising wind which shook the cottage and soon compelled them

to close the windows. With a start of self reproach Mrs. Barton suddenly remembered her absent guest. The wind met her as she crossed the narrow space between the cottages and swept on towards the woods. It left her light dress damp with spray. She tapped twice at the door before she was bidden to enter. There was no light in the room but she could distinguish Mrs. Alford's figure as she rose from the cot to meet her.

"Are you sick or only tired?" Mrs. Barton asked as she seated herself by her. "I would have come sooner but an old friend of my husband's arrived unexpectedly and we have been so absorbed in him. I hope you are better now."

"I am not sick, Mrs. Barton. We rode a long way and——" Her voice suddenly broke and failed her.

"And you are tired and in consequence low spirited—a little way we unreasonable women have," said Mrs. Barton slipping her arm around the slight figure by her side, feeling with quick intuition that sympathy was the medicine needed here. "We go on bearing and bearing and being brave until some trifle overflows the full cup and we must have a good cry and begin all over again."

But Mrs. Alford was not crying, she was shrinking a little from the encircling arm and struggling to be calm. When she spoke again her voice was low and quiet.

"You are the only woman friend I ever had, Mrs. Barton, and your friendship has been one of the sweetest things in my life. I have sometimes thought I ought to tell you my story—but it is hard to go back into the past and I have put it off."

"Put it off again," said Mrs. Barton, repressing a natural curiosity, "whatever it may have been I know it is to your honor and can love you without caring for the past."

"Will you always believe that?" asked Mrs. Alford eagerly. "If someone you had faith in were to tell you evil of me could you still trust? Oh! I fear not! You have known me so short a time; you have known him so long."

Mrs. Barton looked at the dim outlines of the face turned up to her in the star light in vague surprise. Mrs. Alford did not give her time to frame a question. "Do not ask me about myself tonight. I have some way been unnerved and have not strength to talk. You have spoken of a foolish woman's moods—you can excuse mine perhaps. I have been so happy with you! I shall thank you all my life."

"Don't speak as though those happy days were over, they have but just begun. We have been planning some charming excursions tonight. Get a good rest and be ready for them. Don't get up to breakfast unless you feel quite like it. And now goodnight." Mrs. Barton leaned forward and kissed her companion on the brow, then left her to the rest she recommended. Later as she sat alone with her husband, she said suddenly with the common irrelevancy of conjugal tete a tetes. "You were right John, she is a will o' the wisp woman and very unsatisfactory indeed." But she declined all explanation of her conclusion.

It is often said that our life is what we make it; and true as this is there are lives which are utterly frustrated

by the mistakes or misfortunes of others. Strong in purpose, ardent in hope, they are born to an heritage of disappointment. Such a life had been Mrs. Alford's, and though she was conscious that a hasty and sensitive disposition had been the ally of all the evil which had come to her from without, she had grown to feel that it were vain to strive to escape her predestined lot. It was characteristic of this belief that tonight she had no thought of trying to escape the ordeal before her. She faced it in dumb apathetic despair. All the little threads of happiness she had been clinging to of late, she let go without a struggle. Her work, her friendship, her peace, these were the things she moaned for as she paced her little room. She had brooded over her old wrongs until their edge was dulled, but her little present was her only treasure. "What have I done to be so tortured," she cried between her shut teeth. "I had learned to ask so little of life and he must take that from me too. Oh! I have been wicked to dream of peace and joy and God is punishing me with this!" Poor weak cry of a hurt soul! How little can we realize the tenderness of Him who "pitieth like a father."

