

EXPOSITION MEMORIES



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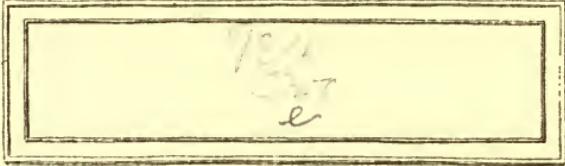
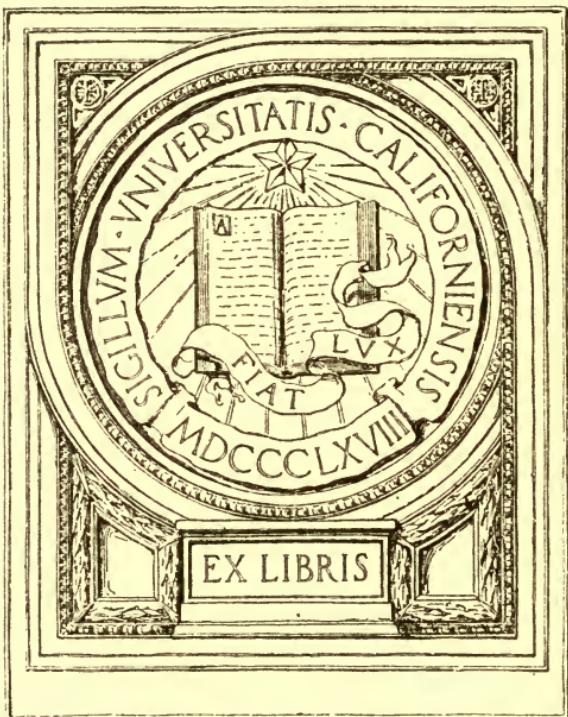
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SAN DIEGO 1916

SAN DIEGO WRITERS

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

GIFT OF
George Wharton James.



EXPOSITION MEMORIES

With cordial greetings,
George Wharton James



CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING FROM THE NORTHEAST

EXPOSITION MEMORIES

PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, 1916

BY

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

INTRODUCTION BY

CAROLINE REMONDINO FRANKLIN

A CHAPTER BY

BERTHA BLISS TYLER

AND THE PROSE AND POETIC WRITINGS OF

SAN DIEGO WRITERS

READ AT THE EXPOSITION



1917

THE RADIANT LIFE PRESS
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

BOOKS BY GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

QUIT YOUR WORRYING
LIVING THE RADIANT LIFE
ARIZONA, THE WONDERLAND
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ROSE HARTWICK THORPE AND THE STORY OF "CURFEW MUST NOT
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OVER THE APACHE TRAIL IN ARIZONA
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IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS
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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
Introduction	vii
I. Memories of the San Diego Exposition	11-24
II. The San Diego Exposition "California Literature Class"	25-58
III. The California Authors' Days	59-75
IV. The Literature of San Diego	76-79
V. The San Diego Writers and Their Works; with Biographical Sketches	80-194
VI. George Wharton James Day	195-207
VII. Mr. Winslow's Book on the Exposition	208-210

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EDITH E. FARNSWORTH

INTRODUCTORY

Possibly never before at any Exposition held in the history of the world was there so unique, peculiar and interesting a development as Dr. George Wharton James's California Literature Class at the Panama-California International Exposition at San Diego. Started as a distinctively literary adjunct to his illustrated work on California, it attracted large and thoughtful audiences. In spite of the speaker's strongly marked resentment of certain habits of audiences which other lecturers generally pass over in silence, and of idiosyncrasies of speech and manner that offended a certain type of people, which constantly kept weeding out all but the most interested; in spite of the inconvenient hour at which the lectures were given, and the strongly expressed demand that if those present (at the opening hour) were not prepared to stay the whole hour and a quarter that the lecture would last, they immediately retire,—I say that, in spite of all these things, the audiences grew in number and in interest, until these lectures became one of the strongly marked and attractive features of the Exposition. A birthday dinner given by Dr. James to over a hundred of the Class and their guests, which was cooked *a la camp-fire* by the distinguished lecturer himself and served under his direction in the open air of the Pepper Tree Grove, but served to cement the bonds of the Class more fully.

As one result of the work done certain days were designated by the Exposition for the honoring of sixteen of the well-known authors of California, and the conducting of these Author's Days was delivered over to Dr. James and his Class. How well and satisfactorily the work was done the thousands who attended the ceremonies will gladly attest. As a further result of these activities a splendid set of autographed photographs of the Authors honored, together with life-sized busts of Joaquin Miller and George Wharton James were placed in the San Diego Public Library as a memorial of the work of the Class throughout the Exposition year of 1916.

The last of these happy and instructive days was devoted to the Writers of San Diego, and at its close there was such a unanimous expression of desire that Dr. James prepare a volume, containing the poems, stories, etc., read by him on this occasion, and also giving a brief history of the Class, that he consented to undertake its publication.

The accompanying pages are the outcome of his endeavors, written while he was supposed to be resting in the country for three or four days after the close of the Exposition.

As the record of a unique and fascinating Class association, and certainly of the most altruistic piece of Exposition work performed during the whole of its existence, it must have its value as well as its interest to those who in any way participated in it.

In addition to what I have adduced for the publication of this book, another reason is well stated as follows by Dr. James himself:

Expositions mean little unless their *spirit*—the chief essence of them—can be passed on. Their physical appearances pass

out of existence as a whole, though, as in San Diego, some of the buildings and their exquisite surroundings remain. Their visualized activities cease, but the heart, the spirit of them remain enshrined in memory, and this book will be a helper, a continual refresher of the memory of those who were actual participants, and may evoke some of the spirit in those who were unable to be present, but who are in a receptive condition as to the animating impulse of the activities.

As it is, the book goes forth as a memorial of the joy many people had at an Exposition they can never forget.

CAROLINE REMONDINO FRANKLIN.

San Diego, Calif.

CHAPTER I.

MEMORIES OF THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

E RETAIN in mind as permanent possessions the memory of many physical and material things that have passed away from sight. Our memories also are spiritual possessions to be brought up at will for our enjoyment, encouragement and inspiration.

Few sentient beings who saw the San Diego Exposition could ever forget the initial impression they received as they first saw the Exposition and its surroundings from the Cabrillo Bridge. Immediately ahead the exquisitely delicate and graceful tower of the California Building, with its tiled dome below dominated all the surrounding buildings. To the left were the strangely varied buildings of the Isthmus and the rugged and rough sandstone piles of the Indian villages of the Painted Desert. To the right, glimpsed through trees of a thousand and one varieties of foliage, were seen the Fine Arts, Foreign Industries, and San Joaquin Valley Buildings, with a portion of the classic grace and elegance of the Organ Pavilion, while across the canyons and ravines, whose slopes were covered with shrubs, flowers, plants and trees, were the Utah, Montana, New Mexico and other buildings of the participating states. At our very feet, as we looked over the parapet, were more trees and shrubs, leading the eye

down to the lily pond, where myriads of lilies of gorgeous colorings as well as petals of purest white spread their delicate beauty over the water of what otherwise would have been a dirty and repulsive roadside pond.

Equally beautiful and impressive was the view when coming up on the road to the Eastern entrance, whether by electric car or automobile. After being duly impressed with the majesty and solidity of the High School, and the vast proportions and capacity of the Stadium, where 38,000 people could be seated to watch a scene in an arena where 5,000 to 10,000 more of performers could find place, one might feel that the exterior approaches would render insignificant or at least belittle the Exposition. Instead of that, these buildings merely served to enhance the glory and charm, the serene unconsciousness with which the Exposition—a city set upon a hill—dominated in queenly regnancy, everything by which it was surrounded.

And then the flowers, shrubbery and trees of the approach! How wonderful they were. How rich the memories of their incomparable beauty. They were the gorgeous pretaste of the repast of floral splendors within that made this the greatest floral Exposition the world has ever known. Every view in every direction was a joy and a satisfaction in this particular. Merely to enumerate the flowers and flowering trees would require pages of this volume, and to describe their combinations, their artistic settings, their massings, their subtle separations, their profusion, their prodigality of color, and the wisdom with which they were changed and thus made to give

a procession of varied splendors, is beyond the pen of any man save that of an artist and a poet. As I write I have before me a picture in water-color of Henri Guignon, the courteous director of the railway bureau in the French building. It shows the dome of the California building from the rear. At its base is a flaming bed of cannae, of several varieties, each more gorgeous and brilliant than the others, the whole forming a picture that would seem exaggerated except to those who knew the reality.

I close my eyes. In a moment a picture of rich beds of misembryanthemums, literally acres in extent in the aggregate, glowing color fairly dazzling one, comes up in my memory—beds lining the roadsides, beds covering bare patches of ravines, a bed here, another yonder, but always harmonizing with the landscape of which it formed a part.

Equally gorgeous were the climbing masses of bougainvillae. How I used to love to watch them as I went day by day to the San Joaquin Valley building, the purple leaves blown by the gentle morning breezes up and down the corridors. How the flaming color demanded one's attention to the charm of the white buildings with their individualistic adornments, and taught one how much loving thought had been put into the apparently insignificant details.

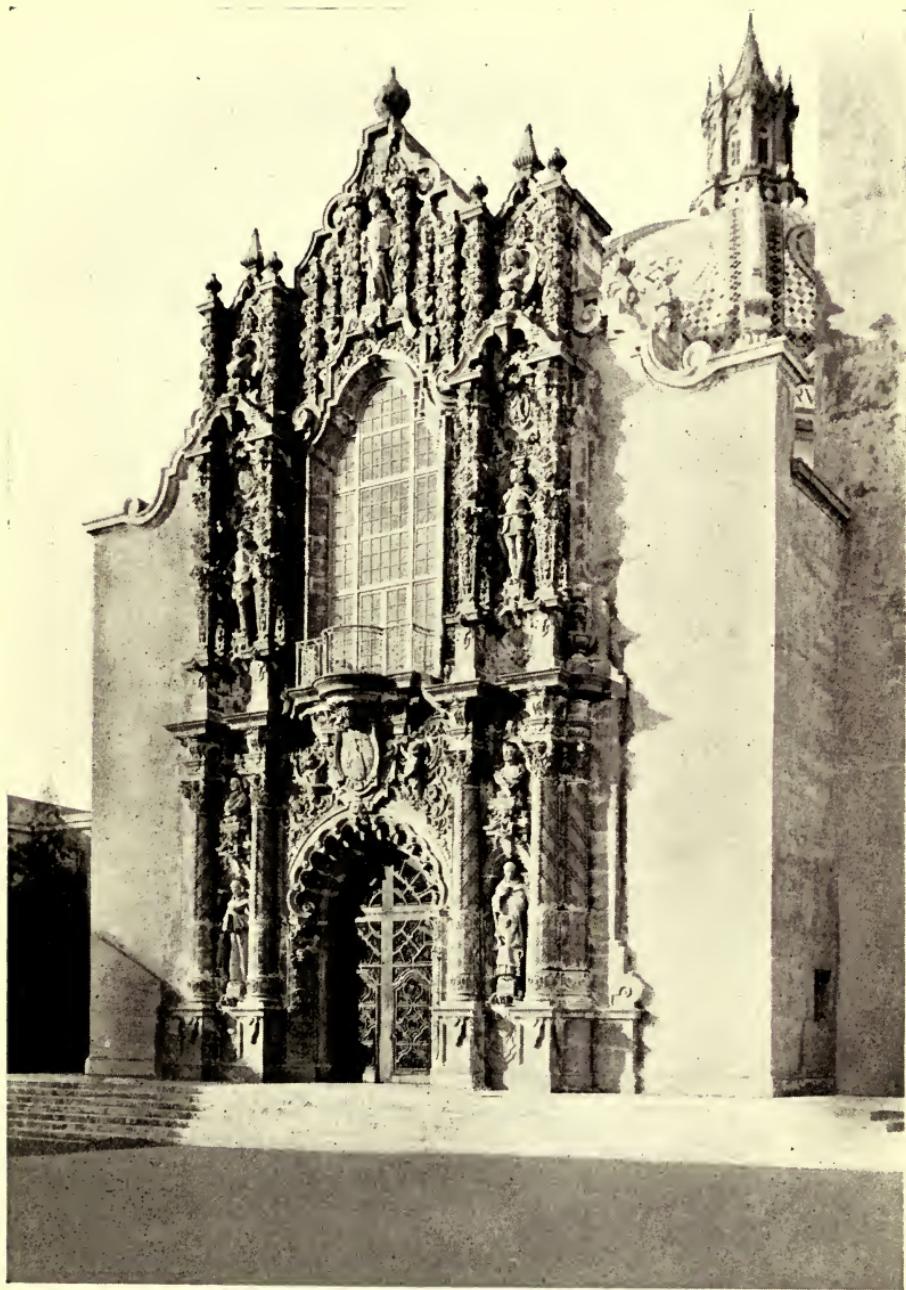
Then there was the hedge of heliotrope that separated the lawn leading to the organ from the plaza. How dainty and sweet it was, and how the hummingbirds loved it and flitted to and fro, sipping its honeyed blossoms, like iridescent jewels on wings.

My memories of the rose garden, and of the flowers behind the Fine Arts building and the Foreign

Industries building, and of the garden in front of the Southern California building, are so many and complex that it is almost impossible to dissever them one from another. It is as if one were able to recall a score, a hundred, concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra, all at one time, without remembering whether it was a Beethoven concerto, a Mozart sonata, a chorus by Handel, a march by Gounod, an overture by Wagner, or a fantasia by Strauss, that delighted you at any particular concert, but that somehow the composite memory of all the pieces, varied and perhaps conflicting though they were, deliciously and brilliantly harmonized to your complete and utter satisfaction.

Then in marked contrast, but oh how sweet the memories, of those quiet shaded little walks, near the edges of the ravines and up and down their slopes. Yonder I sat with a dear friend peering through a screen of delicate acacia blooms and leaves to the serene majesty of the arches of the Cabrillo bridge. Here I used to come as often as I could spare the time to watch the curved-billed threshers hunting for their food in the dry leaves under the trees; yonder it was the view, gained across the ravine, of the New Mexico building and its associates that made the great attraction. Never so long as I live shall I forget those quiet and alluring walks,—the sense of restfulness they brought, the calm serenity that possessed one, and the gentle joy that flowed through one's whole being in the delightful contemplation of these retired silvan nooks.

Then, too, the trees! Wherever had so wonderful a collection of trees, especially of varied eucalyptus



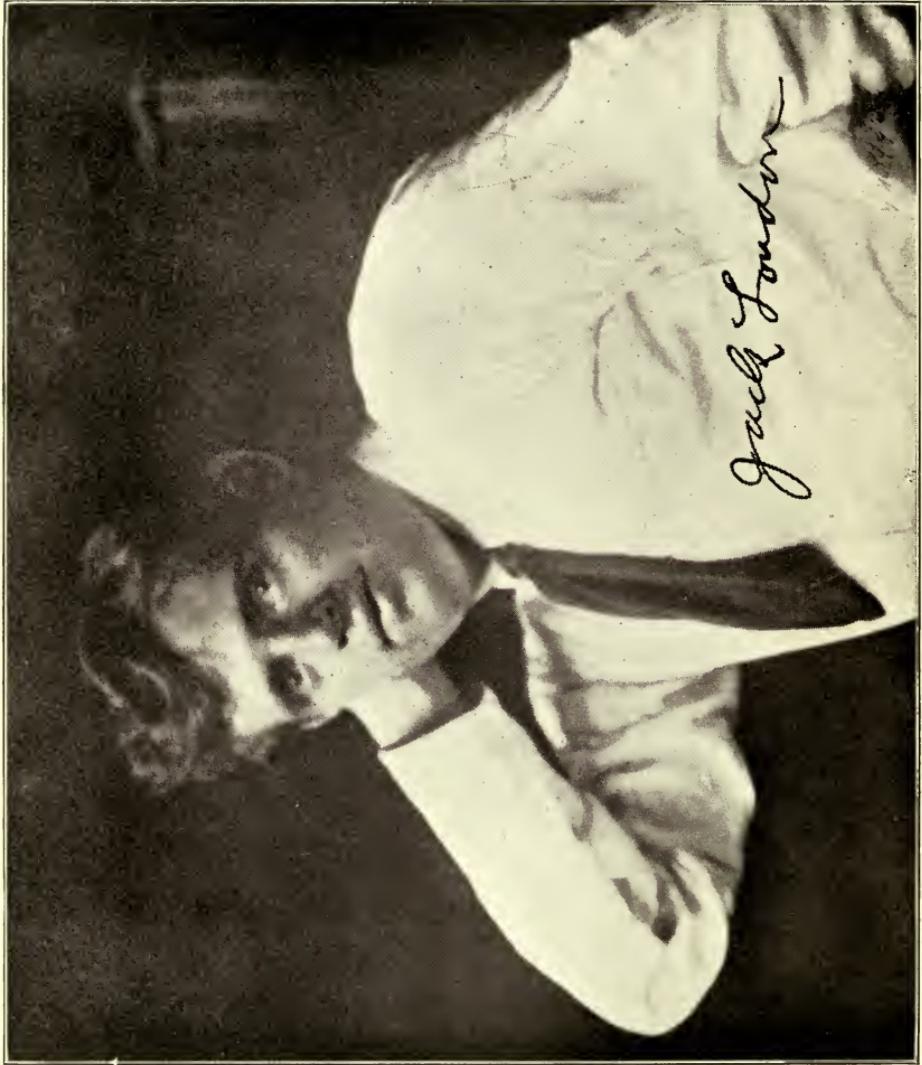
FACHADA OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING



ENTRANCE FROM THE NORTH GARDENS TO
CALIFORNIA QUADRANGLE

and acacia, been made to grow in so short a time as here lined the lawns, the buildings, and covered the slopes of the ravines. When the wind was blowing—not often enough to suit me—I fairly reveled in the moving pictures formed by the tall and stately eucalyptus against the pure blue San Diego sky, and the blooming acacias, with their daintily colored and enchantingly varied leaves were a never-ending source of delight. One night I sat at the foot of one of the larger trees, nearly through the morning hours, with a congenial comrade who had come to visit me, and the night song of the tree, as the sea-breezes blew through its branches, made such an impression that its memory can never fade.

Of the architecture I scarcely dare speak. I was ever planning to study it more fully. There is the deep regret within me that my time was so occupied that I could not do so. Temporary though many of the buildings were said to be, their architecture was so appealing and so satisfying, and their local ornamentation so suggestive of California history and heroes that I wished to remember, that I shall never cease to wish I had been able, with Mr. Goodhue, the architect in chief, or Mr. Winslow, his San Diego collaborateur, to describe everything to me, to go around and fully master architecture and detail, both in its history and modern manifestation. But, imperfect though my knowledge and detailed observation were, there are none but satisfying and heart-warming memories of the buildings. I have the same feeling about the buildings of the San Francisco Exposition, but produced by entirely different causes. When I consider the majesty, the sublimity, the pon-



Jack London

JACK LONDON

Henri Guignon, of the French exhibit; the director and all the attendants of the Canadian buildings; Tommasino and all his bandmen; Rossiter Mikel of the Administration building, with all the officers and their many helpers, not one of whom was ever anything but agreeable, kindly and helpful to me throughout the whole year, are some of those of whom I can never think without a warming sensation of the cockles of my heart. And I should be most unmindful were I to fail to mention the host and hostess of the San Joaquin Valley building, with whom I was in daily association, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Tyler; and Dan, my lantern operator; Mr. and Mrs. Fromm, who had the luncheon concession there; the gracious lady of the Rose Garden; Miss Gilbert, who directed the musical events; H. J. Penfold, the genial secretary, and G. Aubrey Davidson, the active and efficient president of the Exposition, who had been my good friend for twenty-five or more years, and last, but dearest in my regard for the daily joy he gave me in listening to his exquisite music on the great Spreckels organ, as well as the many especial tokens of his friendliness, Humphrey J. Stewart, the organist and composer. Are these memories to be slighted or overlooked? Each one has a definite and explicit connection with the Exposition, and long will it be, I hope, before any of the sweetness of any of them will be dimmed in the slightest.

My memories of the events at the great Spreckels organ are so many and so varied that it is impossible even to mention them all. The joy of Dr. Stewart's daily playing never once flagged. I delighted in his

last concert as much as, perhaps more than, his first. Then Ellen Beach Yaw, Schumann-Heink, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Amy M. Beach, and how many others it is needless to say, come again and again to my mind in pleasantest remembrance. And, of course, the egotism of myself is flattered as I recall the occasions where I had the pleasure of addressing large audiences at the organ pavilion: Bunker Hill Day, Joaquin Miller Day, Bird-Box Day, etc., and especially on the day set apart by the officials and my friends to do me honor. How ungrateful I would be if this were not deeply and securely enshrined in the most sacred chambers of my memory.

Then I do not forget the honor given me in that I was privileged to give the addresses on Olive Day, Hawaiian Day, Peace Day, Bird Day, and that never-to-be-forgotten day, when Protestants and Catholics, people of all religions and no religions, gathered to do reverent and affectionate homage to Junipero Serra, the founder of Christian civilization in California.

Here, too, at the organ, I heard some fine chorus singing by local choral bodies under excellent leadership and discipline. What a joy there is in the light and airy singing of glees and songs of the sprightlier vein, and then the massive crash and harmonies of chorals, oratorios and choruses of sterner and heavier mood. Many of these were heard to our keen enjoyment and memory enrichment.

The Plaza de Panama has its scores of memories, but bold and strong amongst them are those of the drills of army and navy boys, led by their respective bands. How proud the people were of these well-

drilled soldier and sailor boys, and how interested they were in the ready and prompt way in which they responded to the commands of their officers in performing the most complex evolutions. Then once in a while we were favored by seeing their "setting-up" exercises. Like a gymnasium or physical-culture school exhibition, the boys stood so far apart and, at the word of command, made the motions and performed the individual exercises which result in their muscular development and up-standing appearance.

Another interesting series of memory and tone pictures come to me, as I sit and ruminate over my enjoyments of the dainty Exposition. I saw a caballero in gorgeous Spanish costume, singing to a beautifully robed señorita on a balcony above—I looked about for her duenna but she was not to be seen. The song was clearly a love song, of passionate intensity, and the lady evidently responded. It was all so real, and so naive, that I was entirely taken in with it. The balcony overlooked a quiet little garden behind one of the main buildings, and I was sure I had accidentally fallen upon a secret touch of romance. But I soon learned that the señorita was the wife of the gallant singer, and his songs had become an old story to her, and that these two were but part of a group of Spanish singers, players and dancers who were engaged for the year to sing, play or dance wherever they could please or interest the visitors. I can see them in the corridors, hear the jingle of the tambourines, and the sharp rattle of the castanets, the ping-pong of the guitar, and the human note of the violin, as well as the blending songs of men and women, in court, patio, garden and cafe. They were

ever ready, ever gracious, ever pleasing, and one's memories of them are always of delight and joy.

Connected with them are the dinners and banquets at the Cristobal cafe. Dinners, lunches, where but two friends met, or a family party, and then banquets where some notable man or woman was to be honored. There were the tasty dishes, the flashes of wit and brilliant conversations, the lively sallies across the festive board, which was beautified by the pillage of the most gorgeous of the flower-beds and the rarest and most delicate of the ferns, and then the speeches, full of good humor, cordial welcome, keen appreciation, or what not, sending every one away feeling more than ever the joy of fellowship, and the delight of meeting and making new acquaintances and friends.

Two of my most exciting memories—three in fact—are, first, of the great automobile race. I don't remember what international event it was, or what cup and moneys were to be the prizes, but I do remember seeing the heroes of the auto tracks, and feeling the thrill of their daring, their persistent speed, their plucky spurts, and their reckless bravery. How I shouted—with the crowd—when the winner passed the grandstand, and how sorry I felt for the defeated, the good sports who took their overcoming as good-naturedly—at least outwardly—as the winner took his success. Then, second, I saw Joe Bouquel make those wonderful flights of his that surpassed the earlier ones I had witnessed of poor, ill-fated Beachy, and of successful and youthful Art Smith. How marvellous his twisting and turning over in the region of the clouds; how reckless his falling like a

leaf, fluttering first to one side and then to another, and finally, how sad his last descent, when his flutterings became a straight descent and he fell never to rise again. Though he was the third man I had seen fall to his death, it did not deter me from gaining my third exciting memory, though it was only indirectly connected with the Exposition. "The Big Swede," who had built his own hydroplane and had located on the bay shore near to the old artillery barracks, took me up one morning over the bay, the battleships, Coronado, Point Loma, the Pacific ocean, and North island. How we sailed through the blue, rising higher and higher until our aneroid registered between four and five thousand feet, and what a wonderful sensation of flight I enjoyed as we came shooting down in a graceful slope to the level of the water at a speed far surpassing that ever reached in the fastest automobile or railway train on which I have ever ridden. We saw the Exposition clearly and in detail from our elevated position, and that real "bird's-eye view" of it will ever be one of my most enjoyable recollections.

Two other things stand out definitely and forcefully in my Exposition memories. These are the joy of listening to Tommasino's band, and the delight of watching the pigeons. In San Francisco one heard so many bands—and all of them good—that they lost the joy of intimate personality. Here we had one good band, composed throughout of excellent performers, and with a few soloists of exceptional powers, the whole under the baton of a superior leader and director. We expected good music all the time and were never disappointed. At times the band rose

to heights of superlative expression, which gave us extraordinary joy and established memories that have lifted us into higher realms of musical appreciation, and San Diego can never again be, in band music, what it was before the advent of Tommasino.

Then the fluttering, flying, strutting, winning, wooing, refusing, yielding life of the pigeons, and the pure and unadulterated delight so many thousands of men, women and children received from these beautiful domestic birds, who can describe and who can estimate? This was one of the chief pleasures of thousands who came, either as casual or regular visitors, to the Exposition. The iridescent colors of their plumage never seemed to be dimmed; their readiness to eat the seeds so profusely scattered by visitors was never diminished; the ardor of the love-making of the males never once ceased, with the sweetness of their love-notes ringing in the air; and the confident expectation that it would ever continue never for a moment left the consciousness of the females. How interesting it all was; and how joyous the ecstatic notes of happy children constantly rose above all other sounds, as the little ones felt the fearlessness of the birds, as they alighted on shoulders, laps, heads and arms. It was a lesson in universal kinship to many people who never before had seen hundreds of birds under the influence of human love which sought nothing but their comfort and pleasure.

Then how dazzlingly beautiful the scene when they arose in flight, circling from one end of the plaza to the other, some alighting in one place, and some elsewhere, while still others flew up to the towers above.

As the sun shone upon the moving wings and downy breasts of iridescent sheen, one saw or imagined pictures of glorified angels winging their way in the sunshine of God's smile and doing His service in bringing messages of joy to all mankind.

At night, too, at sunset or thereabouts, after being fed, almost with one accord, they arose to the towers, fluttered and gossipped there, some inside, some out, until the full flood of the day's activity receded from their pretty little bodies, and then, one by one the laggards found their perches and all was still save, now and again, a belated love-call, a sweet, gentle coo, from a sleepy feathered lover to his mate.

Thus have I recalled some of the Exposition memories which I trust will never be forgotten. Yet, perhaps, one of the most lasting and permanent of all my memories will be of the city of San Diego spread out before me as I stood on the Cabrillo bridge, of the glorious Harbor of the Sun beyond, with sailing-vessels, steam vessels, yachts, rowboats and ferry-boats, as well as U. S. warships, cruisers and destroyers moving to and fro, or firmly anchored. To the east and south were the mountains of the United States and Mexico, the Silver Strand of Coronado's connecting isthmus, and before us Coronado and North island, on the former the colossal Hotel del Coronado, and its accompaniment of beautiful homes, on the latter the aviation headquarters. Further out was the Pacific ocean leading the eye over its placid blue to Los Coronados islands in the further distance, looking like two gigantic memorial figures lying on their backs awaiting the day of resurrection, while to the extreme right, was Point Loma,

with its theosophical headquarters, wireless station and towers and the old lighthouse, the whole forming a picture of varied splendors seldom equaled and hard to surpass. Thus, both in itself and in its surroundings, the San Diego Exposition has a right to claim permanence, for has not Keats truly declared:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
Its loveliness increases; it shall never pass into nothingness.

CHAPTER II

THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION “CALIFORNIA LITERATURE CLASS”



T THE Panama-Pacific International Exposition, held in San Francisco, in 1915, it was my great pleasure to give daily illustrated lectures on CALIFORNIA, in the beautiful Sunset Theater of the Southern Pacific Company's wonderful building. Occasionally, by request, I gave lectures in the Palace of Education on some phase of California history or literature, or on the individual work of some California author. All of these literary lectures were attended by immense audiences, hundreds often being turned away, unable to crowd their way in, as every available inch of standing room was occupied. The avidity with which the people drank of the small stream thus poured out of information about California and its Literature was so remarkable that when, the following year, I was engaged to continue my illustrated lecture-work at the Panama-California International Exposition in San Diego, I determined to give a complete course of lectures on the subject, as an adjunct to my regular work.

Owing to a little broader and more discriminating policy being followed at San Diego than in San Francisco, I was allowed to take up a “collection” at these special literature lectures, thus giving to the audi-

ence the privilege of paying at least a small sum for what they were receiving (a highly important *moral* consideration that should never be overlooked), while at the same time it gave to me some small recompense for the labor and expense involved. These lectures were given by the courtesy of Walter Maloy, the general manager of the San Joaquin Valley Exposition Association, in the lecture hall of the San Joaquin Valley Counties building, a small, poorly-ventilated and far from inviting room, but which seemed, at the time, the only one available. As the lectures were extraneous to the work for which my regular subscribers were paying, I was compelled to choose an hour for their delivery outside of the hours of my illustrated lectures, and this was the inconvenient one of 12:45 p. m. on Saturdays and Sundays. This, however, soon became known as my especial hour, and a regular audience settled down to a regular attendance, with such additions and accretions at each lecture as a floating and changeable attendance at the Exposition would naturally induce.

At the illustrated lectures, in the very nature of the peculiar conditions of their delivery, a large portion of the audience was volatile, restless, unstable and thoughtless. In wandering through the building the eye was arrested by the representation of the "Big Tree," the cut through which was the entrance to the lecture hall. Standing here, the visitor heard the lecturer's voice, or saw the pictures rapidly being changed upon the screen, and often out of sheer curiosity was impelled to enter. Sometimes, after a few moments, or minutes, of watching and listening, the auditor and his or her friends would de-

cide,—as impulsively as he, she, had decided to enter,—that he, she, had heard and seen enough, and would make an exodus, totally regardless of, or indifferent to, the feelings of either lecturer or the balance of the audience. This latter portion of my auditors was composed of two very distinct classes, viz.: First, those who had learned that I was giving a comprehensive course of illustrated instruction on the great State of California, as the result of a thorough study of it, ranging over thirty-five years, and who came, again and again, to hear the same lecture, or to secure the good of the thirty or forty different lectures as they were scheduled, and Second, the educated and intelligent visitors to the Exposition who were glad to take advantage of a half hour's lecture to learn something of some special feature of California's attractiveness or commercial importance. The first class above named was mainly composed of citizens of San Diego or its contiguous towns.

Here, then, was an audience made up of three distinct, separate and widely different units. Its solid, substantial base was composed of the two elements, home and visiting, that earnestly desired to listen and learn; the balance was the unheeding, unthinking *hoi polloi*, the crowd, the mob, the hurrying sight-seer, curious, thoughtless, restless, and totally regardless of the serious and earnest work of the lecturer and the major portion of his audience.

To keep this volatile and thoughtless, and yet inevitable part of the audience from dominating the lecture-room and thus destroying the work I was engaged to accomplish, was a problem that has taxed the brains of far greater men than I, and few, if any,

have succeeded. I was determined to *succeed* or *quit*. Therefore I laid down three rules, which I vowed should be impartially enforced, the vigor of which should be stated to its violators with unmistakable clearness. These rules were: First, no talking or whispering would be tolerated; second, no peanut fiend should be allowed to annoy his fellow-guests by his shell-cracking, and then throwing the shells upon the floor to be trampled upon, and third, no crying or talking baby or child should be allowed to disturb or distract others because the mother was too tired, lazy, thoughtless or indifferent to the rights of others, to take her noisy little one out.

To lay down laws is one thing; to enforce them another, yet I am willing to leave it to my audiences, or any one of these three elements, to say whether I succeeded or not. There was no mistaking even my most gentle remonstrances, and if those failed to produce the required results, a second appeal—or, if necessary, demand—couched in more forceful words and offered in more positive manner, reached the dulled senses of the most thoughtless. Seldom was a third “call” required, though once in a while a well-dressed, apparently well-to-do, purse-proud, stomach-proud man or woman resolutely started out to “talk if he wanted to.” Upon these ill-bred specimens of the *genus homo, species, porcine*, I had no mercy, and it then became a matter of such desperate earnestness to me that I would rather have left the Exposition, *never to return*, than have allowed the human hog to have his way. Suffice it to say I *never once yielded*, and therefore did not leave the Exposition.

Three interesting outcomes were delightful results

of this determination and persistence in a course that all my professional brethren of the platform vowed I should fail in. The first was that hundreds of intelligent people came to thank me for the joy I had given them of being freed from the nuisance and pest of the whisperer, the peanut shell-cracking fiend, and the crying or noisy baby. The second was that educators from all over the United States came personally, or wrote, to enquire of me how it was done, and the third was the organization of a "society," half in fun and half in earnest, entitled "The Anti-Whispering Society," the spirit of which caught hold all over the country and led to much newspaper and other comment, after I had issued the following explanatory letter:

Who is there, of decent susceptibilities, who has not been annoyed, almost to the limit of endurance, at a sermon, concert, lecture, or theatre by the whispering of some ill-bred, thoughtless, or inconsiderate person nearby? Everybody at some time or another has been pestered by the whisperer, and yet we do not seem to learn the lesson that OUR whispering is as much a nuisance and irritation to others, when WE indulge in it, as the OTHER PERSON'S is to us, when HE indulges in it.

The American people are a boastful and proud people.

Such people are often inconsiderate of the rights and feelings of others. In our self-conscious assertions that we are as good as anybody else, if not a little better, we are apt to be impatient of anything and everything that seems to suggest that we are not perfectly free to do as we like. We believe in personal liberty. We claim it to an excessive degree—a degree totally unknown today in the war-cursed countries of Europe. I would not curtail any person's true liberty one iota, willingly or consciously. Yet we cannot ignore the fact that we are gregarious beings, and that in our gregarious life our own personal liberty must often be curtailed for the

common good. I have the perfect right to blow a trombone or to beat a drum, but if I were to do this at midnight in a residence neighborhood, and keep on doing it, it would not be long before an injunction would be sued out against me or, if the police were "onto their job," I should be arrested, put in jail or under bonds, until a judge and jury could sit on my case and eventually "sit on" my conception of perfect personal liberty.

So long as we live in society and our actions affect others, we must, as far as is consistent with proper personal development, consider the rights and liberties of others. No person has the right, in the exercise of his personal freedom, to entrench upon the rights of another. I may have a perfect right to keep chickens, but if I allow my chickens to run loose and they get into my neighbor's flower or vegetable garden and scratch it to pieces, my right ought to be restricted, and my chickens either penned up or ruthlessly shot.

Every man has a perfect right to so exercise his personal liberty that he can swing his arms or clenched fists, as he chooses, but his personal liberty to do this ends where my nose begins.

Every woman has a perfect liberty to speak to her neighbor all she chooses, but at a concert, lecture, sermon or theater, her freedom to do this ends where my hearing begins. I have the right to listen undisturbed. This is inalienable. No one should be able to take it from me. Custom, however, is very powerful, and custom in the United States has, so far, allowed this inexcusable encroachment upon another's rights by granting to the whisperer tolerance, if not respect and freedom from the reproach he or she deserves. I deem the time ripe for a change in this custom. The whisperer is entitled neither to tolerance or respect. He, she, is ever and always a pest and a nuisance. Well-bred, educated and taught in other respects, the whisperer is ill-bred, uneducated and improperly taught so long as his, her, whispering annoys and disturbs others. The theft of one's money would be regarded as a crime punishable by the law, by imprisonment and disgrace, but the far more serious theft of one's time, one's opportunity to hear, which may be a rare one and

may never occur again, of one's peace of mind, comfort and pleasure, this theft is allowed to pass by uncensured, unre-buked, unchastised. Personally, though I am a poor man in this world's goods, I would far rather submit to the theft of my hard-earned money, than to the theft of my time, my opportunity to listen, my peace, equanimity and serenity. The whisperer is a thief of all these things. His, or her, whispering habit I loathe, I despise, I condemn. I want her, or him, also to know my feeling. For the whisperer seldom or never whispers about anything that amounts to anything. If it were an important matter that led to the chatter or disturbing SISS-SISS-SISSING, one could train himself to bear it with equanimity. But it is not. No habitual whisperer ever had brains enough ever to speak or even think seriously upon any matter unless he were shocked, shamed or forced to think.

THE ANTI-WHISPERING SOCIETY is organized for the purpose of doing this very thing. To those who are considerate of the feelings of their fellows, a hint is sufficient. But the habitual whisperer is never considerate. She will see you looking at her with every sign of disapproval on your face; will hear your warning SH! SH!; will even listen to your request that she give you the opportunity to listen to the speaker or singer undisturbed, and with as little care as a cat shows for the feeling of the mouse she crunches between her carnivorous teeth, will indifferently and defiantly go on whispering and annoying not only yourself, but the whole of the audience near enough to hear her aggravating noise.

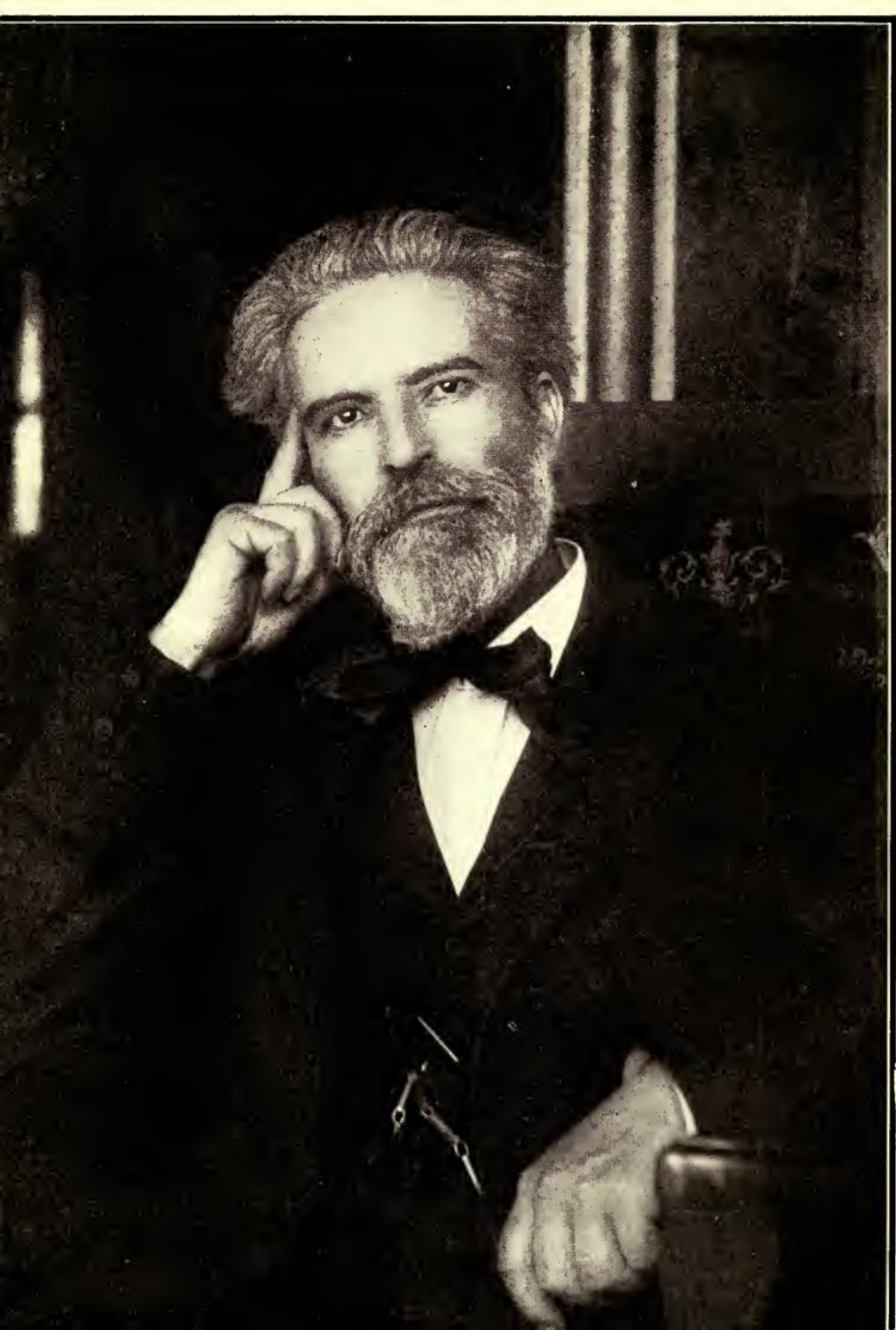
I was present on one occasion at the Boston Symphony concert, and during the whole program was exasperated by the continuous whispering of a well-dressed, well-appearing woman who sat behind me. Several remonstrating looks, warning SHS! SHS! from others as well as myself had no effect whatever, and we secured no comfort until, finally, I turned around and bade her be silent or go home, as I had paid for my ticket to enjoy the music and did not relish being swindled out of it. I had the same experience in New York, at the first performance of Parsifal. I had just crossed the continent and had gone ahead of time for the work I had to do, merely to hear this wonderful music. Before me, in a

box, was a family of ill-bred, inconsiderate, but evidently very rich people. There was not a soul among them that even tried to listen to the music, and they kept up a continual chattering—it could scarcely be called whispering—during the entire first part of the performance. Everybody within hearing felt exasperated and outraged, but it was left for me to remonstrate with paterfamilias. He began to abuse and bulldoze, but a few sharp sentences and a threat to swear out a warrant for his arrest, brought him to time. Parsifal, however, was largely spoiled for me.

