

The
CELELA

of Los Angeles

Orpha Kitchner



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CLOSE TO THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES



MRS. ALBERT H. PURDUE.....*Editor and Manager*
 EVELYN BENOIST.....*Advertising Manager*

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The Traveler

WHEN a train passes by, when we see an automobile filled with a party of happy tourists, when an aeroplane wings its way overhead, when we watch a ship set out to sea, often there comes to us the wish that we were going too. We may have just returned from a trip or we may be planning one, but the thought of immediate movement makes an appeal to us. Also the innate desire for change and the instinctive turning away from monotony help to explain our longing.

Many members of Ebell know every part of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the pine woods of Maine to the orange groves of California, from the giant redwoods of the Northwest to the sweet magnolia blooms of the far South. Some have had trips around the world, some have lingered in the centers of culture in Europe and still others have sought unusual places far from the beaten path. However, we can not all go to distant lands and with many of us a trip to some point of interest in our own country is an event.

In early youth tales of adventure on land and sea caught our fancy, we made excursions into fairyland, we took a delight in hearing stories of the way the children of other countries live. In olden days before printing was invented, when information was obtained by the ear rather than by the eye, the minstrel was a welcome guest at any fireside or in the great hall of any castle. He would sing his songs of those who wandered over the earth and his listeners would never grow weary.

There have always been persons possessed of a strong spirit of daring. As explorers they have penetrated to every part of the world, intent upon geographical and scientific discoveries. As pioneers they have paved the way for those who were to follow and have made possible the many achievements of our civilization. As religious enthusiasts they have banded themselves together to visit some sacred spot and in the Crusades, which might be called glorified pilgrimages, they have attempted to win possession of the Holy Land by force of arms. As missionaries they have carried the banner of the Prince of Peace to foreign countries. As motion picture actors they have gone on perilous journeys in order that they might bring back to us scenes which stir the imagination or depict exotic beauty.

In this, the Travel Number of EBELL MAGAZINE, you will find articles contributed by our own members and by our friends, telling of places or incidents that stand out in their memories. Because they have been written especially for us, they have almost the intimacy of a personal conversation. It took time and effort to prepare these descriptions for us. Why not show our appreciation by making at least one of them a starting point for future investigation? In this way we may enrich our minds by storing them with knowledge and we may help to lift ourselves above the petty things of life. If we are seeking information along a certain line, it is at times almost startling to be able to secure

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lovely bits for our collection when we are least expecting them, for they have a way of leaping right out to us when we may be only casually glancing at some periodical or listening to some lecturer whose general topic would not lead us to expect just the thoughts that we receive. We might have passed them by unnoticed, if we had not already prepared a place for them by previous study.

In our library may be found many books on travel, in various rooms of the club house there are furnishings, including pictures, hangings, rugs and vases, that have been brought from foreign lands. If we would study these, we might have a better understanding of the striving after beauty by people of whom we know but little. Some of our advertisers, too, deal in imported wares. Why should we not familiarize ourselves with what they offer for our consideration?

Tuckerman has said: "To be a good traveler argues one no ordinary philosopher. A sweet landscape must sometimes atone for an indifferent supper, and an interesting ruin charm away the remembrance of a hard bed." Most of us are willing to risk the "indifferent supper" and the "hard bed" when there comes an opportunity for travel, but we may find some consolation in the thought that these need not be our portion when circumstances are such that we must do our traveling without traveling.

—THE EDITOR.

*The man who, with undaunted toils
 Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
 With various wonders feasts his sight:
 What stranger wonders does he write!
 We read, and in description view
 Creatures which Adam never knew:
 For, when we risk no contradiction,
 It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.*

—GAY: *Fables.*



THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Left to right, first row: Mrs. Jess E. Wilson, Mrs. James Andrew Rogers, Mrs. Charles S. Crail, Mrs. Frank Karr, Mrs. William Milton Kinney, Mrs. Julian Ellsworth Gamsey.
Second row: Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, Mrs. Robert L. Burns, Mrs. Albert H. Pardue, Mrs. Charles D. Burt, Mrs. Harry Leigh Bentley.
Third row: Mrs. W. L. McCord, Mrs. William Read, Mrs. Newton Everett Cramer, Mrs. Harry A. Ford, Mrs. William R. Wherry.

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EBELL

Vol. III

SEPTEMBER, 1930

No. 12

President's Page

Our Dining Room

MANY REQUESTS from club members have come from time to time that daily luncheons and a weekly night dinner be served at the club house. Circumstances have never made it possible that such service could be given. One of the objectives of the Executive Committee during these summer months has been the fulfillment of these requests. The club members will be interested in learning the results of our efforts.

We have secured the services of the Polly Patio Tea Shop, a firm consisting of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Anderson and Mr. C. A. Christensen, who have been carrying on a successful business at 3033 West Seventh Street, serving excellent meals at reasonable prices. Mrs. Anderson is a graduate of the Soro City Housekeeping School of Domestic Science in Denmark and was a teacher of Domestic Science in Gary, Indiana. She was with the Elizabeth Ann Tea Room in the New York Store and has had charge of similar enterprises in other cities before coming to Los Angeles. The present firm conducted the Yucca Tea Room in Hollywood until their increasing patronage required larger rooms, when they moved to their present location about a year ago. Under the direction of this firm of successful caterers we feel sure that the cuisine of our club will be conducted in an efficient and profitable manner. This added service for the convenience of our members and their guests will greatly increase the usefulness of our club and the benefits derived from club life.

Commencing on Monday, October sixth, luncheon will be served on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from twelve to one o'clock. Dinner will be served Thursday evenings from six to seven-thirty and this will be known as Family Night, when the whole family may come to the club to enjoy its beautiful surroundings, with its atmosphere of culture, and become better acquainted with other club families.

The Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday luncheons will be served for fifty cents, and no reservations will be necessary for these days. However, tables may be reserved for certain groups or departments as desired. The Applied Design Department has requested a table and

there will be tables reserved where conversational French and Spanish may be indulged in. It is planned to have books of ten tickets for the convenience of the members, in order to eliminate the delay occasioned by having to purchase single tickets each day when needed.

Tickets should be bought in advance for the Wednesday luncheons when special speakers will appear. The luncheons will be more elaborate and the charge will be seventy-five cents. Tickets should be bought in advance also for the Thursday night dinners, in order to insure efficient service, but an effort will be made both at the Wednesday luncheons and at the Thursday dinners to take care of those who have no reservations. The charge for the Thursday night dinners will be one dollar.

Our third vice-president, Mrs. Newton Everett Cramer, has provided additional committees to take care of these new features, with hostesses to assist in carrying on the hospitable spirit in which Ebells takes so much pride.

In addition to these regular luncheons and dinners, private parties given by individual members of the club may be held in the regular dining room or in the smaller dining rooms. Special menus at reasonable prices may be ordered. Mrs. William J. Wilson, who is social chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, has already booked several parties for the fall months.

Our club house affords a beautiful setting for social gatherings and many members have expressed a desire to take advantage of its possibilities by entertaining their families and guests in an atmosphere so pleasing. We shall all enjoy bringing a guest or two to luncheon or dinner, for we are proud of our club and our fellow club members. In addition to having a happy time and an appetizing meal we are helping to fill the coffers of the club. Every meal served in the club house adds its share to the fulfillment of the club's program of philanthropic and educational endeavors.

The Executive Committee believes that the members of Ebells will enjoy these added features in our club life and that through them we may all give increasing service to our club.

—MRS. CHARLES S. CRAIL.

The EBELL of LOS ANGELES

4400 WILSHIRE BLVD.
OREGON 4104

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The Story That Transformed the World

MRS. GEORGE HARRIS COOK

FRIDAY EVENING.—All is quiet in this lovely little village of Oberammergau, nestled in the green valley of the Ammer in the very shadow of the snow-capped Bavarian Alps. We planned our arrival twenty-four hours ahead of schedule time that we might have a "close-up" of this famous mountain town and its people, and get, if possible, something of a background of the play which they are re-enacting, thus renewing for another generation the pledges made by their ancestors of centuries ago.

I wish that I might give you a picture of this adorable toy-like collection of homes called Oberammergau! The houses are more Swiss than German in architecture, all white with brilliant pictures frescoed on the front. They are usually of some religious significance, but sometimes they have been taken from some fairy story. One house has the entire *Hansel and Gretel* story pictured on its outside. They are set down at all angles and corners; the streets are winding and irregular, making it seem a perfect maze.

The people, too, look as if they might have stepped out of some old fable, the men and boys especially picturesque with their long hair and their Tyrolese mountain costumes. They are all busy today about the preparations for the play on Sunday, or getting ready for the great horde of visitors arriving tomorrow, for half of the villagers are in the play and the other half are ministering in some way to their guests. The hotels are entirely inadequate to accommodate the crowds that come, so every householder must take one or two into his home.

We are fortunate to have secured reservations many months ago, in the home of Alois Lang, the new "Christus." Frau Lang is a dear, motherly soul and the proudest wife I have ever known, for to them, to be chosen to present the principal role in their play, is the greatest honor that can come. All the mothers of these little blond children playing about the streets are secretly dreaming that some day their boy may be, not as is the case with the mothers in one country I know, a future President, but a future Christ of the Play. The parts are all chosen, from the highest to the lowest, by popular vote a year before the presentation of the play. Our host, Herr Lang, is a sculptor and wood carver, and he is busy today in his shop in the garden, while Frau Lang mingles among their guests and looks after the many details of their large home.