Mrs. Alford opened her door and the wind swept in with a gust. A black cat which had been sleeping upon the threshold started up afrighted, glared at her a moment with Topaz eyes, then bounded away in the darkness. The stars shone down in stilly brightness. The lights in both cottages were extinguished, proclaiming the rest of their occupants asleep. Mrs. Alford faced the wind eagerly and made her way to the cliffs. The water boiled in fury at her feet, the spray sweeping her



face; the white caps gleamed far away in the gloaming with a light seemingly their own. Some low clouds were driven in torn fragments across the sky. The sycamores moaned and rustled as they swayed their giant arms. Unrest everywhere! The very stars seemed wind swept. The rush and tumult of nature seemed somehow to calm the struggle within Mrs. Alford's heart. A revelation of the vast impersonality of the universe dawned upon her, causing the little "I" within her to shrink to unimportance. A thousand years ago these cliffs had answered back in echoes the roaring of this selfsame ocean. For untold ages those calm stars had mirrored themselves fitfully in its heaving billows; countless springs had clothed the hills with verdure and given birth to a broidery of wild flowers. Death had followed life and in the dying given life again in a long succession, just as shadow is the child of light. Ever changing, yet unchanged nature has stood, while all the generations of men have come and gone enduring their allotment of sorrow; glorying in their little mead of joy—then passing on, leaving scarcely a land mark behind. What is any one soul's pain to the great measure of suffering which shall be meted out while Time is! A drop to the ocean, a grain of sand to the earth, a single meteor to the firmament. As this woman whose slight form the wind was swaying as she stood on the cliff, raised her thoughts from the gloom of the present she saw a vision of the illimitable future stretching away to meet the great forever and the burdens of the moment seemed to shrink and fall away. "Nothing can matter much that endures so short a time," she thought in a sort of exaltation. "Ten, twenty

years from now what trace will be left of this moment? To stand still and let the storm sweep by is the lesson of the cliffs." Calmly she turned back to meet this future which was coming swiftly toward her; she felt that nothing had power to hurt her now.

How realistic is sunshine! Who has not felt strong of purpose and resolve under the stars and awakened a very coward in the morning! Who has not accepted a fate at night which they shrank from in the light! Who has not dreamed of bliss and waked to woe! Happy indeed the man who can say "Not I."

When Mrs. Alford awakened the next day and saw the first rays of the summer morning coming in at her window she sprang up with a new and sudden resolve. The stage passed on the county road near by at six in the morning. She would go home, home to Therese in the little gray cottage. She did not stop to picture Mrs. Barton's pain and surprise. A feverish desire to be gone possessed her as she hastily dressed and leaving a note for her hostess, stepped out into the sunlight of the glowing day. "She will be angry at my rudeness, but she will forgive me sometime," thought the fugitive as she turned to look back. The cottages sat silent with only a trace of life curling upward from the kitchen fire which Ock was kindling. The ocean shimmered away toward the rosy sky forgetful of last night's tumults. The birds were trilling gaily among the sycamores; the dew clung gleaming to the sun dried grasses. The pleasant days of her summering were over.

Therese was in the garden weeding the vegetables as Mrs. Alford drove up to the gate. She came forward

anxiously to meet her, but beyond the usual greeting neither of them spoke until they were in the house.

"Il est arrive," said her mistress briefly, sinking wearily into a chair. The French woman threw herself upon her knees before her, put her arms about her and cried out in very bitterness "Mon enfant! mon enfant!"

(To be continued)





## Strassbourg Cathedral

**S**TRASSBOURG CATHEDRAL bears the renown of being one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. From the triple portal of the west front to the summit of the graceful spire, the eye is carried, enraptured with the sense of perfect harmony which invests the building as with a sacred atmosphere. It embodies the inspiration of the great architect, Erwin von Steinbach, carried to its completion by faithful souls, in the first place by his son and daughter, and in after centuries by artists who followed the plans of Erwin with religious care.

For this beautiful cathedral was the work of centuries. Far back in the fifth century Clovis founded a christian church in Strassbourg which was further enlarged and decorated by the Carlovingian Kings. This church, however was destroyed by fire.