Again, during the time when the great oratorios were given every Sunday in one of the leading churches of New York, I used to attend, but on every occasion the solos and fine parts were spoiled by the rude whispering of people who should never have been allowed to enter the building, or, if there, should have been required to behave with due respect to their fellow-guests.

When Paderewski gave his thrilling concerts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, quite a number of people around me were annoyed and robbed of their pleasure in listening by the whispering of a couple that scarcely ceased each time the great pianist began to play. When I told them their proper place was out-of-doors, where they could whisper to their hearts' content, they put on an air of being abused and reviled, and only when my fellow-sufferers clapped at my remonstrance did it dawn upon them that they had been thieves and robbers—thieves of other people's time and opportunity to listen.

There are certain things people do that are objectionable that they cannot help. One must sometimes sneeze, cough, blow his nose. These things may cause disturbance of one's sensibilities, but everyone sympathizes and is sorry for the sufferer. But it is seldom if ever necessary to whisper when other people are bending all their energies to listening to music, orator or actor, and he or she is lacking in one of the first and most important elements of good manners—that of consideration for the rights, comforts and privileges of others—who thoughtlessly or purposely deprives them of the expected pleasure by incontinent whispering.





FRED EMERSON BROOKS

Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart, the eminent San Francisco organist, honored by the San Diego Exposition officials with the invitation to be the official organist during the years 1915-16, has been so annoyed by the whisperers that he has had to have a large placard painted requesting SILENCE, during the rendition of his program. Yet this has little or no effect with a certain class of people—and many of them are good people, too, in other things. They do not, apparently WILL not learn that THEIR whispering is just as annoying as that of others. Only yesterday, a gentleman who, not half an hour before, had offered prayer in my hearing that Almighty God would make us considerate of the rights and feelings of others, came into my lecture-room, sat down, heard me rebuke some whispering in another part of the room, and then deliberately turned to his wife and began to whisper. Perverse? Wilful? Deliberate? I don't suppose so! Mere lack of coherent thought. Putting two and two together and realizing that they make four in YOUR case exactly as they do in the case of the notoriously vile, wicked and reprobate.

I would that I had the power to sear it into every person's consciousness that all whispering under all conditions, to all sentient people when they are trying to listen, is a pest and a nuisance. For this is exactly what I mean, exactly what I believe, and exactly what I am earnestly desirous that people should learn. If President Wilson, Czar Nicholas, Kaiser Wilhelm or Queen Mary were to whisper while I was trying to listen to a concert, sermon or lecture, it would be just as annoying and exasperating as though it were done by the greatest reprobate in America. The WHO IT IS has nothing to do with it. It is the IT IS that counts, that annoys, disturbs, deprives, robs and therefore that should not be.

Hence the ANTI-WHISPERING SOCIETY.

I may be wrong in my idea that people are willing to join such a society. Therefore at present I'm going to be President, Secretary, Doorkeeper, Janitor and Chief High Cock-a-lorum of the whole business. Anyone can become a member and enroll himself, or herself, by observing the rule, which is as follows:

I hereby pledge myself that, as far as I possibly can, I will discountenance in myself, as well as in others, the whispering or talking habit, during any religious service, concert, lecture, or other gathering where people are assembled to listen.

The publication of this letter aroused considerable interest throughout the country. The *Denver Post* devoted a whole page to the subject; the *San Francisco Examiner* contained several long articles and published letters from its readers who approved or disapproved of my attitude; and many papers and magazines commented on it and generally favored the suppression of the whisperer and disturber of the listeners' peace. Hence I hope the good work will go on.

To return, now, to the San Diego Exposition. It will readily be apparent that all the activities I have mentioned mainly had to do with the audiences at the *illustrated lectures*. Yet, as the *literary* lectures were given in the same hall, and the crowds were passing through the main building during their delivery, we—the audience and myself—were liable to be intruded upon at any and *every* moment by the same unthinking, heedless, noisy element, which intrusion, of course, would have rendered concentration and coherency of thought upon some definite subject practically impossible. Then, too, many of this class of people, seeing a number of others entering the lecture-hall, and there being no one to demand of them an entrance fee, were attracted by curiosity; a few, perhaps, by the announcements in the newspapers of public programs; others by the repute of the author-lecturer, would take their seats in the lecture-hall, lis-

ten a few moments, become tired, disgusted or bored, or find they were uninterested, and immediately, totally at their own sweet will and disregardful of the disturbance and annoyance to lecturer and audience, get up and go out. To keep away this irritating and altogether unwelcome element seemed a problem, until the direct, frank, honest, truthful solution suggested itself, viz., of telling these people they were invited under certain conditions, that they were present purely as an act of courtesy on my part, and that "the lecture would last an hour and a quarter, and if they could not stay the whole period through I desired that they immediately leave as they were *uninvited* and *unwelcome*." As a rule this succeeded in ridding us of the restless element, though now and again a porcine member remained, only to clatter out invariably at some critical point in the reading of a poem, or when any disturbance was highly irritating because distractive of the attention.

If it were possible, I generally stopped in my reading or lecture, called the offender's attention to his gross violation of the rules of courtesy and good breeding, bade him God-speed on his exit and urged him (often *her*) never to come again to my lectures until he was ready to observe the common courtesy that gentlemen and ladies always observe in their relationship to their fellow-guests in any place to which they have been *invited*.

Of course, I offended many—for in the aggregate during the year there were many offenders to be offended—but my consolation was that mayhap I had set them thinking, and God knows the whole American nation needs it,—upon their rudeness and ill-

manners, often, of course, only the result of sheer thoughtlessness.

I now come to a far more interesting, though I do not deem it any more important, development of the work of the Class. The subjects of my lectures on California Literature were as follows:

- (1) Introductory: The California Spirit in Literature;
- (2) The Literature of the Aborigines; (3) Literature of the Epoch of Spanish Discovery; (4) Literature of the Padres;
- (5) Literature of the Pioneers; (6) Founding of the Overland Monthly; (7) Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras;
- (8) The California Humorists; (9) Ambrose Bierce, the Last of the Satirists and His Great Pupils, George Sterling and Herman Scheffauer; (10) Edwin Markham, the Poet of Humanity; (11) The Nature Writers; (12) A Cycle of Early Verse; (13) The Poets of San Jose; (14) The Religious Verse of California; (15) A Cycle of Later California Verse; (16) The History Writers of California;
- (17) Some California Novelists; (18) A Sextet of Women Novelists—Atherton, Bonner, Overton, Charles, Michelson and Gates; (19) Frank Norris, Jack London and Herman Whitaker; (20) The Writers of San Diego; (21) The Literature of Point Loma (Theosophical); (22) The Literature of Ellen G. White (one of the founders of the Seventh Day Adventist movement).

As a result of these lectures many asked for further particulars about individual authors, and there also were requests that certain lectures be repeated. The outcome was the Exposition officials were urged to set aside certain days upon which specified California Authors should be honored, their writings read or recited, their songs sung, and an address given upon their work and its accepted or relative place in literature.

THE CALIFORNIA LITERATURE CLASS. 37

The Authors so selected for honor, and their days, were as follows:

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| Oct. | 10. MARK TWAIN DAY.
18. BRET HARTE DAY.
26. EDWIN MARKHAM DAY. |
| Nov. | 2. INA COOLBRITH DAY.
9. GEORGE STERLING DAY.
16. JOAQUIN MILLER DAY.
24. FRED EMERSON BROOKS DAY.
30. JOHN VANCE CHENEY DAY. |
| Dec. | 7. JACK LONDON DAY.
14. JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRAICKIN DAY.
21. HAROLD BELL WRIGHT DAY.
26. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE DAY.
27. GEORGE WHARTON JAMES DAY.
28. SAN DIEGO WRITERS DAY. |

These celebrations were held in the lecture-hall of the Southern California Counties building, by the kind courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wilson, the host and hostess, and whose generous hospitality the Class thoroughly appreciated, and the audience, whether composed of visitors or the people of San Diego, can never fully repay.

Three definite and clear purposes were ever kept in mind in the conducting of these "Days." The first was the fullest possible presentation of the life and work of the author honored in order that his, or her, writings might be more fully known and appreciated. The second was to arouse, especially in the students of the San Diego High School and the State Normal School, a keener interest in the works of these authors, and the third was to secure, by means of the collections, handsome, autographed photographs, or

busts, of the authors honored, which should be placed, at the close of the Exposition, in the San Diego Public Library as a permanent memorial of the work of the Literature Class at the Exposition.

The various Women's Clubs of San Diego were invited to be the hostesses and their presidents the presiding officers on each of the occasions. The clubs and presidents thus participating were as follows:

BRET HARTE DAY, OCTOBER 18

Hostesses: Members of the Wednesday Club.

Chairman: Mrs. Edgar J. Kendall, President.

EDWIN MARKHAM DAY, OCTOBER 26

Hostesses: Members of the Public Library Staff.

Chairman: Mrs. A. E. Horton.

INA COOLBRITH DAY, NOVEMBER 2

Hostesses: Members of the Poetry Society.

Chairman: Mrs. Lila Munroe Tainter, *President of the San Diego Chapter of the Poetry Society of America.*

GEORGE STERLING DAY, NOVEMBER 9

Hostesses: Members of the San Diego Club.

Chairman: Mrs. E. D. Miller, *President.*

JOAQUIN MILLER DAY, NOVEMBER 16

Hostesses: Members College Women's Club.

Chairman: Mrs. Grace H. Fraser, *Ex-President.*

FRED EMERSON BROOKS DAY, NOVEMBER 23

Hostesses: Members of the Poetry Society.

Chairman: Mrs. Katherine Howard, *Founder of the San Diego Chapter of the Poetry Society of America.*

THE CALIFORNIA LITERATURE CLASS 39

JOHN VANCE CHENEY DAY, NOVEMBER 30

Hostesses: Members San Diego Women's Press Club.
Chairman: Mrs. Maude Ervay Fagin, *President.*

JACK LONDON DAY, DECEMBER 7

Hostesses: Members of College Women's Club.
Chairman: Mrs. Adele M. Outcalt, *President.*

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRAKIN DAY, DECEMBER 14

Hostesses: Members Women's Press Club.
Chairman: Mrs. Maribel Yates, *President.*

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT DAY, DECEMBER 21

Hostesses: Members San Diego Writers' Club.
Chairman: Mrs. Maribel Yates, *President.*

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE DAY, DECEMBER 26

Hostesses: Members San Diego Club.
Chairman: Mrs. E. D. Miller, *President.*

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES DAY, DECEMBER 27

Hostesses: The Ladies of the Exposition Literature Class.
Chairman: Rev. Charles E. Spalding, *Rector Episcopal Church, Coronado.*

SAN DIEGO WRITERS' DAY, DECEMBER 28

Hostesses: Members Wednesday Club.
Chairman: Miss Emma F. Way, *Vice-President.*

The Ridgeway Tea Company of Bombay, Calcutta, London, Paris and New York, under the Exposition management of that cultured Hindoo, Deva Ram Sokul, each week donated tea, with all necessary accompaniments, which the hostesses served, making a small charge for each cup, the amount secured therefrom going to pay for the photographs to be placed in the City Library.

All the objects of the Class were more or less successfully attained. We were favored with the presence of George Sterling, who gave some most interesting reminiscences of Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Edwin Markham, Jack London and other California literati. Juanita, the daughter of Joaquin Miller, came from *The Hights*, above Oakland, and directed a Garland Dance, with song of her own composition, on her father's Day. Harold Bell Wright favored us with his presence, made a brief address, and he and Mr. Sterling were especially favored by the Woman's Board of the Exposition, who held a reception in their beautiful parlors in their honor. Fred Emerson Brooks, the inimitable, the versatile, who is equally noteworthy as a delineator upon the platform and a poet, was here, not only for his own Day, but for several days, and charmed and thrilled the thousands with his humor, pathos, and dramatic fire. Josephine Clifford McCrackin,—who, in spite of her seventy-eight years, is as young at heart as a girl of seventeen,—came from Santa Cruz, and told us, in fascinating simplicity, of her early-day associations with Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce and others, thrilling her auditors with the recital of the destruction of her home on the Santa Cruz mountains by a wide-spread forest fire.

John Vance Cheney, who, for some years past, has resided in San Diego, gave several reminiscences of his association with Dana, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and others of the great Eastern poets, and also told the interesting story of how he came to write the "Reply" to Markham's "Man With the Hoe," which

won him the prize of four hundred dollars (\$400), that had been offered by Collis P. Huntington, who regarded Markham's poem as an affront to labor itself.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, who also lives in San Diego, was present on her Day, and gained many new friends, who realized the bravery and heroism of her own life, especially in the early Michigan and Texas days.

The inspiration of contact with these rare personalities was felt in increased enthusiasm and interest in the study of their works. Comparatively large numbers of copies of their books were sold, and the City Librarian reported demands that she could do no more than merely begin to satisfy. And this is a matter not to be lightly passed over. To me it is of the utmost importance. To come in touch, even in a limited way, with the soul- and mind-stimulating work of poets like Miller, Markham, Sterling, Cheney, Brooks and Mrs. Thorpe, is in itself an inspiration and uplift, but to feel the touch of the personality itself is to awaken an interest, a sympathy, a tie, that the human nature of us quickly responds to.

Every one of these poets and writers is immeasurably better known to-day in San Diego, and wherever the visitors to the Exposition have carried the influence of California Authors' Days, than could have resulted in any other way. And the outcome of a larger study of their works will yield quickened mental and spiritual life to a degree that only eternity can reveal.

The audiences were as large as, and oftentimes much larger than, the lecture-room could hold.

Some of the students of the schools were interested enough to attend and write papers upon the authors discussed, and the Class distributed small prizes to those whose efforts were deemed worthy. The collection of photographs was and is a joy to all who have seen it, being a rare, beautiful, and valuable acquisition to any library, and the trustees of the San Diego Library have not only gratefully acknowledged the gift, but have intimated their desire to set apart a good sized room in their new building as a

CALIFORNIA LITERATURE ROOM

where the busts will occupy positions of honor, and the photographs be placed upon the walls. The busts referred to are a life-like presentment of Joaquin Miller, approved by his wife and daughter, done from life by Rupert Schmidt, of Alameda, and one of myself done by Miss Helen Mann of San Diego.

Naturally the work attendant upon these Authors' Days had to be shared, or it could never have been accomplished. The lion's part of the executive work fell upon Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler, of The White Bungalow, 1031 Hunter Street, San Diego. She made all the necessary arrangements for the hostesses, chairmen, vocalists, accompanists, readers and reciters, and at the same time attended largely to the necessary work of newspaper publicity. The secretary of the Literature Class, Leigh A. Hume, was also very helpful, as were many others, especially Mrs. Marguerite Cummings Aber and Mrs. J. Kaufmann.

Another result of our Class association it would be ungracious for me to neglect to record. Several members had purchased copies of my *California Birthday Book* from which they learned of my approaching birthday anniversary. They aroused interest enough in the Class to determine to celebrate it in some way. As I did not believe in, or particularly care for, an elaborate restaurant dinner, I took the liberty of suggesting that, if they would pay for the provisions, I would myself cook them as I had done scores of times *over a campfire*, without any equipage of stoves, bars, grates or grills, using only frying-pans, pots, buckets and coffee-pots. The suggestion was received with enthusiasm. The Exposition officials graciously granted us the use of the Pepper Grove and allowed us to build a campfire, and many hands made light work of the preparation. At four o'clock I was still lecturing in the San Joaquin Valley hall; it was 4:15 before I arrived at the Pepper Grove and began to direct matters. By 4:30 the campfire was blazing and potatoes were being scrubbed, onions peeled and sliced, tables brought and set. At 5:30 the guests began to assemble, and themselves saw the cooking of the fine, large porter-house steaks, bacon, etc., that I had promised. Promptly at six o'clock the cry went up, "Fall in at the tables"—for tables and rude park benches had been provided—a grace of thanksgiving was offered, and with as prompt a service as was ever given at banquet in the finest hotel in the world, in five more minutes over *one hundred* guests were eating the first course of the menu, everything piping hot, well and satisfactorily cooked, appetizing and delicious.

Various members had brought the "pots and pans;" I had personally purchased the provisions; Hardy's supplying the steaks and bacon, Heller's the general groceries and vegetables (kindly donating the coffee), the Globe Mills the bread and dough-nuts, and Showley Bros.,—the candy manufacturers—generously sending two large boxes of candies and marshmallows with their compliments, while the Ridgeway Company again donated the tea and cakes.

Every guest was required to bring his own spoon, knife and fork, and cup or mug, the dinner being served on paper plates.

Members of the Class were my willing assistants both in cooking and in serving. The promptitude of the service was merely owing to intelligent direction. The girls—from sixteen to sixty years young—were allotted to certain tables. Each one came first to the meat table, where Mr. Hume and I were cutting the piping hot steaks into suitable portions, received the quota of meat, passed on rapidly down the camp-fire line where they received in order, a slice of bacon, Irish potato, sweet potato, and sweet corn. Every one was keyed up to promptness both in passing along the line, and in receiving from those who served, and in fifty seconds from the time a plate was thrust before me for meat, it had received all its other accompaniments and was on the table before the guest, who, somehow, seemed well informed and ready as to what was to be done with it. This department of the procedure required neither instruction, direction or "keying up." Some plates came back for a third—yes, even a third portion, which was readily and cheerfully given, for I believe in providing plenty.

For dessert the Grape Association of Escondido sent four boxes of the richest, most luscious and delicious muscat grapes ever grown. These, with doughnuts, coffee, tea, cheese, candy and cakes, "topped off" the meal to everyone's satisfaction. Then, while the "cooks and waiters" ate their meal, the rest arranged their seats around the campfire, which was now built up to rousing and blazing proportions, casting its ruddy glare upon the happy, contented and satisfied faces and bodies of the guests, and lighting up into a wierd beauty and charm the pepper trees beyond. Then, still in shirt-sleeves and wearing my camping-out overalls, I gave an address on "Literature in its Relation to Life," after which we all went home, feeling that we had come nearer to each other, had cemented the ties of new friendships, and gained a fuller glimpse into the beauty and joy of life than we had ever had before.

A small but beautiful souvenir menu of the occasion was issued, which was not only a menu, but had the following original lines by Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler:

TO GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

SEPTEMBER 27, 1858-1916

Here's to his fifty-eight years
Of truth, by which he steers
His light canoe,
His happy crew:
"Row on! Row on!" he cheers!

Miss Tyler also gave her recipe for champagne, as follows: One quart water from fountain of "Living Waters"; one pint Universal Love; one gill each, Hope, Aspiration, Inspiration, Lucidity, Individual Freedom. Mix thoroughly. Use

after three months, the older the better. Especially desirable for New Year Feasts.

The fame of this dinner spread, and many came and asked that it be repeated as they were unable to attend; but this did not seem to be wise. In December, however, the urge was so strong that I consented to give an indoor dinner, the chief article on the menu to be "Fruit Soup," which I would personally prepare. Mr. and Mrs. John G. Tyler, the host and hostess of the San Joaquin Valley Counties building, kindly offered the use of the foyer for the affair, and Mr. and Mrs. Fromm, who controlled the dining concession of the building, allowed us the use of the kitchen, with its gas-stove, etc., and also the dining tables and chairs from the balcony. When the evening of Saturday, December 9th, arrived, one hundred and twenty people sat down and partook of the much-heralded fruit soup, eaten with Grant's crackers or bread and butter, and followed with ham, covered with a heavy coating of rye-dough and well baked, potatoes, coffee, tea, bread and butter, cheese, doughnuts, cakes, apples and candy.

At the request of the guests I fully explained how I had made the fruit soup. It was composed of dried peaches, pears, nectarines, seedless and seeded raisins, figs and prunes, all generously contributed by the San Joaquin Valley Counties Association (by Walter Maloy, manager), and fresh apples sliced. Every particle of fruit was carefully examined and well washed, then soaked over night. It was then slowly cooked, mixed, sugar added, and thickened with instantaneous tapioca. Oftentimes I use ground whole-wheat, barley, cream of wheat, oatmeal, etc.,

as thickening. It can be served hot or cold, at the beginning, end, or middle of a meal; it is healthful, nutritious, delicious, and satisfying, and far better for children and adults than a far more expensive meat soup.

Following the dinner I gave an address on The Literature of the Aborigines, and told a number of Indian folk-lore stories, all of which were well received. Miss Edith Brubaker, the original California Story-Telling-Girl, who had just returned from a tour of the United States, gave an interesting selection, and Mrs. Lola Broderson sang one or two songs.

I was then urged to sing a song, "The Troubadour," the music of which I had composed many years before, and to which words were written by Alice Ward Bailey when she introduced the melody into her *Sagebrush Parson* (the first half of which novel is largely based upon my life as a Methodist Missionary in Nevada, in the '80's). This song I had sung on "Jack London Day," as it was one of which he was very fond. Here are the words:

THE TROUBADOUR

Reproduced by permission from "The Sagebrush Parson,"
by Alice Ward Bailey.

Along the shining way there came,
A Troubadour! A Troubadour!
As out of darkness shines a flame:
And in his hand no harp he bore:
He sang of joy in overflow,
He sang the pain mankind must know;
And they who listened to that voice,
With it did mourn, with it rejoice.

But more than this thou broughtest me,
O Troubadour! O Troubadour!
All that I thought and meant to be,
Like flooding wave returns once more:
I take the joy, I dare the pain,
Content to be myself again:
Sing on, Sing on, as God hath meant,
My Heart shall be thy instrument.

At its close, Mrs. Katherine Howard, the poet, and author of *The Book of the Serpent*, *Eve*, *Candle Flame*, *Poems*, *The Little God*, etc., etc., came forward, made a brief and tender address, and then, handing a purse to me, containing dollars, half-dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels, which my generous friends had spontaneously contributed during the progress of the dinner, read the following original lines which she had just composed:

THE TROUBADOUR

As I was going from the place
I met a little lad—he said —
“Who is the tall man with the hair
That hangs down from his face
Who sang about the troubadour?
I do not know, I am not sure,
I think he is that troubadour.”
And then I thought of one of old
Who played upon a harp of gold,
A harp that had a thousand strings—
And—yes—the little lad I told—
He surely is that troubadour—
He plays upon the human harps
Touching their thousand strings.

There were some ten gallons of the soup spared, for, although many of the guests sent back their



THE ORGAN PAVILION FROM THE OPPOSITE ARCADE



PATIO OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTIES BUILDING

plates for a second and even a third helping, I had cooked so abundantly that this surplus remained. One of the friends took it the next morning to the *Helping Hand*, (a charitable organization supported by the private subscriptions of San Diego citizens for the assistance of elderly women and men and those unable to find work), and thus gave much pleasure to the inmates, by whom it was thoroughly enjoyed.

There was another interesting outcome of the work of the Class that should not be overlooked. During my stay in San Francisco I had formed an intimate and sweet friendship with Deva Ram Sokul, a highly educated Hindoo, who was in the employ of the Ridgeway Tea Company. This friendship was joyfully continued when we both found ourselves in San Diego. In discussing Hindoo religious poets, philosophers, etc., the name of Sir Rabindranath Tagore naturally came up, and I then learned that the distinguished Hindoo winner of the Nobel Prize for idealistic literature was expected upon the Pacific Coast ere long, to begin a course of lectures in the United States. I suggested that we invite him to the Exposition as our guest. When the generous-hearted manager of Hotel del Coronado, Mr. Jno. J. Hernan, learned of our interest in Tagore, he cordially co-operated in our plans, offered "half the hotel for the poet's entertainment and comfort," and gave a dinner to a number of distinguished guests in order that they might extend an invitation to Sir Rabindranath to come to San Diego. One of these guests was Admiral Fullam, and he was so impressed with the international importance of Tagore's visit to the United States that he sent a message to the official head

of the wireless telegraph system of the U. S. Navy, asking that permission be accorded for the forwarding of the invitation by the government's wireless free of charge. The reply immediately came, giving gracious consent to the sending of the radiograph over the Navy's system. Accordingly at the Hotel del Coronado dinner, a message was formulated and sent direct from the hotel.

In due time answer came that Sir Rabindranath Tagore had received the message on his steamer in mid-ocean. An additional message was sent to him to be put into his hands on arrival at Seattle, but it was then deemed by his agent, Mr. Jno. B. Pond, unlikely that he could accept the invitation. In the meantime great interest had been aroused in San Diego, and indeed, all over California, by the publication of the radiograph and the announcements that Tagore was on his way. In San Diego and at the Exposition many requests came for more knowledge so I delivered ten or a dozen lectures upon the poet and his poems and spiritual message in the ball-room of the U. S. Grant hotel, at Lemon Grove, in the San Joaquin Valley building, New Mexico building, Ridgeway's Tea pavilion, etc. Then the demand became insistent that Tagore be brought to San Diego. The Exposition officials felt they could not afford to risk the large fee, no organization in the city would attempt it, so finally, the Class, through its organizer, called upon the presidents of the Women's Clubs and other representative men and women of the city, announced that the responsibility was assumed and asked their hearty co-operation. Mr. Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treas-

ury, generously offered to help meet any deficit, and great enthusiasm was aroused when it was announced that Katherine Tingley, the official head of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, of Point Loma, and owner of the Iris Theater, had kindly offered it *free of charge* for the purpose of the lecture. Many volunteer workers offered to sell tickets, and due announcement of the lecture was made. On the morning of the opening for sale of tickets the agent of the theater reported, by noon, the sale of the major portion of the house. The following day scarce a seat was to be had, and when the distinguished lecturer appeared it was to as large an audience as could be packed into the theater and representative of all the best in San Diego citizenship. I had the honor to preside and introduce Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and few who had the pleasure of listening to his impressive lecture on "The Cult of Nationalism" will ever forget that dignified personality, the calm serenity of his every movement, the sweet purity of his face, the impressive walk, the penetrating, rather high-pitched voice, the simple, eloquent fervor of his utterance, and the soulful significance with which his message was charged.

Lyman J. Gage, in commenting upon the coming of such men to America wisely said something that America and other countries should act upon. In an interview reported in the *San Diego Union*, of October 10, 1916, he said:

I do not think too much emphasis can be placed upon the international importance of the visits of such men as the poet Tagore to this country. I believe one of the best investments the United States could make would be to send to Japan,

China, India and other Oriental countries, as well as those of Europe, a dozen of twenty of our best men, men of power and influence in large affairs and well able to deliver in a convincing manner the great lessons of our democracy.

They should visit all the principal cities and spend a few days at each place, getting in touch with the biggest men there, studying life and conditions as they exist, and telling of our life and conditions. They could be furnished with letters of introduction from notable men in every walk of life—in art, science and letters—as well as from official quarters, and thus they would be well received everywhere. Delivering the true message of America, they would awaken a keener realization of fraternity, of friendliness, of our desire to be at peace with all men. They would provoke a wonderful amount of friendly and brotherly feeling toward America and its institutions, and awaken a great desire to know more of its men of literature, art, science and letters and their viewpoint of life.

The same should be done by other countries in regard to us. Japan, China, India and the rest should send their great men here. Let us know their ideals and aims, their history and their ambitions; let them give to us their message. The silent influence of such contact would be irresistible. Men, having heard such messages, would never be the same again. Their narrowness, bigotry, exclusiveness would be undermined and they would gradually or rapidly grow to a larger, wider viewpoint, a broader conception of the oneness of all mankind, and a friendliness never before known.

It is not inappropriate here to mention, in connection with Tagore's visit, that the Class and its president did not seek to make a monetary profit out of the lecture. In no city on the Coast, or the country generally, were the charges of admission so low as in San Diego, none of the seats (except in a few of the boxes), selling for more than a dollar each, thus giving to practically everyone the opportunity to see and hear the famous Oriental whose message to the

Occident it so much needs. The profit that was made was largely used to meet the expenses of the Authors' Days and pay the balance owing on the photographs, etc., donated to the public library.

To return now to the lectures given to the Class.

When the course of California Literature lectures was completed, I took up a course on Robert Browning. After reading many of the lesser poems, a fairly comprehensive survey was made of "The Ring and the Book." Then I sought to give a full presentation of Browning's philosophy of life. "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Saul," "Evelyn Hope," "Prospice," "Pisgah-Sights," and especially "Abt Vogler" were read and commented upon. When the Browning course was completed, the Class still insisted upon meeting, so lectures on Tagore, Memory Culture, Living the Radiant Life, etc., were given, thus continuing activities up to the end of the year.

Just before the close of the lectures I received the following letter. It is so striking and so fully reveals what many others partially or wholly expressed, that I feel justified in quoting it, especially as it has no definite signature:

Coronado, December 19, 1916.

Dear Doctor James:

The official life of our beloved Exposition will soon be ended, leaving only beautiful and fragrant memory; but the influence on Southern California, and especially on this community, who can estimate? "The placing of San Diego on the map," valuable as that achievement may be, from a purely material point of view, sinks into insignificance when one thinks of the uplift received by this community in artistic, intellectual, spiritual, and many other lines, which I am certain will leave its impress for all time. Many have been the

opportunities for improvement and growth presented to the thinking people of San Diego and its suburbs, by the Exposition itself and the large number of strong men and women brought here under its auspices; but it seems to me that among the greatest of these has been the opportunity to listen week after week to the Sage of Pasadena.

My greatest regret is, that some of those who would have received the greatest benefit, and whose presence and support would have been an inspiration and help to Dr. James, were unwilling to overlook the speaker's unconventional, and at times far from pleasing forms of expression, being governed by their disgusts rather than by their admiration, thus losing the pleasure and great profit that fell to the fortunate lot of those of us, who were led from week to week into pastures new, and beside streams heretofore unknown. Literature, Nature and the Spiritual World yielded up their hidden treasures under the touch of one whose intuitive perceptions, and long familiarity with, and careful study of, their secrets, made him a choice guide and instructor. The literature of California was little known and still less appreciated by many of Dr. James's hearers; especially those from the East, whose eyes have been opened to its strength and beauty. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend"—even though a little-known friend—and though loth to do so, I must confess that sometimes the real friends and admirers of the Sage could not help wishing that he might be moved to put up the psalmist's petition: "Set a watch O Lord before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." With this wish would also come the realization of the fact, that even the psalmist's petition would hardly avail in the case of a personality which at times when in action suggested a combination of Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Browning, Billy Sunday and Tagore, with all the faults as well as the many and great virtues which such a combination would naturally imply. I am sure that in the days to come a picture will sometimes come up before the writer of a familiar room in the San Joaquin Valley Building at the Exposition, and he will hear those well remembered words—"This lecture will last about an hour and a quarter and all who cannot remain for the whole lecture will please

go out now," intended as they always were to try and teach thoughtless people the value of courtesy and consideration for others. Their memory will bring a smile to the lips and a suggestion of moisture to the eyes.

The Sage's moral and spiritual teachings, while sometimes couched in unusual language, will, I feel certain, tend to enrich and spiritualize practically the lives of many of his hearers: for the writer at least felt always that they were the heartfelt expression of one who was trying to live up to the standard set for us by the Master Himself in the two great commandments of love to God and love to our fellow-men. This high aim has enabled him to develop a love and practical charity broad enough to include not only a noble, beautiful character like Mrs. McCrackin, a Jack London, but also one who, though gaining some fame, was regarded by many as unmoral.

May the years of Dr. James's life be many and happy and may his love long abide in strength; and when comes the day when that seemingly tireless frame fails to report for duty; when the silver cord is finally loosed and the golden bowl broken; when the Heavenly Father gives that new body which pleases Him, may there come with it the full realization of what the writer, and I think Dr. James believes—that now we are the Sons of God and that the kingdom of heaven is indeed within us.

This is the wish of a little-known but sincere friend and admirer of Dr. James.

This letter, in its frank kindness, or kindly frankness, is so full of the spirit that I sought to inculcate that it seems to me it is worth far more than a mere casual reading: it is one of those letters that a true man or woman will seek to mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

At the close of the year my work called me away, and one might naturally have thought the work of the Literature Class would cease. But it had gained such an impulse that Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler, its sec-

retary, was impelled to lease *The White Bungalow*, where meetings for mutual study and uplift, without any formal organization, would be carried on.

It was my pleasure to dedicate the White Bungalow with a House Blessing Ceremony, which I adapted from a simple and primitive ceremonial of the Navaho Indians with which I had long been familiar. There was a large audience present as the accompanying picture shows, and the interest in the ceremony was so great that it has resulted in the publication of a most handsome *House Blessing Ceremony and Guest Book*.

One member of the class was so impressed with the ceremony that she wrote the following poem, in which the spirit of the Navahos is well caught and expressed:

THE HOUSE DELIGHTFUL*

Would you know the kind host in the house of delight?
Do not picture a mansion with columns of might,

With a garden, where amethyst moss fringes beds
And where millions of blossoms lift proudly their heads.
There are mansions, yes, many, as might be portrayed
With gardens and columns which money has made.

But the house of delight among these is not found.
Search you well for a sprinkling of meal o'er the ground.

Now this brings to your mind little knowledge, I trow,
So the curtain I'll lift, that this house you may know.

Come with me to the plains of the west, wild and free,
Where the blue and the gold of the sky dance in glee.
Arizona, the house of delight's blessed home;
The fair "City Eternal," past whose gates we roam
Away out to the desert. "Such rude huts," you say,
"And these wild, heathen Indians, with faces of clay,

* Copyright, 1916, by Ida Ghent Stanford.

THE CALIFORNIA LITERATURE CLASS 57

Are the hosts? Is the house of delights but a hut?
O my friend, of what joke have you made us the butt?"

Sit you down, I'll explain; see that Navaho there?

His hut rude? It is founded on song and on prayer.

He is heathen? God grant that a heathen I be,

If this home is a heathen abode which we see.

There was never house builded, with incense as sweet
As is found in yon hut, kissed by brown, unshod feet.

From the felling of logs, to the kindling of fire,
Are these huts sacred kept. They are free from all ire.

Should a post slip its place and a cross word be spoke

Soon the whole is a ruin of ashes and smoke.

All these homes that you see stretched out over the plain
Are houses delightful, built for love and not gain.

Where the Medicine Man sprinkles meal from a bowl
While he chants from the deeps of his innermost soul.

"To the East, to the North, to the South, to the West,
I now scatter this meal that peace here may find rest.

That this house be delightful, the four posts are blest

With meal from my bowl, that true love fill each guest

Who seeks here a shelter from sun or from storm.

May this house be delightful for children unborn.

May all who here enter, as friend or as foe,

Be filled with the Presence of God ere they go."

Every figure on basket or blanket speaks rare

All of duty and love. Every weave is a prayer.

O brave Navaho Indian, come build me a home

And pray bless with your meal, that Love's peace shall not
roam.

And O Navaho Chieftain, come teach me the art

Of just building for love; that each arrow and dart

Shall be sent forth all white and all quivering with peace;

That my house be delightful; that love may increase.

Forgive me for treading where daring fools tread.

Here the angels step softly, their white wings outspread

In rich blessings unnumbered, though known to so few,

In most humble contrition I bow before you.

Arizona, no marvel thy skies are so blue.
No wonder thy atmosphere's fresh as the dew.

Let us pray that our country, so favored and blest,
Shall be filled with the Navaho's peace, and his rest.

Of the work of *The White Bungalow* much might be written, but it would be a little beyond the scope of this book. Yet its helpfulness is already assured. During a visit made in April, 1917, many men and women came to me and spoke of how much it had meant to them. Among other expressions came the following, with which I must close this already too-prolonged chapter:

LITTLE WHITE BUNGALOW

By GRACE SHERBURNE CONROE

Little White Bungalow
Perched on a crest,
Viewing the valley,—
Symbol of rest.

Strangers have loitered here,
Friendships have grown,
Yielding so quickly, to
Love's undertone.

Dear little inmate,
Helpfully kind,
Serving in gentleness,
Culturing mind,

How shall we cherish thee
Ages to come,
When He in wisdom
Bids thee come home.

CHAPTER III

THE CALIFORNIA AUTHORS' DAYS

HE following are extracts from some of the reports of the Authors' Days published in the San Diego papers. These were most generous in their contribution of space both in announcing the Days, and, afterward, in reporting them, and these quotations are given with the thought that a hasty reading of them will show the wide scope of the literary field these authors have covered, and the way their work was presented.

MARK TWAIN DAY, OCTOBER 10

How the genial humorist would have enjoyed seeing our gloriously beautiful Exposition! Every nerve of him would have thrilled to its dainty exquisiteness. The tower of the California building, especially when lit up at night, or when the morning sun kisses it into warmth, with the perfect blue canopy over it would have reminded him of his own words of the great cathedral at Milan or the pyramids floating in the blue of the Egyptian sky.

Mark loved the West in many ways. It made him. It gave him his first impulses toward literature. For it he wrote his first book, "Innocents Abroad" in the form of newspaper letters. His "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" added to his fame and his blue jay story in "A Tramp Abroad" could never have been written had he not thoroughly learned the habits of the California blue jay. Hence it is appropriate that Mark Twain should be honored by our Exposition officials and today set apart as **Mark Twain Day**.

BRET HARTE DAY, OCTOBER 20

Dr. George Wharton James, the noted lecturer, paid an admirable appreciation to Harte's unusual literary gifts in providing an unusual epoch not only to California history, but to the history of the world. He said:

"Few California writers have reflected so much glory upon their Golden State as did Bret Harte, the first editor of the Overland Monthly, the writer of '*The Heathen Chinee*,' '*The Outcasts of Poker Flat*,' '*The Luck of Roaring Camp*,' and one hundred other dialect poems and stories that have thrilled, charmed, delighted and amused the world.

"As a writer of short stories, the master critics of Europe place him in the front rank, many of them assigning him a place higher than Poe. Even Maupassant is praised by being compared with the greater Californian, and to those who love clearness in their stories as well as interest, Harte and Maupassant cannot be placed in the same class, for the French writer depends for much of his interest upon the unclean, immoral and shady side of sex life. Harte was never, but once, charged with this, and that episode in his literary career is one of the most amusing, though at the time it stirred a tempest in a teapot which few Californians of today realize.