Time has silvered the patriarchal beard of Anton Lang, who for three decades played the leading role, and now he is demoted to the part of the Prologue reader. The characters are drawn from all walks of life and there is a law that no one, not a native of Oberammergau, may have even the smallest part in the play. These people seem never too busy for a friendly word or smile, or a kindly act. It is a homely, unspoiled life, and that they do remain unspoiled by this flood of people from the outside world that submerges them week after week throughout the play year, is a miracle.

Every one is so familiar with the story of the origin of the play that it is scarcely worth while repeating that in the early part of the sixteenth century all Bavaria was devastated by a dreadful pestilence and half the inhabitants of Oberammergau were laid low; and that those remaining met and vowed that if deliverance came, every ten years so long as time lasts, they would perform the Passion Play. From that hour, so says the story, the plague was stayed. And so it was that the Play became a fixed institution and has been given with only a few interruptions every decade since. It seems impossible to find out who wrote the original text. It has, I suppose, developed and unfolded through the centuries until it has reached the present height of perfection, in a faithful dramatic rendering of the Gospel story.

Saturday evening.—Within a few hours our quiet little town of yesterday has grown into a noisy, rushing place. At noon the crowds began to come from every corner of the earth. They arrived on auto-busses, railroad trains, motor cars, big and little, carriages, bicycles and on foot! It is a mystery how this town can expand to hold them all, and where they all sleep. Every

one is buying post cards, pictures and carved wooden figures and all are looking forward eagerly to tomorrow.

Sunday evening.—This morning came, bright and sunny, and at seven-thirty we joined the stream of pilgrims filing down the shady streets to the theatre. At eight every seat in the great auditorium was filled, and promptly the music began. The theatre, seating well over five thousand, was rebuilt this year. The outside is barn-like and ungainly, the interior comfortable and the acoustics perfect. The audience sits under a great arched roof, open at the stage end, and the large stage, the proscenium, where most of the action of the play takes place, has only the blue sky for a covering and the hills for a background. On either side of the covered center stage (used for the tableaux and indoor scenes) there are vistas through arched streets, all representing a street scene in Jerusalem. It is so cleverly arranged that only once through those long eight hours was the stage without sunlight, and then (Did it happen, I wondered, or was it artistry?) during the dark Gethsemane hour the stage was all in shadow.

The music was written by a native of Oberammergau, Rohus Dedler, in 1811. It was rearranged many times, but lately brought back almost to its original state. The score is simple, of course, to fit the play. It has its critics, and no doubt there are times, particularly in the solo parts, when it would not pass muster on the Metropolitan Opera stage, yet there are truly some sublime parts. To one listening, at least, it was altogether inspiring and satisfying.

The play is given in sixteen acts and twenty-five tableaux. The prologue opens with

*"Pray with us now, pray, for again the hour has come
Wherein we pay the sacred debt
We vowed long since to yield our God."*

The first scene was Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when there were several hundred men, women and children on the stage, all carrying palm branches and singing,—a beautiful effect. Act fifth depicted the leavetaking at Bethany, where the Gallilean bade his sorrowing mother good-bye, the most poignantly sad episode of the play. John, the faithful, was there, so beautifully acted; also Mary Magdalene and Lazarus. I doubt if there were a dry eye in all that audience.

Then there was the tableau foreshadowing the "Last Supper," a marvelous display of skill in grouping hundreds of people in a small space, all so motionless that they looked like a group in colored marble. The "Last Supper" was perhaps the most impressive act of all. The arrangement around the table was copied from the Leonardo da Vinci fresco in Milan, which we were fortunate to have seen only last week. It was in this act where Herr Lang best showed his fitness for the part he portrays. He is tall, a princely man, with an undeniable personal force, but with all that he brought to the part a tender, spiritual feeling, and with his commanding presence he seemed a medieval canvas brought to life, to meet the old play's needs.

Then came the betrayal of Judas. This character requires more dramatic action than any other of the play and was well done, up to his hanging himself on a tree when his remorse became greater than he could bear. The High Priest, Caiaphas, was one of the strong parts and his robes were gorgeous beyond description. The costumes of all the players were perfect, rich beyond anything one could expect, when it was known that they were all made by the villagers. There was not a sign of tawdriness or of over-dressing. Surely they were directed by a master hand!

The act where the Priests turned that adoring, friendly crowd into a mob was a truly oriental, colorful scene. . . . The march to Calvary, the crucifixion . . . and, finally the ascension—too beautiful to attempt to describe. . . . Then a grand hallelujah chorus, the singers seemingly as fresh as if they had not been on and off the stage twenty times—and "the story that transformed the world" was ended.

The Civil Service Commission

MRS. ILOT JOHNSON

THE ESTABLISHMENT of citizen board to manage and control the various departments of a city government is an idealistic condition of civic affairs. It is the work of such a group of five intelligent, interested citizens to establish policies, supervising, controlling, regulating, and managing each department to the best interests of the voters of the municipality. These Commissioners are appointed by the Mayor subject to the approval of the City Council. In the City of Los Angeles there are sixteen such commissions working for the best interests of the City.

Abraham Lincoln was directly opposed to the Spoils System. He expressed himself as believing that such conditions would



MRS. ILOT JOHNSON
Member of the Civil Service Commission
of the City of Los Angeles

eventually be most serious to the nation's welfare. But in 1883 Civil Service was adopted by the United States Government. Originally it was a negative movement to combat the system that turned out employees with every change of administration. Now, Civil Service is a positive movement particularly interested in applying modern accepted methods to the problem of recruiting personnel for government positions. The City of Los Angeles adopted this new system in 1903 and Los Angeles County in 1913. In Los Angeles alone there are about 14,000 employed in the City Civil Service; about 12,400 in the county; about 8500 in the state; and more than a half million in the federal government.

The applicants must satisfactorily pass written and oral examinations before their names are placed upon the eligible lists. This is not the only work done by the department. Before the lists can be compiled, many plans must be made. All employment must be classified and compensation for such employment agreed upon. Classification means the grouping of positions sufficiently alike in duties and responsibilities to merit the same working conditions and the same compensation.

In the department, there are approximately 8000 names on about 500 eligible lists, which means that there are 8000 persons available for work in the various departments when vacancies occur. When in any department a civil service position is open, the head of the department makes requisition to the Civil Service

Department and the three names standing highest on the eligible list for that classification, that is, the three who have received the highest marks in their examinations, written and oral, are certified for the position. The department head may make his choice from the three, for the system recognizes the fact that compatibility is a necessary factor for efficiency. The two names not used remain on the eligible lists to be used when another vacancy occurs. About every two years an examination is called and a new list established. The department checks bimonthly the payroll to insure that each person is doing the work to which he was certified.

In the last fiscal year, the Civil Service Department of Los Angeles held 199 examinations for 13,838 applicants. When times are good, efficient employees leave the city service to work for private companies, which necessitates an increasing number of tests held. When times are poor, as at present, not so many tests are held, but the number of candidates examined for each test increases greatly. In the past year, two examinations were held for each of which more than 2000 candidates filed. For several tests as many as 500 persons filed. There were tests for positions varying from office boy to that of a technical engineer with a salary of \$12,000 a year.

But not all persons employed by the City are under civil service for the charter adopted in 1925 provides for certain exemptions, such as Superintendent of Schools, City Engineer, City Prosecutor, et cetera. In the employ of the department as examiners, there are engineers, mechanics, criminologists, attorneys, musicians, playground and social service workers. Added to these are department heads and many clerks to make up a personnel of 47 employees.

Everything that has to do with the employment of workers for



MRS. A. J. LAWTON
Member of the Civil Service Commission
of the City of Los Angeles

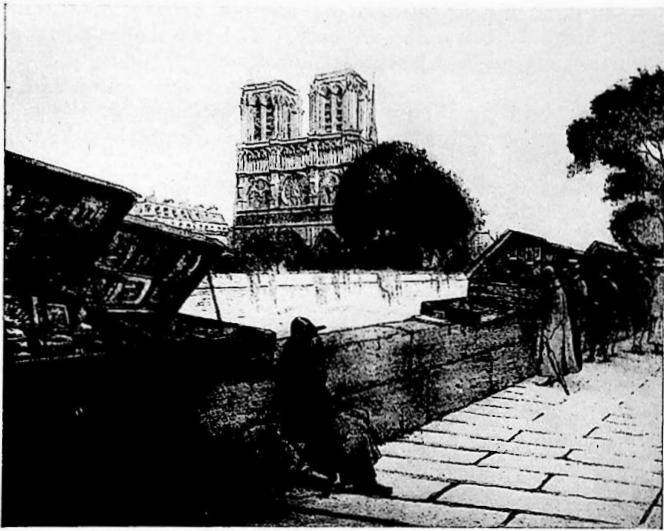
the City, hiring, leaves of absence, termination of service whether by discharge, lay-off or resignation comes before the Commission. All these records are kept in the department, together with job specifications for all classifications. The annual budget of the department exceeds \$100,000.

There is still another side of the work that has a very human element, a side that is vital to the employee, the investigating of

(Continued on Page Nine)

The Left Bank

MRS. SAMUEL CARY DUNLAP



sur les quais en face Notre Dame

By Victor Valery

TRUE IT IS, as the American humorist has said, one's first visit to Paris is "like being in a picture post card album." So many times had we seen photographs of the booksellers on the Left Bank of the Seine, that no other location even interested us; but our little French hotel of only twenty-three rooms far excelled anything we had anticipated. Situated not far from the Chamber of Deputies and opposite the Louvre, it has been there since the days of Richelieu and showed it: quaint old locks with large keys, no elevator, few of the modern conveniences and those out of place. Sometimes the bath was in a curtained recess off the sitting room of one's suite. We Americans called it the French way and laughed, not remaining there long enough to mind the discomfort.