In 1015 Bishop Werner began a completely new work when he laid the foundation of the present cathedral. He was of the noble house of Hapsburg, but the names of his contemporaries whose skill embodied his ideas are unknown. The erection of the cathedral was continued through the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries, and in the year 1277 Erwin von Steinbach took up the great work. The ornate west front, so rich in sculpture, statues and bas reliefs, and this slender spire, may be considered as the monument of the great man, who was laid to rest in the shadow of the choir of the cathedral five centuries ago.

A winding stairway in the tower leads to the platform at the foot of the spire. The exertion of climbing the 360 steps is amply repaid by the near view thus

gained of the workmanship of the spire. This masterpiece of skill, built with hewn stones, is cut with such nicety as to convey the impression that it is encased in a rich, open screen which at a distance looks like delicate filigree, or even lace work. This spire overtops the pyramid of Cheops at Cairo by 25 feet, and has the fame of being the highest of cathedral spires. It is 466 feet above the level of the floor of the nave and combines the most elegant symmetry of parts with the most perfect solidity.

The platform is used as a watch tower, and a little house has been built for two watchmen, whose present duty is to watch for the first sign of fire in the city and to give notice thereof through a huge speaking trumpet. What a quiet, restful home it must be, 216 feet above the pavement, out of all the turmoil of the city below. The men have made a little garden bed and gorgeous nasturtiums glow against the pink of the sandstone and twine about the open work with luxuriance. The platform is a favorite resort for the citizens of the present day as it has been with those of the past, for the dead level of the city, built as it is over a swamp, gives no other opportunity for an extensive view. On a clear day the Vosjes mountains and the Black Forest rise upon the horizon, besides which is the interesting view of the city below, of the fortifications, the quaint old houses and streets, (such as were spared from the cannon of 1870) and modern rows of houses which replaced the hundreds destroyed by the German army.

Just above the clinging vines on the parapet, the watchman pointed out the names of celebrated men who

have visited this platform in past centuries. Amongst others are those of Goethe, Laveter and Voltaire, and it is on record that Goethe chose the spot for a luncheon party.

This beautiful cathedral has indeed had its "baptism of fire." It has been struck by lightning fifty times, has endured a heavy shock of earthquake, and was only spared during the French Revolution because the red republican cap was hung on a pinnacle. During the bombardment of 1870 it suffered heavily. The cross at the top was carried away by a shell; all the great windows with the exception of two were shattered. The organ was seriously injured, and some of the carvings on the exterior of the building were broken. Yet it seems a marvel that the cathedral escaped irreparable damage, for it is estimated that it was struck by shells and other projectiles nearly 1000 times.

The interior of the cathedral is very impressive. The nave is of magnificent proportions, 260 feet in length, 140 feet in width and 100 feet in height. The roof appears to rest on seven great arches with graceful clusters of pillars. The rose window, glowing with rich hues of crimson and purple above the west portal, is forty-eight feet in diameter, and the stone work is of most elaborate, delicate tracery.

In the south transept stands that great object of interest to visitors, the astronomical clock of Strassbourg.

ADA M. TROTTER

## A Legend

**I** HEARD it at eve when the rose leaves fell, again in the night when all the world outside lay whitening in the moonlight, and within the moon laid a silver path across the floor; and yet again at the dawn as the last star went out and the first light set the world to music. For I came into the world on the seventh day of the short month at the hour when one day dies and the other is born, that I might stand on the threshold to look either out or in and know.

Listen! There was a time when on this fair earth there roamed only wild things that rooted in the ground and saw in the tall, lush grass naught but something to eat, and in the happy streams naught but something to drink. At this the great Master God, Brahm, was grieved. Should heaven never hear sweeter sound than grunts and growls of things that crept and crawled! Much the gods communed amongst themselves how this might be averted. One said: "Send the mighty Thunderbolt that shall destroy at once this inglorious creation;" another "Loose the bands of the River that it may sweep it away in its flood. Then let a new order of creatures begin;" and another "Shall we not ourselves descend to earth and teach them?" But, Great Brahm, unsatisfied and angered, broke up the assembly threatening eternal silence should no one find a way to mend the evil. "Never again shall there be light or sound in heaven till these my earth-creatures, dear to me after the gods, have learned their god-like origin and like gods acknowledge my power."