"Yet the very story—'*The Luck of Roaring Camp*'—for which he was attacked, I have read to convent schools, young ladies' seminaries and church socials and no one has been offended, and no one's morals corrupted. It was this same story that brought Harte an offer from the staid and serious '*Atlantic Monthly*' of \$10,000 a year if he would write a story a month equal to it."

Harte's dialect poems are world famous, "*The Heathen Chinee*" having received as great applause as did Mark Twain's "*Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*." His "*Society on the Stanislaus*" and "*Jim*," and "*Cecily*" ever bring applause when read aloud or tears to the eyes when perused in silence. Who is there that has not thrilled to his "*Dickens in Camp*," or responded to his arousing and stimulating "*Reveille*," and his "*San Francisco*" is one of the oftenest quoted poems of California.

Dr. James then analyzed "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and read portions of it. This was followed by the reading of "Cecily," and, by request, "San Francisco."

Mrs. Alice Farnham, contralto, sang charmingly one of Harte's poems, "What the Chimney Sang," which has been set to music by Gertrude Griswold, the piano accompaniment being played by Mrs. Alice Barnett Price. Miss Helene Richards recited two of the best known Harte poems, "The Heathen Chinee" and "Ramon, the Drunken Engineer."

EDWIN MARKHAM DAY, OCTOBER 26

The growing popularity of the California Authors' days, now being celebrated at the Exposition, was attested Thursday afternoon by the enthusiastic assemblage of people which gathered in the patio of the Southern Counties building for the celebration of the Edwin Markham Day. The program was opened with a soprano solo, "Joy of the Morning," words by Edwin Markham, music by Harriet Ware, sung by Mrs. Charles P. White, and accompanied by Mrs. Price. Mrs. White's clear voice, clean-cut phrases and spontaneity of feeling, were a delight to all who heard her, while the accompaniment by Mrs. Price was rendered with delicacy and unity of feeling.

Miss Emmeline Lowenstein then read "The Hindu Poet," by Edwin Markham.

This was followed by a musical setting of "The Man with a Hoe," sung by Mr. Hart, its composer, and accompanied on the piano by George Edwards. Mr. Hart's rendering of the Markham masterpiece showed a deep insight and thorough sympathy, and his music, in its dramatic style, anguished tones and unusual intervals, portrayed its spirit.

Dr. George Wharton James then lectured on the life and works of Edwin Markham, beginning his address with an appreciation of the preceding number in its faithful musical portrayal of the spirit of "The Man with a Hoe."

He also said :

"Breathing California's pure air, bright sunshine, odorous flowers in nearly every poem he writes; filled with the spirit of California's largeness and freedom; urged by her moun-

tains and snowy peaks to higher aspiration and greater purity, encouraged to wider and vaster outlook by her immense deserts and great ocean, what wonder that Edwin Markham, while world poet, is essentially hailed as a California poet.

"His first great poem was thought out within her borders, and the scenes of many of his lesser and later poems are located in the borders of the Golden State. His 'Joy of the Hills' is full of memories of his delightful rides over the hills and mountains of the northern counties. Its fields, trees, flowers, birds, animals, clouds, sunshine, mountains, canyons, ravines and foothills were the first books he ever read, and for years were the only school he was able to attend. Like David, the psalmist, he was a 'tender of sheep' in the Suisun valley, and one of his first great adventures into the world was when he and a companion ventured alone into the woods of Mendocino county. Here he was solicited by a vigorous looking man to accompany him on a money-making trip. This man afterwards proved to be a noted bandit and highwayman who afterwards served a term in San Quentin.

"In turn a student at the State Normal school, a blacksmith, a searcher for deeper knowledge at the college at Santa Rosa, where he became imbued with the deep spiritual ideas of Thomas Lake Harris, then a teacher in one of the first open-air public schools of California, and finally superintendent of the Tompkins School of Observation in Oakland, it was while in this latter position that his 'Man With a Hoe' rang through the world, as a new note in human brotherhood. Christ had forcefully sounded the original note two thousand years before, but not in all the days since had it been so effectively renewed as when Markham localized his poetic and forceful powers upon it.

"This led to his being called East and there he has since dwelt. He is one of the few men in this age who have been able to make poetry pay. One of the London papers at the close of the Boer war paid him \$500 for a single poem that he wrote overnight, and The Delineator has paid him the same sum for a poem of a few stanzas, while the Exposition officials in San Francisco gave him \$1000 for his poem on their great fair."

Dr. James' rendering in his own inimitable voice and understanding of "Outwitted," "Chant of the Vultures," "Joy of the Hills" and "Child Heart," were enthusiastically received.

INA COOLBRITH DAY, NOVEMBER 2

One of the most interesting celebrations yet observed in the series of California Authors' Days at the Exposition was held on Thursday afternoon at the Southern Counties building, in honor of Ina Coolbrith, crowned poet laureate of California by Benjamin Ide Wheeler at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco last year.

The program was opened by two selections of Ina Coolbrith, "The Leaf and the Blade," and "Tomorrow Is Too Far Away," recited by Miss Siegenfelder, pupil of the San Diego School of Expression, whose excellent work was enthusiastically received by the audience which filled the auditorium.

This recital was followed by a lecture on Miss Coolbrith by Dr. Wharton James, who added to his biographical sketch, many interesting personal reminiscences, which showed unusual beauty of character, with also its touch of humor. Dr. James said Miss Coolbrith's verse sets the standard par excellence for finished work and perfect form for all California writers in the future.

Preceding the final number of the program, "Ode to the Nativity," words by Miss Coolbrith and music by Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart, which was sung by Mrs. Alfreda Beatty Allen, Dr. Stewart spoke of its being written in an hour, twenty years ago, for the Christmas supplement to the San Francisco Examiner. Mrs. Allen, in her clear, sweet, sympathetic voice, gave a rich interpretation of this exquisite melody, in its gentle, steady movement, from its soft, tender opening phrases, to its triumphant close, while Dr. Stewart as composer-accompanist was its life-giving center.

Dr. James also rendered, by special request, a tuneful little melody of his own composition, to Miss Coolbrith's exquisite poem, "In Blossom Time," and then spoke of his great gratification at being able to announce that the distinguished and masterly American composer, Mrs. Amy Beach, had just

written a musical setting for this same poem, and also for Miss Coolbrith's "Meadow Larks."

GEORGE STERLING DAY, NOVEMBER 9

An assemblage of nearly 500 people gathered in the auditorium to do honor to George Sterling, visiting poet for the day. On the platform were the chairman, Mrs. E. D. Miller, president of the San Diego Club, Dr. George Wharton James, George Sterling and Harold Bell Wright.

The program opened with a selection, "The Builders," by George Sterling, recited with an unusually clear voice and fine feeling by Miss Marion Jennings, pupil of the San Diego School of Expression.

Dr. James then lectured on the life, work and literary standard of the guest of honor, placing George Sterling with the master poets of the world: Dante, Goethe and Browning. Dr. James' readings from Mr. Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns," and his "War Lords," "Two Prayers," and "Sonnet to Ambrose Bierce," were enthusiastically received by the large, appreciative audience.

Then followed a vocal solo: "Mediatrix," words by Mr. Sterling, music by Lawrence Zenda, sung by Mrs. Minty, mezzo-soprano, with an accompaniment of taste and feeling by Mrs. Amy Vincent. Mrs. Minty's full, sustained tones richly interpreted the poet's exquisite tribute to music.

Mrs. Miller than graciously presented Mr. Sterling, as friend, not stranger, since Dr. James' lecture. Mr. Sterling talked not of himself, but gave many personal reminiscences of Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, Jack London and Ambrose Bierce.

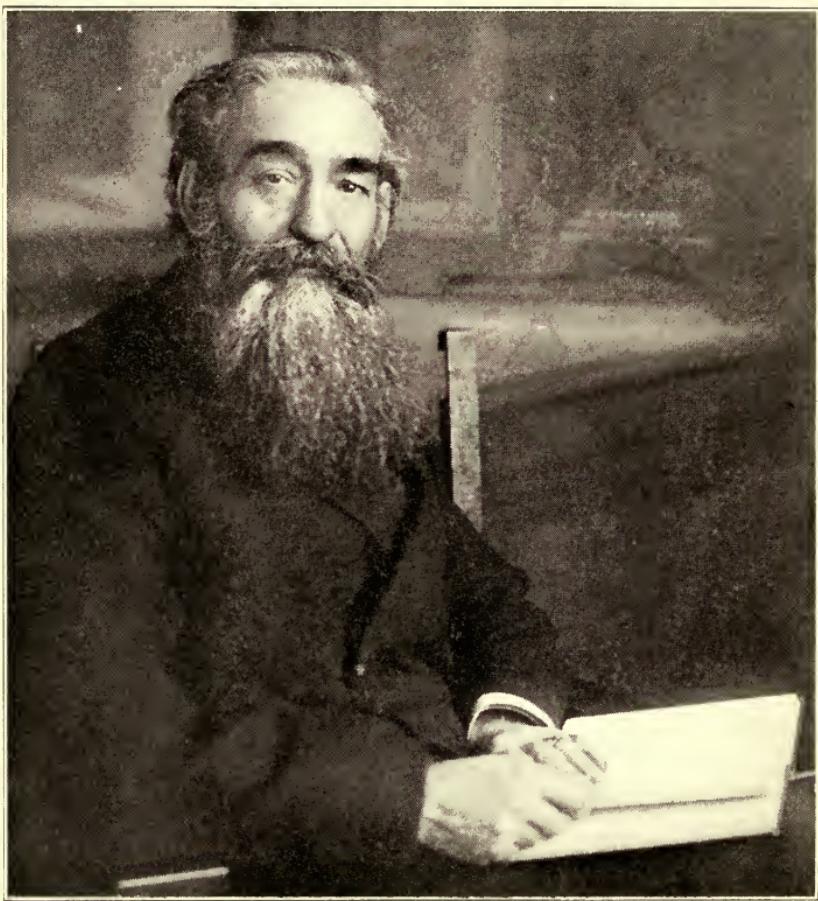
After a "Welcome and God Speed," by Harold Bell Wright, the meeting then adjourned to the woman's headquarters in the California State building, where a tea-reception was held for Harold Bell Wright and George Sterling.

JOAQUIN MILLER DAY, NOVEMBER 16

The largest, and so far the most attractive celebration yet held in the series of California Authors' days at the Exposition, was that in honor of Joaquin Miller. In anticip-



THE MONTEZUMA GARDENS, PERGOLA, AND CALIFORNIA TOWER



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

—Photo by Savoy Studio, San Diego.

pation of a large audience the event was announced for the organ pavilion, and fully 1500 people assembled to do honor to the Poet of the Sierras.

Miss Juanita Miller, daughter of the poet, from Oakland, was present as guest of honor, conducting a garland dance, crowning the large bust of Joaquin Miller for the public library. Mrs. Stevens, and Mr. Winfred Stevens of Los Angeles, lifelong friends of the Joaquin Miller family, were also present in honor of the day.

The program opened with the dignified movement of "Columbus" (Carlos Troyer), played by Tommasino's band in a most effective manner, the arrangement having been made especially for this occasion by Tommasino.

This was followed by two Joaquin Miller poems, "The Soldier Tramp," and "The People's Song of Peace," recited with sympathy and ease by Mr. Loren Reed, pupil of the San Diego School of Expression.

Joaquin Miller's great poem "Columbus," set to music by Carlos Troyer of San Francisco, was sung by Dean Blake, accompanied by Dr. Stewart on the organ, and was one of the great hits of the program.

Dr. James then lectured on Joaquin Miller, "poet of the West," "poet of the Sierras," "poet of the mining camps," "poet of peace." He mentioned briefly the poet's popular plays: "The Danites," "The Argonauts," and "The Days of '49"; spoke of his glorification of the soldier, never of war; his belief in the individuality of man, the fatherhood of God, and death as a transition to more glorified life; his humor, illustrated by the following sign on his premises, "The Hights," Oakland: "Nothing to see up here except down yonder;" paid tribute to Carlos Troyer of San Francisco, composer of music to "Columbus;" and ended by reading, with tremendous conception and expression the poet's masterpiece, "Columbus," the finest national poem, according to Lord Tennyson, ever written in any language.

Then followed the characteristic feature of the day—the garland dance, crowning the large bust of Joaquin Miller for the public library, which stood in the center of the platform on a table draped with an American flag. The flowers, in

nile green, red, blue, yellow and violet, were represented by Miss Juanita Miller, Miss Margaret Chatterson, Mrs. Stevens of Los Angeles, Miss Lois Gibson, and Miss Ruby Gray. The bees were represented by Mr. Stevens of Los Angeles, Mr. Russel, Mr. Lubin, Mr. Dib, and Mr. Loren Reed. The accompaniment on the piano was played by Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS DAY, NOVEMBER 23

In the course of his address on Fred Emerson Brooks, given to an audience that packed the Auditorium of the Southern California Counties building to its fullest capacity, Dr. George Wharton James said:

"Born in Waverly, N. Y., Brooks came to California in 1873, and three years later he was a member of the famous California Theatre Company, under John McCullough. Soon thereafter he made his first noted success. He was instrumental in putting Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera 'Pinafore' on the stage of the old San Francisco Tivoli, taking the exacting part of the admiral. For this he wrote some thirty original extra stanzas, adapted to local conditions and full of local hits. The opera became so popular that it ran for twelve consecutive weeks, a thing hitherto unknown in San Francisco.

"Brooks then went to Arizona to start a Tivoli of his own, but found the towns with too small populations to support anything of the kind. But, on July 4, 1879, I think it was, the people of Tombstone asked him to write and deliver a patriotic poem. Tom Fitch, the silver-tongued, was orator of the occasion, but Brooks' poem made such a sensation that the following year he was asked to deliver it at the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco. His magnificent delivery on this occasion so carried away the audience that it also settled Brooks in the determination that had been growing in him to pass his life in literature and the delivery of his own poems.

"From that day to this, he has been the poet for Fourth of July or Memorial Day celebrations every year either in New York City or San Francisco. Three times—once in Boston, once in Los Angeles and once in San Francisco—he

has been the poet of the Grand Army of the Republic—the only public poet they ever have had.

Brooks' power lies not only in reaching the hearts of his hearers by his sentiments, which are always human, inspiring and elevated, but in his wonderfully dramatic power of expression. He is a born actor; his face reveals every inner emotion, and he has the rare power of communicating to his audiences all that he himself feels.

"One of his great poems is 'Sherman's March.' This he wrote at the especial request of General Sherman, and he delivered it on Memorial Day at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, in 1890, before a vast assemblage. On August 11, 1891, he gave the same poem at the G. A. R. reunion. In this poem a blind soldier is represented as searching for General Sherman. Accidentally he bumps into the general unbeknown, and supposes he is merely a comrade of the ranks. Whereupon he gives the history and reason for the march, with its results, just as General Sherman wished the country to know and understand.

"At the 1891 recital General Sherman sat on the platform, and the poet, in dramatic representation of his subject, the blind soldier, stumbling upon the general, felt of his buttons and actually made him perform the very part the poem assumes he did. On the platform sat hundreds of generals, officers and notable men. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room when the recital ended, and the applause was tremendous.

"After Sherman's death, at the memorial service held for him, Brooks was wired for to come and give the same poem, which thrilled the assembled thousands to tears and cheers.

"Brooks has written three volumes of poems—'Old Ace, and Other Poems,' 'Pickett's Charge,' 'The Gravedigger'—and a volume of 'Cream Toasts.' He is of the James Whitcomb Riley type, full of homely thoughts, quaintly expressed, and with a genuine, warm, rollicking, humane humor that delights all who come in contact with him. San Diego may well consider itself fortunate in that Mr. Brooks was secured for its Author's Day. Recently the people of Oakland and San Francisco, at the magnificent Hotel

Oakland, and again in the St. Francis in San Francisco, tendered him two of the largest public receptions ever held, and all the distinguished men and women of the two great cities of the bay met to do him honor."

Mr. Brooks's own recital so captured his audience that he was compelled to give ten or a dozen more complete programs ere he left San Diego: Three at the New Mexico building, one in the U. S. Grant ballroom, one at the First M. E. Church, one at the Unitarian Church, one each at the San Diego and Coronado High Schools, and several private recitals. Several banquets and dinners were given in his honor, and no entertainer ever came to San Diego and so thoroughly won his way into the hearts of the people as did Fred Emerson Brooks. He was entertained by the manager of Hotel del Coronado, Mr. John J. Hernan, and in San Diego by Mrs. Jacob Kaufmann.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY DAY, NOVEMBER 30

John Vance Cheney Day was celebrated in the Southern Counties building, November 30, Thanksgiving Day.

The program was opened with two solos by Miss Grace Cox, mezzo-soprano, "The Day Is Gone," and "The Time of Roses," words by Mr. Cheney, music by Margaret Lang, and Percy Thorpe, the music of the latter being especially effective, and well rendered by Miss Cox.

Miss Julia Currier then recited three characteristic poems of Mr. Cheney, "Abraham Lincoln," "The Way to Learn," and "The Song of the Country Lass."

Mr. Cheney then addressed the audience, telling of the motive for his reply to Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," which, incidentally, was the \$400 in sight, and because he differed with the philosophy of Markham, a fact which Mr. Markham knew, and between whom the friendliest relations existed. Mr. Cheney gave personal reminiscences of Edmund Clarence Stedman, whom he considered America's keenest critic since Lowell; Thomas Bailey Aldrich, his only old contemporary now living; Henry Ward Beecher, a most compelling and magnificent human being, because of his unusual eye, and his unequaled power of utter-

ance; Matthew Arnold, whom the American public did not favor because he said there was a crack in everything God made; Herbert Spencer, with whom he had little in common; Joaquin Miller, the nearest born poet we have ever raised, except Edgar Allan Poe; to all of which address a most interested audience gave close attention and hearty applause.

A feature of the program was the singing of a Thanksgiving song by the audience, words and melody by Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler, harmonization and piano accompaniment by Dr. James, the words being presented to the audience in Thanksgiving souvenirs.

Dr. James then gave a lecture on the life and works of Mr. Cheney, speaking of his thrilling love of nature, and his wonderful power of arrangement of sounds, which last ability was doubtless due to his thorough musical training.

JACK LONDON DAY, DECEMBER 7

Jack London Day was celebrated on Thursday at the Southern Counties building, with Mrs. Adele M. Outcalt, president of the College Woman's Club, acting as chairman. The opening number was a soprano solo, in keeping with the memorial to Mr. London, "The Cry to Azrael," from the Arabian Cycle, "The Heart of Farazda," words by Olive M. Long, music by Malcolm Dana McMillan, sung by Mrs. Lola Broderson. Mrs. Broderson's conception of the selection was dramatic throughout. Miss Ethel Widener's accompaniment was artistic and sympathetic.

Mrs. Outcalt introduced Dr. James, who gave a loving, just appreciation of the great merits of Jack London's life and work, claiming for him absolute sincerity of purpose, as a master student of the laws of evolution and economics, the whole motive of "The Call of the Wild," being the reversion to type discussed by Herbert Spencer, and its antitheses, "White Fang," which showed the power of love to repress the lower instincts. Dr. James referred at length to his biography, from his birth near Oakland, till his death on his Glen Ellen ranch on November 22; to his literary aspirations and successes, and to the undoubted place he has won for himself in American literature.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRAKIN DAY, DECEMBER 14

Josephine Clifford McCrackin Day was celebrated at the Southern Counties building on Thursday, beginning at 2:30 p. m. with a tea and reception to Mrs. McCrackin of Santa Cruz, guest of honor, members of the San Diego Woman's Club, acting as hostesses to the large gathering assembled to welcome Mrs. McCrackin.

The program was opened by Miss Jennie Herrman, librarian of the San Diego County Library, who also gave personal reminiscences of an acquaintanceship with Mrs. McCrackin in Santa Cruz.

Hugh J. Baldwin, who was to have spoken on the humane work of Mrs. McCrackin, being absent, Dr. George Wharton James referred briefly to her fondness for animals, her organizing a Society for the Protection of Song Birds in 1901, and of her being vice-president of the State Audubon Society.

Mrs. McCrackin then addressed the audience, speaking of her gratification at the honor conferred upon her by the Press Club, at the audience, and the members of Dr. James' literature class; that she lived in the Santa Cruz mountains for 24 years; had made pets of the wild birds, mocking birds and quail. She then gave reminiscences of Ambrose Bierce, Herman Scheffauer, Dr. Doyle, George Sterling and Edwin Markham, all of whom were frequent visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McCrackin at Santa Cruz. Mrs. McCrackin then referred to the devastation of their home by the forest fires; of her photograph taken by Bierce in the ruins; and closed with expressed desire for continued faithfulness to the California she so much loved.

Dr. James gave the biographical facts of Mrs. McCrackin's life, from her birth in Germany; of her father as lieutenant of the army in the battle of Waterloo, fighting with Wellington; of her father coming to the United States and settling in St. Louis, where the young girl met Lieutenant Clifford, whom she married; of her crossing the plains into New Mexico; of the perils of travel among the Apache Indians; of the incidents connected with Toby, her pet white horse, the favorite of all the officers of the army; of her

tragic life with Lieutenant Clifford and her final escape, when she came to San Francisco and became one of the coterie on the Overland Monthly, when she began to write in behalf of the preservation of the redwoods and with others secured from the Legislature an appropriation of \$250,000 to purchase the State National Redwood Park; of her short, but happy, life with Mr. McCrackin, leading legislator of Arizona; of his death and her return to Santa Cruz, where she became reporter on a Santa Cruz newspaper at a pitifully small income, preferring the life of independence to dependence upon relatives; and closed with a fitting tribute to her bravery, unfaltering courage and her Christian sweetness and cheerfulness.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT DAY, DECEMBER 21

Harold Bell Wright really had two Days at the Exposition. Having to be in San Diego on the business of seeing the premier of his cinema of "The Eyes of the World," on November 30, the ladies of the Exposition Board wished to do him honor. As this, too, was the day set apart for George Sterling, the Exposition officials tendered both novelist and poet a dinner at the Cristobal Cafe. Then, as Sterling was the author set apart for consideration on that day, Mr. Wright graciously devoted his afternoon to honoring his poet friend, after which both were given a reception by the Ladies' Board. On this occasion, however, on December 21, the literary exercises were devoted to Harold Bell Wright. A crowded house showed the interest aroused in his work and an eager desire to know more of the man who is the writer of the biggest selling novels ever written. Dr. George Wharton James delivered the address on Mr. Wright and his work. He called attention to the fact that on the occasion of Harold Bell Wright's appearance on George Sterling Day, and the dinner given at the Cristobal Cafe, this Exposition honor was simultaneous with the first showing in this country at the Cabrillo Theater of the first cinema production of one of his series of books, "The Eyes of the World." The address teemed with interesting facts about Mr. Wright's life, from his birth in 1872 at Rome, Oneida County, New York;

his teaching in a Christian College in Ohio, and later entering the ministry and going into Southern Missouri, where he wrote his "Shepherd of the Hills," in which a practical religion was demonstrated; of his marriage at Pittsburg, Kas., where "That Printer of Udell's" was written; of his failure in health, when he came to California and became minister of the Christian Church at Redlands.

Then his health failed and his physician urged him to seek a more arid region in which to live. This led to his going into the Imperial Valley, where, in an arrow-weed house, built with his own hands, he wrote "The Calling of Dan Matthews." Here, too, he gathered the material for, and wrote "Winning of Barbara Worth," a book which brought international fame to the Imperial Valley, and his "Eyes of the World," which now in pictorial form is being presented to millions of people throughout the country.

"The Eyes of the World" has had a sale of more than a million copies. Publishers estimate five readers of a book to each sale. Estimating at this ratio, and calling Los Angeles county a round million in population, it would seem that in that one county alone, some 50,000 people have read "The Eyes of the World." Figuring Southern California's population at 1,500,000, there are 70,000 in that portion of the State, and in California 150,000 readers.

The figures for the eight books of Harold Bell Wright are still more staggering. These include "The Shepherd of the Hills," "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "The Winning of Barbara Worth," "That Printer of Udell's," and "Their Yesterdays." The total sales of these books have passed the eight million mark. At the publishers' ratio this means an amazing total of 40,000,000 readers in the United States, or, as nearly as can be expressed in figures, one person out of every two and a half in the country has read one of these books. This means for San Diego county 60,000.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE DAY, DECEMBER 26

Rose Hartwick Thorpe Day was celebrated in the Southern Counties building yesterday. Tea, generously donated by the Ridgeway Company, was served in the blue room.

Following the tea, a recital was given by Mrs. Sibylsammis MacDermid, dramatic soprano, of Chicago, who gave, in opening the aria, Mazetts' valse song, "As Through the Streets," from "La Boheme;" Mrs. MacDermid's work showed remarkable color, vivacity, spontaneity, the mark of genius and training. Her notes were round and full; her voice, rich, sweet and powerful, with exceptionally clear, high tones; while her enunciation was faultless. This aria was followed by an encore, a lullaby by Gertrude Ross, sung with exquisite sweetness. Mrs. MacDermid than sang a group of songs, written by her husband, a composer of note, James G. MacDermid, also "The House o'Dream," written by Kendall Banning, and set to music by Mrs. MacDermid for John McCormack, which was one of 30 selected out of 700 for consideration, and was the only one selected from the 30.

Mrs. MacDermid's long, tapering notes in this number, were of great charm. The second of the group was "Charity," words by Emily Dickinson, beginning: "If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not have lived in vain." This selection gave opportunity for the use of low, rich tones, and delicate portamento. The third song was "If I Knew You and You Knew Me," words by Nixon Waterman whose marked rythm was effectively sung by Mrs. MacDermid. Mention is fittingly made of the excellent accompanying of Miss Childs, of Thearle's music store.

The meeting was then adjourned to the auditorium, and the Rose Hartwick Thorpe program was opened with dramatization rendition of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," given by Miss Emmeline Lowenstein, with a piano accompaniment by Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler. Much credit is due Miss Lowenstein for her excellent rendering of this difficult form of recitation.

Dr. James then lectured on the author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," the popular ballad translated into every tongue of civilized countries. Dr. James referred to the fact that this far-famed poem was not written by a master of literature, not by one whose fame was made, but by a school girl, who, having read the English story in an old Peterson's mag-

azine, of April 11, 1867, versified it at the expense of her school lessons; of its later publication in a newspaper, and its consequent popularity; its copyright, unconsciously to its author, taken by a Boston publishing firm, and Mrs. Thorpe receiving nothing in royalties.

Dr. James gave a brief but exceedingly entertaining biographical sketch of the author, Rose Hartwick, of her birth in Indiana; father's loss of money through signing a note of a friend, when the family moved to Kansas, suffering from drought; then moving to Michigan, where, through constant misfortune, the future author's library was limited to two books, besides the Bible; a dictionary, and a copy of Byron, which were studied diligently; of the writing and later publication of "Curfew" in "The Detroit Commercial"; of her marriage, life in Grand Rapids, in Texas, where other poems were written, and of her arrival in California, on account of ill health.

Other of Mrs. Thorpe's works were read and commented upon, and great interest was aroused when it was shown that she had written many novels for children, as well as the poems that gained and added to her fame.

The chairman then called upon Mrs. Thorpe, who gave a short address, speaking of her appreciation of the honor of a day set apart to her; of her 30 years' residence in San Diego; of her being honored at the Chicago Exposition, the San Francisco Exposition, but her greatest appreciation was of the honor conferred upon her by the San Diego Exposition, because, said she, "This is my home; and you are my friends."

The Day following the Rose Hartwick Thorpe Day was devoted to the authors of San Diego. The poems and other selections chosen for that day were so numerous that not only was a long afternoon occupied, but it was essential to continue the reading until the following Sunday afternoon, when the program was completed. The poems, etc., read occupy the body of this book, hence no comment upon them is here needed.

December 28 was devoted to myself, and called George Wharton James Day. To me it was a great honor and one which I fully appreciated. So much was said by my good friends that I cannot, in very modesty, give any report of the Day myself. Accordingly I have asked Miss Bertha Bliss Tyler, the efficient secretary of the Literature Class, to prepare the account, in which a brief report of the exercises of the Day are given, together with such other matter as she deems appropriate.

CHAPTER IV

THE LITERATURE OF SAN DIEGO

EFORE presenting the poems and other writings of San Diego writers read on San Diego Authors' Day at the Exposition, it is well that we recall briefly a few, at least, of San Diego's notable writers of the past. It is possible that some of the most important letters of the Spanish discoverers, as well as of the early Franciscan friars, were written on, or near the bay of San Diego. And we know surely that some of the Governors' reports were penned in this city of the patron saint of Spain. Whether James O. Pattie wrote any of his notable memoirs in San Diego we do not know, but they contain many memorable passages of unforgettable events that transpired here.

Here, too, in the early days of American occupancy, came Lieut. George H. Derby, known to the world of humor and letters as John Phoenix and Squibob. His Squibob papers, and especially his Phoenixiana, are regarded as worthy of high place in early American humor and only a few years ago John Kendricks Bangs wrote the introduction for a new edition of the latter work, which, on publication, found a large and ready sale.

Some of Joaquin Miller's poems were written here, for during boom days he spent many months here, as did also Harr Wagner and Madge Morris,

both of whose writings graced the pages of *The Golden Era* while it was being published in San Diego. Harr, for many years, has been the editor of the *Western Journal of Education*, as well as the author of several noteworthy short stories, while his wife, Mrs. Madge Morris Wagner, has just published a volume of her complete works, in which are some of the gems of California literature.

Here, too, in boom days, dwelt and wrote Theodore S. Van Dyke, whose poetical prose book *Southern California* has long been the inspiration for many writers, and whose *Millionaires of a Day* gives a vivid picture of the San Diego days when fortunes were made in one day and lost the next. Van Dyke's books were largely quoted from by Charles Dudley Warner, when he came and was so entranced by the newer-developed and feminine half of California that he wrote *Our Italy*. Another writer for the great *Harpers* was Charles Nordhoff, whose books used to be standards for those seeking information on California, or Peninsula California, and who lived the last years of his life at Coronado. On the island, too, Robert Brewster Stanton came to recuperate from the hardships of his trips down the perilous canyons of the Colorado River, and there he wrote his thrilling accounts of his two trips, one of which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and the other in the published translations of the learned Engineer's Society to which he belonged.

Another of the noted, indeed world-famed authors of San Diego, is Dr. P. C. Remondino. Born in Turin, Italy, a physician in the Franco-Prussian War, he came early to San Diego and identified him-

self with all its forward movements. His *Mediterranean Shores of Southern California* has ever been regarded as the standard work on climatology for this region. Here, too, he wrote his famous book on *Circumcision* which is as well known in Europe as in the United States. Even now, though his years are piling up rapidly, Dr. Remondino is more ambitious than ever, for he has been devoting all his time and attention during the past years to the most extensive and comprehensive *History of Medicine* ever attempted. When completed it will occupy fully fifty large volumes and be the relied-upon encyclopedia upon this wide and many-phased subject.

A novelist of world-repute once lived for awhile in El Cajon Valley, one of San Diego's suburbs. It was soon after she had written *Ships That Pass in the Night* that Beatrice Harraden came to San Diego in search of health and rest. She wrote two books here, one of which, *Two Healthseekers in Southern California* showed us ourselves as others see us so forcefully that perhaps I should have been wise not to mention it in this connection.

Yet Ford Carpenter, the wise and learned weather observer, who lived for many years in San Diego, wrote a scientific and at the same time interesting and informing book as to the *Climate of San Diego*, which helps to explain the fact that San Diego has the most equable climate, winter and summer, found on the American continent or in Europe.

Nor should it be forgotten that William E. Smythe, one of the pioneers in the advocacy of the great work of reclaiming the arid west by means of irrigation—the work to be done on a large scale by

the U. S. Government—made his home in San Diego, and here prepared the second edition of his famous book, *The Conquest of Arid America*, and wrote his *Constructive Democracy*, as well as his *History of San Diego*, which for years to come will be the reference book on this subject for all who wish to know the early history of the city.

And in San Diego to-day reside a great poet and a great novelist. John Vance Cheney, in whose honor one of the California Authors' Days was set apart, has long made this his place of residence, and from San Diego will be given, undoubtedly, that final revision of his poems that has occupied and will continue to occupy his attention so long as he lives. On Grossmont, too, attracted by the incomparable charms that had allured Schumann-Heink and Carrie Jacobs Bond to build their homes there, Owen Wister has built a home, where we hope that, some day, he will give to the world another *Virginian*.

Nor can it be forgotten that another of the poets in whom the whole world is interested, Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, and who also had an Author's Day at the Exposition, has resided in San Diego for over two decades.

This sketch makes no claim to be a complete history of San Diego's men and women of literature. I have written merely from memory, with the aim of suggesting that San Diego has an honored literary history; that it is conducive to literary and artistic expression, hence it was to be expected that, when called upon, the writers of the San Diego of today would respond with quite a roster of interesting and creditable productions.

CHAPTER V

THE SAN DIEGO WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS; WITH BIO- GRAPHICAL SKETCHES

E NOW come to the consideration of the special work of the writers of San Diego, that led to the preparation of this volume. When the presentation of their poems and other writings was made in the lecture series on California Literature, many well-read auditors expressed their surprise and high appreciation of the general excellence of the representative selections chosen for reading. The same expressions were repeated on the "Day" set apart for honoring the San Diego writers. In addition, a large number of the auditors voiced their desire that the selections read be gathered into book form, together with the history of the Literature Class, thus forming a souvenir or memorial volume of one phase of the educative, literary and altruistic work of the Exposition.

The work of each writer is preceded, where it was possible to secure it, with a brief biographical sketch. Where reference was made to work that is too extensive to quote from, the biographical sketch alone is given.

I make no claim that all the verses presented are great poetry, though some of them, and the stories, will bear full comparison with much that passes the judgment of the editors and critics. But I have not



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attempted to be too critical. In judging the work of unpretentious writers one does not need to be so severe and strict as when he scans the work of those who make literature their profession. I have kept before me, however, certain standards that I deem of importance in *all* work, whether done by professional or amateur. These are, first, the possession of the true urge of the writer—the something to say, either of beauty, uplift, warning, inspiration, or prophecy, for all may be couched in such form as makes true, pure literature; second, the possession of the true spirit in that one *feels* the power of his message, or its beauty, whether it makes any appeal to me, personally, or not; third, that it be given in humility and thanksgiving for the privilege, rather than in vanity for self-glorification; fourth, that it show forth conscious endeavor towards perfection in expression, for lazy, careless, slovenly, or wilfully ignorant work should never be tolerated.

I have contended, always, that I could not afford to lose the sight of one glorious cloud, floating in the blue sea of the heavens, though clouds are to be seen by the million; I cannot afford to miss one song of meadow-lark, thrush, linnet, sky-lark, nightingale, or mocking-bird, though one may hear them every hour of the day or night; I cannot afford to lose one violet, rose, poppy or other flower that comes before my eyes though there are countless millions of them; I cannot afford to lose one smile, one kind word, one beautiful or helpful thought though I may be receiving them every hour of the day. Hence, while the poems I read, and that are here presented, do not lay claim to be the works of genius, of power, or of

greatness, they are all worth while, in that I believe them to be sincere, earnest, humble and true desires toward worthy expression of things worth thinking and saying.

H. Austin Adams

One of the literary men of San Diego County of whom its citizens are proud is H. Austin Adams, colloquially known as "The Sage of La Jolla." He has written half a dozen plays (including "The Landslide," "The Bird Cage," "The Acid Test," and "Lobster Salad"), which have been produced with popular success in San Diego and Los Angeles.

"God & Company" was taken by Marie Tempest and produced on Broadway by the New York Stage Society; it scored a triumph. Clayton Hamilton, the eminent critic, wrote of this play: "If it had been written by a Russian, or a Hungarian, or a Pole, it would already be hailed by the women's clubs as a work of genius. No words can convey the sardonic power of this play. It is the sort of play that America has always been waiting for.

"'Ception Shoals," Mr. Adams' latest play, was taken by the great actress Nazimova for production in New York, where it has been running for months, a great success.

"The Bird Cage" was taken for the Criterion Theatre, Picadilly, London.

Mr. Adams is at work on other plays dealing with certain characteristic phases of American life of today. Leading New York managers have asked Adams to furnish plays for the "stars" under their management; and critics like Clayton Hamilton, Augustus Thomas, Adolph Klauber, and others, already look upon him as a dramatist of commanding power, who must shortly achieve a foremost rank.

Robert H. Asher

A SAN DIEGO MYSTERY

(A BALLADE)

'Tis New Year's Day and the soft winds blow,

The streets are alive with merry cheer—

Low overhead in the sunset glow

White-winged aeros are hovering near.

Where is the woe and withering fear,

The blizzard's howl and the wind's wild spree,

Old Jack Frost and his hideous leer—

Where then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

Where is Our Winter of flying snow,
The emptying cellar of yester-year
When dark days come and dark days go
For many a week and fortnight drear?

Vainly I've searched over mountain and mere,
Down thro' the valleys and down to the sea—
In vain did I wander and peek and peer,
Where, then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

Where is the Winter we once did know;
The ice-bound gardens barren and sere—
Vanished their beauty, their pride laid low,
Barren and empty, forbidding, austere?

Where is the mitt and the close-covered ear,
The double-glassed window and leafless tree,
The bitter cold and the quick-frozen tear,
Where, then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

ENVOY

Prince: I've wandered both far and near.
The land is filled with joy and glee,
Our Winter has gone—he is not here—
Where then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

“BACK EAST!”

Adaline Bailhache

Adaline Bailhache was born in New York City. Her childhood and girlhood were spent in Illinois, Wisconsin and New Mexico before coming to California, where she has been living the past twenty years in San Diego and Coronado.

She was educated at an Episcopalian church school in Wisconsin and at Bethany College, Topeka, Kansas.

Her grandfather, John Bailhache, a native of the Island of Jersey, Channel Islands, and her father, Major William H. Bailhache, were editors and owners of newspapers; and her maternal grandfather, General Mason Brayman, a lawyer, was also an unpretentious writer. A small volume of his verse was published as a gift to his family and friends.

With a natural love of literature, poetry, music and art, Miss Bailhache has been prevented by ill health, and later by business

cares and duties, from devoting the time to their study, which she ardently desired.

She was librarian of the Coronado library for three years, and after the death of her father was appointed postmistress at Coronado by President Roosevelt, through the influence of the late Colonel John Hay, then Secretary of State, and other old-time Springfield, Illinois, friends of her father, who was editor and proprietor of the *Illinois State Journal* when Abraham Lincoln was made President.

At the expiration of her term of office Miss Bailhache was re-appointed by President Taft. Since leaving the Coronado office she has continued in the postal service in the San Diego office. Her home is at Coronado, where she lives with her mother.

"WHO SHALL SEPARATE US?"—*Romans 8:35*

To mortal sense he's gone away,
While I alone walk, day by day,
The path we were to tread henceforth,
Together.

But what is separation—Death—
To those who know, no mortal breath
Can part our lives—so closely bound
Together?

For Love envelops sky and land:
And those dear ones who understand,
Know in this Love that we shall be—
Together!

MY LOVES

I love the sea, the sky, the trees,
The radiant sunset, the gentle breeze.

I love the sand, the ocean's roar,
The sweeping curve along the shore.

I love the ebb and flow of tide,
I love the vast horizon wide.

I love the shade, the rising sun,
The dark'ning shadow when day is done.

I love the mist, the passing shower,
I love the clouds at sunset hour.

I love the trees against the sky,
And the night-wind's mournful sigh.

I love the stars, the moon's soft beams
Silv'ring the breast of rippling streams.

I love the forest's untrodden path,
The echo of a wood nymph's laugh.

I love the desert's vast expanse,
Alluring with its strange romance.

I love the mountain's towering height;
I love the torrent in its might.

I love the canyon's deep retreat,
With its fairy moon-flower sweet.

I love the wildness of the storm—
And then the roseate flush of morn.

I love the summer's gorgeous hue,
Flaunting flowers—sky's deep blue:

And the emerald blades of grass,
The clover nodding, as I pass.

I love the modest violet,
Hid 'neath leaves with dew-drops wet.

I love the lily-of-the-vale,
Pure and sweet in garments pale.