Madame, the manager, was a lady of charm. Soon after she had picked over the flowers discarded by her opulent American guests, we saw her driving away in her own limousine with liveried chauffeur! Her one small son was seldom seen at the hotel, he being in charge of a governess. Her husband, the chef, sometimes appeared in high white cap and kitchen apron, to glance at the accounts. He was the best cook in Paris, for not even at Foyot's or Fouquet's were our little dinners excelled. Even the murky *café au lait* grew in favor when served with delicious rolls at breakfast or with *crepes suzettes* at luncheon.

The small lobby, uneven as to floor, was a bower of loveliness. Flowers were everywhere and books, many of which were American novels, were crowded into shelves too full already. There was little space, but you felt the warmth and friendliness. If you were out late, that is, later than ten o'clock, you rang a bell and the cheerful concierge let you in. He it was who fastened your wooden shutters at night to keep out noise, burglars, and air, for only a few slits at the top were available for ventilation. You met him again with breakfast tray or turning down the beds at the twilight hour. Bearded chambermaids and girl porters reverse our American scheme of things.

The dinner hour was so late, we often strolled along the Seine and watched the booksellers close up for the day, padlocking their boxes of books; saw lovely Notre Dame reflected in the river; watched the changing sky as darkness lowered. Other days we spent the hour at the Louvre, reveling in a close-up of other familiar post cards of the album.

Many of our friends preferred the more sophisticated hotels, with all modern equipment; but for me, even now I sometimes grow homesick for that charming French room where the wall paper and the chintz hangings were of the same design, so gay, so cheerful, so inviting.

Our Beautiful Northland

MRS. JESS E. WILSON

AS CALIFORNIANS we should feel a close bond to Alaska, for the California days of '49 and the Klondike rush of '98 have much in common. As California is indebted to those pioneers of gold rush days, so in Alaska many of her prominent men of today are of that "Arctic brotherhood, the old time pioneer," who mused in during the gold rush, "Boring the rock to the ore bed, driving the road thru the fen, Resolute, still, uncomplaining, a man in a world of men."

This determination, with a firm belief in Alaska, or "big country," has held them, and they love it. One storekeeper, in a small town in Alaska, said that she spent one winter in Los Angeles with her daughter and was so lonesome she had to go back to Alaska, and she never expects to leave again. She has felt that call which the Englishman, Robert Service, speaks of when he says,

"While the trout leaps in the river and the blue grouse thrills the cover,

And the frozen snow betrays the panther's track,

And the robin greets the dayspring with the rapture of a lover, I am happy, and I'll never more go back.

For I know I'd just be longing for the little old log cabin,

With the morning glory clinging to the door,

Till I loathed the city places, cursed the care on all the faces,

Turned my back on lazarus (flaming) London evermore."

We started from the Canadian city of Vancouver on our Alaskan trip. As it is fitting, all Alaskan steamers sail at night, and the ship slides out from the wharf just as the sunset hues mingle with the mists in a splendid coloring, touching the snow-capped peaks with a warm pink glow. As the bell rings, and the



REFLECTIONS, ATLIN LAKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

"Framing Its Image in Her Trembling Heart."

propeller churns, we are embarked on the famous thousand mile inland passage to the Northland. It was after nine o'clock before twilight faded away and we lingered on deck watching the dark forest shores, with an occasional light coming out from some fisherman's cottage. We had four days of floating through great lakes, winding in and out along wooded mountain sides, traveling past fiords like west Norway, in channels sometimes as narrow as the Hudson and again as wide as the Great Lakes.

For a short time we were on the open sea, crossing Queen Charlotte Sound. Here whales were sighted close to the steamer. Now and then a school of porpoises was seen and yellow spots showed jelly fish, but save an occasional steamer these were the only signs of life.

Our first important stop was Ketchikan, 700 miles north of Seattle, and the town nearest to the Alaskan boundary. We were

impressed with the activity there. The store windows were filled with up-to-date electrical appliances and the markets had fresh meat and vegetables. The town had electric lights and telephones, and a daily newspaper which gave us our first news from the outside. A roaring mountain stream flowed through the center of the town; at certain times of the year it is pink with salmon, for this is the great shipping point for Alaska salmon.

The historic town of Wrangell, named after Baron Wrangell, an early governor during Russia's occupation of Alaska, was our next interesting stop. In the 70's this was the outfitting point for 30,000 miners who stampeded up the Stikene river to the Cassiar gold diggings. During the Klondike rush in '98 the town was again revived. An interesting place we visited was the old blockhouse. Ft. Wrangell has many demonlike totem poles, those "ghosts of the past." Some of the cabins had two out in front of them, family trees representing both lines of descent.

As we sailed out through the treacherous Wrangell Narrows we entered Taku Inlet. Forty-five glaciers may be seen in this region. Alaskan glaciers far excel in size those of Switzerland. Taku is a mile wide and vivid blue in color, a live glacier moving about ten feet a day, discharging icebergs as large as skyscrapers.

After leaving Taku we stopped at Juneau, the capital and largest city. It was one o'clock at night, but most of the town was at the wharf, as it is "always daytime in Alaska when a steamer whistles." The excellent harbor causes all Alaska boats to stop there, so it must keep the people pretty busy.

We were interested in learning that the graduates from Juneau schools receive certificates which admit them to the University of California. Horace Mann said, "School houses are the republican line of fortifications," and Alaska is protected with good schools everywhere. Each town has a live woman's club which takes an active part in civic affairs and a Parent-Teacher Association. Also Boy Scout troops are found in these towns.

The end of the Inland Passage is Skagway, or "home of the north wind," as the Indians called it. This is the most romantic of Alaska towns, for the spirit of '98 clings to it. From a wild city of that time, with its thousands of people, it has passed to a law-abiding village of five hundred. Many stores and houses stand deserted, so it can truly be said, the "ghost walks" here.

It is called the Flower City of Alaska and it well deserves the name, for here are dahlias as big as a dinner plate, poppies as large as a tea plate, and pansies the size of a saucer. John Burroughs spent years in perfecting the daisy to a three-inch size. A Skagway woman sent for his seed, and had not one in her bed so small as three inches. So she wrote Mr. Burroughs of her success and he replied: "What could I have done, if I had lived in Skagway!"

The White Pass railroad took us up to White Horse on the Yukon. This road cost \$100,000 a mile to build, so steep is the way. Down below us could be seen the trail of '98 where 33,000 men and women traveled, and Dead Horse Canyon where thousands of horses died on the trail. But all is changed now. Wild flowers are growing around the deserted cabins, and some of the towns flourishing then, have now disappeared.

At the top of the Pass the flags of the United States and of Canada mark the boundary between Alaska and Yukon Territory, and here is the source of the Yukon which flows two thousand miles and empties into Behring Sea.

By chains of mountain lakes we went up into the Atlin Country, where the scenery was grander and the people more primitive than at any other place visited. Lake Atlin, a ninety-mile long body of water in the extreme northern part of British Columbia, is compared favorably by travelers to Lake Geneva and Switzerland. The lake is so blue and clear that on its surface it mirrors this mountain scenery, giving a wonderful coloring. At the end of Lake Atlin is beautiful Llewellyn glacier, another arm of Taku.

More than one-half of Alaska is unknown to the white man. But the day of the opening to a new population seems near with the aeroplane's coming as a means of transportation; one can fly from Alaska to Siberia in fifteen minutes and from Alaska to the north pole between breakfast and dinner time. So we might say Alaska unites us to British America and ties us to Europe and Asia.

If you have been there you wish to go again; it is hard to describe the charm of her scenery and call of the wild. But the lure to return is best expressed by Robert Service in his "Spell of the Yukon:"

*"There's a land where the mountains are nameless
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons,
There are valleys unpeopled and still,
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons
And I want to go back—and I will."*

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A Day in Bangkok

MRS. P. O. SUNDIN



A SIAMESE PAGODA IN BANGKOK

WHEN THE R. M. S. Franconia dropped anchor in the Gulf of Siam, in the early morning of March 15, 1930, not a tuft of white flecked the blue of the tropical sky. The sea looked calm and harmless, yet it was necessary that we passengers transfer to the small steamer Dusit for the two-hour ride up the river Menam to Paknam, for no steamer drawing more than six feet of water can approach within twenty-five miles of the shore, as the river bed is submerged and the shifting silt causes even small craft to land with difficulty unless careful attention is paid to the tides.

From Paknam to Bangkok we had a special train formed of many small cars, no two alike. They looked like miniature open-air street cars and were drawn by a queer little engine that wheezed and puffed its way to the capital of an absolute monarchy. The natives' hospitality, however, was not in keeping with its means of transportation, as refreshments of sandwiches and tropical fruits were offered several times during the thirty-minute run.

Upon arrival, we entered luxurious motor cars for first impressions of Bangkok and found it a city of contrasts. As we motored over broad macadamized roads, our route lay along the banks of canals which run throughout the city. These are bordered by primitive homes of thatch, elevated on poles and set amidst rice fields or nestled in luxuriant foliage.

The people are Chinese in appearance, as the Siamese are a mixed race of Malay and Chinese. Both men and women were dressed in gay *sarongs* (pieces of cloth, which they wrap about the body). They were busy at the water's edge selling fruits and food, washing clothes, bathing their babies, or resting in the shade away from the glare of the tropical sun.

On the other side, our way was shaded by luxuriant palms and a heavy growth of trees and running close beside these spacious boulevards was a road used exclusively by rickshaws, and just

beyond, yet another path, for the pedestrian. A suggestion for traffic safety in our Western world.