Three long days earth and heaven were darkened. The silence was broken only by the howls and cries of



the frightened earth-creatures. Then once more the gods assembled. Gloom sat upon every brow till there uprose one Fancy, a goddess, who dwelt alone with her maidens on the farthest peaks of the Over-world. There the mists and clouds clung longest; there the sun touched first at morn and lingered latest at eve; there moon and stars first peeped into the night; there the rainbows end rested. Standing alone among the most august she said: "Great Brahm! Great Master-spirit! I, even I, have found a way. If I fail cast me down to be one of them." "Let it be so," the god replied.

With winged feet she sought her abode. Calling about her her maids she bade them gather the threads of the rainbow, the fringes of the cloud curtains, bits of night and morning mist, beams of sun and moon and star. These they wove into a web so delicate none but the gods might see, so strong none but the gods might break. Bearing in her hands the work of her loom she returned to the assembled dieties. Brahm beheld her with a frown which spread to all the gods. Should this thing she had wrought work charms subtle enough to draw earth to heaven! But the test! Standing on the edge of heaven, slowly, slowly, she let down the net and waited. It touched the ground and over-spread the plain. The earth-creatures maddened by the prolonged darkness and accompanying silence rushed madly about. Some, more furious than others, rushed out of the wood, their favorite haunt, and were caught in the meshes of the net. Then ensued such a battling for freedom and such tumult as had never been seen or heard by god or mortal. Finding themselves entangled in something that

would not let go they but strove the more to be released. The strife might have continued until this hour had not one, in his effort to free himself, thrown his head back so far that he saw the shining form of their captor. Wonder seized him. He had never known there was a world above him, and what could that bright thing be up there so far away? He needs must ask his companions if they too had seen. They look, and the wonder grows. They feel a strange stirring within them. What is it? Then an impulse seizes them. They will go to the shining thing up there. Of all the trial and failure brought about by this desire I cannot tell. But I know that after many days of looking up they grew to be erect beings walking on two feet, whereas before they had gone about on all fours. They lost their claws and their two forefeet became strong and beautiful from the struggle with the net. Their eyes began to have the shine of the height and the radiant color of the web. Their ferocity became sadness, and the sadness song. They never got out of the web for all their struggle, as they could neither see it nor break it. In time they grew to love their bondage. For through it they saw the beautiful river the green earth and the springing flowers; sky, cloud and mountain top; bird, bush and tree. And how full of sweet sounds was all the world! Some there were, strong ones, who used their bonds to climb to the rands that held them, and even saw beyond. They became the great ones of earth who ever since have been trying to tell what they saw. The others, less strong still keep the glory in their hearts and eyes and listen and understand in part, at least, what the others would declare.

Be not deceived, however, into believing that all who walk erect and speak and sing have been caught in the web that Fancy wove. They are but counterfeits, mimicries. They have never gotten beyond the edge of the wood.

But Heaven was satisfied. Great Brahm in his pleasure made sweet Fancy mistress of the world that never again might it be wholly darkened.