I love the rich scent of the rose,
And every flower of God that blows.

I love the wind-swept stormy lake;
The autumn leaves—the first snowflake.

I love the lightning flash, the rain;
The frosty tracing on window pane.

I love the calm earth's robe of white;
And the still darkness of the night.

These, every one, are life to me,
And God o'er-shadows land and sea!

Daisy M. Barteau

Daisy M. Barteau is a native of Minnesota, her early years being spent in that state. She frequently drove about with her father, Rev. Sidney H. Barteau, a home missionary of the Congregational Church, in his work of preaching to little groups of the widely scattered population and organizing Sabbath schools. These long days in the open fostered in her a deep love of nature and a habit of reflection. Her father's failing health caused the family's removal to the South, and on his death, in 1898, Miss Barteau went to Chattanooga, Tenn., where she joined the Typographical Union and mastered the trade of linotype operator, which she has quietly pursued ever since. In 1903 she removed with her mother to San Diego, Cal., where they have since resided. She has been actively identified with temperance, equal suffrage, universal peace and other movements for social and economic betterment. She is a Socialist and was honored by that party with the nomination for member of the California Assembly, Seventy-ninth District, in 1916. She is a member of various literary and musical organizations, and served on the Woman's Board of the Panama-California Expositions of 1915 and 1916. She has written verse and composed music occasionally from an impulse toward self-expression, but without attempt to make them public, but has published anonymously a few poems, sketches and songs.

AT ONE WITH THEE

"Freely ye have received; freely give."

O wondrous Breath, all Life and Love expressing,
Forth from the ONE Thou flowest evermore;

I, too, may feel the marvel of Thy blessing;
Mine, too, the gifts from Thine exhaustless store.

Yet not for me Thy gift for miser's hoarding—
Still waters soon in fetid stagnance lie;
The hand that grasps, will stiffen, still recording
Th' inexorable law that all but Love must die.

O soul-enriching Way of Love's unfolding!
O happy Law of Life's mobility!
O Peace, to plastic rest 'neath Wisdom's molding,
Slowly becoming, and at length to be

A living, breathing channel for Thy flowing;
An instrument attuned to harmony;
O joy of joys! the inmost being knowing
Its destiny—to be at one with Thee!

THE CALL TO ARMS

(A Mother's Exhortation to Her Son, Called to the Colors in a
War of Aggression)

And have they called thee to the colors—thee,
My son, mine only son? Was't not enough
That they, the overlords of war, should lure
Him on, thy father, to untimely death
Ere yet thou drew'st the primal breath of life;
With one hand beckoning his eager youth,
The other hidden in their blood-bought gold;
One hand outstretched in eloquent appeal,
The other grasping at ill-gotten gains
Filched from the people? Ah, until that hour
I lived a simple girl content with life
And love; then Woe with thorned and fiery lash
Awoke and scourged me into womanhood.

My son, that night a vision came to me—
I saw your father in his mortal hour;
I viewed the very manner of his fall;
How that he drew with him to th' gates of death
(For he was fearless, and occasion served)
A hundred brothers, husbands, sons; made desolate
A hundred homes, and doomed to penury
The prattling child; brought timid maidens near
By-ways where hidden Vice lurks dangerously;
Filled prison cells and sent to early grave
The grief-worn mother; this your father did
With innocent heart, in blind obedience;
A brave and loyal soul, a patriot
Aflame with holy zeal, unholy sped;
Through lofty words and sounding phrases made
An instrument for scheming avarice.

Today, methinks, I hear from fiends of hell
Sardonic laughter for poor humankind:
“At it again, the fools! The slaughter-fest
Is on! In rows and regiments the mass
Oppose they know not what, they know not why;
But trample each the other; strive t' efface
Their self-same image in their fellowman!
March, dig, maim, kill, and never question: ‘Why,
Why do I thus? Why slay my brother?’ Nay—
‘It is the order.’ ”

WHY? That pregnant word
Relentless, will not down; its letters sear
Mine eyelids, fiery writ athwart the sky.
Mine ears are deafened by that question, hurled
In mockery upon the balmy air
From shrieking shrapnel and th' insensate roar
Of monster guns, far-flinging shot and shell,
While sobbing breath of death-struck agony
Gives back to shudd’ring earth the fateful “WHY?”

One day a thousand thousand throats shall swell
To speed that question on the wand'ring winds;
A thousand thousand tongues, articulate,
Shall find an answer for the waiting world,
Sounding the knell of human slavery.
Yea, in that answer lies the doom of war—
Herald of joy, 'twill greet the dawning day
Of regnant justice and of brotherhood;
And children born into that better world
Shall marvel that these things could ever be.

Yet would they call thee? Hale thee from my side,
A tool to shape dark means to darker ends?
I call thee, I, thy mother, to resist
That hell-born mandate; stand erect, a MAN,
With folded arms and level gaze, defy
Their hireling minions; bid them do their worst;
Oh, teach thy lips the hero's answer, "NO!"
Refuse the horrid task; not thine must be
Or part or lot in this iniquity.
Deny to dabble in a brother's blood
Those hands that never yet received a stain
Save that of honest toil; I counsel thee
Refuse, e'en though refusal in this hour

Means ignominious death; yea, I implore
By love that first was thine while yet thou lay'st
For many a weary month beneath my heart;
And by the tedious agony of birth;
And by these breasts that fed thy helpless need—
Fling not away that precious gift of life
In hate-born strife and hideous injury.
If blood must flow, oh, rather let it soak
The fertile soil of freedom, whence shall spring
White flowers of love and peace, and joyous fruits
Of comfort-bringing toil, than run to waste
On arid sands of nations' hatred.

Stay,

Stay but a moment—see'st no other way
Save that which leads through Death's dark portal out
To light and freedom? Is there no release?—
Perchance if thou obey the bloody hest —
Follow where'er war's banner leads—perchance
Thou may'st return victorious to mine arms.

Begone, unworthy thought! Hence, cruel spawn
Of coward heart, that close would hold its own
And let the world go wailing, comfortless.

Oh, why is't given me to see so clear
Those other mothers, mourning other sons?
Too heavy falls the burden on my heart.
How can I wreath the martyr's crown of thorns
For thee, beloved? Must I hold the sword
To pierce thy naked heart, that so thy blood,
Thy fresh, young blood, forth gushing, shall cry out:
"Make way, make way for freedom!"? Must I bid
Thee lay thy body down to bridge one gap
'Twixt man and man?

"Tis finished; he is gone!
My words have sent my darling to his death
For brotherhood—for justice—freedom—ah, I faint!
I die! Come back! Come back! God! God!

Anna E. Berryhill

Anna E. Berryhill is a native of Illinois. She has been a resident of Kansas, Missouri, Oregon, Idaho, and since 1911 has made her home in California. She was educated and later became a successful teacher in the public schools. She has always had a faculty for writing verses on timely topics, and many of her poems have been popular for recitations. Some of these are "A Story of Christmas," "Rival Melodies" and "The Kansas Volunteer." Her writing has been a pleasant pastime.

THE GIRLS OF SAN DIEGO

They searched from Maine to Florida,
 They searched from east to west
For girls to bring to fairyland
 The sweetest and the best.
They were bright and winsome lassies
 And beautiful to see,
But the girls of San Diego
 Are the girls for me.

Beauties came from crowded cities
 Where fashion reigns supreme,
And they were full of life and vim
 And lovely as a dream;
That one and all are peaches
 I'm sure we will agree,
But the girls of San Diego
 Are the girls for me.

So bring your beauties back again
 With just as many more;
You may choose the loveliest faces
 In this land from shore to shore;
They may vie with Shasta daisies,
 And be just as fair to see,
But the girls of San Diego
 Are the girls for me.

So bring your girls to fairyland,
 Wherever they may be,
To our famous Exposition,
 We'll gladly give the key.
To the finest girls from every clime,
 We'll all be there to see,
But the girls in San Diego
 Are the girls for me.

L. Adda Nichols Bigelow
MT. SHASTA

Against the back-ground of the western sky,
On this fair summer morn, while mellow light
Lies peacefully upon its snow-clad brow,
Beams grand Mt. Shasta, close beneath the clouds,
Like some great thought of God, to earth sent down,
To lift the longing soul of man heavenward ;
And linking nature with the vast unseen.
Majestic sentinel ! sun-bathed and white !
Singing the silent song too deep for words.

We journey on, and slowly now recedes
The great mount from our view, and distance sheds
A halo soft upon the parting scene.
Once stamped indelibly upon the mind
Thus favored with the all-transporting view,
We dwell henceforth in higher altitudes.

THE WHITE-COVERED WAGON

I'm thinking to-day, as often before,
 Of a childish longing and dream
To ride in a white-covered wagon afar,
 Through woodland, valley and stream.

To sleep in a white-covered wagon at night ;
 To breakfast the roadside along ;
Delighted the early sunlight to greet,
 And the wild birds' jubilant song.

And to rest, when the noon-tide overtakes,
 'Neath the shade of a spreading tree ;
And quench our thirst from a sparkling spring,
 While we lunch ; a jolly crowd we.

Then onward again till the twilight creeps
 And covers the land, and we share
Our evening meal, while the birds gone to sleep
 Leave a stillness in earth and air.

Thus many the days and weeks would I ride
In the white-covered wagon quaint;
Till my childish longing was satisfied
With pictures my fancy would paint.

* * *

A procession of years has passed along;
And the child's dream unfulfilled;
It has vanished with dreams of later years
And the castles we fain would build.

Helen Richardson Brown

Born in Woodland, California (eighteen miles from Sacramento); educated in public schools of Woodland and later at Calistoga, Napa County. At eighteen she moved to San Francisco, where she became particularly interested in Chinese life as viewed in Chinatown of old San Francisco. Published first story in *Overland Monthly* in 1901. Soon after that, a story of Chinese life in the *Criterion* (New York). Entered the University of California at Berkeley in 1901 and took up course specializing in English literature and composition. Spent three years in college, during which time she was associate editor of *The Occident*, the University weekly, also frequent contributor to the College Monthly, *The California Magazine*. During this period and the year following contributed stories to the *San Francisco Examiner*, *San Francisco News Letter*, *Sunset Magazine* and *Out West*. Two years after leaving college she took a position as private secretary to Mr. Alfred Holman, editor of the *San Francisco Argonaut*; also acted as exchange editor, selecting jokes, anecdotes, etc., remaining here a year. Then took position with a teacher of short-story writing, reading stories and giving criticisms.

For about ten years, up to the time she came to San Diego, about five years ago, she did but little literary work. Was married the year after coming to San Diego, and has written for publication more or less since, although, owing to family duties, has not made a profession of it. Her most recent stories have been in the *Overland Monthly*, *Los Angeles Times* and *People's Home Journal*.

THE MATERIALIST

Oh, I can't be no poet,
Fer I see things as they is,
An' fixin' things up grander
Seems to be the poet's biz.

To me a bird's a varmint,
That hunts fer worms an' sings;

EXPOSITION MEMORIES

The sea's just green salt water,
 Full o' fish, an' crabs, an' things ;
 An' flowers is only weeds-like,
 A little colored up ;
 A child is just a critter,
 Like a frisky, hungry pup ;
 An' a woman's just a human,
 That talks, and smiles an' lies,
 An' maybe makes good biscuit,
 An' is sweet-like—when she tries.
 An' what is love but longin'
 Fer these critters by your side,
 An' doin' yer best an' workin' hard
 To comfort an' pervide ?
 No, I can't be no poet,
 An' a-fixin' ain't my biz ;
 I takes a sight o' comfort, though,
 With things just as they is.

THE TIE

I wake. A bird is singing in the vine
 Beside my window ;
 It is the same brown thrush
 That built and sang last year ;
 I know, because in that same month
 I wove a wreath and plaited yards of tulle
 To lay upon my hair,
 And in my heart
 That song found echo.
 But now no echo rings.
 On yesterday I went into a sombre, high-ceiled room,
 And sat before a grizzled, kindly judge,
 And told him all ;
 And when I'd done
 He took his pen and wrote ;
 Set down the words that made me free.

So I am free, yes free as you,
To choose another mate and sing where'er I will,
And yet, though lovers hundred came to woo,
And all the world was filled with lovers' songs,
I could not mate; I could not sing.

THE FOG HORN

The fog horn calls the whole night through,
 "Oh, Mariner, run slow, run slow!
The rocks of shore are cruel sharp
 And it is fathoms deep below!"

My heart was once a worthy ship;
 'Twas made to sail life's journey through,
But Cupid manned my precious craft,
 And Cupid never caution knew.

He had one thought, this blithsome lad,
 To reach the lights of Harbor Town,
He forged ahead, though wisdom warned,
 We struck the rocks: my ship went down!

Oh, mariners upon the seas,
 Do heed the call, "Run slow! Run slow!"
For, oh, the rocks *are* cruel sharp,
 And it *is* fathoms deep below!

Bessie Lytle Bradley

Bessie Lytle Bradley was born in Mount Vernon, Kentucky, October 5, 1848, a descendant of the family of Zachary Taylor. She received her education in Atchison High School, Kansas; Camden Point Academy, Missouri, and Farmington Academy, Kansas, after which she taught school in Kansas and Colorado. She began writing verse at the age of eighteen, but wrote little until her late twenties. In 1883 she was married to Judge W. W. Bradley of Louisville, Kentucky, in Spearfish, South Dakota, where they lived many happy years, amid grand mountain scenery, which she describes with deep appreciation in her "To the Memory of a Friend," "A Mountain Idyl" and other verses. Her husband passed away in 1908. In 1913 she came to San Diego to be with a daughter. She has written several poems on San Diego and Coronado. Among her other poems may be mentioned: "El Camino Real," "Thine," and "San Diego de Alcala."

SUNSET ON THE SEA

The sunset leapt, from the burning sky,
With bated breath, and lurid glow,—
Swept out o'er the bosom of the sea,—
 O'er the heart of the lambent sea,—
Above Point Loma the miracle swept,
Adown to the ocean waters it leapt,
And into the surf where the salt-waters crept,—
 Into the heart of the sea.

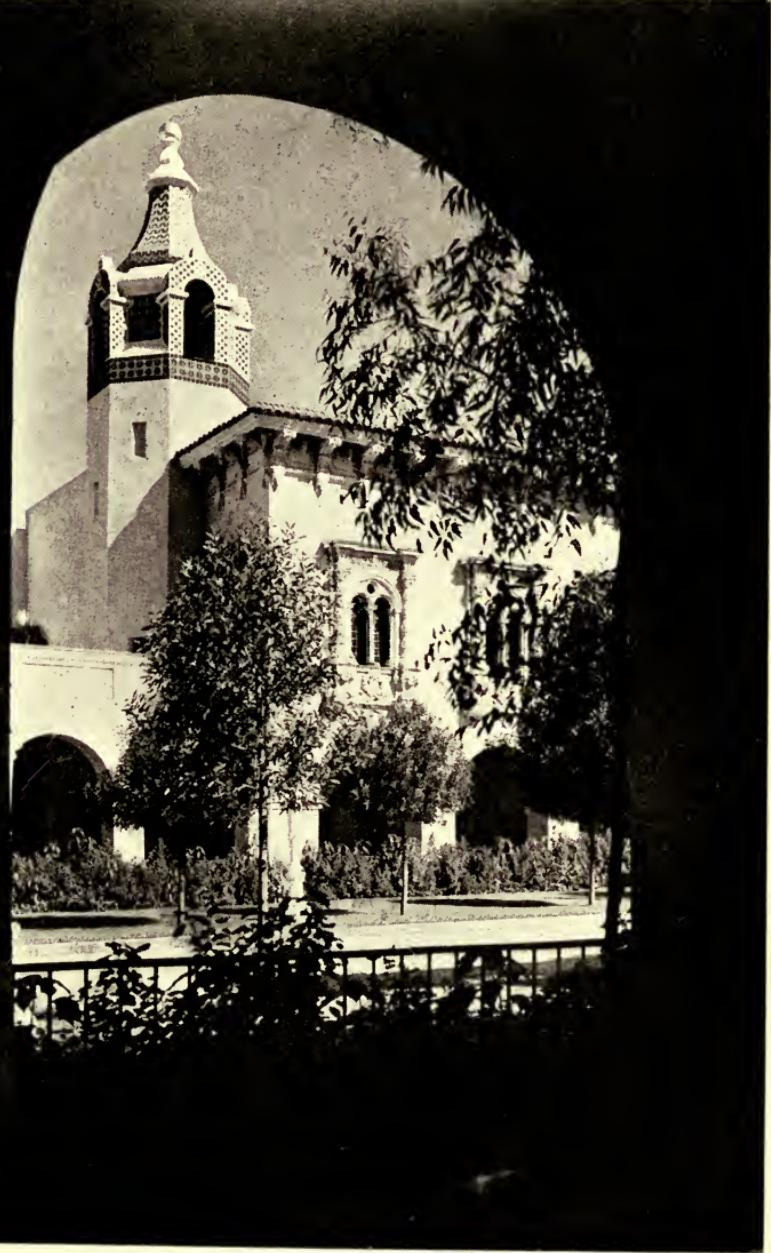
Deep into the sea its radiance beamed,
Over earth and sea its glory streamed,
Like molten gold it glinted and gleamed,
 Majestic, terrible, grand.

Along the deep-drawn, radiant path,
Absorbing, consuming, with fervid breath,
The latent stretch of shore-line, beneath
 Where the ocean-waters wind.

And the tide swept out, on the burnished sea,
And glowed like fire-flies over the Bay,—
The waters, beside where the city lay,
 Submerged in th' gold-gleaming light,
And into the heart of the sunset the world,
On its fiery orbit relentlessly whirled,
Through cosmical space, seemed gathered and hurled,
 Erstwhile came in the drifting night.

TRANSFORMATION

Entwining the dead heart of summer,
 And wreathing the past, like a dream,
Float visions of redolent beauty,
 From forests that radiantly gleam,
And skirting the river's bright margin
 Slope out to the westward, where rise
Green mountains, submerged in the sunlight.
 Towering up to the blue, rolling skies.



TOWER, AND PART OF SOUTH FAÇADE, SCIENCE
AND EDUCATION BUILDING



PERGOLA WALK IN THE MONTEZUMA GARDENS



CALIFORNIA AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS,
FROM ACROSS THE RAVINE

But, now through the mist-shrouded dullness
Looms only the snow-mantled wraith
Of that time, when the beauty of summer
Lay rife, 'long the bloom-laden path;
No longer responsively breathing
With animate heart, as of yore;
But, silently threading the shadows,
Enshrouding the desolate shore.

For winter sits, sullenly, glowering,
Defiant, relentless, as fate,
And treads on the dead heart of summer;
While yearn the quick pulses and beat,
For the breath of the flowers—the music,
That rapturously floated and filled
The soul, as it reveled, forgetful,
Submerged and entranced and enthralled.

Ah, memory recalling each echo,
Sweeps, fondly the chords of the past,
Which throb, on the unbroken silence,
Their rhythmical cadence of rest!

Ellen Hosmer Campbell

Ellen Hosmer Campbell (Mrs. J. P.) was born in Illinois, and belongs to the Alumni of Monticello Seminary. She is a C. L. S. C. graduate, and is a clubwoman of long standing, having held office in the Federation. For years she conducted a Woman's Column after an original plan in her husband's newspapers in Indiana and Kansas. Joined the Woman's Press Club in San Diego four years ago, and is devoting her spare time to magazine work, with novelettes and serials for her goal.

THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH

The beach was strewn with shells; some belonged to the barnacle family, others to the oyster, clam, and even the gelatinous kelp connection, while many were ordinary pebbles. But all had their uses in the strata of beach society.

The coquina (for this was in proud Southern waters), which is very useful in the building of noble structures, conceived the idea of uniting the various occupants of the sand, into an organization which would benefit the community. So a meeting was called of the different clans. There were represented barnacles, oysters, clams, a few corals off the reefs, and numbers of the more humble and nameless pebbles, even seaweed and moss were eligible. One solitary star fish that had been washed up by the waves was invited to come into the circle, but declined. In the meantime some of the industrious ones of the guild kept busily at work, the oysters producing pearls, the clams furnishing nutriment, and the diminutive mussels were most helpful in filling up the vacancies anywhere, making a solid path for those who needed a sure foundation, and in many instances acted as a filter for the pure stream of thought poured out from the fountains of knowledge. The barnacles stuck at their posts, usually foreign appointments, and when relieved from duty, contributed much information concerning other coasts. The coquina piled up solid walls of beauty, which brought plaudits from everyone. By and by the fame of the organization became widespread.

But a few of the clinging kind, the barnacles and flabby kelp, feeling the need of someone less industrious who could radiate from several points, in whose reflected glory they might shine while doing nothing, turned longing eyes to the magnificent star fish.

"Oh, we must have her in our circle to make it complete," they cried. So the path builders were appointed to pave the way to her groove, in the sands, and tempt her with a throne of pearls so liberally cast broadside by the oysters. Thus filled with visions of personal aggrandizement, the display of corrugated charms and pointed scintillations, recently buried in the briny deep, she agreed and was received into the assembly with much eclat, not only by the flabby members and parasites, but by the more solid ones. But, alas! very soon there was a change in the order of things, the rules were disregarded, the new member being wise in her own conceit, and radiated not only brilliancy but discontent.

"They were such plodders, and behind the times." When remonstrated with by the charter members, and their past achievements referred to with pride, she exclaimed:

"What are your oyster pearls, bivalves and clams to me, who hail from western waters, where my associates were the beautiful abalones, one of which would make a dozen of your pearls. Also with the meat are so prized by tourists, and epicures, that laws were made to preserve them from the Japanese, and that and other causes I grant, nearly precipitated war between the 'powers that be'."

"Aye! Aye!" cried out one tough old barnacle.

"And," went on the haughty insurgent, pressing her advantage, "instead of paths made by the common mussels, my fissures in the rocky formations there are paved with dainty olivels, the seadollars are strewn everywhere, carved cradles, the artistic owl vignettes, sea anemone and other ornaments of society I fail to see in your pockets. Our clams are used for bait to lure the giant barracuda from the depths of the kelp beds. Oh, how I long for my native surf!"

At this an immense turtle, which had waddled up during the discussion, inquired: "Have you no connections you can associate with here? I'm sure the Stella family is very common in these waters. I have seen hordes of them larger and finer than you." And turning to the others so crest-fallen:

"I'm astonished at you old scions of the Southern mollusk family, that you let her out-brag you. You with your red snapper and pompano, bluepoints and littleneck clams; besides the barracuda of which she boasts, is as the coarse and common cat fish found in fresh waters. The abalone pearl ranks with our alligator skin, and corals in commercial value, while"—

Just then an immense wave rolled over them and the now forsaken braggadocio was caught by one of her prongs in a bit of undertow, and washed out of the audience. The session adjourned with a vote of thanks to the tortoise for his defense of their pearly depths. And at the following meeting, when harmony was restored, this member of the crustacean family received the highest honor, by acclamation.

Virginia Church

Virginia Church has made quite a name for herself in the line of dramatics. Her first play, "Commencement Days," was written in collaboration with Margaret Mayo. This was first produced in Los Angeles, California, by Morosco, then bought by Cort and sent on the road. Another, "Susan Sayre, Suffragette," was played in stock in the East. "The Heart Specialist," a farce, was produced in San Diego. Her last comedy, "The Perverseness of Pamela," received second prize in the Craig contest, Boston, and was chosen by Harvard University for its annual production and appeared in the spring of 1916. Mrs. Church collaborated with Mrs. L. L. Rowan in a drama dealing with the history of Southern California which has not yet appeared.

She has had produced and published several one-act plays; short stories in *Smart Set*, *Delineator*, *Collier's* etc. Her one novel, published by the Page Company, of Boston, was from her play, "Commencement Days." She is still writing, and her friends have large hopes of her work for the future.

Nettie Finley Clarke

Mrs. Nettie Finley Clarke was born in the Middle West during the Civil War. After an early marriage, she spent the best years of her life in devoting herself to her family and consequent duties on a large farm. Later, poor health and a desire to live in a milder climate brought her to San Diego, California, where she has resided for five happy years. Two sons and two daughters are living.

WEE BIT LASSIE

Hae ye seen my leesome lassie,
 Hae ye seen my bonnie Jean?
 She wi' dancin' feet an' airy,
 She wha' ha'e the sparklin' een?

Hae ye heard the happy laughter,
 Seen the dimple in her chin?
 Weel I ken ye a' wad lo'e her
 An' gie much those smiles to win.

Hae ye heard far bells faint ringin'
 I' the misty early dawn?
 Aye:—'tis Jeanne wha' is singin'
 As she lightly wanders on.

When the lav'rock wakes at daylicht,
 Singin' as he upwards soars,
 Then I meet her pou'in' gowans
 Ere the dew is aff the moors.

Little lassie, wee bit lassie,
 Ye are sic a little Queen,
 A' the warle has nae anither,
 For I lo'e ye, brown-eyed Jean.

MY FAITHER'S HAME

The nicht draws doon on the rainswept moor,
 It's a lang lang way I hae cam',
 The hurtlin' win's hae wrestled me sair
 An' I'm far frae my Faither's Hame.

Hoosen an' lan', my kith an' kin,
 Fame, gear an' a' hae passed me by,
 The snaws o' year, a life fu' o' care,
 An' the End of the Road is nigh.

Mony a time my haert's been weary,
 Mony a time my strength maist gone,
 But wi' His voice an' han' to guide me,
 I juist keep gaein' on an' on.

Ayont the gloom and mist drift I see
 A shinin' licht, an open door.
 My Faither's voice is ca'in' my name.
 "Enter, child; the journey is o'er."

E. H. Clough (Yorick)

One of the old school of California writers, contemporary of Bierce, McEwen, Pixley, Cahill and other veterans of the press of the Golden State. He has delighted the appreciative for many years with his weekly essays, entitled "On the Margin," in the *San Diego Union*. Here is one of many quotable things, too fine to be lost. Two other quotations from his pen will be found later on.

ON THE HIGHWAY TO THE CITY OF SILENCE

The Parable runneth somewhat after this wise: First, as to the Road. The queerest highway you ever heard of, more

varied as to length, width, grade and construction than any you ever traversed. Some of it was smooth and direct; some of it was rough and steep; some of it was broad and commodious; some of it was narrow and tortuous. But the queerest thing about the Road was its frequent adaptability to the disposition of those who traveled upon it. Many were able to pick out the smoothest reaches, while others found naught but rough places throughout their journey. For some it was easy going because they made it smoother by conscious effort or because they were naturally adapted to making the best of bad roads; others stumbled and halted irresolutely even in the broadest, smoothest stretches, because they were bad travelers, discontented with any sort of road and inclined to seek out the worst places in the highway. Incredible as you may think it, nobody knew where the Road began; but everybody knew where it ended at the gates of the Walled City.

AN ABODE OF BEAUTIFUL DREAMS

Now as to the Walled City: And this is the most remarkable part of the Parable; more remarkable, even, than that part which tells of the Pilgrims. The Walled City, like the Road, was largely a thing of the imagination—one might say that it was an illusion, for nobody traversing the Road had even seen it, although the walls of it were plainly visible almost from the place where the Pilgrims began their journey. They were very high walls and completely concealed whatever lay behind them—not a tower or minaret or pinnacle or steeple overtopped the walls of the Walled City; only the infinity of space. And none of those who journeyed to the City would say of his knowledge that a city existed behind the walls. Yet most of them believed in the City, and each had conjured a Vision of it after his own notion of what the City should be. And they disputed constantly, and oftentimes acrimoniously, upon their preconception of what lay behind the great high, impassive, unbroken walls.

THE ALL-DEVOURING GATES

These walls were the strangest walls that ever were builded. At the beginning of the journey they were equally or nearly equally distant from the Pilgrim setting out; but

as the travelers proceeded some of them came to the walls of the city more quickly than the others, although all traversed the Road at the same pace. It may be that the walls themselves came to meet the Pilgrims in some instances, for many of them had scarcely begun their journey before they disappeared through the gates in the walls; others were a long time on the Road. But finally every Pilgrim came to the walls and passed through a gate.

DARK POINTS OF DREAD

Although the Pilgrims knew that they must pass the gates to the City; that the City was their ultimate destination; and that they could not go around or halt under the walls; still, most of them were filled with fear of the gate while professing a sincere longing to live in the City, notwithstanding the fact that none of them knew anything about the City except what he had heard or hoped or dreamed. And over the lintel of each gate the Pilgrims had imagined a word of dread import—a word embodying all of horror and for some, of despair. Consequently few of the Pilgrims wanted to pass through their appointed gate, however firmly they might believe in their illusion concerning the City beyond the wall. Some, however, discouraged by the fatigue of the Road, were eager enough, and hastening onward plunged headlong through the gate. But whoever passed through the gates never returned. And a vast mystery hung over the Walled City—mystery and doubt and silence.

A RESTLESS, CLAMOROUS THRONG

The Pilgrims: The Road was thronged with them. At the beginning of each generation of those who journey upon the Road to the Walled City there must have been not less than a billion and a half, but as the day of the journey advanced the crowd lessened; by noon there were only a third of those who started in the morning; and as the evening shadows fell the number had dwindled to a few scattered groups of aged men and women. They were of every sort and condition; red, white, black, yellow and brown; rich and poor; high and low; humble and haughty; good and bad; happy and unhappy; civilized and barbarous; intellectual and ignorant; virtuous and vicious; and some went forward sing-

ing, as the poets; while others were sorrow laden, as the children of want and misery, who were forever falling into the ditches or stumbling over the roughest places; and some were kindly, as those who reached a helping hand to the ditch-fallen and the blind ones who stumbled; and there were sick folk among them and those who brought upon themselves all their woes, as the lame and laggard and useless made so by their own vices of indulgence; and some were strong and confident in their strength and fit to linger long on the Road before they came to the all-devouring gates of the Walled City. And the great mob moved forward clamoring, weeping, quarreling the one with the other, shouting joyously, fighting furiously, pushing, struggling, trampling the one upon the other, disputing upon everything under the sun and especially upon that which they did not know and could never know; curious as to the material things that came in their way on the journey; inquiring as to the reason and the why; carrying one another's burdens; robbing one another of their most precious possessions; preaching gospels of peace to warring neighbors; pushing one another into the gates of the walls; hating, loving, tyrannizing, praising, envying, sacrificing, oppressing, helping, hindering, each Pilgrim urged by the impetus of his passion, faith, hope, ambition, nobility, avarice, fear, courage and folly.

THE MEANING OF THE PARABLE

And so they all come to the dread Gates of the Walled City and passing in are seen no more on the hither side of the Wall. And as each comes to his own Gate he shrinks appalled, for the passage is cold and dark and smells of human decay; and no man knows where the passage leads. Many cry a question adown the dark corridor, but not even the faintest echo answers; and the Wall is as the wall of an eternal tomb, gray and high and impenetrable. For this is the Riddle of Life, and the Pilgrims are You and Me and all the People, and the Road is the Road of Destiny, and the Walled City is the Grave, and over the Gates thereto is inscribed the one dread word Death, which we have invented to mean Hope or Despair as our Hearts or our Faith may interpret.

James Connolly

James Connolly was born July 12, 1842, in Cavan, Province of Ulster, Ireland. He was educated in his native village school. He served as a ship master for twenty years, in which capacity he circumnavigated the globe many times. He has contributed poems, short stories and sketches to various magazines. He is author of "Magic of the Sea," an historic novel; "The Naval Cockade," a drama in five acts; "The Jewels of King Art," a volume of verse, etc. He resides at Coronado. It is interesting to note he was the founder and first editor of *The Tidings*, published in Los Angeles.

TO THE HUMMING BIRD

Radiant gem of beauty rare
Flashing through the morning air!
When spring aglow with song and shout,
Flings all her leafy banners out,
And buds in later suns expand
A blaze of beauty o'er the land,
From flower to flower on restless wing
Spinning to taste each honey spring,
Deep in the heart of every flower,
Embosomed in each fragrant bower.

From every rose some rare tint caught
Was in thy lustrous vesture wrought
With emerald and carmine hues,
And iridescent evening dews,
And glistening rainbow fragments: spun
From rays of morning star and sun,
And tropic rain—and mist, and light
Of the warm languorous southern night,
And crimson, violet, olive gold
In infinite loveliness untold.

How far the unfathomed sea below
Sparkled the rubies' wondrous glow
Thy slender throat encompassing?
Ah never grandest crown of king
So bright a jewel yet displayed—

What time the blithe sea fairies played
 Thy little song's accompaniment,
 On their strung harps of gold, that lent
 Strange music to the monotone
 Of the old sea's eternal moan.

Dr. Edward Fayette Eldridge

Edward Fayette Eldridge was born at Ketchumville, New York, December 28, 1855. He was educated at the Weston High School, Weston, Massachusetts, and at the State Normal School, Cortland, New York. He commenced the study of medicine in 1876, at Boston, Massachusetts. Attended two courses of medical lectures at Dartmouth Medical College, from which he was graduated, November 15, 1881, vice-president of his class. He immediately commenced the practice of medicine at Needham, Massachusetts, and remained there two years; was then seven years at New London, Wisconsin. In 1890 he removed to Grand Junction, Colorado, and in 1914 ill health brought him to San Diego, where he remained until his death, March 8, 1916. He was a writer from the joy it gave to him, and his writings had a wide vogue. In Colorado he had quite a reputation as a novelist as well as a poet.

CHEER UP

There ne'er was a rosebud, unarmed with a thorn,
 There ne'er was an Eden, but sorrow was born;
 There ne'er was a conquest, without a hard fight,
 And never a morning, until after the night.

There ne'er was a Savior, until a great sin,
 And even the faithful, through trials must win;
 The rocks on the desert, a cool shadow cast—
 E'en a wreck on the beach, may protect from the blast.

So don't get discouraged, some others have failed!
 Not all reach their ports, who in fair weather sailed,
 But "rig" up your "canvas," or crawl up the "trail"—
 You may yet reach the summit, or catch a fair gale.

MY CREED

Back on the void, from whence I came,
 There broods but blackest night;
 Into the gloom toward which I haste
 No beacon throws its light!

But I am here and Time is mine,
It matters not how long—
'Tis mine to cheer some broken heart;
Replace some sigh, with song.

The ages past, Or yet to come,
To Me speak Not of fear—
If I but do the best I can
And do it Now, and Here.

THE OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS†

[This poem was awarded the first prize, in competition with the English-speaking world, at the Fourth Grand National Eisteddfod, held under the auspices of the Cambrian Association, in the Great Mormon Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, the first week in October, 1908.—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

The Overland Stage is fast nearing the Post
Enveloped in dust, like an uncanny ghost,
It sways on its journey through shadow and light,
For the fort must be reached, e'er the fall of the night.

†*The Overland Mail, generally represented by a Concord coach, was the usual means of conveying the mail and express pouches from the terminal of the railroad, in some middle western city, to an outpost, which was either a permanent fort or a stockade at the end of the wagon road. From these outposts, which were the rendezvous of scouts, prospectors and frontiersmen, there extended across the plains and through mountain passes, single paths, or trails, over which the Overland Pony Express riders, once a week, dashed across the country, each relay making about one hundred miles, depending somewhat upon the location of water for the stations, the keepers of which, isolated as they were, and continually exposed to hostile attacks, were about as reckless as the riders themselves; but as there were several of them at a station it was not quite so lonesome or dangerous.*

The hardships and dangers which beset the riders were enough to discourage all but the most vigorous and daring, as many times they were compelled to leave the regular trails on account of rock slides, torrents or forest fires, as well as the Indians, who seemed well-nigh omnipresent. These intrepid riders generally reached their destination with wonderful promptness. If one of them failed to report at his station within a reasonable time, it was known that he had either become lost, helplessly disabled, or had died in the discharge of his duty.

On the edge of the desert which stretches away
To'ard the sun, now descending, like wolves held at bay
The treacherous Redskins are lying in wait
For the unguarded victim who leaves its barred gate.

Beside the wild bronco he scarce can restrain
The lone rider waits with his hand on the rein
'Till the pouch from the boot of the Concord is passed
To his cantle behind, where the thongs make it fast.
Then springing astride with a hearty "So long"
His spurs find the "fur," and the onlooking throng
Are gazing in wonder along the dim trail,
While clouds of red dust their nostrils assail.

The gates of the Fortress are closed and made fast
As the flag flutters down from the top of the mast,
And shades of the evening exclude from the sight
The dauntless young rider, who fades in the night.
As on to'ard the summit he hastens along
He hums to himself a favorite song,
And dreams of his Sweetheart with laughing blue eyes,
Who waits for his coming, beneath southern skies.

Aware of the danger from merciless foes
Swift on through the night, he unceasingly goes,
His cayuse ne'er slackening its renegade pace,
While a smile, like a baby's, creeps over his face
As he thinks of the blessings he carries along
To some lad, from his mother, or childish love song
That will gladden the heart of her miner at rest
In the bunk of his cabin, somewhere in the west.

His speed is now slackened and up to the shed
His dripping wet mustang is carefully led,
Where he is assisted by rough, willing hands,
For it is with effort he painfully stands.
He drains a deep "schooner," while horses are changed,
By those who from safety are gladly estranged,
But who, seeming heartless, are tender as girls
To the dare-devil rider with long streaming curls.
Again he is off; straight into the night,
Soon leaving behind the welcome and light,

Along the unguarded and dangerous trail,
With treasures of gold, and Uncle Sam's mail;
Maintaining a pace that none could endure
Except the wild mustang, whose footing is sure,
And who, with his rider, though oft in distress,
Is seldom behind with the Pony Express.

One-half of his journey, at least fifty miles,
Is now left behind amid the dark wilds,
And hope is beginning to sing in his ear—
When out of the darkness fierce Warriors appear.
His spurs are thrust deep in the cayuse's sides,
For the race is to him who most fearlessly rides
Regardless of trail, or, in fact, lack of one,
And who can the quickest unlimber his gun.

On through their midst like a fierce hurricane,
He rushes along toward the alkali plain—
To pitch from his saddle, his horse falling dead
From wounds which have sprinkled his leggins with red.
Unharmed by their arrows, though still they pursue,
He shelters himself, and with aim swift and true,
Assisted by morn, as it breaks o'er the hills,
“Pumps lead” from his Spencer, which generally kills.

Repulsed by the slaughter, they hardly can hide,
The marauders withdraw and reluctantly ride
Away o'er the foothills, and leave him alone,
The loss of his “partner” to sadly bemoan.
The curse of the desert—the demon of thirst,
Is parching his throat, but what he heeds first
Is the fact that the landscape is new to his sight—
That the trail has been lost in the hot running fight.
His eyes search the landscape for cottonwood trees,
For water must seep from the ground under these,
But not a leaf trembles to gladden his sight,
Or lessen the terror of his awful plight.
Half dead from exhaustion, and dazed by the fall,
He at first tries to walk, but finds he must crawl;
To leave the mail pouches ne'er enters his head,
For he vows they must move until he is dead.

To stay where he is means horrible death ;
So, dragging his load, with a prayer on his breath,
He starts for the foothills, determined to find
At least a moist spot, or if Nature be kind,
A hole in the rock, which was filled by the rains
When winter swept over these now burning plains ;
Though often polluted by savage and beast,
To him it seems nectar and fit for a priest.

Scarce thinking of aught but the terrible thirst,
He staggers along 'till on his sight burst
Two warriors, well mounted, but still unaware
That the cause of their search is awaiting them there,
Who drink from a "skin" as they pass it around,
Which was filled from a spring bubbling up from the ground
Far back in the hills where the giant pines grow,
And hide from the south winds their treasures of snow.

Not heeding the hazard of two against one
He draws from his holster his trusty old gun,
But his movements attract his now startled foes,
Who reach for their rifles instead of their bows,
And bullets are whizzing, like bees through the air,
In a contest that leans toward the bloodthirsty pair,
But when it is finished two "Injuns" lie prone
And the rider's left arm shows a bad splintered bone.

Disregarding the fracture he climbs up the hill
And from the skin bottle he drinks at his will,
Then he loosens the horses and soon has his pack
Again moving west, on the cayuse's back.
The trail he had lost is now under his feet,
But the air seems aflame with the glimmering heat,
While the pain from the wound, streaming up to his head,
Fills his soul with despair and sickening dread.