Siam is known as the kingdom of the yellow robe. The prevailing religion is Buddhism and of the population of 9,000,000 there are found 150,000 who are Buddhist priests.

During youth, the greater part of the males must study for the priesthood, usually for a period of three years. After this, they may leave the order. During this time the students wear the priest robe of yellow, have shaved heads, and go about carrying a bright umbrella and a begging bowl. They never ask for food, but it is given them. Their sustenance, as well as that of the older priests, is obtained in this manner.

Bangkok has more Buddhist temples, or *wats*, than any other city in the world. A total of 14,000. It was our privilege to visit a few of the most noted. We drove to the Grand Palace, in reality a walled town covering in area one square mile and, although built in 1792, two of the palaces are in perfect condition. One is impressed with the riot of color that baffles description. Blue and gold tiled roofs with many gables and golden prangs or towers tipped by tapering *chofa* (little, slender, needle-like fingers that surmount corners and angles).

There are hundreds of golden cone-shaped temples dedicated as monuments to buried kings. Within these walls is to be found the Wat Phra Keo, the temple of the Emerald Buddha. This is the shrine of the royal family. Giant divas or gods guard the approach. Often one finds before these temples the well known laughing dogs and sometimes both statues are used. The woodwork of this shrine is overlaid with gold leaf. Much porcelain and colored glass decorate the facade and the many storied spire is ornamented with golden elephants and innumerable figures of man and beast. Within is the high altar, upon which sits the famous Emerald Buddha, made of carved jade, whose hair is pure gold set with diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. Beautiful gifts of lacquer work, statues of gold and marble are placed about this room, whose walls are mural paintings of the finest of Chinese art and whose marble parquet floor is a poem of loveliness.

We went to the modern palace, or Throne Hall, of the present king, Rama VI. This very unusual monarch was educated at Oxford and is very desirous of making his little state one of the world nations. He is banishing many of the oriental customs of his ancestors and introducing many of the western ideals.

The costly Throne Hall is built entirely of Carrara marble and is considered one of the finest examples of Italian Renaissance east of Suez. When the king is in residence the yellow royal standard with the red *garruda* is seen floating from its dome. The palace is set in the midst of a luxurious tropical garden. It is two stories high, the lower floor being used for state occasions and the upper being occupied by the Throne Hall proper. It is luxuriously furnished with the richest of hangings and furnishings and contains the bed-like silken throne where the king reclines, resting on his elbow as he listens to matters of his kingdom. Within the grounds are the elaborately ornate stables of the sacred white elephants. Contrast with this magnificence the native bamboo hut, the itinerant street vendors, the sampan life on the river Menam and one imagines the confusing kaleidoscopic impressions of this far-away capital city.

We lunched at the Royal Palace Hotel and found its appointments similar to any in our own country. We drove to the Snake Park and here within an enclosure is a very large, well equipped laboratory where are kept venomous snakes. Horses are inoculated with their venom and from these horses a serum is produced, which is used in the treatment of individuals who have been attacked by poisonous snakes. It has been the means of saving many lives and frequently it is used as a prophylactic.

Although we had but glimpses of the many interesting and fascinating things to be seen in Bangkok, we have distinct memories of some of the mementoes and souvenirs of other days seen at the Royal Institute of Siam. Particularly claiming our attention were the equipages used in the ceremonials of the different ages of the Siamese, statues that told of the progress of their art, and silver and ivory that spoke of their country's wealth and culture.

Buddha was portrayed in many materials, with all their known artistry, and spoke their religion in many different forms.

During the afternoon we crossed the river Menam, our objective the Wat Chang, or Arun. But more fascinating was the life upon the river.

Our steamer with a capacity of perhaps fifty was entirely manned by a lad of about ten. Near us were the *samphans*, tiny boats, where poor families live their entire lives in poverty and squalor. Plying back and forth upon the river men and women labor alike, bearing the burdens of their existence, often that of the woman greater than any laid upon an animal in America.

The Wat Benchama Bopits, built entirely of Carara marble, guarded by two marble lions, its roof covered by glistening yellow tiles and tipped by the gilt tapering *chofa*, stands without comparison as the finest example of Siamese architecture. It is known as the Jewel of Temples at Bangkok, but the temple of temples to me was the Wat Chang, the Temple of Dawn.

Buddhist temples are all very similar within. A figure of Buddha rests upon an altar and about are incense and gifts of the people. Temple Chang, while less expensive than some, is much more colorful. It is built with beautiful balance and symmetry and unique design, and seen in the dazzling, tropical sunlight was very picturesque and fanciful. Its chief attraction is its five towers or prangs. These prangs are built upon the four corners of a terrace, the fifth rising from the center to a height of about two hundred forty feet. This tower is broken by other landings which are accessible to the tourist by very steep stone steps and if one is sure-footed, the view across the Menam river is well worth the effort of the climb. Toward the east one sees the Grand Palace with its glittering and flashing spires and farther away on the horizon looms the dome of the Throne Hall. While just at your hand the bright blossoms and leaves which wind their way in wreaths and garlands over the sides of the temple, are found to be pieces of china, bits of porcelains and tiny mirrors, broken dishes, or whole saucers and small plates embedded in cement with such care as to form perfect gay flowers.

As a fitting climax to a long, long day, we dined at the Phya Thai Palace, now used as a hostelry, and saw in the spacious ballroom twelve Siamese girls, six dressed as boys, dance some of their ancient, cherished classical dances. These dances consist of writhing the arms with the fingers turned backwards, swaying the body and advancing and retreating with gliding motions, all performed in a most graceful and languid manner.

This exquisite grace and control of the body is achieved only after years of practice. Their gorgeous costumes of silver and gold, played upon by our modern lighting, their pretty faces and dainty hands, which they used with so much charm, made as beautiful a spectacle as the most ambitious theatrical producer could wish to attain.

Report of Club Survey Committee

The Club Survey Committee submits its report for the club year commencing July 1, 1929, and ending with the close of activities in June, 1930.

As was reported at the meeting held a year ago, the committee has prepared a new survey of the entire membership of the Ebell of Los Angeles. This survey has been altered and added to during the past year to keep it correct and up-to-date. The committee has also indexed and cross-indexed five year books and has tabulated facts which its committee members have gathered personally and secured from members of the club. The committee has also compiled personal data pertaining to each member of the club and covering her particular qualifications, capabilities and previous activities in other clubs as well as in Ebell. The information thus gathered is used by the Executive Committee to place more intelligently the club members in the various branches of its activities.

During the past year the committee has reported sixty engagements, sixty marriages and forty births in families of Ebell members. This information has been transmitted to the first vice-president and has been published in the "Personal Interest" column

of EBELL MAGAZINE. Other news items furnished by the committee were vacation trips enjoyed by some of our club members during the past summer. Our committee has also reported to the corresponding secretary, all deaths, cases of illness, births, marriages and other like information pertaining to club members and their loved ones.

To the membership chairman, the chairman of the Survey Committee has given particular data pertaining exclusively to Ebell members. From her have been received the names of new members, their qualifications and interests in other clubs; the names of the members who have resigned or who have been dropped; also the names of Ebell Juniors who have been transferred to regular membership, who have resigned or who have been dropped. All of this information has been recorded by the chairman in the Club Survey books. These records are in the custody of the chairman only.

Mrs. John A. M. Robb, as assistant chairman, has kept in close touch with all the work, and has been invaluable to the chairman. The other members of the committee were:

Mrs. Thomas Lyford Ambrose	Miss Katherine Ellis
Mrs. S. Berthine Bailey	Mrs. Thomas McGrath
Mrs. Gertrude Baty	Mrs. Frank W. Otto
Mrs. Walter C. Blunk	Miss Clemence A. Renard
Mrs. William Y. Smither	

These women have stood always for "Club Survey"; they express to me personally:

Co-operation,	Survey,
Loyalty,	Understanding,
Unity,	Records,
Believing,	Vital Statistics,
	Enthusiasm,
	You, each and every one, as Ebell members.

This committee's members have endeavored to take a definite responsibility in the particular duties assigned to them; have attended the different departmental meetings including the Lives and Times Department and Ebell Juniors, for observation purposes and for securing information as to the activities and interests of the members attending said sessions; and have also been on duty at the Wilshire and Lucerne doors every Monday before the program and during the tea hour.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. WILLIAM DELLAMORE,
Chairman of the Club Survey Committee.

The Civil Service Commission

(Continued from Page Five)

any unwarranted removal, discharge or suspension of the employee. It is within the power of the Commission to reinstate or restore to duty any person when in the minds of the Commission the grounds for such removal, discharge or suspension were not sufficient.

In service on such a Commission, contact is made with every other department of the City in which there are paid employees. The reward of such service is necessarily an increasing knowledge of civic affairs, but it is more than that for the value of human association can not be estimated.

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SALON OF ART



NAVARRA

By Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, 1863-1923

THE EDITOR has asked that this be a travel number of the magazine and since our golden summer is nearing the close of the season wherein we have toured our beautiful Western coast, it is but natural that September with her cool, crisp days should beckon to us from the Eastern coast—the Mecca of artistic treasures, New York City.

Few there are who enter this great city without an exultation of anticipation of the days to come, filled with endless opportunities to feast upon treasures gathered from the old world, dating from the early centuries up to the present day.

Wherever fancy leads one there are to be found the choice things, especially on Fifth Avenue with its shops of fascinating trinkets, exquisite apparel, rare silver, sparkling diamonds and moody opals. These may fill the daylight hours, leaving the evenings for the theatre and opera, but they are the obvious things, and what has one really at the end of the trip? There are so many, many interesting places far from the seething crowds, places of quiet refreshment if one has the urge to take advantage of the early morning while the majority of sightseers are rubbing their sleepy eyes.