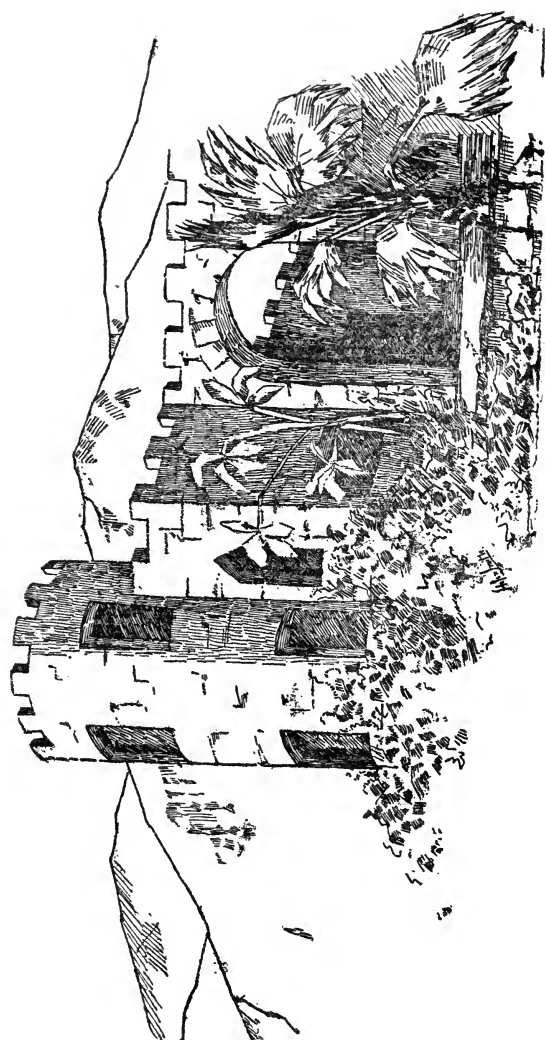
MARY KEYES.

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### PAST SORROW

O heart that beat so heavily,  
Counting the weary hours,  
Though keen thy woe, 'twas long ago,  
Rest has come.

O eyes that wept despairingly,  
Where fell thy tears, the flowers  
Spring from the turf, of all thy grief,  
Remaineth none. R. W.



**F**AR up in the heart of the foothills where they make a last broad sweep toward the mountains there nestles one of California's most interesting surprises—a deserted castle. Its granite front with Norman tower and graceful battlements stands solidly among the bare hills, commanding a wide expanse of sloping country and the distant Pacific. No ancient German pile, fabled in story, ever had more imposing site or concealed greater possibilities of romance. A vague sense of mystery seems to hover about it and to fill the careless sight-seer, standing before it on some golden spring afternoon, with a delightful sense of expectancy. The very architecture of the graceful pile conveys a haunting suggestion of poetry. Two massive sections of solid masonry, the one fronted by the Norman tower, the other with a deep, pillared porch, enclose a fairy court, gleaming with white pavements and marble fountain. The centre of this court is a mass of tropical foliage. In the corner hides a marble bench where Juliet might just now have been sitting with book or lute or Viola have gazed longingly o'er the neighboring hills and thought of distant Illyria. Overhead bends the warm intense blue of the afternoon sky and all the winds of heaven blow through the arches that enclose it.

Grated doors lead from the court into either part of the castle, and entering by any of them one finds long suites of rooms, some partitioned off by graceful marble pillars, others by grotesquely carved oak. The light falls richly through stained glass or bow-windows upon polished floors and tiled hearths. But the tiles are brok-



en, the floors given away, long cobwebs festoon the corners and the grated doors are falling from their hinges. A mysterious desolation holds the place in thrall and the slumbrous air seems heavy with whispering voices and gliding, ghostly feet.

There is no second story to the castle, but on either side of the exterior a little winding stairway hewn from the solid rock, leads up to a roof garden above. As one pushes aside the heavy tangle of rose vines and honeysuckle that has overgrown the stairway and gropes one's way about beneath its green canopy, the lines of Tennyson's Day Dream come forcibly to mind:

“He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks,  
He breaks the hedge, he enters there,  
The color flies into his cheeks,  
He trusts to light on something fair.”

We too, trust to light on something fair, perhaps to find that quiet chamber far apart where the princess lies sleeping. But there is no chamber, no sleeping princess, only a low, wide roof bordered with trailing vines and plants, commanding a magnificent sweep of earth and sky. A breezy loneliness enwraps the tower, the world lies beneath, it is an ideal spot to dream or live a romance.