It is not for himself that he trembles with fear,
But the pouch might be lost if no one is near
To urge on the ponies, or at least hold them back
From the Indian camp, as they'll double their track.

To prevent such a sequel, he ties them in haste
To the belt of his gun, which encircles his waist,
And summoning all of his fast ebbing strength,
Determines to ride to his uttermost length.

With incessant efforts and unbending will,
He lashes his mounts o'er arroyo and hill,
Until from exhaustion he falls to the ground,
To catch from the earth a most welcome sound—
The rhythmic cadence of iron-shod feet
Which tell, by their measure, a tale that is sweet—
That scouts from the station, because he is late,
Are coming to rescue, or learn of his fate.

Scarce able to answer the questions they ask
Until he has drunk from a dusty old flask,
Which revives him enough to partly explain
The uneven conflict he had on the plain—
The loss of his cayuse, the wound of his arm,
Which he quickly explains had caused no alarm,
Until the fierce fever excited his brain
And he feared going mad, from the terrible strain.

Then his mind wanders off in a feverish dream
And he kneels in the dust, as if by a stream,
Attempting to drink, from a fancied clear pool,
And talks of the water, so sparkling and cool—
Of losing the pouches, they gave to his care—
Of the blessings and songs, and the mother's last prayer,
Then begging the troopers to "send on the mail,"
He sinks in a swoon, by the side of the trail.

ENVOI

In worshiping heroes the world often fails
To remember the deeds on the overland trails—
And the men who, resigning their sweethearts and wives,
Were ever the foremost to hazard their lives
In efforts to hasten, between east and west
A message of love from some yearning breast;
N'er thinking of honor or worldly estate
They died for mankind, and MUST live with the great.



JOAQUIN MILLER, ON THE HIGHTS, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1896
WRITING IN BED, AS WAS HIS WONT

JOAQUIN MILLER AT WORK
PRINTED, COPIED AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES R. RICHARDSON & CO.

She then addressed herself to individual members of the assembled throng and pledged that, if they would work in harmony with her, oases would spring up on every hand; springs would appear.

Then, says Mr. Ely, "she produced petals, and pollen, and mixed them with the sand." Here is pure poetry, and imagination that calls upon the imagination of the reader as to the consequence of such mixing, when water and sunlight also abound.

At the same time the people, ensnared with her vision, "cleared a place for the temple of love and hope to stand," while she declared the joy and beauty of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood.

Then with the petals, and pollen, and sand,
We built beautiful homes along the shore,
Just alike for the rich and the poor.

Then the Desert Maiden brought the new colors and beauty into the desert:

Out of her garments she dusted each fold,
Rubies, sapphires, garnets and gold.

Then one asked her where fragrance for the rose could be obtained, and the blue for the bluebell, etc. While he questioned "a ray of light filtered down from heaven in a crystal drop of dew," and she replied:

I am the Spirit of the Desert;
I am the fragrance of the rose;
From me the bluebell gets its blue;
I am the crystals in the sand;
I am the pollen and the petals,
Of the lilies in the sand;
I am the lustre in the light-rays;
I am the liquid of the dew,
That make the colors bright and new.

Maude Ervay Fagin

Maude Ervay Fagin was born in Dallas, Texas. When quite a child the family moved to Colorado Springs. She graduated from Wolfe Hall, Denver, Girls' Branch of St. John's College, of the Episcopal Diocese of Colorado. In El Paso, Texas, she was Chairman of the Letters and Art Department of the El Paso Woman's Club, wrote book reviews for one of the El Paso newspapers, and was one of the officers of the Civic Improvement League. After traveling in Mexico and Canada, she came to San Diego in 1906, where she became the organizing Regent of the San Diego Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and one of the organizers, and first treasurer, of the San Diego Woman's Press Club, of which she is now president. In 1911 she went on a Mediterranean cruise, and two years later travelled in China and Japan.

AT LAST I KNOW LIFE

I once was twenty,
But I did not know life.
I was filled with beautiful ideals,
I did not know life.

I met Adventure,
He was clothed in gold and the aureole of dawn was about him.
He touched my hand:
I thrilled!
He leaned to touch my lips,
With the kiss I saw the skull's grin through the radiance.
I shuddered back and all was emptiness.
I questioned life.

I met Love.
He was a flame of light and the warmth of the morning sun
was about him.
He folded me in his glance:
I was enraptured!
He held me close and blinded me with his glory.
I was translated, empowered, magnified!
I adored life.

I opened my eyes.
Love's glance wandered, his look was empty.
I clutched him to me—he pushed away.
I looked again and saw that Love was gone.
I fell inert, all was black!
I hated life.

I met a Comrade.
He looked into my eyes and read my soul:
He saw the disillusionment, the heartache.
Understanding he lay his arm across my shoulder,
And so, walking, I was content.
I accepted life.

I met Death.
Gray, sinister, unyielding, he took my Comrade.
My very soul rebelled!
But, as I lifted my voice to protest,
Death looked back,
And in his eyes, dull, fateful, gleamed a promise.
At last, I know life.

WHERE GOD WALKS

A wide, shallow saucer of bleached sand; over it a bowl—gray, like dulled silver. The plain is marked by gaunt, rigid cactus and scattered groups of olive-gray bush.

There is no sound, no color.

There are great reaches, but no distance: everything seems equally near, equally far, even to the edge, where the bowl and saucer touch rigid lips in a frozen kiss.

There are no perspectives, for there are no shadows.

It is the heart of infinitude.

Slowly the colorless air turns violet, faint at first, then deepening; then it fades into rose. The bowl is no longer gray; it has turned a delicate, apple-leaf green.

The silence grows deeper; life itself seems not to be.

On the eastern rim a pale primrose light appears—a ghost of light. It spreads upward, onward.

A murmur runs through the air; the hush is broken. It is the silences whispering.

A gleaming band of ribbon stretches half round the rim.

The shadows come, running fast to meet the day.

From afar comes the shrill call of the cicada; a lizard scurries across the sand.

Up leaps the sun!

.
It is the desert.

Caroline Katherine Franklin

Mrs. Franklin is a native of San Diego, being the eldest daughter of Doctor and Mrs. P. C. Remondino. In 1897 she was married to Berte V. Franklin. She comes naturally by her desire to write, her father being one of the well-known literary men of California.

About three years ago, Burke W. Jenkins, an ex-editor of the Frank A. Munsey staff, became a patient of Dr. Franklin, and during the friendship which ensued the doctor told Mr. Jenkins that Mrs. Franklin had written some short stories. Mr. Jenkins volunteered to criticize the stories and he gave Mrs. Franklin such encouragement that she decided to follow her original impulse, which was to write a novel about the hero of the sketches which Mr. Jenkins had criticized. This novel, "Smiley," is the story of an orphan whose mother, through shock, has been deprived of her memory. It tells of the boy's struggles, his optimism, and is full of his philosophy of life.

Her next novel is "The Cup of Human Kindness." Of it Miss Elizabeth Squier, one of the foremost Eastern critics, says:

"This is the story of a very quaint and entertaining child, much on the order of 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' yet quite a fresh and different type of character, whose conversations with her doll tell the greater part of the narrative. It is a story for grown-up people who have not lost entirely their faith in human nature and who will want their children to read it for the lesson it entertainingly teaches. More worldly people will read it with a new realization of the power which a simple belief in the goodness of others gives."

Frederick W. Lawrence, one of the Hearst editors, also writes:

"I do not hesitate to say that this sweet and wholesome story of an unusual child who grows to be a very unusual young woman, will appeal to the heart of the American people just as it has appealed to my own heart. I am what people call 'sophisticated,' but I am not so much sophisticated that a little lump did not come into my throat and remain there during the time I was reading this story."

Mrs. Franklin has completed other novels, "Just You" and "Morning Star," and is at work upon others. The scenes of most of her work are laid in Southern California, which will add to their interest among Californians. Mrs. Franklin is a member of the Woman's Press Club, and also of the San Diego Poetry Club.

The following is the fourth chapter of "Just You":

The day had been one of oppressive heat—one of those fortunately rare days when the wind blows dry and hot from the desert beyond the eastern mountains, and when the full moon arose the sky was cloudless, while the wind, now cooler, abated somewhat, though still dry and parching.

The curtains fluttered fitfully in the otherwise quiet room, and the ring of light the shaded lamp cast upon the table by which Jane Ashton sat made a picture hard for her husband ever to forget.

A spasm of anguish flashed over his troubled face. She looked up as his eyes rested upon her. An uncomfortable silence followed as both tried to master their feelings. The man it was who first spoke:

"Come, dear, come," said Newton Ashton chokingly as he held out his wife's wrap and looked down at her tenderly while she placed the little leather shoes back in the basket and covered them up with a dainty silk coverlet.

She looked up at him, her beautiful eyes—eyes that for years had only known love and laughter—filled with tears. Then she arose and threw her arms about his neck and shook convulsively as she sobbed again her heart-sorrow at the loss of their only child—their little daughter who had just learned to lisp in baby language.

"Night and loneliness are forever companions," he said huskily as they stepped out into the night.

He tried his best to soothe and comfort her as they walked toward the park they both loved. Gradually her sobbing

ceased; she became quiet, and when they reached a secluded spot where the shadows hid them from the curious passers-by, she gave a sigh of relief.

Not noticing that there was another occupant, a shabbily-clad woman, sitting at the further end of the long bench, he drew his wife gently to the seat and said tenderly:

"Let us rest here for a little while, Jane. You are tired and here we can talk things over quietly."

The shabbily-clad woman at the far end of the bench apparently was too engrossed in her own sorrows to more than notice the new comers, for she unconsciously muttered to herself:

"Why am I alone?"

Then she gave a quick start and listened eagerly as she heard the familiar name of "Jane" from the man at the other end of the bench—*her name* and the name of *her* baby girl.

"Jane," the man said lovingly, as he drew his wife's head down on his shoulder and held her close, "we must make up our minds not to go through this nerve-racking, heart-breaking scene every evening. It will kill us. God has sent us this trial for some good reason." His voice broke. "Try and be a little woman and bear your sorrow, our sorrow." Then he kissed the tear-stained cheek again and again.

"Yes, darling, I know," she answered, her slim fingers resting on his arm, "but we had planned and planned: loved and wanted her so, so much. Think, Newton," she continued, "how many people have children and are allowed to keep them. People who really cannot afford to take care of them."

A shiver ran through the ragged figure who now rubbed the palms of her hands together nervously as she listened intently from her unnoted vantage point at the far end of the bench, and then, as the couple arose and walked slowly away, she too left her secluded corner and cautiously followed—followed them all the way to their destination and heard the woman say in tender, pleading tones like a child:

"I cannot go in yet, not yet. I just cannot. I want to stay out in the night air until I feel sleepy. Just. Just a little while longer."

"All right, Jane," he replied. "We'll walk for a little longer, but you know I must be down town very early in the morning."

She seemed to rouse herself. "I know, dear, but I cannot bear to go home, so please, please let us walk for a little while."

They walked on down the street while the woman in rags hurried past them and when she turned the corner of the block she broke into a run and did not stop until she had reached her room in the attic of a tenement.

Her face grew a sickly white, her teeth chattered and her hand trembled as she lighted the solitary candle in her poverty-stricken room. Then she went to the cot in the far corner and picked up a baby—her baby girl, hardly four weeks old. The little one gave a feeble cry and as the woman cuddled the baby carefully in the triangle made by her mother-arm, it sank back into a restless sleep. Then, kissing her baby tenderly, very tenderly, the weary little woman whispered as she rested for a moment in the rickety rocker, her eyes caressing the little being through her wet lashes:

"Mother is going to give you to someone who will be kind, very kind to you and will love you, love you, love you nearly as much as I love you," and then her voice which had become hoarse, broke into a sob and her tears, falling on the pale, upturned face of the sleeping infant, awoke the child and it began to cry in a feeble, pitiful whimper. Then the mother-heart seemed to break.

"It is best! It is best! I know it is best! I will! I must!" She groaned as she crossed the room and laid the child down. Then she went over to the old dresser, opened the top drawer; searched through its contents and took out a piece of paper and a stub of a lead pencil and hastily wrote a note, a very short note. Picking the child up carefully, she wrapped the infant in a piece of old cotton blanket, fastening the note with a pin. She hugged her treasure tight to her breast, passed out of the room into the hall, down the steep, narrow stairs and out into the night.

With the noises of a great city falling about her like the roar of the sea, she hastened, unmindful of everything save

the plan she had made, and it was with a quick, short sigh of relief that she saw the couple walking towards the far end of the block. She stole up their front steps and lovingly deposited her burden—her all—her baby girl—at their front door and then, glancing furtively about, she crept down into the shadows and hid where she might watch the doorway and their return.

As Newton and Jane Ashton passed their home they heard a cry—a baby cry. She stopped him with a little shuddering moan and a tug at his arm and asked hysterically, her eyes staring:

“Newton, do you hear that?”

“Yes, dear,” he replied, the grim line about his lips twisting a little.

“Well,” she continued nervously, her words tumbling over one another, “that is what I hear all of the time when I am alone and you tell me it is my nerves, and now, you admit that you also hear it.” She clung to her husband, trembling in every muscle and he tried to soothe her as they slowly continued their walk while the other little mother crouched down in misery.

But the crying grew louder and the wife’s nerves seemed to snap—snap like the strings of a highly tuned violin. She suddenly broke loose from her husband and ran towards the house. The cry grew louder as she drew near. The woman in rags crossed the street and stood in the shadow of a large tree and eagerly watched.

“Newton,” shrieked Jane Ashton, “come quick! Come quick!” She lifted the baby very tenderly but held it tightly while her husband fumblingly unlocked the door and as they entered the house Jane Ashton unfastened the tattered blanket and held the tiny being even closer with a hungry grasp, while a white face with a pair of burning eyes peered from the shadows and saw the man take the note and read it and then hand it to his wife.

The door closed. A light gleamed in an upper room and the watcher saw the woman fold the little tattered cotton blanket, pin the note back upon it and then cross over to the window and pull down the shades.

Frank Arthur French

THE FLUME-WALKER

In California, where water is often brought in wooden flumes over long distances, the "flume walker" is necessary in order that he may detect and repair breakages, which might cause great damage, as well as the loss of the necessary water.

He walks with God who walks the flume
In clouds dream-weft,
Along the narrow path his feet have worn
By day above the tallest eucalyptus plumes,—
At night along the canyon's rugged breasts.
A carpet of the coolest moss for him is laid
Of maidenhair and violets pale shade-drawn
To drench their petals in the drip and gloom
Beneath the rotting beams and butments of his bridge.
Serene he walks beside the flume
Nor dreams of these nor sees all this.
His gaze is lifted far beyond the mesa's rim.
Beyond the vineyards heavy in fruit he sees
Brown hills grown browner in the autumn noons,
Baked by the heat of tropic suns,
Slaked by no kindly hand.
His soul leaps out beyond the valley's dip and rise
To one interstice in the mist-veiled peaks
Where walls of stone hold back the flood emprise.
He knows he guards the source of life held there
Beyond the distant hills, beyond the purple bloom—
And in his heart a thousand birds give song.
Wing shod he walks with God who walks the flume!

THE WIRELESS BUILDER

He did his part
Who took no thought of self,
But mounting fearless in the swaying winds
Stood steadfast at his task's behest
Welding with bolts of steel boom upon boom
To build vast towers of speech

To conquer Space,
To shout the Vanquishment of Kings,
To herald New Democracies.
This was his Dream.

Who called? 'Twas Death!
He heard, and answering fell to earth
A broken, formless thing.

Out on the vibrant waves of ether
A cry of clear, far triumph rang!
Beyond the little spheres of destiny
His Soul had soared, and soaring
Turned to laugh
At what was once

A MAN!

SPRINGTIME ON THE SOMME

The battlefield was torn and scarred
From bursting mine and sunken pit.
A flying column swept across
And left in ashes, gas and flame
All that was once a shouting throng
Of bravery and youth and song. . . .

Charred stumps of poplars sentinelled the hills.
Long, writhing lanes splotched deep with red
Veined the wild labyrinths of the dead:
And birds which came to build again
Found only hollows in strange form
Strewn bleached and grinning on the ground.

One there had been who always yearned
To send his message out in song.
His only cry the world had heard
Was "On! Take the trench! On! On!!"
Heedless he led the charge, and then—
A broken sword was all of him. . . .

Out of a skull that lay secure
Within the shelter of a twisted mound
A bird with flaming throat and golden wing
Brought warbling her full brood.
And now the battlefield is filled with song
Triumphant song of him who yearned to sing!

THE CORRAL

Shoulder to shoulder the impatient herd
Pressed close against the bars of their corral
Nosing and nudging, each to each, lest one should soonest
Burst his prison gate and joyously stampede
Across the shimmering miles of verdure just beyond.

So bent were they on freedom that they never knew
Beneath their eager, restless feet grew herbage
Sweeter than the undulating green of hills
Thick grown with stinging thistles, cruel cactus thorn,
For they were safely guarded by confines they abhorred.

But bands of hungry ponies grazing on the distant range,
Gazed longingly upon the well-fed herd imprisoned in the
pound!

George Fuller

Judge George Fuller, now of Los Angeles, but a resident of San Diego for nearly thirty years, coming there from New York City in 1886, is a lawyer by profession, filling a place on the bench of the Superior Court of San Diego County by appointment by the Governor in the year 1900, and practicing his profession before and after this in San Diego and Los Angeles. Judge Fuller has never been engaged in literary pursuits, nor has he written any other verse than these sonnets, for publication, but his forceful and elegant prose writings in law and public affairs now and then give some suggestion that there lurk within his nature poetic thought and fancy; and it was no surprise to his friends that these sonnets on the theme of Southern California should appear from his pen.

INTRODUCTORY COMMENT, BY YORICK

[*The following comment is such a lucid and clear explanation of the sonnet form of verse, and is also so fine an example of the work of Yorick, in his "On the Margin" page in the San Diego Union, that I am glad to give it place here.—EDITOR.*]

POETS WHOSE SONG IS FOURTEEN LINES LONG

The sonnet is an exceedingly difficult verse form. I know because I have tried it—and failed. Yet the rules for making a sonnet are very simple—but they are as inflexible as any that govern the most exacting and intricate game of solitaire. If you don't believe me try your own hand at the construction of a pure or Italian sonnet. Here's the formula; Fourteen iambic pentameters; fourteen five-accent lines of ten syllables each; divided metrically into two parts, the first or octave—or octet—of eight lines, riming *a-b-b-a-a-b-b-a*, the remaining six lines, the sextet, riming in any fashion on either two or three terminals, as, *c-d-c-d-c-d*, or *c-d-e-e-d-c*. Your octave must end with a period and must contain the statement or description from which the sextet draws the conclusion or reflection. This logical arrangement may be violated as it was violated by Milton and Wordsworth, who sometimes confine the conclusion to the two or three closing lines, or even let the reader draw his own conclusion. This is not the pure Italian form, however, and invariably the best effect is obtained when the logical divisions correspond nearly to the metrical divisions.

THE LEGEND OF A SONNET

Or you might try the irregular or Shakespearean sonnet of three alternately riming quatrains and a closing couplet, with this sort of rime scheme: *abab*,

cdcd, efef, gg. Try it on the subject with which you are most familiar, and see if you can produce something like this one, "On the Life and Death of Sardanapalus," by young Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who with Sir Thomas Watt introduced the sonnet form into English verse early in the sixteenth century :

The Assyrian in peace, with foul desire
And filthy lusts that stained his regal heart,
In war, that should set princely hearts on fire,
Did yield, vanquisht for want of martial art.
The dint of swords from kisses seemed strange,
And harder than his lady's side his targe,
From gluttons' feasts to soldiers' fare a change,
His helmet, far above a garland's charge ;
Who scarce the name of manhood did retain,
Drenched in sloth and womanish delight,
Feeble of spirit, impatient of pain,
When he had lost his honor and his right—
Proud time of wealth, in storms appalled with dread,
Murdered himself to show some manful deed.

Poor Surrey! fatal sonnet! if the legend be true, that Henry VIII on his deathbed resenting the personal allusion to himself which malicious courtiers, seeking the downfall of the Howards, father and son, as they had compassed the tragedy of Catherine of that ilk, signed the warrant that sent the noblest youth in England to the Tower Hill, and the headsman. But, constructively a traitor, because he had approved the ambition of his father, the Duke of Norfolk, to mount the throne of the Tudors, and bore the arms of Edward the Confessor with his own in silent claim of the heirship of his house to the sceptre, it seems doubtful that a mere sonnet, even if

not in the best form and substance, could have incensed a monarch, even though "drenched in sloth and womanish delight," to such extremity. Neither is the political inference sufficiently pointed to merit a special dispensation of Henry's wrath. It would seem that the Howards of that and the succeeding generation were given to the habit of treason; for the history tells us that Elizabeth, daughter and successor of Henry, had to send Thomas Howard, fourth Duke of Norfolk and son of Surrey, to the block for conspiring to achieve that same Howard-coveted throne by a marriage with Mary Queen of Scots. Sonneteering was only a diversion with the Howards; but treason was, evidently, their vocation.

DESPAIR AND DEFIANCE

Here is one of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's sonnets that might have been written yesterday from the inspiration of the Nation's wrath and hate, engendering in the poet's heart a Grief to weep in the lap of Despair:

Not that the earth is changing, O my God!
Not that the seasons totter in their walk—
Not that the virulent ill of act and talk
Seethes ever as a wine press ever trod—
Not therefore are we certain that the rod
Weighs in thine hand to smite thy world; though now
Beneath thine hand so many nations bow,
So many kings; not therefore, O my God!

But because Man is parceled out in men
To-day; because for any wrongful blow
No man not stricken asks, "I would be told
Why thou dost this;" but his heart whispers then,
"He is he, I am I." By this we know
That our earth falls asunder, being old.

How different Henley's outcry in *Vae Victis*:

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.

This is the creed of modern individualism interpreted by two poets—the one is despondent abnegation, the other is defiant despair. And neither believes in the possibility of a brotherhood that shall furl the battle flags in the federation of the world or still the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

IN PRAISE OF SAN DIEGO

Perhaps you question why I have chosen this subject for such a lengthy discourse. Well, aside from the self-interest of the theme, I am constrained to dwell on it because Judge George Fuller of San Diego has written a most excellent little poem in this mode in praise of the perennial beauty of the environment within which he lives. It is somewhat "irregular" as to the rule of rime, but its pentameters march with stately stride to the melodious phrasing of the flowering thought; and if the sextet is not wholly given over to the "conclusion or reflection" the sonnet loses nothing of the fullness of its meaning or the completeness of its intention. Here is Judge Fuller's sonnet on—

SAN DIEGO

An azure arch, with irised bordure set;
A blazing sun, whose conq'ring beams, far flung
O'er mountain, mesa, vale and shore, tho' hung
With purple mists, whose changing shadows fret
The distant hills, a golden sheen spread yet
From Cuyamaca's peak to Loma's wall;
A sun that beautifies and brightens all,—
And kissing warm the sea-wind blithe, swift met
As eager o'er the strand she leaps, his call
Confessed, soft airs ambrosial breeds, that youth
Protract and lusty age prolong, while all
That breathe their zephyrs sweet, and list their sooth
Aeolian song, all other lands forget,
Or, seeing them no more, feel no regret.

CONCENTRATED POESY

The octave of a sonnet is an intaglio; the sextet is a cameo. The sonnet itself may be likened to the picture of a beautiful landscape reflected in a drop of dew on a rose leaf. The writing of a sonnet is the intellectual exercise of a poet in which he subordinates his emotion to his sense of proportion and symmetry, measuring his fancy to fit the restricted tapestry of his imagination. There are not a dozen perfect sonnets in literature; although there are a score that are more beautifully poetical in their irregularity than those that were fashioned for the matrices of Petrarch and Heredia. And I believe that San Diego may feel proud of her reflection in the mirror of Judge Fuller's sonnet. I am sure that she may be honestly flattered by the sincerity of the poet's praise.

Two other Southern California descriptive sonnets by Judge Fuller, follow:



MEMORIAL TO FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA, FOUNDER OF THE
FRANCISCAN MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA



FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC BUILDING, THE CHAPEL FRONT

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

Between two waters blue, thou sit'st in state,
With smiling orient face, and wings like hands
That seem to say "we welcome your commands,"—
The one inviting towards the Dresden plate,
The other beck'ning where the dancers wait;
While round on every side, the traveler's glance
Such panorama views as ne'er romance
Portrayed, nor all earth's beauteous climes can mate;
O'er sea he looks where namesake islands stand;
O'er crescent bay a range his vision bounds,
With serrate summit. Dropping towards the strand
His gaze, where San Diego's hum resounds,
He marks the nautic flags of every land,
Then sees the birdmen rise o'er polo grounds.

LOS ANGELES

A valley rich with orange, nut and vine;
A tranquil sea, with sail-inviting shore;
A mountain wall that lifts its summit hoar
Above a forest green of oak and pine,
And zigzag trails that scale its bold incline;
A checkered sweep of velvet lawn, that fills
A rim of gently undulating hills,
Where umbrose palm and mantling rose entwine.
Mid these, a modern city's towers rise,—
Tall hostelries, and taller haunts of trade;
A city full of men of great emprise;
Streets animate with fashion, and parade
Of deft machine; a city smart that vies
With countryside, the two in pomp arrayed.

James R. Gage

A NIGHT WI' BURNS

Come brithers, let us a' be there,
The twenty-fifth of Januar,
To lilt a song or wail a prayer:
An' drop a tear for Robin.

Ah, Robin "dear departed shade,"
Though thou hast lang been lowly laid,
Till thine beside, our bed is made;
We'll smile and sing of Robin.

Ye cam to's when the year was young,
Ye brought to ilka month a tongue,
To every tune by season sung
A song was set by Robin.

Na cheil was left of those who dwal,
In lowly hut or lairdly hall,
Na hour was there amang the twal
But had a blink fra Robin.

The mousie o' the stibble field,
The daisy o' the random bield,
Puir Mailie standing in her shield,
A' wish and wait for Robin.

The hum that floats fra hawthorn dells,
The anthem ocean grandly swells,
The chimes that ring on heather bells,
Are resonant o' Robin.

The lintwhite singing fra her tree,
The paitrich whirring wild and free,
The cushat doo upon the lea,
Ca' "Robin, Robin, Robin!"

The cotter by his ingle side,
Leal Davoc wi' his bonnie bride,
O'Shanter on his midnight ride,
A' bleeze at name o' Robin.

In mirth, in grief, didst thou rejoice,
Thy song burst forth beyond thy choice,
Of Nature's heart thou wert the voice,
All sing and weep through Robin.

Where thou art gone let ithers tell,
But while in human hearts ye dwell,
I wad believe it for mysel,
Gude will be guid to Robin.

THE WOLF'S APPEAL TO DUGALD CAMPBELL*

Ah Dugald, I am sad to hear
That 'gainst the wolves their lives you swear,
And handle much wanchancie gear
To work their ruin:
And right and left you hourly speir
For their undoin'.

*In the late '70's there came from the Highlands of Scotland a family of Campbells, one of which, a son, was the Dugald herein addressed. They settled upon the banks of the Missouri river in Emmons county, of the then Territory of Dakota. The county itself constituted a domain approaching in size the Scotland they had just left. Being shepherds and the sons of shepherds, it was natural that they should resume their former occupation in a land that promised such bountiful returns. Great oceans of grass, lush and nutritious, lay spread out for miles on every side. The climate was healthful, the sun shone, the flowers bloomed in profusion, the birds sang and all looked like a new Canaan to the delighted Scotchmen. They established two ranches, putting several thousands of sheep on each. The first results were most satisfactory, the ewes bleated, the lambs gamboled and capered, the flowers bloomed, the birds sang, and it looked as though nothing could ever becloud so fair a scene.

But, alas, the chemist has not yet appeared who is capable of compounding a high-grade ointment without the aid of the fly. So is chanced in this case. Perhaps Flora's wonderful profusion blinded Dugald to the fact Fauna had ever had existence there. Be that as it may, the fact remains that when suddenly from some unknown source the wolf appeared, the surprise was only equalled by the indignation of the Campbell contingent. The wolf did not act discreetly; he emphasized his offense by showing the utter contempt in which he held sheep. His conduct implied that he regarded them as childish and simple, fit for nothing unless it might be for use in lessening the high cost of living. Dugald was thrown into a towering rage, and his proceedings indicated that he proposed to show Mr. Wolf that "the Campbells were coming," and coming mighty fast. He called indignation meetings, he induced the county authorities to make appropriations for the purchase of various poisons, he inspected all sorts of traps and snares for capture, he established an entente with every man in the country who had sheep,

But laddie, ere you work your will
 Ilk mither wolf and whelp to kill,
 And pack them aff for good or ill

To purgatory;

Just lend a lug and hold you still
 To hear a story.

Lang syne, when ye were 'yont the Tweed,
 Nor ever entered it your heid
 To hither come your flocks to feed—

All questions scorning—

This land was mine and my blest breed
 From Time's first morning.

If ancient family trees be ta'en,
 Ere rose a shaft on Shinar's plain
 My blood is of primeval strain

With lineage clear;

I am an older man than Cain;
 By maist a year.

Great nations, I've seen rise and sink,
 And topple o'er Oblivion's brink;
 To leave in History's chain no link

To fix their name;

Na star in all the heavens to blink
 Their pride or shame.

he appointed Wolf Days much as the Exposition gentlemen appoint Authors' Days, though not precisely for the same purpose. In short it looked as though things were conspiring to give Brer Wolf what slangy folk might call a run for his money. The wolf had no money to fool away, at running or otherwise. In the emergency he did what I regard as both a wise and a bold thing. He sought for the head of the aggressors, and when he found it to be Dugald Campbell, like an honest man he made no attempt at evasion, no long-winded diplomatic coming and goings, but in flat-footed terms he defined his status and put it up to Dugald to digest it. Was his claim just, and was his request unreasonable?

Yet, safe through wreck of these I've steered,
 While mony a bonnie sheep I've sheared ;
 By quaking shepherds I've been feared
 As Nature's watchman ;
 Why should I then be called misleared
 By drouthy Scotchman ?

Na, na, my trusty fier, I ken
 Your will is good like ither men
 To take my precious life, but then
 I'm not sifugled ;
 I still need sheep from out your pen,
 My raucle Dugald.

Sae let us kindly deal wi' ither,
 (I love ye like a very brither)
 Then do not fly into a swither
 At my request,
 But send me out a plump, fat wether,
 And ye'll be blest.

Think ye if I were you, my lad,
 And ye were roaming weak and sad,
 While famishing wi' hunger mad
 Amang your pals ;
 I'd hedge in ilka sheep I had
 Wi' curst corrals ?

Na, na, I'm free and proud to own
 My heart's not made of sic whinstone ;
 No sooner would I hear ye groan,
 While filled I am,
 Than quickly to your side I'm flown
 To bring a lamb.

Just treat me thus and it will lend
 A luster to the life ye'll spend ;
 Our shameful warfare it will end,
 And bridge the gulf,
 Enabling me to write, Your Friend,
 Immortal Wolf.

Bertha Lowry Gwynne

Mrs. Thomas Gwynne has made writing short stories and poems her forte for some years. She has published in *Everybody's, Country Life in America, The Smart Set* and many other magazines, and is a regular contributor of humorous and satirical articles to *Life*.

THE TAIL OF TRUSTY JAKE

They call me Old Veracity
I hail from Ballarat;
I've foller'd all the minin' booms
From Nome to Rawhide Flat.

'Twas on the trail to Tonopah
I first met Trusty Jake,
Pinned underneath a slide o' rock
Lay that pore rattlesnake.

And when I extricated him
With joy I thought he'd bust;
You never see a critter show
Sich gratitude and trust.

Jake foller'd me on all my trips
Prospectin', fur and near;
And talk of brains! That reptyle skinned
A minin' engineer!

He p'inted out the richest leads—
We cashed fur quite a sum.
And when I hit fur Ballarat
Why, Trusty Jake he come.

We staid in town fur most a week
A-takin' in the sights;
We bucked the wheel at Faro Pete's,
And pulled off seven fights.

I 'bout decided then to go,
We'd still a hefty roll.
I knowed that if we tarried there
It would be blew or stole.

Well, shore enough, that very night—
The clock was strikin' one—

I waked and seen two burglars bold,
And each one had a gun!

I lay thar jist plumb paralysed
Till I gits a wink from Jake;
(I knowed no pizen bunch o' thieves
Could circumvent that snake.)

AND THEN

A noise come from the winder sill
That made them burglars stop.
Jake's faithful tail was hangin' out
A-rattlin' fur a cop!

Minnie Johnson Hardy

Minnie Johnson Hardy, wife of the late Robert Craig Hardy, was born in the small country village of Ceresco, in the great corn belt of Eastern Nebraska. Her father, William H. Johnson, came from England. He was a musician, scholar and philosopher.

Mrs. Hardy, like her father and husband, is a great lover of music and literature, but says, as did Marcus Antonius, she "has neither wit nor words, nor worth, action nor utterance, nor the power of speech." But she has learned to love and enjoy God's great open country west of the Rocky Mountains, so that she can, from her own experience, appreciate "California, Romantic and Beautiful," and "Arizona, the Wonderland of the West."

Mrs. Hardy regrets that she does not have a coat of arms, as she would like to have engraved upon it these words, "The World is my Country and to do good is my Religion."

SAN DIEGO AND THE EXPOSITION AS SEEN
FROM THE TOWER AT SUNSET

Oh, august place, Oh, fairyland!
Of beauty rare, and splendour grand.
What pageantry of fragrant bloom,
From Nature's own mysterious loom
The laboring elements have wrought,
And now enshrined within our hearts.
And memory dear will ever be
This Paradise beside the sea.

The plumpy pepper greets the breeze
Which sways the eucalyptus trees.
Their nodding branches gaily meet,
And rustling-murmur music sweet,

Like chords divine, while feathered throats
Join in the song. Their golden notes
Echo the praises which we know
Are doubly due thee, San Diego.

These lovely flowers of rainbow hue,
These brilliant lights like sparkling dew,
These Spanish towers, this fern-strewn glen ;
Alas! Too grand for mortal pen.
Here have the Muses delved and sowed,
Here kindly Fortune has bestowed
Her richest gifts from Plenty's hand,
On San Diego's blossom land.

The Spaniards dreamed in days of old,
Of earth's great treasure, shining gold ;
But small in knowledge, poor in faith,
In vain they searched in every place ;
But hope and work with one accord,
Must ever reap a just reward.
And now is seen 'neath leaves of green,
The gold of which the Spaniards dreamed.

Now as the sun sinks in the West,
A blissful messenger of rest
Comes to me, as through a mist
Of happy tears, the world seems kissed
By Angels' feet. A crimson light
Floods earth and sky, and in delight
My heart beats fast, my soul soars free
In tune with God's own harmony.

Oh, friends who come from far and near,
A song of praise to Pioneer
I would propose. With courage blessed
He labored long, and with success
His task is crowned, the richest gem
In fair Columbia's diadem.
Our thanks to those who built the Fair
And now invite you, everywhere
And countless thousands yet to be—
To come and dwell beside the sea.

Frederick Hollingsworth

Frederick Hollingsworth is a lineal descendant of the English Hollingsworth. He was born on a farm near Iowa City, Iowa. When he was eight years old his parents moved from Iowa and settled at Blair, Washington County, Nebraska, where he received a common school education, but he neither graduated nor received a literary training. At the age of seventeen he became, like Edison, a newsboy on a passenger train. Later he became fireman, and then locomotive engineer, which occupation he followed for a number of years. He came to San Diego in 1906, where the beauties that surrounded him inspired him to write verse.

SAN DIEGO

Fair San Diego city,
On San Diego's Bay,
Is like a gay theatre,
Staged for a merry play.

The business part the parquet
Down on the level ground,
While rising tiers behind it,
Fine homes are circled round.

And farther up the hillside,
Just like a flight of stairs,
The scene is viewed from windows,
As if from opera chairs.

The balcony the hillcrest,
An unobstructed view,
And circling round the ocean,
That sets the scene in blue.

The streets are lined with flowers,
Extending back for miles,
The street cars serve as ushers,
That bring you down the aisles.

The stage is on the harbor,
Where boats glide to and fro,
Huge battleships and sailing craft,
With submarines below.

With daring airships soaring,
 Included in the scene,
 A finer moving picture
 Was never thrown on screen.

All day the show's in progress
 In this enchanted town,
 'Till night hides sun in ocean,
 And rolls the curtain down.

MY MOTHER

Who was the first good friend I knew
 In early youth when friends were few,
 And unto me was ever true?

My Mother.

Who watched o'er me with tender care,
 Who washed my face and brushed my hair
 And for my welfare said a prayer?

My Mother.

Who grieved with me when I was sad
 Who plead with me when I was bad,
 And laughed with me when I was glad?

My Mother.

Who was a friend to all the boys
 That came to share my youthful joys
 And ne'er complained about the noise?

My Mother.

Who spoke to me of future days,
 Who warned me of life's evil ways
 That she might always sing my praise?

My Mother.

Who ever since my day of birth,
 Has always proved in sterling worth
 The dearest friend to me on earth?

My Mother.

THE LONELY WOLF

Late at night when all is still,
There comes upon the midnight air,
A plaintive wail from distant hill,
A coyote's message of despair.

Perhaps he wishes we were friends,
That he might romp about our door,
So unto us this message sends,
As he has often done before.

With not a friend in all the land,
At night he skulks with restless eye,
He knows we do not understand,
That he must either steal or die.

Pursued and hunted everywhere,
When all the world should gladly give,
To him that cries in deep despair,
And begs for just a chance to live.

The World moves on we know not why,
And each on Earth some mission fills,
We're born to live and then to die,
E'en wolves that howl on lonely hills.

Eli Lundy Huggins

General Huggins was born in Schuyler County, Illinois, August 1, 1842. He became a private and corporal of Company E, Second Minnesota Infantry, July 5, 1861-July 14, 1864. After service in the artillery, he was transferred to the Second Cavalry, April 11, 1879; became Major January 13, 1879. In February, 1903, he was made Brigadier-General. He was thrice wounded at Chickamauga, and was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, February 27, 1894, "for most distinguished gallantry in action against the Oglala Sioux Indians near O'Fallon's Creek, Montana, April 1, 1880." It was General Huggins who received the surrender of Rain-in-the-Face, the slayer of Custer, and 800 other Sioux, in October, 1880. He was retired at his own request after forty-two years of service, February 23, 1903. His volume of poems, "*Winona: A Dakota Legend and Other Poems*," was published in 1890. He also contributed a novel to the *Overland Monthly*. The following sonnets were written in San Diego where he has resided for the last ten years.

TO A FAIR SAN DIEGAN

Why blooms the fairest flower 'neath rosy skies,
 Where all is bloom and fragrance? Why unfold
 Here, where the nectar that its petals hold,
 Amid the orange groves neglected lies,
 And all its perfume all unheeded dies!

And thou dear maid with wealth of love untold,
 More precious far than mines of gems or gold,
 Why linger longer 'mid these listless eyes?

O with thy voice and smile ineffable,
 And eyes so meet for sympathetic tears,
 Seek some sad land oppressed by grief and fears,
 A bright consoling angel there to dwell,
 Fly ere thy robes are wet with honey dew,
 And thine own sweetness cloys thee through and through.

English version of a Spanish sonnet written more
 than three hundred years ago by Lope de Vega.†

Pepita bids me write for her a sonnet,
 The unwonted task I must of course essay,
 Her lightest wishes always I obey,
 (Although I'd rather buy her Easter bonnet).
 So here's the first quatrain, pray do not con it,
 I hope to write the rest, with some delay.
 Unto the goal this rhyme is just half way,
 As for the second quatrain I have done it.

Into the ink once more I dip my quill,
 And down the home stretch now I hope to fleet,
 Pegasus ambling almost at his will,
 And though with Petrarch I might not compete,
 The next line will my dreaded task fulfill,
 For, here's my sonnet, fourteen lines complete.