Paintings have a human way of looking particularly fresh and forceful in the morning light and there are countless intimate

galleries where one may study the works of our contemporary American artists, vital painters and sculptors of today and the near yesterday, such men as Chase, Inness, Sargent, Whistler, Dangerfield, Blashfield, Hawthorne, Gardner Symons, Ben Foster, Luiz Mora, Glenn Newell, Bruce Crane, Schofield, Rolshoven, John Carlson, Emil Carlsen, Olinsky and Edwards, with sculptors such as Adolph Wieneman, Arthur Putnam, Harriet Frishmuth, Janet Scutter, Brenda Putnam, Bessie Potter Vonnah, Daniel Chester French and others of distinction too numerous to mention.

The most attractive private galleries in New York are the Grand Central Galleries, located on the top floor of the Grand Central Station, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue. The McBeth Galleries have been in existence for a half century or more, having been handed on from father to son. The present owner, Mr. Robert McBeth, is a dignified gentleman who, like Mr. Robert Vose of Boston, continues the principles of the firm established by his father, and counts as his friends and clients the most important people both in this country and abroad.

The Howard Young Galleries, the Milch Galleries and the P. Jackson Higgs Galleries are others which we happen to have had dealings with and we know them to be responsible houses with an atmosphere of courtesy to the stranger within their doors who is interested in paintings and sculpture and has a real appreciation for the works which they sponsor.

Naturally one will want to visit the Metropolitan Museum again, especially since the new formal garden has been introduced, bringing a most refreshing air of relaxation into the almost too cold and stately interior. Located apart from the museum but still belonging to its properties are "The Cloisters." The parts have been brought across and assembled into a chapel and cloistered gardens. It is twelfth century French and the beauty of the carved stone arches, altars, portals, fountains and images of the Christ Child, Madonnas and Saints, to say nothing of the cloistered walks and secluded garden, beggars description. It is a place of hallowed presence, something to remember.

Last—but do go—is the suggestion that you reserve a morning to visit the Hispanic Museum of America, 156th Street, west of Broadway, Borough of Manhattan. It is a museum founded for the advancement and study of Spanish and Portuguese works of art. (Upon looking up the address, I find that the president of the society is Archer M. Huntington of San Francisco, which should make it more interesting to us Californians.)

The museum holds much of interest, but the glory of its existence is the circular gallery whose walls contain the murals of the great Spanish painter, Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida, born 1863, died 1923.

Sorolla, disciple of pure color and correct draftsmanship, a Spanish painter qualified by birth and genius to depict his countrymen in all the dignified attributes of innate charm and beauty which are theirs, has given us the heart of Spain, the simple sincerity of her people. Whether they make merry at the harvest feasts or stand in reverence at a religious festival, they are a people who command our admiration for themselves and for their romantic Spain.

One panel of Sorolla's murals would be enough to entice one to make the effort to reach the museum, but a whole room full of them! One closes one's eyes to try to impress upon the walls of memory these tones of color that vibrate the laughter of children's voices, the songs of joyous youth and the distant chant of cathedral choirs. Processions of people and horses, with no suggestion of crowding, so smoothly painted they have a feeling of tapestries; woven trees and great hampers of fruit in gorgeous colorings.

In the Metropolitan Museum hangs a picture by Sorolla of two children playing in the waves. It is almost colorless, with a

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Reminiscences

*COUNTESS D'AUDIFFRET

ALTHOUGH my temperament has caused me mostly to love things artistic, still there is in my complex—my father was an engineer—a sense of the positive.

Occasionally I have proved that I could solve a problem. Just now I face one. Something like a Chinese puzzle.

"How enclose in a magazine column the description of a panorama unfolding on a journey of over eight years?"

"Well," I hear a clever high school boy say, "why don't you do as in the movie studios, cut out pieces of your panorama and patch the bits together?"

"That will dwarf it."

"Can you get the contents of a barrel into a pint bottle?"

"If I could, science would owe to me an invention."

"Then quit trying and specialize in high lights. We all specialize nowadays."

"I like the idea, it fits. I shall follow it."

And, my young friend continues, "Make it snappy! No literature. Write comprehensively in telegraphic language. Make places and people pass rapidly, as in a kaleidoscope, ever varying in color combinations, ever changing designs."

"I shall close my eyes and conjure up visions, and give them like snap shots just as they come."

A traveler, or rather somewhat a wanderer throughout existence, I choose a particular period of eight years during which the change of scenery was continuous, because it refers to times we can not forget. The recollection still makes our hearts throb and our eyes grow dim.

I was amongst the fortunate who found a field for helpfulness during the tragedy of the World War and the years that followed. I shall ever be grateful for this.

I traveled in France throughout the hostilities and in foreign countries after the war. My traveling was connected with a Fund that gave to certain children, victims of the war, a full education for some professional career.

In a colorful phantasmagory pass provinces and cities.

Beautiful Normandy! Rich in green meadows from which prosperous cities arise; their queen the stately capital Rouen, that crown jewel of French cities.

The magnificent cathedral and Palace of Justice proclaim the grandeur of architectural art. Grandeur is the word that best fits the city with its background of a great historical past. Every turn of the road, so to speak, claims a deed of heroism, a historic event. Now its severe appearance has been somewhat ruffled. Crowds of "Tommys" through the streets, fill them with laughter and song.

Under a sky of silvery grey Brittany appears in a haze as from out the Atlantic. North and South Coasts are washed by its waters. Mystic, poetic Brittany! How refreshingly away, at least for a few decades, from ultra civilization. Throughout the ages national habits and costumes have been kept up.

The women still wash their bundles of laundry on the pebbles of rivulets and brooks.

They still wear their quaint little caps, darling little white bonnets so becoming to the young and the old. They vary in shape in every district, but the dresses are all much alike: dark blue cotton with a large apron for week use; heavy black cloth with bands of black velvet on skirt and bodice and a cape of black cloth trimmed with fur for Sundays and feast days. And the

*Editor's Note—The Countess d'Audiffret, who is spending some time in Los Angeles, is gifted as a writer, a lecturer and an actress. She is descended from an aristocratic family of the Netherlands, but was reared and educated in Italy and has also lived in France. She has been a member of the Roman Press Association and of the Association of the Dramatic Authors of France. She has written a number of plays and has acted in as many more.

It gives us pleasure to print fragments of her *Reminiscences*, written especially for EBELL MAGAZINE. We think that our readers will enjoy her vivid descriptions and her original way of presenting her subject.

wedding gown? A piece for a museum. Magnificent white satin, so stiff that it almost stands erect, richly embroidered with silver or gold, representing a fortune. Their dresses are always handed from mother to daughter for some generations.

The Brittany people are a strong, sturdy race. Headstrong some call them, but with that, magnificently steady in their principles of religion and the love for country. Brittany has given some of the best soldiers to France.

Once in some little town, two men passed me. Two soldiers evidently on leave of absence. I heard the one say: "You think of your wheat that has not been reaped, of your corn that has not been sown, of your wife who had no more children. I tell you all this is nothing. What matters only is France!"

Those words struck me as of classical beauty. They might have fallen from the lips of an ancient Greek warrior.

* * *

And now back to Paris for a new start. "Dear, delightful, naughty Paris!" I hear people say.

Why always naughty *Paris*? Why not naughty London or Vienna, or naughty New York? If the naughty little places are the goal of the traveler, why does he leave home? Perhaps when he is called "wicked" in Paris, he thinks he is smart, while at home it means having to turn up one's coat collar and to draw one's hat over the eyes. If foreigners would but place another label on Paris and not hunt so much for shady resorts!

Heavens! There are other attractions than the Bal Tabarin, Maxime, the Rat Mort (the Dead Rat) and such inept haunts as the Néant, the Ciel, the Enfer, etc., where Parisians of standing would not deign to be seen. I do not propose the visiting of hospitals and institutions of charity—more numerous in Paris than anywhere else—I am not out on a Salvation Army campaign. But when I look on the world's metropolis, I see, besides monuments, parks, art treasures, magnificent above others, I see wonderful stores, highest class theatres, delightful cafes on the lively boulevards.

From a little table on the sidewalk you can hear brilliant music and be right in the midst of real Paris life. You can sip at a cup of coffee or a sorbet throughout an evening.

Charming little places on the river banks of the Seine invite to delightful excursions. They will serve you a meal of excellent fried fish. Dinners for epicures may be enjoyed at Voisin, in the rue St. Honoré, or at Ledoyen, in the Champs Elysées.

Song and laughter never fail . . . neither the unflinching spirit. A look backwards in history, and the cry comes: "Splendid, heroic Paris."

* * *

The borders of the Loire! Sunny landscapes, secular trees, ancient castles by wayside and river bank. Proudly maintained in their stately beauty, they tell of times long past by when grandeur and chivalry were held in high honor. The air is lovely and pure, embalmed with the fragrance of flowers, birds sing. . . . I pass by Tours and Orleans, the city that gave its name to the maid, Joan of Arc, the great mystic glory of France!

* * *

A straight cut through the country and by St. Etienne, the great metallurgical center, and then I reach Lyons, the second city of France, austere and magnificent. Over the plains and up the hill slopes spread superb mansions, mostly owned by rich silk merchants.

The famous silk industry is yet the wealth of the city. Glorious pieces of silk unrivalled in texture and design, enrich the silk markets of France and abroad.