However, the history of this deserted Norman ruin, so unusual a discovery in this land of adobes and redwood, is less romantic than one might expect. No dark tragedy or grim, family skeleton drove its lord in haste and terror from its doors to leave the owl and bat its only tenants. The loss of family fortune alone caused its abandonment. So magnificent a home on an estate

composed of rocky and unfruitful hills could prove only a costly luxury, a plaything for a millionaire. And when the millions failed, the result was inevitable—desertion.

So there it stands, crowning the bare hills, a strong fortress against an invading army, a most picturesque setting for a poetic idyll, falling day by day into more complete ruin, awaiting the pen that shall sieze its romantic possibilities and make it live forever in some great poem or tragedy to thrill and delight the world.

ALICE T. MARTIN.



## It is Like This

"Carpenter"  
Etiquette

**T**HERE are certain nice questions concerning table etiquette which are constantly being raised and debated but which are never settled, and appear to be incapable of settlement because people who look into such things, Hamerton and Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, have, between them, revealed a great hiatus in our social system which virtually admits of a double standard of action. Hamerton, in his studies of society, imagined that there was one code only—at the top; that it was not quite possible to be polite without plenty of room and servants. Robert Louis discovered that there is another, equally exact, at what we call the bottom, among the artizans; and we all know that there is a great middle distance between, belonging to neither one nor the other extreme. It is in this great debatable ground that all the questions arise.

In the grade of artizans the laws of the table are well defined and strictly adhered to. "It is elegant to take bread with a fork; one must always wear a coat at dinner; one must wash the head and use the comb before each meal," with many more rules equally rigid. Mr. Stevenson once took a trip across the Atlantic in the steerage. He imagined that his disguise was perfect, but a friendly carpenter found him out on account of his lack of knowledge of the "little touches" required in that social grade. At the other end is found the kingdom of the butler, and what is done under his reign, is it not all written down in the books of etiquette?

But suppose that one ought to have a butler and has

not, what then? What is the social code for such? Can it be that there is none? If that is the case, in the middle ground there must be chaos. Those, that know a butler when they see him, the aspiring ones, try to conform to his rule and act as though he were "in the pantry," and those arisen out of the ranks of artizans, through habit, conform somewhat to the code they have left behind. And between these two systems there really seems to be nothing laid down and definite for the maid-of-all-work regime, except that she must not be called "the girl," and here the first ray of light begins to shine. When one attains to the dignity of cook and housemaid, then the step to the glory of the butler is only one, and the agony of suspense is over; until then one will be harassed by burning questions.

Now frankly, if the vast majority of the nation would unite on, say the maid-of-all-work as a unit how easy it would be to call a convention and agree on something definite upon which to formulate a prandial code.

But alas! the first woman that takes the one servant standard admits herself debarred from ten. No, each one wishes to live in hopes. Social England is governed in its customs by "the carriage round the corner." Social America will have to go on in an etiquetteless struggle for the sake of the "butler in the pantry," until either one code or the other is frankly admitted; until all climb into the serene heights of "his Majesty's courts," where the question of changing plates and second helpings is never raised, or until all heed and follow the unvarying rule that everything from soup to pie must be

served on the same plate, which is the etiquette of the artizan. "Under which flag" will the phalanxes of the middle distance advance? F.

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She smiled, 'twas all, and yet the winsome face  
Made hope and sunshine in a wintry place.

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Only a few years ago when visiting friends in Washington, D. C., I came across a most delicious piece of philosophy, which perhaps voices the southerner's ideas in regard to educating the negroes.

The remark was made by an old family servant who had gone home to nurse a sick mother, but whose jealousy was aroused by the fact that her successor had had a few days schooling.

The evening of Lavinia's return while brushing her mistress' hair she was grumbling to herself in the manner of favored servants who are all but members of the family. My friend asked in a conciliatory voice:

"What's the matter Lavinia, didn't Melissa put things in order before leaving?"

Her reply was wisdom from the lips of babes—as it were:

"Law sakes, Honey, aint yoe found yet dat yoe can't git clean corners and grammar out de same nigger?"