†This sonnet is, in the original, a very graceful bit of persiflage. Its author has been requested by a señorita to write a sonnet for her. It is something he has seldom or never done, but he will try it. Then he finds that he has already written the first quatrain. He goes on telling of his progress and what he is about to do, and begins to hope that the task will prove easier than he had feared. He continues in the same way, until he finds that he has written fourteen lines and the sonnet is completed before he realized that he had made more than a beginning.

Elizabeth Howard Hyde

Mrs. Hyde was born in Le Mars, Iowa, where her parents and older sisters joined a colony of Southern neighbors to "pioneer." Her mother was as helpless as the average Southern girl, used to colored servants, but she readily adjusted herself to the primitive life, though with many a longing for the old home in Maryland. As a child, Mrs. Hyde was always a dreamer, for to her the real things—droughts and grasshoppers—were not very attractive. She came to California as a small child, and this dreamland of fruit and flowers fully satisfied her longing for beauty. Studied at the Los Angeles Normal School, and taught in Colton and Riverside. After marriage she did society editor's work on Redondo, Riverside and other papers. Has written for the *Los Angeles Times* and *Examiner* and a number of magazines. In 1914 she began to write verse and has found pleasure in it ever since. Is a member of Writers' Club of San Diego; Poetry Society of America; the Drama League; and the San Diego Art Guild.

LARK-ELLEN'S VOICE

(To Ellen Beach Yaw)

It is the skylark's wild, glad song,
So high above earth's droning throng!
No, 'tis the purling of lost brooks,
That seek to rest in shadowy nooks,
Or winds that moan through leafless trees;
It is the flower-perfumed breeze;
The lone night-bird's call to his mate;
'Tis love's rebuke to cruel hate.
A violin's weird, minor strain,
And then—a lost soul's cry of pain!
A mother's crooning lullaby,
And now a tear—a laugh—a sigh—
A call to Live, to Love,—Rejoice!
It is our own "Lark-Ellen's" Voice!

THE UNWELCOME DOVE OF PEACE

I saw a dove wing through the air.
It, weary, fluttered here and there!
It seemed bewildered, in its flight—
Nor seemed to know just where to light!
No dove-cot near; of food no trace;
No welcome found; no resting place,—
And it wearily fluttered—out of sight!

EXPOSITION MEMORIES

A message winged through the air!
 It flitted here; it fluttered there.
 Through the bewildered world, it flew,
 To war-mad nations, near, it drew,—
 No welcome heard ; no resting place.
 Strange, in a world advanced in Grace!
 And it drearily fluttered on and on.
 How long will bereft children moan?
 Man ne'er to woman can atone.
 Long years, all lives must feel the blight.
 The far-flamed Viper doth ignite
 The greed, the passions, lust for blood,
 Swirling earth's peoples, in hate's flood.
 Each prays to win! They but blaspheme!
 God hath not ears where curses teem.
 God only knows Truth, Peace, all Good,
 For God is Love; true Brotherhood!
 God doth not change. This war shall cease!
 All earth must seek this Dove of Peace.

HOMELESS JIMMIE

Yes, I'm nine, the worst age, they say,
 When it comes to givin' a boy away;
 Lots of folks ruther have girls,
 Or a teeny baby, with yeller curls.
 That they want 'em, I don't see why,
 They can't do nothin' but laugh or cry!
 I can work an' whittle, you bet your life!
 If you show me the job an' lend me a knife.
 You think a city chap won't know how
 To do any chores, nor milk, nor plow,
 But I'm sure willin' any work to do,
 And how I'm learnin' is up to you.
 A feller who once lived on our street
 Said country folks had plenty to eat!
 Swore he ate an orange off'n a tree—
 Say, do you s'pose he was guyin' me?
 In the city they always come in a box;
 Had 'em when a kid, in my Xmas socks.
 Patsy was out on a farm for a week,

Of "pasture" and "dairy" I heard him speak,
Of "milkin" an' "churnin" an' 'pon my word
He rode a horse to drive up the herd!
That would be great;—But what gets me
Is eatin' fruit from a blamed old tree.

He said, every day they had milk and bread;
Mother gave us that, but now she is dead!
Miss her? Well, let's not talk about that,
(With fast batting eyes to keep the tears back).
"Let you love me?" Yes, but don't make a row,
A feller can't stand fussin', nohow.

Oh, I s'pose I will bother you some—
Some things I do awfully bum!
Oh, y-e-s, of course, sure I'll go to school;
Can't hurt a feller much to talk by rule,
Tho' I'd ruther plow an' plant the crop
An' peas an' beans an' pertaters drop.
Pat said he gathered eggs from a nest,
Of all the eats he liked 'em best!
But I'd ruther save them for baby chicks
An' little turkeys an' ducks, that picks
At seeds, an' drinks, then rustles some more—
Saw 'em in a window, down in a store.
He said he ate grapes right off the vine!
Maybe, but them ain't the city kin'.
Say, have you got a watermelon patch?
I never did have enough at a batch.
I'll have to wait for them to get ripe?
Can eat all I want, and not have to swipe!
Don't s'pose I could have a dog all my own?
(With timid glance, and low wistful tone);
I can! An' a cat, a calf an' a pig!
Gee, mister, but I'll get in an' dig!
Mother will know it, an' won't she bless you!
She can see down where the stars shine through.
Why, I'll work an' whistle all day long;
Go to school, learn a lot, grow big an' strong.
Sure I ain't dreamin'? It can't be true!
When can we start? When can I go home with you?

Stiles Johnson

Stiles Johnson is a youth of sixteen, who has literary tastes, and, in spite of the fact that he was compelled to leave High School after the completion of the first half of his freshman year, is endeavoring to satisfy them. There is no need for him to be disheartened. Many a man has risen to heights of intellectual power whose early life seemed full of hardship.

A LAMENT

Somewhere I know there's a dull grey sky,
That threatens a flurry of snow,
And a cold sharp wind that rushes by,
Setting bright cheeks aglow.

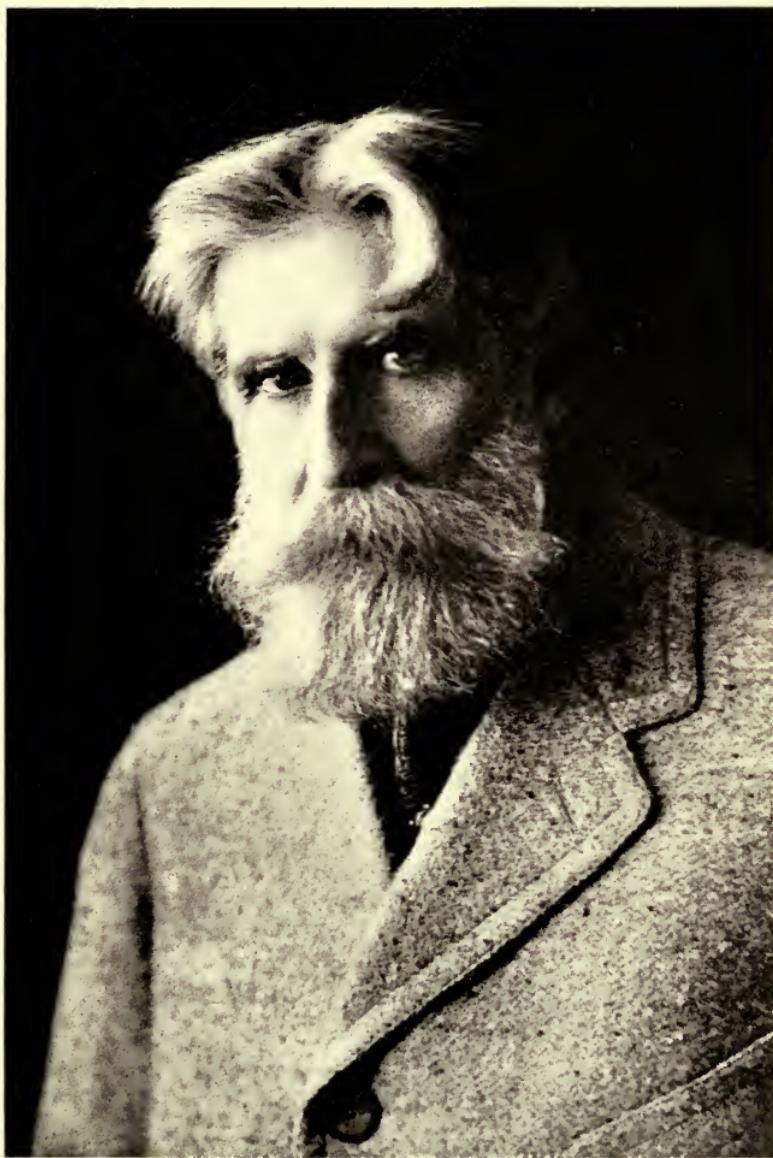
Somewhere I know there are ice-fringed brooks
With frosted leaves by their sides,
Somewhere I know there's a bird that looks
Back, as he southward glides.

Somewhere I know someone's sharpening a skate,
Someone repairing a sleigh,
Waiting impatiently for that near date
When they'll go skating away.

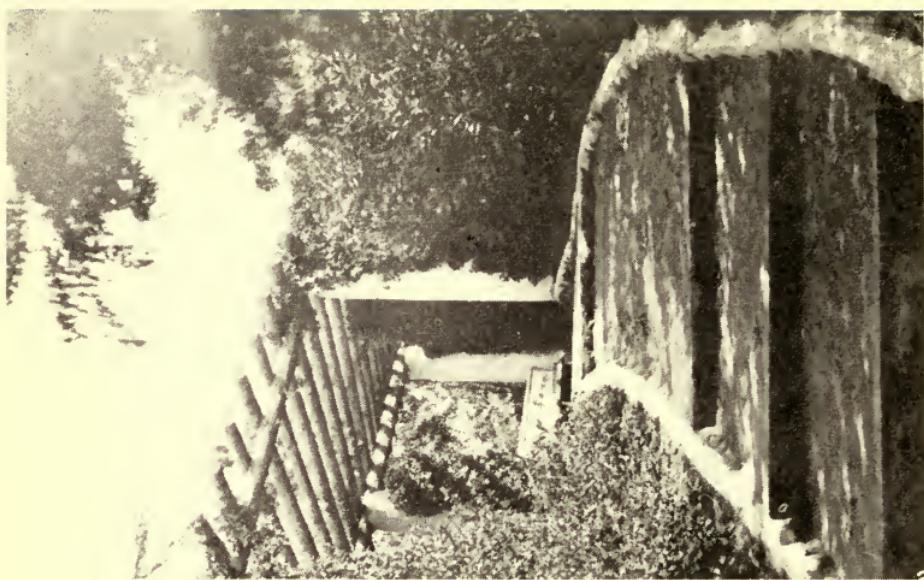
From all their laughter and mirth I'm debarred,
From all their pleasure and fun,
For winter to me means but happiness marred,
I live in the land of the sun.

I live where the flowers bloom all the year round,
And so tiresome they soon get to be,
That I long for an autumn to dash them aground
And take all the leaves from a tree.

There's a tropical wind from the desert today,
In the heat it's refreshing to know,
That somewhere today in a land far away,
There may come the first flurry of snow.



JOHN VANCE CHENEY



ONE OF THE PERGOLA WALKS



HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Orlando W. Kinne

O. W. Kinne was born in Camden, New York, in 1839. On the death of his parents, in his early childhood, he was adopted by his uncle, Amos, and brought up on a farm. In 1861 he enlisted and served two years in the Civil War. In 1863 married and entered the lumber and mill business. In 1883 moved to Topeka, Kansas, remaining there until 1889, when another move was made to Denver, Colorado. Came to San Diego in 1911. For the past forty years he has written much. The following introductory comment is from "On the Margin," in the *San Diego Union*.

OF THE MAKING OF SONNETS THERE IS NO SIGN OF
AN END.—*By "Yorick"*

An elderly gentleman walked into my presence the other day and informed me quite as a matter of fact that he was a writer of sonnets—that he had written scores, perhaps hundreds of sonnets, and that he would like to have my opinion on a few that he had brought with him.

Naturally, the announcement in this manner of speaking took my breath away. A sonnet, as everybody knows, is the essence of brief poetic expression. It is not as easy of conception or execution as a limerick or an Imagist madrigal. The poet who writes even a passable third-rate sonnet must be a skilled mechanician of verse in the first place, as a cameo cutter must be a mechanician of art—not a mere artisan whose graving tools are fit only for the sculpturing of tombstones. And when this gentle visitant told me that sonnets were his favorite metier I was doubtfully interested and curious withal.

I asked to see his wares, and this is what he gave me—the title was "A Laurel Leaf":

Memorial of the fast receding years—
 Of hallowed days, of moments intertwined
 About the silent windows of the mind ;
Reminder of the joyful time that nears,
When Autumn flourishes her gleaming shears,
 Moved by an impulse that is undefined,
 And cuts wherever her fingers are inclined,—
A dream, almost forgotten, reappears.

A smiling valley and a purling brook ;
 A pathway leading through a shady dell ;
A maiden with a soul-bewitching look ;
 A purple leaflet quivering as it fell ;
A dimpled hand that laid it in this book ;
 A brief adieu—that proved a last farewell.

KNOCKING OPPORTUNITY

“This is a sonnet,” said I to myself; “a genuine spark from the fire divine—and, mayhap, a true reminiscence out of fond recollection of a lover’s soul.” “What is your name, Sir Poet?” I asked; and he told me that it was O. W. Kinne and that he had lived a long time in San Diego. So I asked him for another of the same quality and he gave me this one, a pessimistic, fatalistic bit of verse called “Opportunity”:

Thou art unstable—fleeting as a thought—
 As fickle as the winds that fly by night ;
 Uncertain are thy steps, unsafe thy flight ;
And all thy pathways are with danger fraught.
He who, perchance, in thy embrace is caught,
 And supplements his manhood with thy might,
 Is soon defrauded of his specious right—
His aspirations turned to less than nought.
Master of nothing. Cease thy vacant boast.
 Mayhap thou callest once, more likely thrice,

But destiny is wrought for high and low,
And none escapes the goal. Thou dost not know
The value of a soul, nor hast the price
Of human happiness—thou art a ghost!

PICTURING A SONNETEER

These are, in my opinion, very good sonnets, their chief merit being their simplicity of utterance and the sanity of their figures and similes. This is high praise in judgment on the modern sonnet, most of the artificers of which seem to think that because the mechanical form of the fourteener is so condensed, they must compress their thought into a sort of stenographic habit, cryptic in its obscurity, allusive and altogether uncomeatable—like an intricate Chinese puzzle or the symbolism of the Egyptian glyptic writings before the Rosetta key was applied.

I picture these sonneteers with tongues a-cheek and legs a-twist screwing the lid of a pint jar of sonnet to hold a quart of sonnet stuff. I am glad that Poet Kinne doesn't use a thought compressor when he preserves the fruit of his meditation in a sonnet.

IN MEMORY OF MYRON REED

The people listened with enraptured ears
To clear-cut words, more valuable than gold ;
To sentences that will survive the years,
Outlive the centuries and ne'er grow old ;
To truths more choice than Oriental pearls—
Their value recognized among the worlds.

No death can silence his prophetic voice ;
No dissolution dim the scenes portrayed ;
The views presented, that we might rejoice,
Face things eternal and not be afraid.
No grave can hide the beauty of his mind,
Nor cover up the prospect he outlined.

He lives today—immortalized on earth—

 Incarnate in the ebb and flow of life;
 Pulsating with a newer, broader birth—

 A stalwart leader in the fields of strife.

His memory moves to greater, grander deeds,
To higher privileges and worthier meeds.

He speaks as fluently as in the past;

 As forcibly he points us to the chart
 Of human Hope. His lessons will outlast
 The senseless, soulless predicates of art.

His wisdom is as deep and forceful now

 As when the flush of youth lit up his brow.

The poor man's counsellor; the widow's friend;

 The mourner's helper in the hour of death;
 The burden bearer, and the one to lend
 Substantial comfort with his latest breath.

Each moment of his life he found reward

In turning bitterness to sweet accord.

Progression found in him an advocate

 Worthy of adding prestige to her steel.
 Truth vanquished superstition; rose in state,
 Confirmed her case and granted no appeal.

He gave to character a higher place,

And guaranteed Misfortune no disgrace.

All men were brothers; and he recognized

 A kindred sentiment in every heart.
 He loved Humanity; and compromised

 No man's prerogative, in whole or part.
 His criticisms were profoundly just,
 Piercing deception 'neath the social crust.

He had compassion for the child of sin;

 In barren places scattered goodly seed.
 He took the wretch for what he might have been,
 And proved a Good Samaritan indeed.

 The summons came—he parted with his sheep—
 Laid down the shepherd's crook and fell asleep!

Denver, Colorado, February 10, 1900.

W. Buell Knapp

W. Buell Knapp was born in Virginia City, Nevada, February 7, 1862. Leaving school in his early years, he identified himself with minstrelsy and farce comedy, when he was constantly writing limericks, and the like; but not until he came to San Diego in 1915, and was inspired by the beauties of the Exposition, did he write verse.

MY IDEAL

O, this beautiful land of sunshine,
Delightful haven of rest!
With devotion I worship your shrine;
San Diego, I love you the best!

Your wealth of sweet-scented flowers,
Where infinite beauty abides,
What a glorious privilege is ours,
Enjoying what Nature provides!

I've seen the quaint idols of China,
And also the wonders abroad;
Your offerings are truly diviner;
They lead one nearer to God.

With your Fair I'm surely delighted,
Its charms are full of real worth;
I'm so glad that all are invited
To visit this Heaven on Earth!

I worship you like a fond lover,
My devotion I fain would reveal;
In the quest I failed to discover
Another like you, My Ideal!

TAKE THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET

Does your life seem sad and bitter?
Are your pathways dark and drear?
Have surroundings lost their glitter?
Does the world no longer cheer?
Would you wish the prospect brighter,
Where the lights and shadows meet?
You can make your burdens lighter—
Take the bitter with the sweet.

Is your heart suppress'd by sorrow?
 Do you sometimes shrink with fear?
 Brighter days may come tomorrow,
 Making life worth living here.
 Tho' the darkest hour seems longest,
 We should dream of no defeat—
 But thro' pain become the strongest;
 Take the bitter with the sweet.

We shall find, in all life's troubles,
 That they seldom come to stay:
 They will disappear like bubbles—
 Fade from view and pass away.
 When the soul is filled with sadness,
 Patience will her rounds repeat,
 Changing all our woe to gladness—
 Take the bitter with the sweet.

Madge Leopold

Madge Leopold was born and brought up in a New York city flat. When she first came West she would walk on the hills with her arms stretched out to take in the vastness of it all—space seemed so wonderful to her. Has lived in Denver and San Diego for the past twelve years. Is the wife of a mechanic and the mother of two children, and is now taking the two years' course of study at the State Normal School.

JOAQUIN MILLER

PRAYER ACROSTIC

Just at the close of the "Garden" Fair;
 Observe we the last call to honor our bards.
 Awake in each heart, Lord, the fervent prayer;
 Quicken us to see beauty in flower that nods,—
 Universe glorious with gifts of the Gods!
 Instead of our grovellings, worry and fret,
 Natural living, clear thinking, contentment beget.

More blame be to us in this Land of the Sun,
 Invited to feast as our poets have done,
 Lifted up by the ozone and cheered by the glow,
 Leave we nothing to others, as they did, ere we go?
 Enlarge our capacities to see, know and feel;
 Rouse music within us, as fruits of their zeal.

Pearl La Force Mayer

Mrs. Pearl La Force Mayer is a member of the San Diego Woman's Press Club and of the San Diego Poetry Society.

SONG OF THE DESERT

Oh, I sing the song of the desert plain,
Where the winds of God blow there wild and free!
Where the sweep of things is divinely great,
Oh, that is the place for the heart of me!

Out there is the land of majestic space!
Out there is the land where the sand-whirls rise
In the flowing columns of sunlit grace,
And there stretch the plains and there reach the skies!

On that swinging plain, oh, the sun is king,
And his reigning light, it is fierce and bold.
Oh, the day, new born, it is cradled pink,
And it dies at last in a bed of gold!

In the swing of its noble lines is rest,
And I love it as sailors love the sea!
In the song of its silence, peace there is,
And it gives content to the heart of me!

Oh, I sing the song of the desert plain,
Where the winds of God blow there wild and free!
Where the sweep of things is divinely great,
With potential touch of eternity!

A MAN AND THE DESERT

At morn—its wind swept spaces wide and bare,
And exaltation in my soul!
My horse and I race out to meet the coming dawn.
I'm glad God made us so that we could feel!
For desert dawn's a moving pean that
Is sung with colors and with winds—
The pulsing morn exults with joy and praise!

At noon—it's brazen, flaming, blinding heat
And misery sears my veins!
My horse and I sink down
Beneath the sagging tent
And long for deep dark shade and mossy dell.
For desert noon's a flaming beauty most
Intensified and wanton cruel,
And any one who goes her way—knows hell!

At night—it's charm, and thought, and mystery,
And heart gates swing out wide!
The stars are living things
That call to us across
Its purple peace, and wake out sweet desires
And all our fond intensest dreams—
For, ah, the desert does no thing by halves;
The magic of its night has charmed my soul!

Ellen Morrill Mills

Ellen Morrill Mills is a transplanted native of Maine, of old colonial stock, who has been so long in California, and beautiful La Jolla, that she regards herself as a Californian. She is a busy business woman, engaged in real estate, but with a fondness for scribbling verses and other things when she can find time.

THE BALLAD OF THE OREGON

Some praised the days of sailing ships, of white wings, fair
and free,
And "hearts of oak," that nobly dared the dangers of the sea.
They mourned degenerate seamanship, viewed modern craft
with scorn,
But their scoffing changed to a pean of praise for the matchless "Oregon!"

She lay in the harbor, inert and grim,
And the ripples of the tide
Licked, with a thousand glistening tongues,
Her massive iron side.

A sea gull drifted overhead,
And its timid shadow lay
A moment on the great, grim guns,
That could keep a fleet at bay.

A vision of might in calm repose
Was the monster resting there,
But a message sped from the north, to rouse
The lion from its lair.

Over the wires, from the Nation's chief,
Flashed news of a foreign foe.
"Cuba! The Maine!" Weird voices sang,
And the "Oregon" must go!

The "Oregon" has waked to life;
Her giant pulses beat
In time and tune to clash and clang
And the hurried tread of feet.

Out of the harbor mouth at last
And off on her long, wild race!
Nor wind and wave the only foes
For the "Oregon" to face!

The might of the subtle, treacherous one,
Her tubes full charged with doom;
Let the searchlight eye of the speeding ship
Guard well, in hours of gloom!

The dread of the fabled, hostile fleet,
Somewhere on the ocean plain;
It may be the might of the "Oregon"
Against the ships of Spain!

League after league flashed past in foam,
Coast after coast went by;
Cape Horn, the king of storms, is past;
Full in her path may lie

The fleet that numbers five to one,
 Perhaps now rushing on
 To match its hate and its old world might
 With the power of the "Oregon."

A smoke cloud on the horizon clear—
 And is it friend or foe?
 A fight to face, or the armored strength
 Of Sampson? An hour will show!

The hour is past. In the waiting fleet,
 The news goes round with a cheer
 That tells the skies of the tale: "Hurrah!
 The 'Oregon' is here!"

Hurrah for the cruiser-battleship! Wherever she may be,
 May she still defy, as on the voyage, the dangers of the sea!
 De some still scoff at modern craft? Then leave them in
 their scorn.

Complaint shall die as we raise a cheer for our matchless
 "Oregon!"

THE PLAINT OF THE SHIPS*

They say the day will come when man shall hold
 His hard won empire of imperial air.
 When, soaring, he will cast upon the winds
 The toys wherewith his careless youth was blest.
 Then will he scorn, will he, too, soon forget
 Ocean, his dear, rough nurse of boyhood years,
 And the white ships, his sisters, aye, his mates
 In many a venture fraught with glowing chance?

Cradled long years in living oak and ash
 Our substance rested, till he called it forth;
 Fashioned at length to flitting shapes that knew
 The cold north spray, the languid, scented gulf.
 Who taught this boy-god, Man, to hold true course,
 Though thousand storms disputed every league?

* This was written for the dedication of the Wednesday Club-house in San Diego, the conventionalized ship or galleon being the symbol of that organization.

Who held him safe, or cradled him at last
In cool, sea-fronded peace? We, we the ships!
Shall new things break the sea charm, dim the spell
Of cool horizons, far beneath the stars?

We cannot soar; lie fettered in the grasp
Of God's eternal mystery, the Sea.
As shift the changing mists across its face,
We fear to pass in power, know reproach,
Forlorn in some shrunk marsh, with shredded sail.
Shall not our soul, tuned to the endless tides,
Live in some sign, some symbol of the Ships?
May we not hope that kind remembrance dwells
Still in the hearts that, youthful, held us dear?

Then, so we die not, so, in soul, we live,
Place us as symbols, ever in your gaze.
Let us be still your freighted argosies,
Bearing bright bales of hopes and thoughts and dreams.
We shall not mind those far, new glittering birds,
Bearing to-morrow's sunrise on their wings,
If man shall say, "This did I see and know;
Thus did I think and dream when once I sailed
(Ages ago!) out there beneath the stars."

THE PASSPORT

What wert thou, then? Teller of tales was I.
My tales were told, and it grew cold on earth,
So I came here, to the gate; wilt let me in?

Thy tales—what of them? Had they wings to lift
Some tired soul above the ruck of life?
Did they hold cheer, that warms like a hearthfire?

I cannot tell thee; but this hope I hold:
That some saw gardens where the deserts spread,
And some the glint of white wings in the blue—

Teller of Tales, if this be even so,
Enter, the gate of Heaven stands wide to thee.

EXPOSITION MEMORIES THE GYPSY HEART

The gypsy road is sweet with fern,
 All spicy-green in fragrant nooks.
 And, deep within, I catch with joy
 The murmuring of happy brooks.
 Back to the town I needs must go,
 Vigil to keep, and bread to earn;
 Yet grant me first to see, dear Lord,
 What lieth just beyond the turn.

A league beyond my work-day bound,
 The pageants of the seasons pass—
 And who so blind as I, so far
 From cheering winds and waving grass?
 For Freedom's gay good fellowship,
 For Love's immortal face I yearn.
 These, with all else that's fair, perchance,
 Await me, just beyond the turn.

If "dust to dust" at last be said,
 Ere half my wistful dreams are born,
 This much grant Thou: my dust would lie
 (Waft there by vagrant winds, at dawn)
 In ruts that line the good brown road.
 'Twould rise, like incense from its urn,
 Freed by the heels of happy chance,
 In sunshine, just beyond the turn.

Irving E. Outcalt

Irving E. Outcalt, now a professor in the State Normal School, at San Diego, had the privilege of being born a farmer's son. This was March 16, 1870, in Illinois. He attended country school, until at seventeen years of age he entered Illinois University. Four years later he came to California and lived on his father's ranch at Miramar. The years 1896-8 were spent at Stanford University, where he received his A.B. and A.M. Since 1898 has taught in High Schools and the State Normal (spending 1911 in Europe), and it was at this latter that his "Admetus," a drama in four acts, was written and presented. The quality of the drama can be grasped only partially from the three brief quotations given.

O, THE DAY IS A LOOM

O, the Day is a loom where the God doth weave,
A wondrous loom is the Day!
And the gleaming web is the life we leave,
It gleams with our work and play.
The flash of the shuttle, the quick return—
Doth the weaver smile as he sees?
We may love and hold, we may love and mourn,
But what doth the weaver please?

O, the Day is a harp to the God's swift hand,
A wondrous harp is the Day!
Its tones are the noises of sea and land,
And strange is the harper's lay.
From the God's swift hand fly the sweet wild chords—
From the God's swift hand they fly!
O, the music we love, but we know not the words
That he sings as he passes by!

THE DAY IS COMING

The Day is coming! Phœbus, lord, hath spoken!
The huntress' bow is slack, her arrows fail.
The Day is come! Dawn's sweet dream is broken,
And rosy fingers glimmer thro' the veil.
The Day is coming! O'er the gray Aegean
The petals kindle in the orient rose;
And now the flame hath touched the hills Eubœan,
And thro' the Muses' haunts the glory grows!

The Day is coming! O'er the western ocean
The mists are flying—chastened is the air.
The forest gloom is stirred with strange emotion,
And one by one lays all its secrets bare.
The Day is coming! Behold the blazing portal!
O man, stand up! To thee 'tis given for aye
To look with eyes that die on light immortal—
Behold the chariot-throne! The God! The Day!

EXPOSITION MEMORIES
THE VISION OF HERACLES

That tomb,

It seemed, was but a gateway, now flung wide,
And I was gazing thro', into a world
Miraculous as that which good Palæmon
Sees thro' his blindness. Yet 'twas but *this* world ;
For some strange sense was suddenly unsealed
Within me, and my spirit leapt to meet
The miracles that live within this earth !
I heard a bird's song ; and within—beyond,
Were all the songs that birds have ever sung.
I heard a child's laugh—just a happy rill,
That told me how a wondrous stream of joy
Comes rippling down the human centuries.
I pluckt a flower, and in its silken folds
The marvel of its beauty lay revealed.
A million cups, like this, had filled themselves
With sunlight to the brim ; and every one
Had claspt its treasure unto life and death,
To make this beauty—dying in my hand.
The fragrance drew my spirit back thro' fields
And garden-plots uncounted, where the winds
Of long-dead summers played, and elements
Climbed grossly from the soil, to lose themselves
In the soft distillation that would mix
Their souls with beauty—for a summer's morn.—

But I must not too long withhold thy joy :
I may not tell thee all that I perceived
Thro' that new sense that laid the husk aside.
All was of wondrous import, for I saw
That earth would not be earth, if Death were not ;
That man would not be man, if Death were not ;
That life would not be life, if Death were not ;
That all the beauty and the melody
Are molded and attuned in every way
By those two friends—co-workers—Life and Death !

Mahdah Payson

Of her literary work Mrs. Payson thus speaks:

I cannot remember the time that ideas, both literary and musical, were not forming in my brain and clamoring for expression, but whether these ideas were nipped in the bud by the chilling air of Illinois, where I lived during my early married life, they did not come to maturity until I found myself among the congenial surroundings of California.

THE SKINNER TO HIS MULES

Wake up, my mules, and stand from your beds,
And into your food dig your muzzles,
When your stomachs are full, go, strike the trail—
The dynamite calls that there's work to do,
His falling rock makes the earth shudder.
Quiet there, mules, now all for the pull,
Pull, pull the rock sleds to the crushers.

You've blinked through the hour of pausing noon
And Time will not balk when the sleepy sun
Shadows cactus, mesquite and yucca.
Point your snouts and inquisitive eyes
To the camp and your mess of alfalfa.

No motoring man can build his roads
As you, oh you wonder-wise mules.
Does he thank you? Not he,
He's a vanishing speck.
Close your eyes to his world,
Close your ears to his honk
And sleep. You gods of my trust.

EXPOSITION MEMORIES

THE HOMESTEADER

Come, girl of mine, over the desert—
Dig your spurs in your cayuse's flanks—
The mouth of the earth is open,
Are you faint in its foggy breath?

My cabin waits in the desert
The wife and the mother in You—
Alone in the vastness with gaunt God—
Come, we wait death—for You.

MY SINGING GARDEN

In a sunny garden
Lavender gold and pink—
I shared my secret
With gallardias thrillingly gay.
They flaunted the melting message
Down the grassy paths
Over the beds of dahlias,
Blue larkspur and purple phlox,
Of canary-colored cannas,
And lush-green mignonette.
Roses and copper-brown roses
Nodded the news with the wind,
And the cheeks of virgin camellias
Blushed to their gallant leaves.
Oh! the lavender gold and pink garden
Singing the song of my secret,
In a world of symphonies.

Mrs. Satella Jaques Penman

Mrs. Satella Jaques Penman's letters of travel for twenty-five years in many foreign countries and throughout the United States were solicited for publication, as were also her lectures while in the Iowa lecture field twelve years. For three years she edited a column in a newspaper. Magazines have paid for her verse, which has been mostly for children.

JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCrackin,
IN HER 78TH YEAR



JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCrackin,
WHEN SHE CAME TO CALIFORNIA





JOSEPHINE CLIFFORD McCRAICKIN, LOOKING ON THE RUINS OF HER HOME,
IN THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS, DESTROYED BY FIRE

THE STORM KING

Pouf! Heat of the Desert you're rising yet higher!
Ha! Blast of the Glaciers, fall fiercely upon it!
Now Friction! go gather the steam of the sweating,
The conflict will gender where strike they each other,
And roll it in fleeces against the blue heaven,
To blacken while sinking for action!

Blow Tempest, ye bugler! My chariot's behind you
All billowy white, and abreast of the forces;
With foamy white horses and wheels of a cyclone!
Swift rolling, as lead we the battle front lower,
For felling the timber and swirling the dust up,
While blowing our trumpet for conquest.

Ho! Prince of the Iceland! Jack Frost, hurry hither!
Make bullets of water to hail devastation!
Aim straighter, ye Lightnings! Sah! dazzle the vision!
Boom louder, ye Thunders! So! shaking the heavens
To loos'ning the torrents with booming of cannon,
And the ball-lightning shells' explosion!

Ha! grain and the flowers and apple trees kneeling!
The beasts loudly bellow and wild birds are calling.
Mothers call shrilly to terror-eyed children
Who see chimneys throwing bricks into the windows!
Wild shrieks the wind bugler, while telephone wires
Ice fingers are thrumming, weird tones to our drumming,
As over tin roofing we gallop!

A "Peace be Still" falls now, upon the wild tumult,
Dispersing its forces. The South Wind is wiping
All tears from the willows. The sun smiles a gladness,
Through radiant raindrops, which sing a peace promise,
From bars of the rainbow, while falling tink tonkle,
In baptismal basins o'erflowing.

Carroll De Wilton Scott

Carroll De Wilton Scott was born in Steenville, Texas, December 2, 1878. At the age of four his parents moved to San Diego County, where they lived on a ranch until the son was twelve years old, and where, in one of the country schools, he received his early education. He entered the public schools of San Diego, and graduated from the High School in 1898; then entered Stanford University, taking a law course, from which he was graduated in 1902. Being more interested in writing than in law, he never practiced his profession. His love for nature early manifested itself. After leaving college he went to Nevada for one year, where he did much writing along descriptive lines. In 1904 he taught history in a private military school in San Mateo. In 1906 he travelled over Southern California with a burro, studying birds and plants, and in 1908 took up intensive farming at Pacific Beach. In September, 1910, he married Miss Edith Mills, and remained on the farm until 1914. A daughter was born, April 12, 1912, and a son, December 1916. Upon a return to San Diego in 1914, he studied bees, and began writing in earnest. He was made teacher of science in the Francis Parker School in 1914, where he taught for one month, and then entered the City Public Schools, introducing nature study and agriculture; and then returned to the Francis Parker School, where he is now teaching. He has written two volumes of two hundred and fifty lyrics, one for Little Children, and one for Larger Children; and one volume of Pageant Plays.

THE BUTTERFLY

Whither going butterfly?
Fairy from the summer sky
Dancing down the pleasant breeze
Hither, yon and as you please.
Tell me ere you disappear
Are the fields of freedom near?

Whither going, butterfly?
Restless, but with ne'er a sigh;
Gay one, can you tell me where
You have slipped away from care?
Was it in the meadow grass
Where the breezy ripples pass?

Whither going, butterfly?
Brighter blossoms do you spy?

Loiter here by me and sup
Sweets from Mariposa's cup
Painted like thy dusty wings,
Golden, stained with purple rings.

Not a moment can you wait?
Well, I would not make you late.
Blooms are rife in plain and dell,
Goldenrod or lily-bell;
Thither hasten, butterfly,
Spirit of the summer sky.

THE GREEN FAIRY

(The Black-chinned Hummingbird, who builds her nest of the down
of the sycamore tree)

Was it a green fairy
Whose wings the leaf stirred,
Dainty and airy,
Or just a wee bird?

There she hums to her nest
The size of a poppy cup,
Moulding it with her breast,
Binding the edges up.

Woven of golden stuff
From the sycamore,
Feathered with willow fluff,
Fastened with gossamer.

Where is the fairy prince
Decked out in rainbow sheen
Whose flash makes you wince?
Oh, he is seldom seen.

Like a cavalier gay,
A friend of the flowers,
He is ever at play
In sunny hours.

Soon two treasures white
 In the nest will lie,
 Surely a pretty sight
 For the mother's eye.

When a twig is a home
 (That a breath carries)
 With a leaf for a dome—
 Who says there're no fairies?

MEADOWLARK, MEADOWLARK!

Meadowlark, meadowlark, flute me a measure
 Brimful of April, o'erflowing with pleasure ;
 Over the mesas on tremulous wing,
 Linking with music one knoll to another,
 Where the wild oats the tidy-tips smother—
 You, the glad minstrel of happy-heart Spring.

Meadowlark, show me your nest in the grasses,
 Where the red butterfly dips as he passes.
 Little I wonder your nestlings are gay,
 Snug in a hoof-print, deeply arched over
 With long grasses hidden by lupines and clover,
 Lulled by the west-winds the live-long day.

Meadowlark, meadowlark, stranger to sadness
 Come I today to partake of your gladness ;
 Hear your rich carolings near and afar ;
 Wade in blue lakelets of dainty lobelias,
 Breathe the aroma of white-starred muillias —
 Beauty and sweetness no humans will mar.

Amy Sebree-Smith

Amy Sebree-Smith was born in Arizona. A few months later her father, then a Lieutenant in the U. S. Cavalry, was transferred to the Artillery, and went to Washington, D. C. From then until the death of her father, over twelve years ago, she lived north, south, east and west, as is the way in the army. She studied under teachers at home, later went to High School in Newport, Rhode Island, and then attended the Boston University. Lived two years

at Yellowstone Park, and later at Fort Apache, Arizona. While at these western points she spent her time mostly in the open, riding horseback, camping, and exploring the mountains and plains. From this fact largely comes what knowledge she has of western and desert life and character. She has written in secret since she was four years old, when she composed her first verse, entitled "Violets." (It was free verse.) But not until she came to San Diego some nine years ago did she seem to have the time and opportunity to pursue the vocation of writing in a more systematic fashion. She considers California an ideal place in which to work, and has received great help from the fact of being a member of the San Diego Woman's Press Club.

Miss Sebree-Smith has published verse in different magazines, *Poetry*, *New York Times*, *Field and Stream*, etc. Has also done various kinds of newspaper writing, from running a weekly paper to special article work for New York papers.

THE ARMY-FLIER

I come, I go, in a throbbing breath;
My engine hums like a giant bee;
And while my wings whirr merrily
I play with a waiting Death.

O, the ways of earth my father trod;
His task on secret feet to go,
To hunt the trail of the hidden foe—
But I am winged, like a god.

I come, a speck in the lanes of air;
A moving dot of winged steel;
And far below the foemen feel
A tremor to see me there.

For they know I spy their secret things;
Each trench I sight, each point I mark.
Then, "Crack, crack, crack!" their air-guns bark,
To crumple my whirring wings.

I go—Ah! swifter than death I fly;
I smile their futile hate to see;
I bear their secrets back with me,
As I wing the lanes of sky.

At last will come a time, I know,
 When swiftly though I wheel in flight,
 Yet swifter will their vengeance smite.
 Then, falling to Death—I go!

TRAILED

(Written during a dust storm, and founded on a story told by an old prospector)

He was a meaner cuss than me, a meaner cuss, by far—
 We both hailed from the muck of dust they called the
 “Double-Bar.”

I ain’t no saint; I’ve killed my men, but all in open fight—
 And yet Bill never saw the two that trailed us day and night.

He was my pal for some ten years, and so I played him
 straight.

Although the thing he did that night most turned my love
 to hate.

I killed my men in open fight, the sheriff and his pack,
 But Bill sneaked on a cow-puncher and shot him in the back!

And so it was we jumped the Bar afore the light of day—
 The boys were comin’ after Bill, I heard Gold Bessie say.
 We stole our ponies from the shed and quick the saddles
 cinched.