The Mayor of Lyons, Senator Edouard Herriot, is one of the master minds of his time. To him the city is indebted for its ever increasing prosperity. Amongst many other things Senator Herriot must be thanked for the foundation in Lyons of an excellent vocational training school for the disabled men of the war. On their first entrance they receive as a free gift the artificial limb they may need. Then they are taught how to use it. After which they start on a trade.

At the time of my visit the teacher was a bright American around forty. He had lost both legs in an accident when a boy.

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Reminiscences

(Continued from Page Eleven)

He had two artificial legs—no one would have known it. He tramped around with them as if they were of bone and flesh. He was a great encouragement to the maimed boys. I saw some excellent work done in those work shops, and many a poor fellow who had given himself up to despair revived to the hope in a possible future.

* * *

Down the South of France by Carcassone, Tonlonce, Montanbar and other cities, I come to Bordeaux, the third important city of France, whence in time of imminent danger threatening the capital, the government is transferred.

For miles and miles around stretch its glorious vineyards. Heavy laden with clusters of amber and purple colored fruit. A golden promise for the next vintage. The wine markets of the world are eager to welcome large shippings of this their favorite mark.

* * *

I see the charming little city of Annecy in Savoy. In ordinary times it dreams placidly by the side of the lovely lake of its name. Now it is all in excitement. Every house displays a flag. Across the streets festoons are strung. A parade has been ordered. At the town hall a great reception is prepared. The best wine has been brought up from the cellars. A delegation of city officials, the Mayor at their head, goes to the railway station.

Annecy had not yet come in contact with the American Army. It had felt this neglect.

A military American band is sent to visit the small town, a splendid band: all good musicians and handsome young men. Such enthusiasm greets them, such joy! Annecy at last beholds the dear "Americans." Every boy is treated as were he a king. They take a never-to-be-forgotten impression away.

"You know, Madam," one whom I met later, said to me, "it was just wonderful. I wish it could all be done over again."

Those dear boys, they were so whole-hearted, so genuine. One could not help loving them. And the little children adored them. A little French boy or girl had no greater ambition than to be seen walking hand in hand with a "Soldat Americain."

And brave the American boy was, recklessly so. Many would have been saved if they hadn't thrown themselves so fearlessly into the thickest of the fight. The splendid exploit of St. Mihiel will ever remain one of the outstanding features in World War history.

* * *

Another lovely picture is Strasburg, when the great ball is given in the Sangerverein for the benefit of our Fund in Paris.

Hundreds of young girls of the best families have come to dance with the French soldiers. They all have donned the national costume,—fluffy white chemisettes, black velvet bodices and colored skirts with velvet trimmings and the finishing touch of dainty little aprons. All wear huge Alsatian bows, black, blue, green or red bows with long ends streaming.

A picture of charm and so appealingly maiden-like. One thought of violets as one saw them tripping along by the side of the blue uniforms or whirling around with them at the sound of a captivating waltz.

They actually waltzed, yes . . . no jazz . . . no contortions of bodies . . . no angular movements . . . a manifestation of feminine grace.

From a box at the side of the ballroom General Gourand, Governor of Alsace, and General Hirschauer, Governor of the City of Strasburg, watch the spectacle, a smile of tender admiration on their lips.

Children, too, did their little bit of patriotic expression. In Strasburg I saw little boys and girls go arm in arm through the streets singing the Marseillaise at the top of their voices . . . and heaven knows, those little Alsatian children have voices like clocks.

In Colmar, I saw a little girl, a mite not older than six, stop right in front of a French Colonel, look him straight in the face whilst she raised her little forefinger and then utter solemnly in French: "Un, deux, trois, quatre (1, 2, 3, 4)."

That was all she knew of French, but her little child's heart had wanted to bring this tribute of patriotism to the French officer. He raised her in his arms, kissed her and said in French: "God bless you, dear little one, and make a good French woman of you."

* * *

From North to South, from East to West I continue my mission. Wherever there is hope for success.

After the signature of peace I go abroad, to Spain, Oran, Algiers, Tunis, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and back to Europe, to Paris by Gibraltar and Spain once more. Then Canada and the United States.

"Well, you did cover some ground," says my young high school friend. "Just in how many places have you been?"

"In about a hundred fifty, with a stay of several weeks in each place."

"You must have educated thousands of children."

"Thousands? No, my contribution was but the work of a single person."

"Hundreds then?" (The American boy must have figures.)

"We shall let it go at that; yes."

"A handful only. A drop in the sea."

"Stop there, my young friend. There is no drop in the sea where human rescue is concerned. Suppose you had been a youngster in those times, and that some institution had taken care that you may now enjoy the benefits of a career as a doctor or a lawyer or an engineer. Would you call that a drop in the sea?"

"Gee, you're right. That sets me to thinking."

"Quite so, dear boy. Think and you will always be fair. Think! think! think!"

Salon of Art

(Continued from Page Ten)

brightness of the sun at noontime which blinds the eyes by its annoying glare; it is called "The Two Sisters, Valencia." A portrait of Clotilde de Sorolla, wife of the artist, painted by him in 1909, is found in Gallery 19, number S061. In the same gallery are four other paintings by Sorolla, "Swimmers," "The Bath," "Beaching the Boat" and "After the Bath." Many museums in the United States possess a "Sorolla," for this artist lived and taught in New York for a short period of time and was greatly beloved, a gentle, genial, courteous man who knew how to encourage through criticism.

The St. Louis Museum owns three of his canvases, the most important being "Another Marguerite."

Upon your return to Los Angeles tell us of your visit to the Hispanic Museum and be ready to enjoy the good things which we shall bring to you next winter. Plans are being perfected for the appearance in Ebell of one of the world's greatest sculptors, Lorado Taft of Chicago. The Art Patrons will sponsor his lecture, of which we shall tell you more in October.

—MRS. SYDNEY A. TEMPLE,

Chairman of Art Exhibitions Committee.

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CLUB SURVEY COMMITTEE

Left to right, first row: Mrs. Thomas McGrath, Miss May Neill, Mrs. John A. M. Robb, Mrs. S. Berthine Bailey, Mrs. Robert H. Hunstock. Second row: Miss Frances R. Whitesell, Mrs. Richard H. Allen, Mrs. Charles Wesley Harrison, Miss Katherine Ellis, Mrs. Alvin W. Ault.

Vacationists

Mrs. Charles Howe sailed in July for France. After a week in Paris she motored to Southern France and Italy. Switzerland and Germany will be visited, with Oberammergau as a special objective. Mrs. Howe plans to return by way of England and will arrive in Los Angeles about the middle of September.

Mrs. George Harris Cook has recently returned from Southern Europe, where she visited Spain, France, and Germany and attended the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Mrs. Charles B. Wilson is spending the summer in Norway.

Mrs. Thomas N. Newell and daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Ballreich, are on a Mediterranean cruise, after which they will tour several countries of Europe, including Norway and Sweden.

Mrs. John B. T. Campbell is having a vacation in Honolulu.

Mrs. Charles B. Van Vorst and Mrs. J. E. Elliott are in Europe for several months.

Mrs. Edward A. Tufts has been touring Canada. She will visit Vancouver before returning.

Mrs. Leiland Atherton Irish is in Europe for the summer.

Mrs. John Frederick Kanst, who lately returned from Yosemite, has gone on a tour which includes Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Taos and Sante Fe, New Mexico.

Mrs. Edwin A. MacGillivray, Miss Laura Paxton, Miss Ada A. Dryden and Mrs. Roy Stevens are sojourning at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John A. M. Robb motored to Seattle along the Columbia River Highway.

Mrs. Dwight S. Moore is in Canada.

Mrs. Charles E. Stanton, Mrs. Don Percival Jones and Mrs. H. A. Barre went to New York by way of Panama and are spending the summer in Eastern cities. Mrs. F. Lee Fuller has recently joined Mrs. Stanton in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Charles Arnold are spending the summer in New England.

Mrs. Leafie Sloan-Orcutt and Mrs. Walter Harrison Fisher are touring the Eastern states.

Mrs. Irene P. de Galler is in Paris with her daughter Catherine, who is an art student there.

Mrs. Ella Marston Sutphen, after spending several weeks in Missouri and Arkansas, is now visiting in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Egleston Cray and Dr. and Mrs. J. Elton Lang are in Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bryan are spending three months in Europe.

Mrs. Hayes H. Halverson has just returned from Canada and Yellowstone.

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

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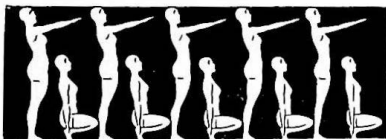
In organizing the new Drama Section of the Juniors, it is planned to make the meetings very informal. It has been decided to hold the meetings on the fourth Tuesday of each month. The first one of the year will be held at the home of the drama director, Miss Beatrice Brand, 136 North Citrus Avenue, on Tuesday, September twenty-third, at two o'clock. Reviews of late plays will be given along with the study and interpretation of the drama. The final plans for organization of the section will be formulated, and in all a very delightful time is promised. All members are invited to attend and will be sure to find their afternoon spent in an interesting fashion. If you are planning to be present at any meeting of the Drama Section, please telephone the hostess of that afternoon. For the first meeting call Miss Brand, ORegon 8826.

BOOK CHAMBER

The Junior Book Chamber will hold its first meeting of the 1930-31 year on Thursday, October second. This meeting will take place at two o'clock at 428 South Mariposa Avenue, the home of Miss Helen Houston, the chairman of the Book Chamber. All members are cordially invited to help in organizing plans for a new year. It is hoped that this year there will be many new members who will enjoy the informal reviews and discussions as have the enthusiastic members of the past season. The Book Chamber will hold its regular meetings as usual on the first and third Thursdays of every month. It is asked that all those who plan to attend the opening meeting notify Miss Houston by telephoning Washington 0844.