E. M. J.

## Editorial Department

**T**O A student of human nature there is one fact that creates a deep and lasting impression—the tremendous power of the final judgment of “the people.” Before the great tribunal of popular opinion all vexed questions, whether of law, politics, religion, literature or art, are brought for their final solution, and clear and unerring is the decision they receive. Give the people time to think the question out in all its bearings, to grasp it in all its phases and in the last analysis the truth inevitably results.

Witness the accuracy with which the problems of our recent war were handled by the people, what true values of men and policies were ferreted out, what false estimates disclosed and rectified. Whatever the private tendencies and laxities of individual men, the people as a whole demand justice and truth and an unbiased scale of values. From the time that the first over-lord claimed his supremacy this has been true in politics; from the time the first rude idol was erected under the forest shade it has been true in religion. A mighty, moving principle is here involved. He who would know which way justice and truth are hidden in any great cause may safely follow the lead of the people.

The triumph of the Greek democracy, the Roman plebes, the French peasantry, the modern republic and, greatest of all, the supremacy of the Christian religion, all bear witness that popular opinion is a mighty moral force.

But it is in the realm of literature more especially that

I have been interested to note its course of late. Applying the general principle that the people will find and publish the truth, may one not discover the truest principles of art by noting what it is in literature that popular opinion declares good after a thorough acquaintance?

First of all, the people demand simplicity. The homely scenes of everyday life, the fineness of character or the pathos of a simple story, simply told, hold the popular mind and imagination with greatest power. If the public declares F. Hopkinson Smith and James Lane Allen our representative American writers, it is for that very quality, a simple, rugged strength of story and character drawing in Tom Grogan and Caleb West, a simple sweetness and freshness in the love story of Georgiana and Adam Moss that gives its charm to the Kentucky Cardinal.

If *Shore Acres*, *The County Fair*, *The Old Homestead* and *Rip Van Winkle* are the most strictly popular of the plays that hold our stage, the same element is found in each—simple pathos and human interest.

In the second place the public demands virtue and morality. Right must triumph, evil be defeated. The delineation of doubtful passions and dark problems is never long tolerated unless thereby some great lesson is best taught, some great principle worked out to its end. Purity of thought and language is a fixed requisite of a novel, or a poem or a play that shall live and no subtile casuistry or veiled moral deformity ever escapes the keen penetration of the popular mind.

Critics may praise or blame, may laud the cleverness and grand purposes of some book they call great

and sneer at the childish platitudes of some other which they please to condemn, but the public cares not for the critics. They like or dislike according to their own instincts for the truly fine and no book or play was ever forcibly boomed into more than a fleeting popularity.

The people also like good, wholesome fun. They thoroughly enjoy laughing. Witness the popularity of the vaudeville and farce, the hearty appreciation of the clever situations and inimitable characters of Mark Twain or the quaint humor of Samantha Allen. The people as a whole are in love with life and fully awake to its many comic phases, but it is wit they want, not coarse humor nor vulgarity. Bright, sparkling, stinging wit that searches out the weak places in human nature and relieves the strain of everyday life, this is what the people crave and they create for themselves that which satisfies the craving.

Simplicity and the love of nature, purity and justice and wholesome fun, such are the elements of lasting popularity for any work of literature and in the discovery and appreciation of these elements in writers, new or old, be very certain that the public will not long be deceived.

Let the critics rail or praise, let the publishers advertise and hawk their wares, it is the people that decide the question. The people love Kipling, they have shown it during his illness, the people love Dooley who chatted and laughed with them in a time of great stress and showed them the "under side of things" with the unerring judgment of a true son of the republic.

Happy the writer whose work is early brought before

that great, majestic tribunal for a final decision.

The verdict may be unflattering, it may hurt his self love and upset his theories, but it carries with it the rare, pure convincing quality of truth.