Bill’s heart is black and no mistake—but I couldn’t see him
 lynched.

At dawn we crossed the desert hills; the sun shot up the sky.
 The plain below was one hot plain, and—Hell—but we was
 dry!

At noon we drained our last cool drop and loosed our saddle
 packs.

’Twas then I looked behind and saw those lean forms in our
 tracks.

(Two forms they was; lean as starved wolves, and grey as
 camp-fire smoke.

They walked with us, they ran with us, but never once they
 spoke.)

At last when all the plain was red like it was drippin' blood,
And the whole sky was covered with an awful crimson flood,
I stopped and pointed where They come, close after our slow
feet—

O yes, They still was trailin' us, They never felt the heat.

I said to Bill, "I've stood enough; you speak the truth or die!"
He looked at my uplifted arm and never blinked an eye.
"Now, speak the truth," I yelled at him; "now speak the
truth, you cuss,
And say *you* see those two lean forms forever trailin' us."

Pitying-like he looked at me, then looked *Them* through and
through.

"So help me, God, in all these sands I see no man but
you" . . .

(Two forms They was, lean as starved wolves, and grey as
camp-fire smoke.

They ran with us, They walked with us, but never once They
spoke.)

My arm fell slowly to my side—what more was there to say?
So we two men and those two forms kept on till came the day.
The ponies dropped dead in their tracks, and Bill, he dropped
at noon.

His luck held with him to the last, and he died good and
soon. . . .

And now it's night and those two forms are trailin' at my
heel;

No living man can tire them and thirst they never feel.
I ain't no saint; I've killed my men, but all in open fight.
And yet Bill never saw the two that trail me day and night.

(Two forms they are, lean as starved wolves, all ghostlike
in the gloom.

They walk with me, They run with me, and trail me to my
doom.)

WHITE MAGIC

(Panama-California Exposition)

City of magic, mirrored in a sea
Of golden airs, what spell of wizardry
Lifted your castled walls and shining towers,
Called forth your murmuring groves and perfumed bowers?

It seems incredible that mortal hands
Upreared this fantasy of fairy lands;
Fashioned this romance of an olden dream;
Rent the earth-veil and showed the inner Gleam.

Almost I could believe Alladin's spell
Wove your white walls at peal of midnight bell;
That some far dawn saw shining domes arise,
Enchanted casements open to the skies. . . .

So musing in the shade of your white walls,
City of Magic, while the sunlight falls
On winding walks of bloom and murmuring leaves
I yield me to the spell your beauty weaves.

Louisa Remondino Stahel

Louisa Remondino Stahel is a native Californian, born in San Diego, and is the daughter of Dr. P. C. Remondino. When under ten years of age, with a younger brother and a friend, Carlotta Davis, a girl of her own age, who has since become a noted journalist writer, they edited and printed, with a little set of rubber type and press, a small magazine which the girls illustrated. It was a bright story magazine, which many of their elder pioneer friends remember with great pleasure.

Louisa Stahel's first schooling, aside from her home reading and studies, was at the old B Street Public School, San Diego. A little later she entered the Southwest Institute, and remained for many years, until that school closed. Later she entered the Ella Hulse Private School and the Mary B. Wallace Academy.

She was married to Alfred Stahel, Jr., in 1905. She derives her talent from both her mother's and father's side, her mother belonging to the Devonshire branch of the Earle family, which count many illustrious names, both in literature, the established church and in medicine; and from her father, Dr. Remondino, she inherits the literary talent dating back to the fourteenth century, his family having been famous literati. She is a member of the San Diego Woman's Press Club, and the Poetry Society of America.

FANCY'S GARDEN

Out of my fancy, last night I made a garden;
I waked the dark Earth from its trance,
Till moonbeams smiled on me, lifting and drifting
Their mystic shadows, from God's words I planted;
The wind played softly while I worked;
I planted species of words;
I made a spring of happiness;
I built a temple out of golden smiles;
I planted blooming lilies of pure hope;
Mingled forget-me-nots, like glances of blue eyes,
Among the ferns and then, I made sweet laughter
From the voices of the rippling brooks;
I made a sapphire lake, all broidered over with pale water
flowers;

Along its shore the pansies grew, they were my thoughts.
I planted in the garden's center an aged oak
With branches spread far out, for hospitality;
So did I plant the garden of my fancy with these simple
words.

The dove cooed to his mate in the green branches,
And from the spring a fountain rose—and then, the garden
Grew into my soul, so I may keep it always for my own.

WOULD WE WERE BIRDS

Would we were birds to soar and rise above
The Earth's great heart that beats and throbs;
Birds with tinted wings noiseless as sleeping blossoms.
Climbing the hangings of Heaven's blue mystic depths;
Among the clouds the draperies of the stars.
The banners of the clouds ravelled by Nature's restless
fingers—
The high wild clouds that twist and turn invisible to mortal
eye.

Would we were birds with varied plumage—
The snow white dove reflecting the gray and rose of dawn;

Or bird with wide spread wings calling the world to wake
 The grasses and the flowers to sing;
 Birds gay and wild with gorgeous colored plumes
 As sunset dipping its colors in the sea—
 An Oriole slow drooping in its nest far out of sight.

Would we were birds whispering in Twilight time—
 Watched by the starry eyes of Night;
 A blue black bird high in the darkened sky.
 Would we were Nightingales singing God's music;
 In enchanted gardens—singing the rose to sleep.
 Would—most of all—we were the larks of morning—
 Calling, calling the little children of the Earth to wake.

NATIVE BIRD TOWHEE

Little brown Towhee, with restless heart,
 Roaming the land with the honey bee,
 Building snug nests upon the ground,
 Or in some lowly shrubby tree.

Sing your song of our mountains brown,
 Tell of our far hills blue and deep;
 Sing of our meadows green and gold,
 Where purple shadows fall to sleep.

Fly o'er our fields of swaying grain,
 Light in the rushes and willow'd bower,
 Sail o'er the brooklets twinkling blue,
 Refreshed by cooled and summer shower.

Your nest is built of grass and twigs,
 And lined with rootlets soft and strong;
 Purple fringed flowers wave and smile,
 And listen to your joyous song.

Little Towhee with patient mate,
 Basking in golden sunbeams rare,
 When your small eggs spring forth into life,
 Mother wings shield them with tender care.

Ida Ghent Stanford

Ida Ghent Stanford was born near Greenup, Kentucky. Completed her High School studies at sixteen. Obtained a certificate and taught three years in her home State. Went west to visit her sisters, in Kansas, Colorado and Nebraska. Taught one year at White Pine, Colorado, then went to Nebraska. Attended the Fremont Chautauqua and Teachers' Association, where she met Ira Edmund Stanford, a teacher in North Bend, Nebraska. Taught one year and was married to Mr. Stanford. Together they went to Peru, to the State Normal, for some professional training. After finishing she helped her husband in his work, teaching reading and elocution at times. Her health gave way in 1898, and in 1901 they moved to Phoenix, Arizona. In 1906 they came to San Diego, California. Mrs. Stanford's poem, "The House Delightful," appears in an earlier part of this volume.

LINE UPON LINE

You might crush a nut for its kernel,
And only the one kernel keep;
Or, plant it deep where the rain's low chant
Shall lull it off gently to sleep,
Until some glad day it will waken,
Then some other day you will see
Thousands of nuts from your kernel,
And rejoice that you planted the tree.

It's just this way with we mothers
Who must toil the whole, busy day long,
O'er the beaten track of "Line on Line,"
Of "Precept," lest feet go wrong.
That some distant day in the future,
We shall come to the fruitage time;
We plant thoughts deep, in God's warm soil,
To see His Blest Likeness shine.

Should we rudely search for the kernel,
Selfish and half-hearted? Nay,
We dearly may pay for the lesson,
For O, there's a much better way
To get measure pressed down for our trouble
In guiding the dear little feet
With patience and love to our Father,
His kind approbation to meet.

So, be not discouraged, you Mothers;
The day may be weary and long,
But search for the soil that is deepest,
And, methinks, some day the strong
Warm thought will unfold to the light,
The buds, then, with beauty will swell;
You'll gather those kernels together,
Thankful, you planted so well.

Leland Ghent Stanford

The *San Diego Union* of July 8, 1916, says the following:

San Diego has a youthful poet for whom a great future is predicted by his friends in Leland Ghent Stanford, the fourteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira E. Stanford of 1595 Linwood street. He hopes soon to publish a collection of his poems under the title, "Songs By a Glad Boy."

While other youngsters are turning their enthusiasm toward the doings of Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, discussing the latest styles in tops or driving shrewd bargains in "aggies," the "Glad Boy" is finding inspiration for his music in field and sky. Nevertheless, he takes the healthy boy's keen interest in sports and games, and when the spring days come, longs just as ardently for freedom as do his less literary companions. Else why should he write:

"Vacation times are here at last;
Ten dreary months of school are past."

Apparently this freckle-faced, manly boy does a lot of thinking as he works around his father's dairy. He philosophizes, on "Growling," "What Means the Flag?" "Speeding," and "What Have We to Be Thankful For?" Nor does he overlook Nature's beauties, for he has written a little couplet thus:

"The little birds are singing, the little flowers are gay;
Our little hearts are beaming, for this is Easter Day."

Young Stanford's best effort, and the one which has brought him the most attention and praise, is a poem on "The Exposition Beautiful," which has been published in pamphlet form. This poem has a swing that is fascinating, and it visualizes the wonders of the Exposition in a most inviting manner. After reading it, Dr. Edgar L. Hewitt, director of exhibits, said:

"Let us hope that this much-seeing, beauty-seeing boy will keep on. Leland is not singing his own thoughts only. He is reflecting what is in the minds of thousands of boys and girls. May he be their faithful interpreter."

This youthful poet first attempted to put his metrical imaginings on paper at the age of nine years, and his writings have been prolific. He was born near Lincoln, Nebraska, and came to San Diego with his parents when he was four years old. He is a student at the Grant School, to which he has dedicated a poem. Stanford says that he intends to follow the literary profession, and is hoping that the sale of the book he is about to issue will aid him in future study.

THE EXPOSITION BEAUTIFUL

Where the great Pacific ocean rolls its billows high and roaring,

Where the sun looks down and smiles upon the earth;

Where the mocking bird and oriole so gracefully are soaring,

And where the people's hearts are full of mirth.

In the land of sunkist harbors where the honeysuckle grows,

Where the vineyards and the arbors their delicious fragrance throws.

In the midst of all this beauty as it like a diamond gleams
Lies the city of our longings, lies the city of our dreams.

The Exposition's calling can be heard from sea to sea,
As it tells the nation's millions of the things they here can see.
It tells them of the plazas, of the buildings unsurpassed
In beauty and in grandeur, it tells them then, at last,
Of the foliage and the flowers on the bushes and the trees,
Of acacias golden puff balls gently swaying in the breeze.

It tells them of the Isthmus, where the children love to play,
And restores to youth and spirit the head that's silver gray.
It speaks of lovely gardens that are in grandness unexcelled,
And tells how all the visitors are in amazement held.

It notes the out-door organ, the largest in the world,
With the vines and shrubs and mosses around in beauty
curled.

It tells them of the viaduct that spans the lake below,
Where the reeds and water lilies, cat-tails and rushes grow.
It talks about the soldiers who are drilling every day,
And how the pretty pigeons coo and fly across your way.

It tells them of the animals, the lion and the deer,
And how the keeper pets them all and never seems to fear.
It points the grandest canyons, where the palms and peppers
grow,
And where the bees and humming birds are talking soft and
low.

O! you, with heart of gladness, and you, o'ercome with tears,
Can you resist this calling that will last for many years?
Come, see this lovely city with its banner bright unfurled,
And see our Exposition, the grandest in the world,
And you will know that Eden could not have had a sweeter
mate
Than this Southwestern corner of our beloved Golden State.

EVENING IN CALIFORNIA

I am gazing entranced at a beautiful sight,
As it throws o'er the valley a soft amber light,
Over the mountains covered with snow,
Over the ridges and valleys below.
It throws its rays, in a mellow gleam,
Down on a bright and sparkling stream.
That creeps by so lovingly, peaceful and still,
As it glides from the heart of the valley and hill.

Stray thoughts—be thou quiet,
Yea, be'st thou still,
For the moon is now rising,
Just over the hill.

The sky it is cloudless, the moon is all gold,
And seems to be laughing at the scene she beholds.
Out in the sky, with a shimmering light,
She throws her radiance into the night.
Down on the oaks, large, sturdy and tall,
Down on the sycamores, willows and all.
Over the vineyards, whose fruit on the vine,
Glories a country where all's summer time.
How sweet to be dreaming beneath the great trees,
And feel the light breath of a midsummer breeze;
How restful to know that while we shall sleep,
The moon in the sky watchful vigils will keep.

MOONLIGHT ON THE PACIFIC

Some night,
When the wind is *terribly* strong,
Or a blizzard is putting everything wrong,
It seems to you just like a song
To know there's moonlight on the Pacific.

A moonlight such as you see in dreams,
It never *could* be true it seems,
To float along on silver streams,
 Into the calm Pacific.

There your rivers are clogged with snow,
Running water but below,
Makes all traveling so
 Unlike the broad Pacific.

It would do you good to take a roam
Apast the boundaries of your home,
Leave the winds and the blizzards terrific,
To see the moonlight on the Pacific.

Estelle Thomson

The editor of the *Land of Sunshine* thus wrote: Miss Estelle Thomson, whose admirable sketches are welcomed by such critical judges as *St. Nicholas*, *Harper's* and the *Outlook*, is a writer of charming magazine articles, out-of-door studies full of the flavor of Southern California, but good literature anywhere. The everyday poetry of nature here had not before had just so sympathetic transcription. To remarkably fine insight, clear and unaffected, Miss Thomson adds the charm of a delicately accurate prose without a waste word in it, yet fluent and flexible as it is lucid.

She has published a charming little volume, "My Paper Kids," full of bright and vividly descriptive verse and prose, from which the following selections are taken.

OUR ORCHARDS LAUGH

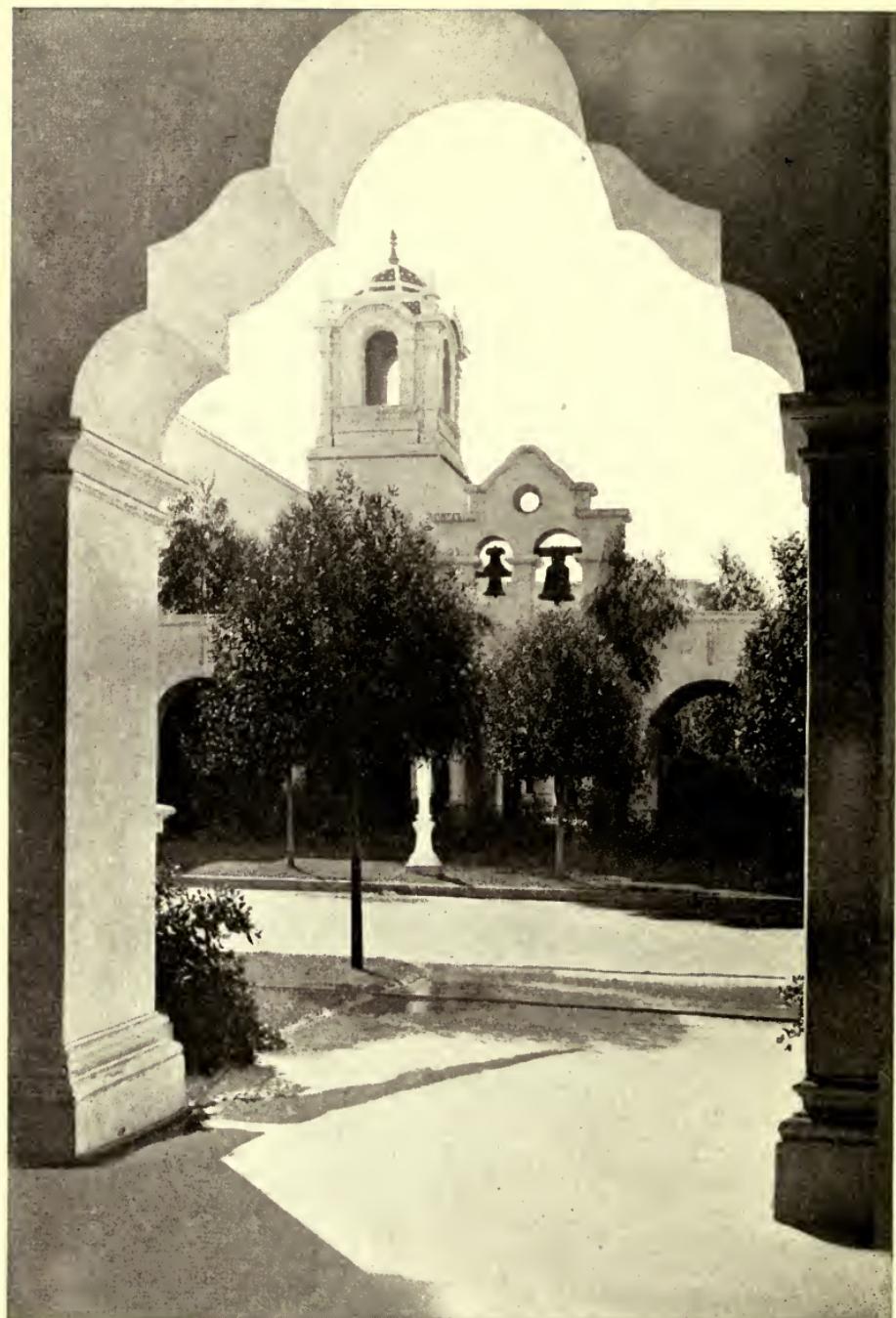
Our orchards laugh with their bloom run over;
A flashing wing like a sail cuts the air;
There's a faint red ripple of sweet-topped clover,
 A liquid note
 From the songbird's throat,
And a dewdrop shine on the meadows fair.
There's a plume and flutter of forms that waver,
 A fine soft murmur steals through the grass;
A myriad insects hum and quaver;
 While to and fro,
 As wood-nymphs go,
The young brakes curl where their footsteps pass.
The morns are flushed with the hues of roses;
 The winds, loose-leashed, s-s-s-p, merrily, tree;
When the sun drops down and daylight closes,
 We hear the beat
 Of fairies' feet,
As they hang the wands of the willow tree.

THE ANXIOUS MOCKING BIRD

There was once a mocking bird whose whole business was to sing. No sooner had he emptied his musical quiver of one set of ditties than he began casting about for another. His life seemed a vast roundelay of glee, and so happy was he that everybody who heard him smiled and felt joy bursting his heart almost to breaking. This one wild bird on the bough-top was friend, confidant, lover and comforter to all



THE DOME AND TOWER OF THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING OVER
THE FINE ARTS BUILDING, FROM THE SOUTH GARDENS



RUSSIA AND BRAZIL BUILDING, TOWER AND BELL GABLE

that tiny portion of the world that lived around the orange tree. So the bird fulfilled the mission for which every one of us is given our being: to lift and etherialize life and make its hard places easier.

In the land of the sun there were others besides the mocking bird who thought they could sing. There is a boastful thrasher who never tires of his musical prowess; and although he was very vain they sang well together. But sometimes the thrasher said: "The time will come when the summer will be over and gone. Then how shall we be fed? I have a cousin, the thrush, who lives in a land they call the East, a land where at certain seasons grain and fruit fail and a white sheet known as 'the snow' will cover the land. Then birds would have a sorry time were it not for the few crumbs from the rich man's table."

The mocking bird was sore afraid. He feared hunger. His palate was keen as his song was gay. How were his days to be prolonged when plenty was gone? How should he subsist on only "crumbs?" What if no rich man should let fall favors from his table? His heart was fainting within him; fear almost quenched his song.

But the days sped by; and the sun shone; and the green world smiled; and uncounted fruits hung coy or coqueted and ripened on bush and tree: and there was no want, and no white sheet of snow covered the land. All who gathered at the wild banquet board were riotous with cheer and the mocking bird and the thrasher were plump to bursting with tickling viands.

Then hope came in a flooding gush to that little bird soul. Why had he been so foolish as to doubt? Of what wickedness had he been guilty? He shook through every feather for the sinful thoughts that had been in him; and, when next he sang, his rapturous strain trilled over and over again in ecstasy until those who heard him said, as with one breath: "That bird sings plainly 'Cheer up! Cheer up! Let not your heart be troubled.'"

And there was not a glad one nor a sorry one in all that spot about the orange tree who did not take to himself the wild bird's message: "Cheer up! Cheer up! Let not your heart be troubled."

Lila Munroe Tainter

Mrs. Tainter has written both prose and verse from childhood, and has received kindly notice from critics of the press, her poems having been copied in leading journals. In early years Richard Henry Stoddard and Captain Hamilton Gibson were greatly interested in her work, and gave her much encouragement. She has been a contributor to magazines and newspapers for a number of years in both prose and poetry.

In 1915 a collection of her poems was made entitled "A Caravel of Dreams." It was published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston. She has another book in preparation. She was for many years a resident of Washington, D. C., and came to San Diego from that city.

SISTERS

Your name is Mary, mine is Magdalene;

You tread the road to heaven and I to hell;
But why your life is pure and mine unclean,

The Power that made us both alone can tell.

Our spirits, dwelling in primordial flame,

Together burned in space, nor evil knew,
Until by unknown force we hither came,

And I a garret found—a palace, you.

The same hot blood flows in the veins of each;

In both, primeval instincts seethe and glow.
In me they make a sinner beyond reach;

In you they smolder 'neath convention's snow.

Your chaste young breast is not more fair than this,

A pillow for desire-sated sleep;

My mouth is stained by many a wanton kiss,
While yours its flower-like purity may keep.

O Destiny, thou cruel and unjust,

Why to the helpless issue such decrees,

That yield some lips to love and some to lust,

Give some the wine of life and some the lees?

Within my awful charnel-house in vain

I strive 'gainst fetters of heredity.

Shall I no more my lost estate regain

When fleshly gyves my blighted soul set free?

From "A Caravel of Dreams," by permission of Sherman, French & Co.

*George Whiteley Taylor*AN ELEGY OF OLD TOWN
(San Diego, California)

Soft night; so tranquil is the earth and sky;
The encircling hills in light and shadow lie.
 The quiet moon floats o'er the mirror sea.
 The village lights are dimming one by one
 And leave my world to dreamy reverie.

Upon these hillsides truth and romance meet,
Fantastic shadows pass me at their feet.
 And thought here with emotion riots free;
 Knits tapestries of pictures dark or bright,
 As history's figures flit through memory.

In sheen and glitter of his armor clad,
With pomp and circumstance of war gone mad,
 With beat of drum the Peace of God to mar,
 To plant usurping standards in the sand,
 Comes gay, marauding militar.

Or milder music swells on passing breeze,
Its lilting cadence by the swaying trees,
 In rhythmic time to measured dip of oar,
 His light barge skirting close the pebbled shore,
 Comes brightly-turbaned troubadour.

At signal from her pirate-lover's ship,
To keep her secret tryst in sea-wrought crypt,
 An Indian maid from reed-built bower,
 O'er tide-washed flights of sandy stair,
 Comes stealing at this lonely hour.

But more; another spirit yet my memory thrills.
Of those who peopled once these sun-burned hills.
 I linger near his cross and share his pain,
 The glory of this goodly earth to lose—
 Oh, penance harsh—a heaven to gain.

A hooded monk with crucifix and beads.
No 'frighting host of warriors bold he leads.
But stealing lone from tule-thatched village nigh,
He trudging climbs and chants his litanies,
Imploring heaven these may not die.

This, Serra, was thy Mount of Calvary,
And up its steep, wearing God's livery,
Bearing thy cross of mortal pain and mental agony,
With cold, unsanded, bleeding feet,
Thou entered thy Gethsemane.

At morning grey I see a ship to anchor swing,
Aud furl her sail, like tired bird her wing.
A boat is lowered from the galleon's rail
And to the haven draweth in
With shout and answering hail.

God's benison and answer to thy plea,
When none would watch an hour with thee.
Here's succor for a starving, faithless band.
Here's news of home and friends—in troth
The outreach of an Almighty hand.

'Tis such high faith as thine that saves the day.
When lesser souls have ceased to watch or pray,
Sees through the night by faith's unclouded ray
And lifts us to the mountain heights
Where God's lights play.

And bowing, 'neath this ancient-planted palm
And olive trees that breathe devotion's calm,
Here, by this mountain-mirroring bay,
Whose floor tonight soft moonlight fills—
Here "Let us pray!"

Bertha Bliss Tyler

Bertha Bliss Tyler is a native of New York State, having obtained her early education and diploma from Mynderse Academy, Seneca Falls, New York. Later she studied music in Hartford, Connecticut, with a pupil of Moscheles, of Paris, after which she returned to her native place, and taught piano, until, as an invalid, she went into the Adirondack Mountains of northern New York, where she resided several years. During this period she wrote "Adirondack Sketches," including a number of poems, showing her love of nature, and her power of description.

In 1913 she left Boston for San Diego, taking the ocean voyage to Galveston. The literary atmosphere of San Diego, together with studies in versification and journalistic writing with Grace Duffie Boylan, poet, author and journalist, late of the *Chicago Journal*, became a stimulus to greater literary effort, which has resulted in the following publications: "Evening: Panama-California Exposition," "Paean of Peace," "Cordial Greetings," "Some Merry Little Men," and "Christmas in the Hills," taken from "Adirondack Sketches."

Under a nom de plume she has written a series of love poems, and also one in lighter vein, written in earlier years, called "When Mary Looks at Me." Her latest style and development is found in her recent publications, "The Star of Christmas Morn," and "At Christmas Time."

WHEN MARY LOOKS AT ME

My heart within me gives one bound,
And in love's raging sea I'm drowned,
 When Mary looks at me.

My reason to itself takes wings,
I say a thousand foolish things,
 When Mary looks at me.

My soul goes quickly out of this,
Transported to a world of bliss,
 When Mary looks at me.

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,"
I feel a benediction rare,
 When Mary looks at me.

To you alone the truth I'll tell:
My happiness is measured well,
 When Mary looks at me.

THY LOVE

Beloved, what our harbor of the sun
 Is to the craft upon the ocean tossed,
 A haven's rest when tempest-course is run,
 Art thou to me; when worldling's depths are crossed
 I come unto the bosom of thy love
 Serene with truth, and calm beyond compare
 With hope's own peace, and e'er above
 The brightness of thy sun of joy to share,
 To bask in it, rejoice, and rest content
 In all its warmth and light full heaven-sent.

WHAT CONSTITUTES GINGER CORDIAL*

Many different notions there are about good coffee. The believer in stimulants calls *good* that brewing having strength sufficient for his purpose; the epicurean demands *richness* in the beverage and its trimmings; the fastidious man seeks the *freshness and daintiness* of the cup quickly brewed and served; and the healthseeker raises his cup of *cereal* coffee.

But the man of larger appetite finds his *loving-cup* overflowing with the following draught:

Add seven grains of *mirth* to seven quarts of *common sense*, and let stand over night until thoroughly blended. In the morning, add seven gills of effervescent *love-for-all-mankind*, and you will have a stimulant always ready to support the weak and tempt the strong.

EVENING†

(Panama-California Exposition)

A tribute to John Vance Cheney, World-Poet, San Diegan.

It is late afternoon in the Plaza de Panama of the Exposition Grounds. The crowds have scattered; the immense area of the Plaza is emptied of all but a few lingering pedestrians, and those who fill the benches at its sides. The hundreds of doves have gone to their rest, a few only leisurely fluttering

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†Copyright, 1916, by Bertha Bliss Tyler.

back and forth from floor to tower. It is the "pale, delaying hour," when "whoso seeks them here . . .

Shall make their own the hymn of rest begun
When the shadows say the summer day is done;"
. . . "the psalm of peace, suffusing sweet
Ineffable, fallen on the twilight hush."

Nor unlike this softness of light is that from the ceilings of all the corridors. These unseen lights from the exquisitely delicate salmon pink chandeliers are in satisfying contrast to the whiteness of the buildings.

Pictures they are: Each Mission Arch as seen from the corridors framing artistic groups and masses of shrubbery and vines and blossoms, while the "light leaves" shake "with winds feeling along their evening way."

It is six o'clock when the Exposition Band breaks the reveries of the quiet assemblage with its rhythmic strains, startling the ears with joy in its swelling harmonies. For a half-hour the rich, full-toned music fills the Plaza. Immediately the lights appear from all the pedestals placed regularly between the acacia trees—as regular and symmetrical as the uniformly trimmed trees. About fifteen feet in height are these bronze pedestals, surmounted by oval opaque closed globes—the lights bringing out the beauty of the trees and the trees shadowing the lights, a mingled glory of light and shade.

Between the Fine Arts Building and the Arts and Crafts Building lie the Gardens at the entrance to the pergola, with their artistic stone benches, where one lingers in the quiet beauty of light, and deepening shades, and blossoms, and fragrance,—"rich as at eve the honeysuckle lends,"—perchance to rejoice with the snail in his lordly hour of unobstructed traversing across the garden paths and back again, his course marked by a silver shining trail; and perchance to rest in a sweet reluctance to enter the paths of the crowning beauty of an Exposition Evening—the Pergolas.

Upon entering the Pergolas the marvelous balancing of light and shade, so characteristic of all the lighting of the Exposition Grounds, is nowhere more apparent. In the narrow path leading to the Lower Pergola one is conscious of an unveiling of Nature's hidden beauties. The very trees

crowd close in tender, embracing greeting; every leaf has its radiant perfection in the white light of the electric sentinels; while here and there, nodding and swaying gently in the evening breeze, dainty sprays of acacia trees screen the lights.

The Lower Pergola is reached, a corridor with heavy, vine-encircled pillars, rich in reddish bronze foliage; and trellised roof, of trailing vines, dotted with innumerable opaque globes of light,—tiny stars in “greenest leafage.” One can only enter and accept spontaneously the gracious invitation of the first green bench. From across the depths of the dark wooded canyon at the side, “a little wind at the wood’s edge plays,” unlocking the little shoots and tendrils of the pillar-encircling vines, like stray locks of curly hair enhancing the beauty of a charming face.

Beyond the Pergola lay the circling path, edging the rise of the velvety sward:—

“Yon grass—there, too, I see
Suspicious gallantry:
Each spear unto his sweeting
Whispers a secret greeting.”

Passing the way to the Palm Jungle, and returning to the long, wide Upper Pergola, the circling path ends, where it began, in the Entrance Gardens, where “leaf on leaf the cool trees droop in sleep.”

“Who listens well hears Nature on her round,
When least she thinks it; bird and bough and stream
Not only, but her silences profound,
Surprised by nicer cunning of his dream.”

SOME MERRY LITTLE MEN†

Some merry little men
Had a merry little Day,
Because the dear old Santa
Had a merry little way

†Bertha Bliss Tyler. Copyright, 1915.

Of placing in their stockings
 Just the things that give them joy:
Some candy, nuts and raisins,
 And besides the dearest toy
Like a beetle, big and shiny,
 And with wings that flap, flap, flap,
When he runs across the table,
 Just to make us clap, clap, clap.
And then he brought them pictures
 And story-books and balls;
And then, to keep them tidy,
 He brought them "Koveralls."
Now these merry little men,
 On this merry little Day,
Because the dear old Santa,
 In his merry little way,
Had been to them so loving,
 So good and tender, too,
Just thought they'd be like Santa
 And be *good* the whole year through,
And be merry, just as merry,
 And happy every day,
As the merry, happy Santa
 In his merry little way.

Elsie Jewett Webster

Mrs. Webster was born in Missouri, where she received a common school and some high school education. When she was sixteen her family moved to Kansas, where she had more schooling. There she met Grant M. Webster, to whom she was married. For a while the couple lived in New Mexico and then came to California, first to San Bernardino; in 1910, to San Diego. Her father, Dr. John J. Jewett, was both newspaper editor and writer of poems, and his daughter thus naturally has the poetic instinct. Being interested in all matters of social reform, many of Mrs. Webster's poems naturally are full of the spirit of human brotherhood and militant democracy.

EXPOSITION MEMORIES LOVE'S QUESTIONING

I wonder in what other life than this
 My heart hath recognized and crowned thee king.
I wonder in what realm of pain or bliss,
 My soul hath flown to thee on quickened wing.

My love for thee is all too great, it seems,
 To gather in this little span of days.
More sure than flitting fancy's fairy dreams,
 We fared together in far other ways.

How could my heart so quickly call to thine,
 And lay its dearest treasures at thy feet,
Had I not made, in some past life of mine,
 By loving thee, some preparation sweet?

Does no voice call thee love thro' all the distance?
 Does no fair ghost before thy vision rise,
Revealing to thy soul that old existence,
 And whispering to thine ear: "Love never dies?"

From Time's beginning I have loved thee, dear,
 Thro' all the countless ages that have flown.
In all our dreamy life times, far or near,
 My heart has gladly echoed to thine own.

And will this fair love-light burn low at last,
 And all this passion's flame that warms my world?
When silence comes and Earth and Now are past,
 Will this uplifted torch away be hurled?

What mean these dream-shaped memories, this future hope?
 This white mist rolling in from Time's great sea,
Inwrapped in which we stumble, strive and grope
 Toward some full sunlight of eternity?

Will we see face to face in some clear shining?
 Will a tomorrow bring us love again?
Is there no meaning in the soul's divining
 Of a warm, pulsing past of love and pain?

I cannot answer and you cannot tell me:
We wander mist-enshrouded, with no ray.
But fleeting dreams and hope and life impel me
To cry: "Come, live and love, we have today."

THE CALL OF THE OPEN AIR

The wind in the tree top calls to me,
"Come out in the open, come and be free."

The sun on the hillside laughs in glee,
And dances and beckons: "Come, play with me."

The rainbow waves sing clear to me,
"Come, chant with us the song of the sea."

I serve in the restless marts of trade,
Where men walk warily and afraid.

I dwell in a house that is made with hands,
That left their weariness on its plans.

I have known of love, of sorrow, of sin,
Of the daily stress and the battle's din.

I have felt Life's heat and its biting cold,
And my soul is old as Time is old.

I have drained life's lies and drank its truth,
And my heart still answers the cry of youth.

The wind in the tree top calls to me:
"Come out in the open, come and be free."

And the sun on the hillside laughs in glee,
And dances and beckons: "Come, play with me."

“LOOSE HIM AND LET HIM GO”—*John 11:44*

Loose him and let him go.
Take from his head the many folds
 Of mildewed superstitions. Unbind
His forehead, let Today shine on it.
Take off the grave mould of old yesterdays,
Thick grown and smothering, from his face.
Unwind the wrappings from that stiffened jaw
And the choked throat, that he may speak—
May voice the hungry cry of human kind
For Life, more Life, abundant Life.

Tear from his shackled hands the folds
Of long dead ordinances, mouldy laws,
That bind the muscles so the frozen clutch
Is ever on the dead. Let loose those hands
To grasp the things he did create
To build his life. Unwrap his lungs,
That he may draw free air in deeper breaths,
That these pale hands, benumbed and cold,
May fill and flush with influx of new blood,
And reach to grasp Desire. Set free
The heart to throb in harmony
With hearts that live and beat, attuned
To Liberty's glad music. Take off
The shrouding grave clothes of a soul,
Throw back into the tomb the binding rags
Of dead beliefs, but let the Man come forth,
 To all the fullness of his heritage.

Loose him and let him go. Tho' dark,
Blood-stained and rough the way he walks,
Yet always will his face be to the sky.
Loose him and let him go. Give him the Earth,
And he will find his own way to the Sun.

I WOULD THAT MEN WERE FREE

I would that men were free;
That not one man in all the world
Had need to beg of any other man
The opportunity for toil to earn his bread.
That not again while we count time or dream of heaven
Need any man go to a brother man and say:
"Give me of toil. No matter what the kind,
How long the dragging hours I work at it,
How weary are my limbs, how spent my strength
When night comes down, I must have work.
I beg of you for work. My wife is hungry
And my children weep unclothed."

And while the beggar stands with hanging head
And hard hands knotted in a clasp of pain,
The other twirls an idle thumb and with
Offensive look talks glibly of a wage,
Or dickers meanly for a few pence less;
Then gives the man a chance to toil for him
For just enough to keep life creeping on
With scarce the boon of hope; a death in life.
And often not the chance to be a slave
And create wealth unto a master's hand
Is given, but a careless shoulder shrug,
And "I have nothing for you." This the word
That many a desperate pleader hears for all his prayer.

I would that never while Time kept his pace
Any woman full of the will to live,
Pulsing with joy of youth and dreams and hope,
Had ever need to sell herself for bread.
Either her body for man's lust, or her hand's work,
Her youth, her splendid energy, her opportunity

For happy wifehood or for motherhood,
The chance to mold her own life her own way,
Or any form of her diviner self
Bartered for food to keep her body's life.

We sell our men and women in the marts,
We drown our arts in fierce commercialism,
Our music in the clatter of a coin,
Our poetry in mad pursuit of gain,
Our souls in weary chase for futile toys.
We wrap our honor and our justice in a flag
And bury them 'neath mounds of empty words
Chanted by politicians cadenced tongues,
Then wonder life seems dead and souls expressionless.

What genius buried in our refuse heaps.
What pictures, poems, statutes lie beneath
The debris of our heaped up wastefulness.
How have we sent our songsbirds to this pile,
And tossed our painters there daubed with their blood.
And torn the music of our poet's songs
To kindle fires of lust that burn us out.

I would that men were free to be the best:
To give unto men's hearts the shining dreams
That come in childhood and the years blot out,
As hopeless poverty or glutted wealth
Close on the vision. Only men
Who have been free to dream can send forth sons
Who will be true. And only women who
Have held their bodies free from sale for lust,
To share with Love his Holy Place, can bring forth daughters
Who can sing the rhythmic song of chastity.

That men be free! that is the dream of ages,
And the passion that creates the stars and sends them forth.

Marguerite Wilkinson

Marguerite Wilkinson was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1884, daughter of Nathan Kellogg Bigelow. She was educated at Evanston High School, Ill., Northwestern University, and the Misses Ely's School when it was in New York City.

Her first serious and effective verse was accepted by Dr. William Hayes Ward, for the *New York Independent*, and she has been an occasional contributor to it ever since.

Mrs. Wilkinson was editor of the Poetry Page of the *Los Angeles Graphic*; and of her work in this connection, the editor, Samuel T. Clover (now editor of the *Richmond, Va., Evening Journal*), wrote:

"As a critical and analytical writer, Mrs. Wilkinson has distinct power. Her feature articles for the *Los Angeles Graphic*, under my administration—which publication paid great attention to belles lettres—attracted national interest, as they deserved, for her purview was countrywide. Mrs. Wilkinson's pungent yet sympathetic reviews of new volumes of poetry were particularly noteworthy. She is a poet herself and of no ordinary caliber. Anything from her pen always commands place in the best publications in the country."

She is also author of "In Vivid Gardens," "By a Western Wayside" and "The Passing of Mars." She is a member of the Poetry Society of America and of the Authors' League of America. Her contributions have appeared in all the leading magazines, East and West, and she is now editor of the poetry pages in *Books and Authors*, published monthly in New York, contributes a weekly literary letter to *The Evening Journal*, of Richmond, Va., and has a volume—"Anthology of California Verse"—soon to be published.

CORONADO SKETCHES

THE FOG THAT COMES IN AT NIGHT

A little while ago the sky was clear,
A wild blue wine for our young eyes to drink,
A wine in which the stars were jolly bubbles,
Poised, sparkling in the depths.

But while we looked
A milky cloud flooded the splendid cup
And hid the bubble stars and made opaque
That which our eyes were drinking.

But our spirits
Drank yet more deep of a wonder yet more dear!

A NIGHT ON THE BEACH

Where beach verbenas lay their little cold leaves
 Upon dry sand, and lift their sticky-wet blossoms
 Pale purple in the dawn, and where the primrose
 With healthy golden passion fights the tides
 For space in which to flaunt her echoed sunlight,
 There, after hours upon the tossing waters,
 We spread our blankets and lay down to rest.
 And there we met and knew the blessed Night,
 Who is the mother of Peace. And there we found
 The Morning, in whose womb was Joy conceived.