SOCIAL WELFARE

The Social Welfare group is already at work and school clothes are well under way. The first meeting of the summer was held on Monday, July twenty-eighth, at

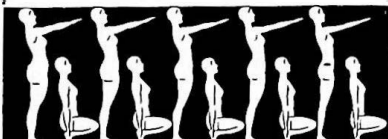


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the home of Mrs. J. Ellsworth Ross, the chairman, and the large number of members present proved that interest in the activities of the section had not diminished. All those who are planning to attend Social Welfare meetings, and new members are especially invited, will please call before each meeting either of the assistants, Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, Fitzroy 0429, or Mrs. Edwin Cox, ORegon 5578. There is a great deal of sewing to be done before the opening of school, and so everyone interested is urged to attend the September meetings, the first of which will take place on Monday, September eighth, at the home of Mrs. Cameron Livingston Thom, 121 North Fuller Avenue. The second meeting will be held at 3245 Primera Avenue, the home of Mrs. Chester Taft, on Monday, September twenty-second.

(Continued on Page Twenty)

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SOCIAL WELFARE ACTIVITIES

As there will be reports in the year book from the several chairmen of the Social Welfare Committee, I shall confine myself to a short report on some of the organizations in which Ebell holds memberships. The first of these is the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Many of you may not know that although we are not members of the State Federation, we belong to the General Federation and have a right to thirty delegates at each of the regular meetings. The meeting this year was held in Denver, Colorado, and we sent several delegates.

We hold life memberships in the Clara Barton Memorial, the Audobon Society and the Humane Society for Children.

We have been a member of the Community Chest ever since its inception and make an annual subscription of one hundred dollars. Each year when the Red Cross has its sale of stamps at Christmas, we contribute twenty-five dollars to the Los Angeles Tuberculosis Society. There is also a yearly contribution of fifteen dollars to the Needlework Guild of America. Miss Elizabeth Ogden has been president of the Ebell section of the Guild for the past two years. Her report for this year shows 137 garments given and a cash contribution of \$235.85, with which she was able to purchase 894 garments, making a total contribution from Ebell members of 1031 garments.

A membership that is quite worthwhile for our members who go abroad is the American Woman's Club of Paris, France. Many of our members report going there, taking part in some of its social functions and attending many interesting programs.

Our interest in our parks and trees is attested by our membership in the American Green Cross, the National Parks Association, Save the Redwoods League and the Sempervirens Club.

Our interest in young people is shown by our membership in the Children's Protective Association, the Children's Home Society, the Orthopaedic Hospital School, the Los Angeles Girls' Council. And I think I had better add the Traveler's Aid, both National and Local, to this division, for they certainly assist many, many boys and girls when they arrive in Los Angeles as strangers.

The blind are remembered by our annual contributions to the American Brotherhood of Free Reading for the Blind, and this year we have taken on a new membership, that is, in the Southern California Association for the Blind. This organization is engaged in occupational work for those who have lost their sight.

The Disabled Veterans we help through Post Number 1, by means of Practical Relief, and through our gifts of flowers, which we send each year in time for Memorial Day to the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Whipple Barracks, Arizona. Allow me to quote from a letter received from the officer in charge: "The Ebell flowers brought forth many an exclamation. Every one enjoyed them. They radiated beauty in our recreation room for nearly a week after Memorial Day."

Respectfully submitted,
 MRS. CHARLES EGGLESTON CRARY,
 Chairman of Social Welfare.

REST COTTAGE NOTES

Friday, August first, was Rest Cottage field day and forty-one of the members drove to the county farm to spend the day. The visit was enjoyable because of the pride and satisfaction that were felt in this marvelously equipped and efficient institution.

The ladies were met by Mr. E. J. Gray, Assistant Manager, who was the very gracious host during the day. A dainty luncheon was served and Mr. Gray gave a very interesting account of the work and equipment of the institution. The group then visited the dairy, the power house, the laundry and the occupational therapy, where many inmates of the farm are taught to occupy their time with profitable and interesting work. Various wards were also visited.

At the September meeting of Rest Cottage, the day will be reviewed. Mrs. Barrett will tell of the institution and its equipment; Mrs. Shettler of the men's and women's wards; Mrs. Smurr of the infirmary and Mrs. Pike of the psychopathic ward.

At a called meeting the Executive Committee of Rest Cottage decided to recommend the building of an additional room to the cottage for the use of the matron's


assistant. Up to this time there has been no room for this purpose.

The recommendation was approved by the Board of Directors of Ebell, and Rest Cottage Association is now busy with the preliminary details of the work. Already numerous contributions have been made and still others would be very welcome.



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Scholarship Award

MRS. WILLODEANE WEST WRIGHT was recently awarded the scholarship of a year of study in dramatic arts, which was offered to a member of Ebell Drama Workshop by Professor T. Earl Pardoe of the Pardoe School of Speech and Applied Arts.



MRS. WILLODEANE WEST WRIGHT

At the close of the club year the director of the Drama Workshop and her assistants recommended Mrs. Wright for this honor on the following qualifications: a regular attendance at the monthly meetings of the drama workshop; a willing acceptance of any role assigned, no matter how small; a prompt and regular attendance at rehearsals with careful study of the part and flexibility under direction; and a natural aptitude for dramatic expression. Mrs. Wright has taken part in seven plays during the club year.

This recommendation was approved by the Executive Committee of Ebell.

Mrs. Wright is the daughter of an Ebell member, Mrs. Lena West, and has recently transferred to regular membership from the Ebell Juniors. She is planning to begin her studies in the Pardoe school early in September.

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The general plan of the Standard School Broadcast, which proved so successful during the last school year, will again be followed—with the Thursday morning broadcasts of an Elementary Section from 11:00 to 11:20 o'clock, and an Advanced Section from 11:25 to 11:45 o'clock. The year's course is to be divided into three parts corresponding to the terms, (1) September to Christmas, (2) New Year to Easter, (3) Easter to Mid-summer.

Each part will constitute a complete unit in itself and will be further organized into three divisions—(1) History of Music, (2) Music Theory, (3) Music Characterization.

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Over Radio Stations—KFI, Los Angeles; KGO, Oakland; *KPO, San Francisco; KGW, Portland; KOMO, Seattle; KHQ, Spokane.

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One day near the first of August, "Mother India" looked around the bookshelves of the Library and noticed that many of the most popular occupants were sitting snugly—or smugly, as you please,—in the same places they had sat in since the club year had closed. The "Silence" card was not in evidence, so she decided to break the dignified calm of this lovely room and give voice to some of her musings.

"Isn't it delightful to rest for a while? I've been rushing so madly from one member to another ever since I joined this company, that I am nearly worn out."

"I am sure my brain children are glad to rest," said Princess Der Ling. "My first child, 'Two Years In the Forbidden City,' has been here several years now and has visited the homes of many members. 'Old Buddha' came two years ago, and 'Kow-Tow' joined us last year. As a proud mother, I may say they have all been very popular, and have spent very little time sitting around on the shelves."

"Well, the proud mother has nothing on the proud father!" spoke up Richard Halliburton. "I, too, have three members of my book family here. And do you know my first, 'Royal Road to Romance,' was so travel-worn and shabby after constant visiting that they had to send him to the bookbinders and have him rebound. My last, 'New Worlds to Conquer,' promises to be just as well liked."

"I notice you say nothing about 'The Glorious Adventure,'" observed Princess Der Ling.

"I shall have to admit that he is not so popular," said Richard. "Unless one is familiar with Greek history and mythology, 'Glorious Adventure' has not so strong an appeal."

"Mother India," sensing a little strain in the situation, said, "I must tell you an interesting experience I had the other day. You know they keep eight or ten of the most sought-for books in book-ends on the library table. To my amazement and amusement, I was snuggled up close to Dhan Gopal Mukerji. A lady had just come in asking for a book about India. Mukerji glanced disdainfully at my travel-stained habiliments, and triumphantly at his own newer attire; then looking into the lady's eyes, he said: 'Visit India with Me.'"

"Richard was himself again" and joined in the laughter; then he added: "I saw something more exciting than that. 'Foch' was actually rubbing shoulders with Clemenceau's 'Grandeur and Misery of Victory'."

"Since you have reached the subject of the World War, I should like to remind you that I have a set of triplets in this company," said Erich Remarque, as he joined the discussion. "My triplets are called 'All Quiet on the Western Front' and were given to the library. They have been busy all winter visiting the homes of the members, and are glad to rest a while."

"No triplets for me, but two sets of twins!" said Mazo de la Roche. "My twins are 'Jalna' and 'Whiteoaks of Jalna,' and they are the last word in popularity, if I do say it who shouldn't."

"Speaking of twins, I have three sets of twin boys, and they are very English," said Warwick Deeping. "I believe 'Sorrell and Son' are the most popular, but 'Old Pybus' and 'Roper's Row' have enjoyed many visits in your American homes. I

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

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Vacationists

(Continued from Page Thirteen)

Mr. and Mrs. John F. De Leot are on a European trip as a celebration of their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Rendler are spending the summer in British Columbia.

Mrs. C. A. Parmelee and Dr. and Mrs. Wilber Townsend are traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Genthner are spending the summer in Maine.

Mrs. John Edward Reid is leaving for Canada soon.

Mrs. Edward Opel and Mrs. George W. Pursell will spend the first two weeks of September at Catalina.

Miss Bess Freeman Osborn will spend her vacation at Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth are spending some months abroad. They are now in Baden Baden.