## Among the Books

**A**LL who remember with pleasure those two fine books, Peter Stirling and The Story of an Untold Love, will be glad to discover a new story by Paul Leicester Ford, now appearing in serial form in The Bookman. The story is entitled Janice Meredith, and the action is placed in the old colonial days which seem to offer so rich a field to the American writer. The story opens with somewhat of the strength and freshness that characterizes Peter Stirling. We shall watch its development with much interest for in the thrilling incidents and dramatic situations hidden away in the life of the colonies, Mr. Ford has opportunities worthy his pen.

A Trooper Galahad is the latest long story from the pen of Captain Charles King. Captain King has been proving in the campaign of the last few months that his arm is still strong and bold to wield the sword and that he cannot only write great battle scenes but live them. This lends an added interest to his new literary work. The story was issued in a recent number of Lippincott's Magazine whose publishers now offer it in book form.

The Daughters of Babylon, by Wilson Barrett and Robert Hichens, is a tale of the Jewish captivity. Mr. Barrett's stage experience furnishes great dramatic intensity to a strong plot. The book is ranked by critics

even higher than *The Sign of the Cross* and a double interest is aroused in it from the fact that Mr. Barrett is making a tour with the dramatization of the story and is expected shortly to appear in the United States.

Two other books of value to the reading world are the *Letters of Walter Savage Landor*, edited by Stephen Wheeler, and *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria*, by A. de Burgh.

Ian Maclaren begins in an early issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* a series of popular articles on the relation between pastor and congregation and phases helpful to each. In the same journal Viola Allen, now personating *Glory in Hall Caine's Christian*, makes her literary debut with an article entitled "What the Life of an Actress Means."

## Music Notes

With the recent engagement of Melba and the Ellis Opera Company, the Pacific coast had its first taste of Grand Opera for the season of '98-99. That we appreciated our opportunity and made the most of it is witnessed by the houses which greeted each performance. Would that such opportunities were given us oftener and in prices better apportioned to cities of moderate size. Californians are essentially a music loving people, responding more quickly to what is good in music than in any other line of art. Managers might note this to their advantage and ours.

The cordial appreciation given to the Symphony concerts and the universal desire expressed to have them



a permanent feature of the Los Angeles winter season, testifies to this.

Not only do Californians love music, but they write it and sing it. Some of the best of our modern composers and singers have come from this south-land. It was a fact worth noting that during Sousa's recent engagement, his soloist, Miss Davies, was a California singer of renown and the very sweetest of all her songs was Camulos, a California serenade, whose composer, Miss Strong, has a home near this city and whose words were taken from a poem by Charles F. Lummis.

## Ebell Notes

Program for the month of April.

Thursday, April 13th, Social Thursday. An Afternoon on Art. Mrs. W. S. Bartlett.

Thursday, April 27th, the report of the music section which was postponed from the February meeting.

Literary Section—Each Monday, 2:30 p.m.

Story Tellers' Section—Second Tuesday, 2:30 p.m.

Economics—Fourth Tuesday, 2 p.m.

Conversation Section—Second Saturday, 10:30 a.m.

Music Section—First and third Mondays, 3:30 p.m.

Current Events Section—First and third Tuesdays, 10:30 a.m.

Tourist Section—First and third Saturdays, 2 p.m.



## SAUER

When Sauer, the great pianist, was asked by a London critic how he gained the power to move his audiences to tears with the brilliant coloring of his playing, he told of the first time he ever tried to play. He was at a studio where they were teaching him to paint. He was four years old. When he was tired of the brushes he found an old piano and struck a few keys. The sound was to him like a color. He liked the shading of the different keys and went on making more tones. The master said: "Where did you learn that melody?"

"It is just a picture. It is easier than with brushes," he said. "And so it has been ever since," he says, "the keys of the piano are my colors. I forget the sound—I only seem to see pictures." It is gratifying to note that the subscription books at Fitzgerald's promise to be sufficiently filled to warrant the calling of the great artist to Los Angeles.

"CHERUBIC SONGS,  
By night from neighboring hills,  
Aerial music send,"

but their echoes are no sweeter or purer than the tones



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