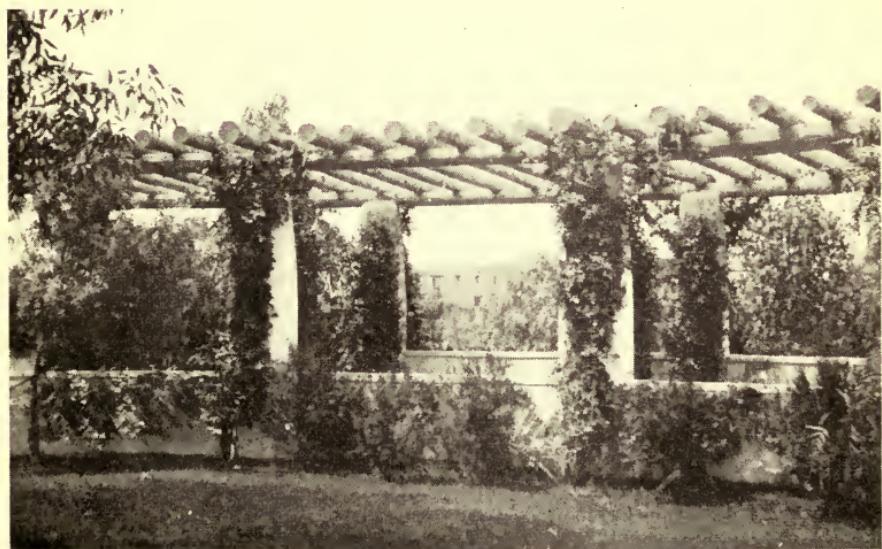
FULFILLMENT—A BRIDE'S PSALM OF JOY

The graybeards had compassion on me in my day of rejoicing,
 For they said, "She does not know."
 The snowy crowned old women shook tears from their eyes,
 For they said, "She is innocent."
 The young men and women who had gone on before me
 smiled wistfully,
 For they said, "She also is young."
 Even the cynics advised me,
 For they thought I was about to go the way of all flesh.
 One and all, they saw my bud blasted and my sunlight
 shadowed,
 My dream routed, my vision eclipsed, giving place to merely
 practical satisfaction;
 They saw my soul besmirched, perhaps destroyed.

 They warned me of disappointment that I might not be
 disappointed;
 Of sadness, that I might not be too often sad;
 Of pain, that I might not suffer too deeply;
 Of the carnal, that I might be able, perchance, to save a
 partial soul alive.
 Tears they tried to pour into my cup of rapture,
 That a wonted taste might give no shock of bitterness.
 They would have girded my waist with fire, in all kindness,
 That I might feel the less the brand of ruthless desire:



EAST FAÇADE, RUSSIA AND BRAZIL BUILDING



ONE OF THE PERGOLAS

Maribel Yates

The writing of Mrs. E. N. Yates covers an intermittent period of more than fifteen years, and ranges from newspaper contributions, chiefly to the *Kansas City Journal*, in the earlier years, through the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Kansas Magazine* and various farming journals and other periodicals, to the present time. She is a regular contributor of both prose and verse to a prominent church publication, and is represented in the first volume of "American Poets," published by the McLean Publishing Company of Baltimore, Maryland. She now has material for two volumes which have been editorially approved and recommended for independent publication in the near future.

IN AFTER YEARS

Whence comes this Shape which haunts my path! Its glance
allures, but yet repels;

It seems familiar, yet unknown; like strains forgot, or
Dreamland spells.

Its drap'ries float like foamy mist, but hold within a lurid
glow.

Avaunt ye, Shape! I like ye not. Why dost thou taunt and
mock me so?

Ye 'mind me, vaguely, of those years of foolish youth, ere
fancy tired.

The Vision smiled: "I am the phantom of those joys thy
youth desired!"

Whence come ye, lovely bloom, to sway thy golden censer at
my door?

I know ye not; and yet I feel that I have met thee oft before.
Abide ye, alway, for ye bring a tender sadness, strangely
sweet—

More sweet than mirth. For many years I followed Joy
with eager feet

And found but Grief! The Vision smiled, and said: "Thou
shalt be joyous yet;

I am the fragrant flow'r which springs from disappointment,
bravely met."

CHAPTER VI

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES DAY

By Bertha Bliss Tyler

In Dr. James's original plan as agreed to by the Exposition officials there was no suggestion made of a day for himself. But as the work of the Literature Class progressed, and more Authors' Days were held, a desire was soon expressed by both members of the Class and the various audiences that it would be altogether inappropriate to fail to devote a day to the honor of Dr. James himself. The Exposition Directors themselves fostered this sentiment. They called attention to the many occasions on which he had acted as the orator of the Exposition, in giving highly specialized addresses, as on Olive Day, Junipero Serra Day, Hawaii Day, Bird Box Day, Bunker Hill Day, National Peace Day, Audubon Day, etc., and expressed themselves as desirous that a day should be set apart in his honor. Dr. James, however, always laughed at the suggestion and refused to entertain it. At last, however, a few prominent members of the Literature Class, realizing what he had done for them and the Exposition and community through his California Literature, Browning, Tagore, and other lectures, and also by inaugurating and successfully conducting the California Authors' Days, took the matter up with the officials with the result that they not only set apart December 27 as George Wharton James Day, but agreed to present to him the Gold Medal of the Exposition, as a token of the special services he had thus rendered.

This, in brief, is the true history of the George Wharton James Day. As soon as it was made known, many tributes of appreciation, affection and esteem were received, some of which are included in what follows.

The San Diego Tribune of December 28, 1916, thus opens its report of the day in honor of the organizer of the Literature Class:

"The climax of interest and enjoyment in the California Authors' Days was reached yesterday in the celebration of George Wharton James day. The program was held at the organ pavilion at 1 p. m., beginning with a concert of grand opera selections by Tommasino's band.

"On the organ platform, which was decorated with palms, was placed a table holding the bust of Dr. James, by Miss Mann, sculptor, to be given to the public library. Friends of Dr. James, and members of the literature class, were seated on the platform. The Rev. Charles E. Spalding, rector of the Episcopal church of Coronado, presiding, opened the program with the reading of "Love Bouquet," by Miss Juanita Miller, daughter of Joaquin Miller:

LOVE BOUQUET

To you who drew the opaque veil of ignorance from our lives,
Taught us to see the light and so you showed us paradise:
Then white for the souls that you have soothed and red for the
healed heart—
These flowers that we are giving you are of ourselves a part.

"Miss Adelheidie Kaufmann, bearing a bouquet of white carnations, and Miss Celia MacDonald, of Pasadena, bearing a bouquet of red carnations, then entered, from each side of the organ presenting the flowers to Dr. James. Tied to each bouquet were messages of appreciation, written by friends of the distinguished litterateur, some of which were read by Dr. Spaulding. These are some of the messages:

TO GEORGE WHARTON JAMES:

By Elsie Jewett Webster†

The Old Franciscan Missions stand guard along the way,
Like gray and ghostly sentinels of a dead, forgotten day:
As Through Ramona's Country we wander and are lost
In the splendors that surround us and the wonders of the
coast.

We talked of *Indian Basketry*, that patient *Basket Making*,
That miracle of weaving to which we're just awaking.
Of *The Indians of the Desert*, Painted like the sunset sea,
Of birds and flowering glories that beckon you and me.

†The names in italics are of books by George Wharton James.



ROSE HARTWICK THORPE



MRS. ELLA LORINE PALMER, WHO SANG FRED EMERSON BROOKS'
SONG ON GEORGE WHARTON JAMES DAY

Of that fair spot of dreaming where the pure *Lake of the Sky*
 Lies like a burning jewel while the clouds float softly by.
 Then we spoke of him who wove the threads of beauty into
 words,
 The Indians, the missions, the flowers and the birds ;
 And dropped the golden note of calm into our troubled strife,
 That sung now "*Quit Your Worrying*," and "*Live the Radiant Life.*"

By Ida Ghent Stanford

Dear Dr. James, we wish you joy,
 And Peace and Happiness sublime ;
 We pray that God may still through you
 His gracious Presence shine ;
 That men may learn the things worth while
 Things broad, and deep, and True,
 Long may you live in perfect health—
 Under California's blue.

By Minnie Hardy

Like the great granite higher Sierras
 That lift their bright peaks to the sun,
 And shine through the lowering rain-clouds—
 Saying: "Lord, if it's rain, let it come."

Or the giant, majestic Sequoias—
 For centuries so stately and tall—
 Reaching out their great arms to the Storm-God,
 Saying, "Lord, if it's snow, let it fall."

For sunshine is the joy of our life-time ;
 And rain, like our tears, make a part ;
 And snow is a soft, fleecy blanket
 To cover some poor broken heart.

From the lily and rose of the valley,
 To the rivers and rocks far above—
 Of your beauty, oh, great California !
 He has taught us to know and to love.

And bravely he faces life's problems,—
 Like the sun shining back on the range
 Is reflected God's smile of approval,
 On the kind face of George Wharton James.

By Elizabeth Howard Hyde

You're blessed with many friends ;
 All o'er the world they're found,
 Some wing aloft in yon blue sky ;
 And some live under ground.

Some gather with the great of earth ;
 Are known in halls of fame.
 Some till the soil and live in huts ;
 Some you know not by name.

With us who've gathered here each week
 You've shared your world-gleaned treasures, rare—
 And we will treasure you, in thought,
 And these last days at our own FAIR.

For :—
 You gave us the best thought of our own sages ;
 You gleaned the best from our new writers' pages ;
 You gave us new ears for Wisdom and Truth,
 And receipts for renewing our Youth.
 What if you used words—not always polite !
 You were never sneering, stupid or trite.
 At times some fault with our ways you would find,
 But usually you were Gracious and Kind !
 If a quick, harsh word were needed to spur,
 You gave it—without taunt or slur.
 You gave freely of Time, Knowledge and Pence ;
 You gave Lovingly, without Recompense.

By G. W. Osborn

Responsive to the whispered note
 That in the dewdrop dwells ;
 Attuned to catch the crashing chord
 That in the ocean swells.

What magic waked thy soul to grasp
Such things where we hear nought?
What far-reached finger touched thine eye
And showed the visions sought?

Or dost thou give the greater hope
Can souls from sordid stupor waked
Find worlds on worlds within?

By Adaline Bailhache

O teacher, unafraid to speak,
Thy inmost thought in words of flame,
Impervious to either praise or blame,
From great or small, from strong or weak,
Teach us high ideals to seek.
Arouse our souls from thoughts mundane
That we may seek the higher plane
Above the mist-enveloped peak.

Like Serra, Browning, and Tagore,
Thou hast to us a message brought
Of joyous radiance and light.
O may this light forevermore
Illumine lessons thou hast taught
To make life's highway sweet and bright.

By Katherine Howard

Patriarch; Comrade; Friend: At your best
The wild, sweet spirit of the gold Southern West.
You will jump the traces, you will preach to ladies in your
braces,
And you will say words that make them shiver and cry "Oh!"
But the same ladies come each day to shiver because they
like it so.
Ah! there's a sportive soul that peeps from your deep wisdom
That binds us with a swift chain to a laughing star,
Link after link—a chain that reaches far.

One golden link I'll leave in little old New York,
And one I'll take with me to well-loved France,
And with a slender cord of memory I'll enlace
Them with the links of love in San Diego, so nothing can
efface

The memory of these cordial days, or of the ways
So utterly your own!

Just a swift, passing hand-clasp has been mine;
Just a few words of understanding, when somewhere, anywhere,

We've met . . . It is enough—there has been sympathy:
And maybe on another star—perchance while walking
On a sapphire wall—we'll stop in passing for just another
word

Of how we met in San Diego at the Expo., and we'll say:
"Do you remember how beautiful it was?"

We will establish wireless from Heaven's sapphire wall to
San Diego.

By Jessie F. Dean

O thou great teacher, brave and kind and strong,
How thou hast stored thy mind with treasures rich,
Gleaned from the world of books, the world of men,
And from the great out-doors that God hath made!
Daily we crowd around to fill our cups
With wisdom poured so freely forth for us,
And go away with mind and soul refreshed.

Roar on, O mighty lion! Shake thy long mane, and even
growl;

We know thy heart is good and ruled by justice.
So thunder forth thy messages of truth,
Till their vibrations reach earth's farthest shore.
Hurl thy defiance in the teeth of wealth,
Of false ambition, tyranny, and greed,
And fight for the down trodden.

Send forth thy writings fraught with light and life
To all who hunger for the better way:
Thou'rt helping bring the golden age of love.

JUST LIKE DR. WHARTON JAMES

By Louise Remondino Stahel

Just a ray of sunshine,
 Just a little thought,
 Just a bit of happiness,
 Many a heart has sought.

Just a word of kindness,
 Just a little smile,
 Just a sound of laughter,
 Makes the world worth while.

By Frederick D. Webley

Friend, I bring you a tribute now;
 Why should I wait until you are dead,
 To wreath a chaplet upon your brow,
 And say the words that wait to be said?

O there would many a prayer be said,
 And there would many a song be sung,
 By those you have helped, could thoughts be wed,
 To speech or music upon the tongue.

And this is the simple prayer we pray—
 “May his life be lengthened many a year!”
 For those who falter beside the way
 Will take fresh courage if you are near.

’Tis yours to interpret Nature’s things,
 And read from the rocks her histories,
 Still, Godward lead to the Living Springs,
 And teach us of Life’s deep mysteries.

As you turn the pages of Nature’s books
 We scent the violets, blue and white,
 And lilies, hidden in sheltered nooks,
 We found together up Shasta’s height.

We hear the song of the mocking bird;
O! Is it Pan's, or the thrush's pipe?
No sweeter music is ever heard
Than the song of the Radiant Life.

We pass with you to the Indian land
Of the brother braves who hold you Chief;
You speak of the great All-Father's hand,
And lead them higher through your belief.

We follow with you the mountain trail
Of the high Sierras to the clouds,
And watch the sunrise over the vale
And the splendors pierce where the mist enshrouds.

Through Yosemite follow the call,
And worship there in the Big Tree Grove,
Where the Dryad's call from the waterfall
Blend with the notes of the sylvan dove.

Not Thoreau's love for the wilderness,
Or, Muir's for the peaks the skies enfold,
Surpass the ardor that you possess
For California's skies of gold.

O, if we only could live once more
That marvellous day, that perfect night,
When we left the blue Pacific's shore
And lost ourselves in the desert's might.

Stretching before lay the desert floor,
Luminous, palpitant, dreamy, vast;
A hundred leagues seemed only a score
To where Gorgonio's shade was cast.

The sunrise burst like an opal flame,
Bathing with splendor the earth and skies;
And the desert trail to the hills became
Like a pathway open to Paradise.

And now I know of life's desert road!

'Tis the Comrade love with its magic leaven,
That brightens the road, and lightens the load,
And makes the pathway into heaven.

By Bertha Lowry Gwynne

I wish I knew as much as you do, Doctor James;
The future holds for me few higher aims
Than just to know as much as you do, Doctor James!

To know about the ways of birds and bees;
All California authors; the big trees;
The Injuns, How to Live the Radian Life,
How best reclaim the desert, train a wife;
To find the sermons in the stones, the tales in running brooks;
Possess the technique that makes you the ultimate of cooks;
Just how to make that famous soup of fruits,
And, on the other hand, live frabjously
By merely chewing roots;
And how to set a broken leg and patch up leaky lungs,
And how to speak decorously in fifty-seven tongues;
To swim, to sing, to spiel, to give;
To keep the hearts of hosts of friends!
In short—to live!

O, I should *love* to know as much as you do, Doctor James;
I'd surely be the happiest of dames
If I knew *half* as much as you do, Doctor James!

By Helen Richardson Brown

Some eyes there be that only see the great,
The brilliant, shining, mighty things of earth;
Some only hear the strongest, loudest voice,
And deem the others of but little worth.

But one there is of more discerning eye:
He would not spare a flower from the field;
He would not drop a star from heaven's host,
Nor lose the smallest song-bird Spring can yield.

And so he sets us up where all may see,
And echoes loud our song that all may hear ;
God bless his kindly understanding soul,
And give him peace throughout the coming year !

By Rose Hartwick Thorpe

We have followed you through the Authors' Days
In this nineteen-sixteen year ;
You have crowned each one with a wreath of praise ;
You have spoken words of cheer ;
You have found the best in the written thought,
And presented it to view.

Now we California authors come
With our tribute of praise for you :
We bring you our hearts' desire of good ;
Our loyal friendship and gratitude.

By Edwin Markham

Comrade, glowing with the West,
Full of ardor, full of rest,
Here's my lifted hand to you
In the land my boyhood knew.

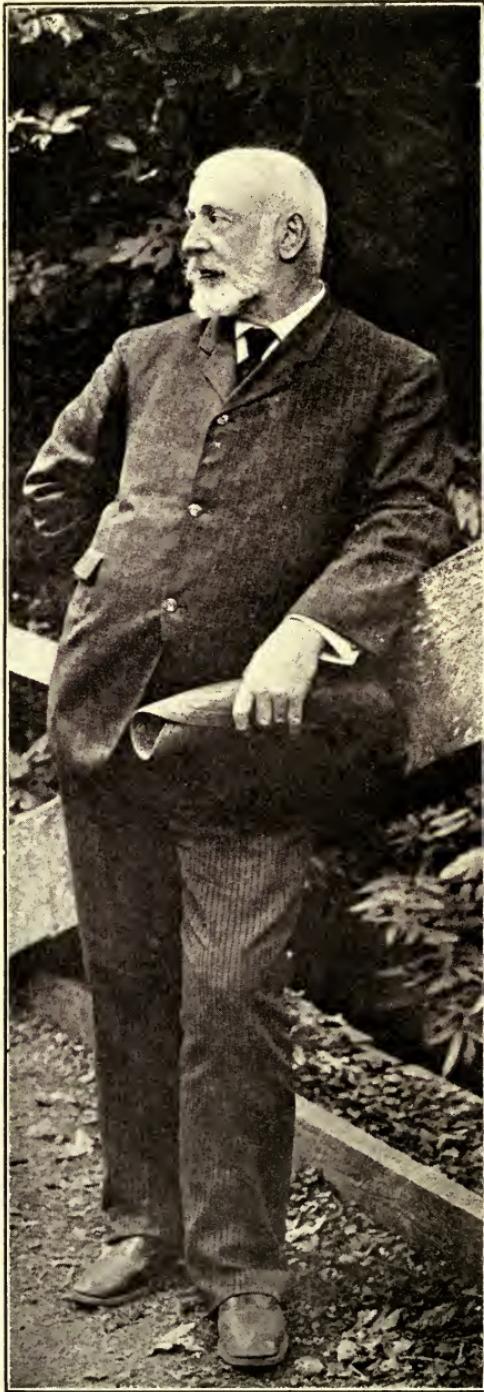
Comrade, where the happy hours
Touch with flying feet the flowers,
What your kindly hand has sown
Waits till Judgment to be known.

Comrade, brave with brother love—
Heart of lion, heart of dove—
Heaven will give you a golden pack
If she gives your own deeds back.

At the conclusion of the reading of the Messages President G. A. Davidson, of the Exposition, gave an address of appreciation of Dr. James' work at the Exposition, and spoke of having known him for twenty-five years, as one of the great lecturers of the United States, from whose lectures he had always received joy, instruction and pleasure. He then



Leland Ghent Stanford



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD



GATE OF SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA QUADRANGLE

presented Dr. James with a certificate of a gold medal award, the medal itself not yet having arrived, to be given later, for Dr. James' distinguished services at the Exposition.

Then followed a vocal solo, entitled "George Wharton James," words by Fred Emerson Brooks, music by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and sung by Mrs. Ella L. Palmer, soprano, recently of New York City, formerly soloist of First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Palmer, in a clear, rich, powerful voice, gave a most expressive and sympathetically appreciative rendering of Mr. Brooks' unique words, and Dr. Stewart's distinctive melody. Dr. Stewart accompanied on the piano.

The following is Mr. Brooks' song:

A voice of silver with a heart of gold :
A heart as big as mortal frame can hold,
A brain wherein the seed of wisdom lies
A soul that lights the portals of the eyes.
He never stops to think, so much he knows,
But keeps right on a-thinking while he goes :—
A tireless man who searches out the best ;—
The purest gold within the Golden West.

God made the State to thrill the poet's heart ;
To lure the painter's skill, the writer's art,
But here is one to whom all painters yield,
Who paints in speech the wealth of fruited field,
And writes the glories of the land he knows
Whose breath is perfume and whose blush a rose :
No other man has made it quite so clear
That Eden lost, is found again out here.

He thinks a thought that no one thought before
He plants a rose beside some cheerless door ;
Creates a joy in some poor ragged breast
Where simple joy is such a seldom guest.
In his big heart so many virtues blend
His arms are ever out to help a friend.
God made a man—so much his worth proclaims—
When He had finished up George Wharton James.

After the song Dr. James gave a characteristic address expressive of his joy at the appreciation shown him and his work. He strongly emphasized the thought that it had all been a work of love, hence had brought as much or more to himself than had been given to others. In choice words he glorified the Expositions of San Francisco and San Diego and thanked "Whatever Gods there are" for giving him the privilege of two years of such joyous work in connection with them. His address was full of pathos and tenderness at times, and again flashed out in his vivid and eloquent manner as some especial memory possessed him. His audience was in perfect sympathy with him and responded with breathless attention and hearty applause.

It should be noted that Dr. James was scheduled to give some personal reminiscences of noted English Authors, but as it was growing late and chilly he begged to be excused. The Chairman, Dr. Spalding, however, called for an expression from the audience, and as the response was unanimous that the address be given, the speaker resumed the platform and gave a most interesting and fascinating address upon his remembrances of George Eliot, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Ruskin, Carlyle, Beatrice Harraden and others.

In concluding his address Dr. James jokingly referred to the perfect attention that had been accorded him that afternoon. He had not had to rebuke anyone for whispering, or for thoughtless disturbance of others. He expressed gratitude that so many people had responded to his endeavors to procure a more careful hearing of concert, opera, sermon, or lecture, and urged upon his hearers a perpetual application of the principles he had sought to inculcate. If he had made enemies by his endeavors, they were made in a good cause, and he asked his friends "to love him the more for the enemies he had made."

A most delightful afternoon was brought to a close by Dr. H. J. Stewart's improvisation upon the massive open-air Spreckles organ, of a melody composed by Dr. James some years ago, which had become quite popular among the members of the Literature Class. Words had been composed for it by Alice Ward Bailey, in her novel, "The Sage Brush

Parson," in which many incidents in the life of Dr. James, while a Methodist minister in Nevada, were recorded. Mrs. Bailey's song is as follows:

THE TROUBADOUR

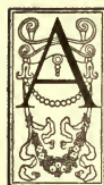
Along the shining way there came,
A Troubadour! A Troubadour!
As out of darkness shines a flame,
And in his hand no harp he bore,
He sang of joy in overflow,
He sang the pain mankind must know;
And they who listened to that voice,
With it did mourn, with it rejoice.

But more than this thou broughtest me,
O Troubadour! O Troubadour!
All that I thought and meant to be,
Like flooding wave returns once more.
I take the joy, I dare the pain,
Content to be myself again.
Sing on, Sing on, as God hath meant,
My Heart shall be thy instrument.

As many who had heard Dr. James during the year of his lectures had felt the power of his spoken words to move them to live "all that they thought and meant to be," it seemed to be singularly appropriate that this thought should be the one with which his distinguished and felicitous work at the Exposition should close.

CHAPTER VII

MR. WINSLOW'S BOOK ON THE EXPOSITION



S I have clearly expressed in former chapters San Diego had much to be proud of in her dainty, beautiful, and attractive Exposition. To produce this ensemble of delight, wonder and glory required many minds. The genius and work of a score or more were centered, for long months, upon its conception and realization. In order to understand aright and appreciate, even approximately, the full significance of the Exposition one must know something of the mind of its creators. In its architecture this has been made possible by the publication of a book, its appearance commensurate with the dignity of the subject, both in typography and illustration, entitled "*The Architecture and the Gardens of the San Diego Exposition*"; a pictorial survey of the Aesthetic features of the Panama-California International Exposition.

This book was written by Carleton Monroe Winslow, who did much of the architectural work of the Exposition, and the illustrations are from photographs made by the well-known artist of San Diego and Coronado, Harold A. Taylor. The introduction was written by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, of New York, the advisory and consulting architect of the Exposition, hence the work throughout bears the stamp of authority.

That the San Diego Exposition was entirely different from any other Exposition ever held, all that know are aware, but it remained for Mr. Goodhue to point out the *reason* for the difference. The vastness, enormousness of other Expositions grew out of their desire to gather together as many of the varied products of man's genius and skill as all the nations of the earth could supply. Hence, while the San Francisco Exposition was noble, large, beautiful and successful, it was, after all, "no more than the most recent of a great series of not very dissimilar things." Then Mr. Goodhue continues:

At San Diego the case was different. Though rapidly increasing in population, San Diego cannot yet be considered a great city. . . . Yet it did project and did carry out a smaller exhibition, not a World's Fair in the strictest sense of the term, but rather one that was cultural and regional. It endeavored to reflect the past of that great section of the country of which it forms the natural seaport, and to obtain insofar as this was possible, something of the effect of the old Spanish and Mission days and thus to link the spirit of the old seekers of the fabled Eldorado with that of the twentieth century.

In speaking of the charm and glamour of the country Mr. Goodhue thus eloquently expresses himself about San Diego:

Judged by all ordinary and extraordinary canons of beauty, the regions that may, because of their climate, foliage, color and form, be held to be the loveliest are but few in number—the Riviera, the Bays of Naples and Salerno, some of the Greek Islands, certain mountain valleys in India, the Vega of Granada, the parallel one of Shiraz—the list is almost exhausted now and the New World is not yet reached. Yet—except for the charm that comes from works of man softened by centuries of use, the glamour given by ages of history, the tender respect always commanded by things that are venerable—in Southern California may be found every attraction possessed by those cited—the tenderest of skies, the bluest of seas, mountains of perfect outline, the richest of sub-tropical foliage, the soft speech and unfailing courtesy of the half-Spanish, half-Indian peasantry—even much in the way of legendary that has wandered slowly northward in the wake of the *padres*.

Mr. Goodhue then clearly differentiates between what is permanent in the buildings and gardens of the Exposition and what is temporary—constructed with the definite idea of its removal as soon as it had served its purpose.

His Introduction is followed by a most able and comprehensive, though brief, essay on the Spanish Colonial style of architecture by Clarence S. Stein, after which Mr. Winslow takes up in detail the descriptions of both architecture and gardens. Aided by the fine photographs—some of which are reproduced in these pages by the courtesy of the artist and the publisher—one can gain a full idea of the beautiful thoughts called forth by the charm and history of the country and which eventuated in the dreams of beauty which entranced all who came to see them. Not a detail is missed, and those who sought in vain during the early days of the Exposition for an explanation of the figures, designs, and symbols used on the buildings, can here gain the full answer to all their questionings.

Indeed to those who find joy in the renewal of their sweet and perfect memories of a sweet and perfect Exposition, I regard this book as invaluable, hence this added chapter to call attention to it. It may be had from every bookseller in California, or direct from the publishers, Paul Elder & Co., of San Francisco, to whose genius in fine book making the volume owes its exquisite and artistic appearance.

INDEX

Titles to chapters are in SMALL CAPITALS.
Titles of writings or poems are in *italics*.

- Aber, Mrs. Marguerite C., 42
Aborigines, Literature of California, 47
Adams, H. Austin, 82
Allen, Mrs. A. B., 63
A Night Wi' Burns, 129
Anti-Whispering Society, 29
Architecture of Exposition, 15
Army Flier, The, 165
Asher, Robert H., 82
At Last I Know Life, 114
At One With Thee, 86
Audience, Annoying An, 27
AUTHOR'S DAYS, CALIFORNIA, 37, 41, 59-75
- Bailey, Mrs. A. W., 47
Bailhache, Adaline, 83, 199
Ballad of the Oregon, 152
Banquets, 20
Barteau, Daisy M., 86
Beach, Mrs. Amy M., 18, 63
Beachy, the Aeronaut, 20
Berryhill, Anna E., 90
Bierce, Ambrose, 40
Bigelow, L. Adda Nichols, 92
Bird Box Day, 18
Bird Day, 18
Blake, Dean, 65
Bond, Carrie Jacobs, 18
Bouquel, the Aviator, Joe, 20
- Bradley, Bessie Lytle, 95
Bride's Psalm of Joy, 192
Broderson, Mrs. Lola, 69
Brown, Helen Richardson, 93, 203
Browning, Robert, Lectures on, 53
Brooks, Fred Emerson, Day, 37, 40, 66, 205
Brubaker, Edith, 47
Bungalow, White, 40, 56
Bunker Hill Day, 18
Burns, A Night Wi', 129
Butterfly, The, 162
- Cabrillo Bridge*, 11, 14, 23
CALIFORNIA AUTHOR'S DAYS, 37, 41, 59-75
California Birthday Book, 43
California Building, 11, 13
California Lectures, 27, 36
CALIFORNIA LITERATURE CLASS, 25, 39, 25-58
California Literature Room, 42
Call to Arms, The, 87
Call of the Open Air, The, 187
Campbell, Ellen Hosmer, 97
Captain, Educated Horse, 16
Cheer Up, 106
Cheney, John Vance, Day, 37, 38, 40, 68

INDEX

- Childs, Miss, 73
 Choruses, 18
 Church, Virginia, 100
 City Librarian, 41
 Clark, Nettie Finley, 100
 Clough, E. H. (Yorick), 101,
 124, 145
 College Women's Club, 38, 39
Columbus, 65
 Connolly, James, 105
 Conroe, Grace Sherburne, 58
 Coolbrith, Ina, Day, 37, 38, 40, 63
 Coronado, Hotel del, 49, 129
Coronado Sketches, 191
Corral, The, 123
 Cox, Miss, 68
Creed, My, 106
Cristobal Cafe, 20
 Currier, Miss Julia, 68
- Dana, 40
Dan, My Operator, 17
 Darling, Ernest, 16
Day is a Loom, O, The, 157
Day is Coming, The, 157
 Davidson, President G. A., 204
 Dean, Jessie F., 200
- Eastern Entrance, 12
 Edwards, George, 61
Elegy of Old Town, An, 179
 Eldridge, Edward F., 106
 Ellis, Madame, 16
 Ely, Samuel London, 112
 Escondido Grapes, 45
Evening in California, 174
*Evening, Panama-California
 Exposition*, 182
Exposition, Beautiful, 173
- Fagin, Mrs. Maude Ervay, 39,
 114
Fancy's Garden, 169
 Farnham, Mrs. Alice, 61
 Fine Arts Building, 11, 13
 Flowers, 12
Flume Walker, The, 121
Fog Horn, The, 95
*Fog That Comes In at Night,
 The*, 191
 Ford, Alexander Hume, 16
 Foreign Industries Building, 11,
 13
 Franklin, Caroline Remondino
 IX., 116
 Fraser, Mrs. Grace H., 38
 French, Frank Arthur, 121
 Fromm, Mr. and Mrs., 17
 Fruit Soup, 46
*Fullfilment, A Bride's Psalm of
 Joy*, 192
 Fullam, Admiral, 49
 Fuller, George, Judge, 123
- Gage, Lyman J., 50, 51
 Gage, James R., 129
 Gardens, Exposition, 13
Girls of San Diego, The, 91
 Gee, Miss, 16
 Getz, Tom, 16
 Gilbert, Miss, 7
 Globe Mills, 44
 Goodhue, Bertram Grosvenor,
 15, 208
 Grant's Crackers, 46
Green Fairy, The, 163
 Guignon, Henri, 13, 17
 Gwynne, Bertha Lowry, 134, 203
Gypsy Heart, The, 156

- Hardy, Minnie Johnson, 135, 197
Hardy's, 44
Hart, Mr., 61
Harte, Bret, Day, 37, 38, 40, 60
Hawaiian Day, 18
Heliotrope Hedge, 13
Heller's, 44
Helping Hand, 49
Heracles, The Vision of, 158
Hernan, John J., 49, 68
Herrman, Miss Jennie, 70
Hollingsworth, Frederick, 137
Homeless Jimmie, 142
Homesteader, The, 160
Hotel del Coronado, 129
House Blessing Ceremony, 56
House Delightful, The, 56
Horton, Mrs. A. E., 38
Howard, Mrs. Katherine, 38, 49,
 199
Huggins, Eli Lundy, 139
Hume, Leigh A., 42, 44
Humming Bird, To the, 105
Huntington, Collis P., 41
Hyde, Elizabeth Howard, 141,
 197

In After Years, 194
Indian Villages, 11
Introductory, VII
Isthmus, 11, 16
I Would That Men Were Free,
 189

James, George Wharton, Birth-
 day of, 43
Day, 37, 39, 75, 195-207
Dinner, 43
Lectures on Browning, 53
Lectures on Tagore, 51
 Letter to, 55
Song, 205

Jennings, Miss Marion, 64
Johnson, Stiles, 144
Just You, 117

Kaufmann, Adelheide, Miss, 196
Kaufmann, Mrs. J., 42, 68
Kendall, Mrs. Edgar J., 38
Kinne, Orlando W., 145
Knapp, W. Buell, 149

Lament, A, 144
Lark Ellen's Voice, 141
Laurel Leaf, A, 145
Lectures on California Litera-
 ture, 25, 36
Leopold, Madge, 150
Library, San Diego Public, 38, 39
Lily Pond at Exposition, 12
Line Upon Line, 171
Literature, California, 36
LITERATURE OF SAN DIEGO, 76-79
Little White Bungalow, 58
London, Jack, Day, 37, 39, 40, 69
Lonely Wolf, The, 139
Loose Him and Let Him Go, 188
Los Angeles, 129
Love's Bouquet, 196
Love's Questioning, 186
Lowenstein, Miss E., 61

MacDermid, Mrs. S., 73
MacDonald, Miss Celia, 196
Maloy, Walter, 26, 46
Markham, Edwin, Day, 37, 38,
 40, 61, 204
Man and the Desert, A, 151
Man With the Hoe, 40

- Materialist, The*, 93
 Mayer, Pearl La Force, 151
 McCrackin, Josephine C., Day,
 37, 40, 70
Meadow Lark, Meadow Lark,
 164
Memory of Myron Reed, In, 147
 MEMORIES OF SAN DIEGO EXPOSI-
 TION, 11-24
 Mikel, Rossiter, 17
Miller, Joaquin, 150
 Miller, Joaquin, Day, 18, 37, 38,
 40, 64
 Miller, Mrs. E. D., 38, 39
 Miller, Juanita, 40, 65, 196
 Mills, Ellen Morrill, 152
 Minty, Mrs., 64
 Missions, Panorama of, 16
Mocking-bird, The Anxious, 176
Moonlight on the Pacific, 175
Mt. Shasta, 92
My Creed, 106
My Faither's Hame, 101
My Ideal, 149
My Loves, 84
My Mother, 138

Native Bird Towhee, 170
 New Mexico Building, 11, 14
Night on the Beach, A, 192

 Olive Day, 18
Only Pebble on the Beach, The,
 97
*On the Highway to the City of
 Silence*, 101
Opportunity, 146
Oregon, The Ballad of the, 152
 Organ Pavilion, 11, 18
 Osborn, G. W., 198

O, the Day is a Loom, 157
Our Orchards Laugh, 176
 Outcalt, Mrs. Adele M., 39
 Outcalt, Irving E., 156
Overland Pony Express, The, 107

 Painted Desert, 11, 16
 Palmer, Mrs. Ella L., 205
*Panama-California Exposition,
 Evening*, 182
 Panama Canal, 16
 Panorama of Missions, 16
Passport, The, 155
 Payson, Mahdah, 159
 Peace Day, 18
 Penfold, H. J., 17
 Penman, Satella Jaques, 160
 Pigeons, 21
Plaint of the Ships, The, 154
 Plaza de Panama, 18
 Pledge, Anti-Whispering Society,
 34
 Poetry Society, 38
Pony Express, The Overland, 107
 Post, Denver, 34
 Press Club, San Diego Women's,
 39
 Price, Mrs. Alice Barnett, 61

 Reed, Loren, 65
 Richards, Miss Helene, 61
 Ridgeway Tea Company, 39, 44
 Rose Garden, 13, 17

San Diego, 128, 137
San Diego and the Exposition,
 135
 San Diego Authors' Day, 37, 74
 San Diego Club, 38, 39
 SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION LITERA-
 TURE CLASS, 25-58

- SAN DIEGO, LITERATURE OF, 76-79
San Diego Mystery, 82
San Diego Wednesday Club, 38,
 39
San Diego Women's Press Club,
 39
San Diego Writers' Club, 39
SAN DIEGO WRITERS AND THEIR
 WORK, 80-194
San Joaquin Valley Building, 11,
 13, 26, 46
Schumann-Heink, 18
Scott, Carroll de Wilton, 162
Serra, Junipero, Day, 18
Shasta, Mt., 92
Showley Bros., 44
Shrubbery at Exposition, 12
Siegenfelder, Miss, 63
Singing Garden, My, 160
Sisters, 178
Skinner to His Mules, The, 159
Smith, Amy Sebree, 164
Smith, Art, 20
Sokul, Deva Ram, 16, 39, 49
Some Merry Little Men, 184
Song of the Desert, 151
Sonnet, Legend of a, 124
Spalding, Rev. Charles E., 39
Spanish Singers, 19
Spreckles' Organ, 17
Springtime on the Somme, 122
Spirit of the Desert, 112
Stadium, 12
Stahel, Louisa Remondino, 168,
 201
Stanford, Ida Ghent, 56, 171, 197
Stanford, Leland Ghent, 172
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 40
Sterling, George, Day, 37, 38, 40,
 64
Stewart, Dr. H. J., 17, 63, 65,
 205, 206
Storm King, The, 161
Sunset on the Sea, 96
Swede, The Big, 21
Tagore, Sir Rabindranath, 49
Tagore, Lectures by, 52
Tagore, Lectures on, 50
Tail of Trusty Jake, 134
Tainter, Lila Munroe, 38, 178
Take the Bitter With the Sweet,
 149
Taylor, George Whiteley, 179
Taylor, Harold A., 208
Thomson, Estelle, 176
Thorpe, Rose Hartwick, Day, 37,
 39, 41, 72, 203
Thy Love, 182
Tie, The, 94
Tingley, Madame Katherine, 51
To a Fair San Diegan, 140
Tommasino's Band, 17, 21
Towhee, Native Bird, 170
Trailed, 166
Transformation, 96
Trees, 14
Troubadour, The, 47
Troyer, Carlos, 65
Twain, Mark, Day, 37, 59
Tyler, Bertha Bliss, 42, 45, 55,
 75, 181, 195
Tyler, John G., 17, 46
Unwelcome Dove of Peace, 141
Vincent, Mrs. Amy, 64
Vision of Heracles, The, 158
Walks About Exposition, 14

INDEX

- Way, Miss Emma F., 39
Webley, Dr. Frederick D., 201
Webster, Elsie Jewett, 185, 196
Wednesday Club, 38, 39
Wee Bit Lassie, 100
What Constitutes Ginger Cordial, 182
When Mary Looks at Me, 181
Where God Walks, 115
Whispering, Anti-Society, 29
White Bungalow, 42, 56
White Bungalow, Little, 58
White Covered Wagon, The, 92
White Magic, 168
White, Mrs. Charles P., 61
Who Shall Separate Us? 84
Widener, Miss Ethel, 69
Wilkinson, Marguerite, 191
Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. C. L., 16,
 37
Winslow, Carleton Monroe, 15
WINSLOW'S BOOK ON THE EXPOSITION, 208-210
Wireless Builder, The, 121
Wolf's Appeal to D. Campbell, The, 131
Wolf, The Lonely, 139
Would That Men Were Free, I,
 189
Would We Were Birds, 169
Wright, Harold Bell, Day, 37,
 40, 64, 71
Yates, Mrs. Maribel, 39, 194
Yaw, Ellen Beach, 18, 141
Yorick, 101, 124, 145

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