Mrs. Jess E. Wilson has returned from a trip to Yosemite and other places of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Kenyon Burch, after an extended motor trip, were guests for a month at an inn on Lake Chelan in the heart of the Cascades in Washington.

Mrs. Robert M. Hartwell and Mrs. Frank Paige Fay have returned from a trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Early are taking a leisurely trip around the world.

Mrs. J. E. Fullwood and Mrs. George West are numbered among Ebells' European travelers.

Miss Katharine C. Carr is spending the summer in New Jersey.

Dr. and Mrs. Rufus B. von KleinSmid have motored north and will remain for some time in British Columbia.

Mrs. John W. Musselman has returned from an automobile trip along the coast.

Mrs. Frederick E. Potts is planning a visit to Mexico.

Judge and Mrs. Guy Frederick Bush have been traveling by boat and automobile and have visited many points of interest in the north.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gilman Appleton and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hallingby and family, are spending the summer at Los Alamitos Bay.

AN INTERESTING TRIP

Mr. and Mr. Edgar S. Stanley and son, Morgan, will sail Wednesday, September 17th, on the Tatsuta Maru, N. Y. K. Line, from San Pedro, for an Around-the-Pacific tour.

Their itinerary includes Honolulu, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Peiping, Shanghai, Hong Kong and surrounding cities, French Indo-China including Saigon, Pnom Penh and a motor trip through the famous ruins of Angkor, Siam, British Malaya and India. They will then motor through Ceylon, Java, Bali, Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Islands.

Japan will be visited in chrysanthemum time. Christmas will be spent in Calcutta, India, and New Year's in Delhi, India.

They will return by way of Honolulu about May first, 1931.

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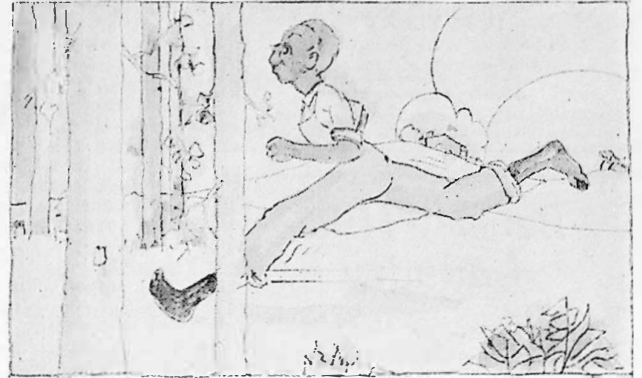
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Ebell's Library

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

hope to see my latest born, 'Exile,' on your shelves before long."

"Do you know we English writers have no complaint to make of American readers," said Sir Philip Gibbs. "I notice nearly all members of William J. Locke's, Hugh Walpole's, H. M. S. Tomlinson's, as well as Warwick Deeping's literary families, are represented here, and I have been told that my youngest child, 'The Hidden City,' is leading the race in popular fiction."

"I find the Americans are very discriminating in their reading. To go back to twins, I, also, have a pair of twins in this distinguished company. They are small, always dressed in red, and are considered very intellectual, or what you Americans call 'high brow.'" Every eye was turned to this last speaker, and Princess Der Ling, who was educated in France, hastened to introduce Abbé Ernest Dimnet, whom she had known in Paris.

"I am told your twins, 'The Art of Thinking,' have been kept busy throughout the club year visiting the homes of the members of Ebell," said Mr. Halliburton.

"Yes, indeed, they have had their share of popularity," replied the Abbé, "and I assure you they are enjoying their short stay, side by side, on the shelves."

"Have you noticed that since June there seems to be a different group of women patronizing the Library?" asked Joseph Lincoln, whose family was well represented. "I think that usually they are women who have been so busy with club work they haven't had time to read. In fact, I overheard two of them say that they were trying to catch up on their reading."

"That seems a very sensible thing for them to do," said "Grandmother Brown." "When so many members are away on vacation trips, is the best time to get hold of the newer books too. Two members of the Library Committee were here several times, and spent the entire day making out new cards and date slips, and pasting in loose leaves."

"You see, they can't do things like that on Friday mornings when the Library is open, because they are interrupted so often," said "Mother India." "By the way, I saw one member take home two volumes of Balzac. You know he is one of the 'neglected ones,' so I'm sure he will enjoy the change of scene."

Suddenly there was a sound of humming and buzzing among the books that developed into a loud voice. And this voice said: "At last we 'neglected ones' are to be noticed; each one of us is to have a thorough dusting, and be set in his proper place on a nice clean shelf. Here's hoping many members may give us even further notice."

MRS. O. P. LOCKHART,
Librarian.

Personal Interest

Please send information of personal interest to the Club Survey Chairman, Mrs. John A. M. Robb, 1815 Diamond Avenue, South Pasadena. Telephone ELiot 1616.

ENGAGEMENTS

JONES-KISSINGER. Miss Houston Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. B. Jones, to Mr. Byron Kissinger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Byron Kissinger.

LAMBERTON-NEWTON. Miss Frances Elizabeth Lamberton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lamberton, to Mr. William Nye Newton.

RETICKER-ROBINSON. Miss Mary Katherin Reticker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bonnom Reticker, to Mr. Bernard Buckley Robinson.

MARRIAGES

BAGLEY-DOUGLASS. Mr. Richard B. Bagley to Miss Dorothy Douglass, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Douglass. June 19, 1930.

CAMPBELL-LODGE. Mr. Albert Preston Campbell II, son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick C. Campbell, to Miss Mary Lavinia Lodge. July 11, 1930.

McKENZIE-WILLIS. Mr. Robert McKenzie to Miss Margaret Willis, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry M. Willis. July 26, 1930.

WRIGHT-MORELAND. Mr. Norman D. Wright to Miss Margaret Moreland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Moreland. July 16, 1930.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENT. Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Endler of Berlin, Germany, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Marianne Endler, to Mr. Ralph Arthur Miller, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Winfred Miller of Pasadena, California. The marriage took place July 5, 1930, at Neudamm, Germany, home of the bride. The young people, accompanied by the groom's parents, will return to New York September 1. The bride and groom will reside at 55 Park Avenue, New York City.

BIRTHS

BLEECKER. To Dr. and Mrs. Harry W. Bleecker (Herbena Hazeltine) a son, James Stewart Bleecker; born July 19, 1930.

COLE. To Mr. and Mrs. Byron Cole, a daughter, Joan Ora; born July 6, 1930.

HAZELTINE. To Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hazeltine, a daughter, Nancy; born June 14, 1930. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert S. Hazeltine.

MILES. To Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Miles, a son, Robert; born June 19, 1930.

MORLEY. To Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Morley, a boy; born July 25, 1930.

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APPLICATIONS for Membership

It is the duty of any member of Ebell who knows a good and sufficient reason that the following applicants should not be admitted to membership in the club to notify the chairman of the membership committee at once.

REGULAR MEMBERS

Damerest. Mrs. E. Perry, 329 South Norton Avenue; OREGON 7388.
 Endorsed by Mrs. H. A. Damerest, Mrs. John B. Norton, Miss Frederica de Laguna.

Lieb, Mrs. Jake, 806 Masselin Avenue; Wyoming 6224.

Endorsed by Mrs. Lydia Crossley, Mrs. Edward Magauran, Mrs. Hosmer C. Graham.

JUNIOR MEMBERS

Scattergood, Miss Elizabeth, 524 Muirfield Road; OREGON 2205.

Endorsed by Mrs. Grantland Scaton Long, Mrs. William Read, Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke.

IN MEMORIAM
 MRS. SUE H. LEONARD
 MISS MOLLY JANE McDONALD

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Ebell Juniors

(Continued from Page Fourteen)

Summer is always the time for travel and many of the Juniors are having vacations in wonderful and interesting places.

Miss Edith Anderson is spending the summer in Europe.

Miss Mary McGeagh is touring Alaska.

Mrs. Harold E. Craig will pass a month or longer in Portland, Ore.

Miss Ruth Kennedy spent the greater part of July at Alamedas Bay.

Miss Beatrice Brand attended the Alpha Chi Omega Convention at Del Monte the first week in July.

Mrs. Lawrence Hauge passed the first two weeks of July in Yosemite.

Miss Elizabeth Lloyd has toured Canada and will spend some time in Portland, Oregon.

Miss Ruth Eleanor Barre is traveling in Europe with a party that is being conducted for the purpose of education.

Miss Charlotte McGrath and her family are at their summer home at Idylwild.

Miss Winifred Huntington and her mother and father are touring along the Pacific Coast, planning to be gone for the month of August.

Miss Margaret Bunn is at home after passing several weeks at Carmel.

Mrs. George W. Stasand has just recently returned from a trip to Honolulu.

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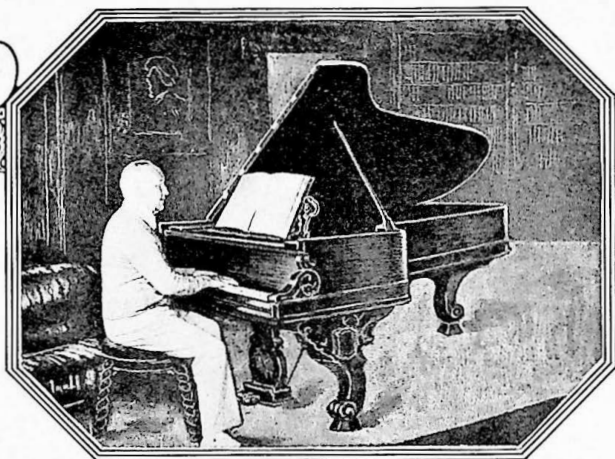
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