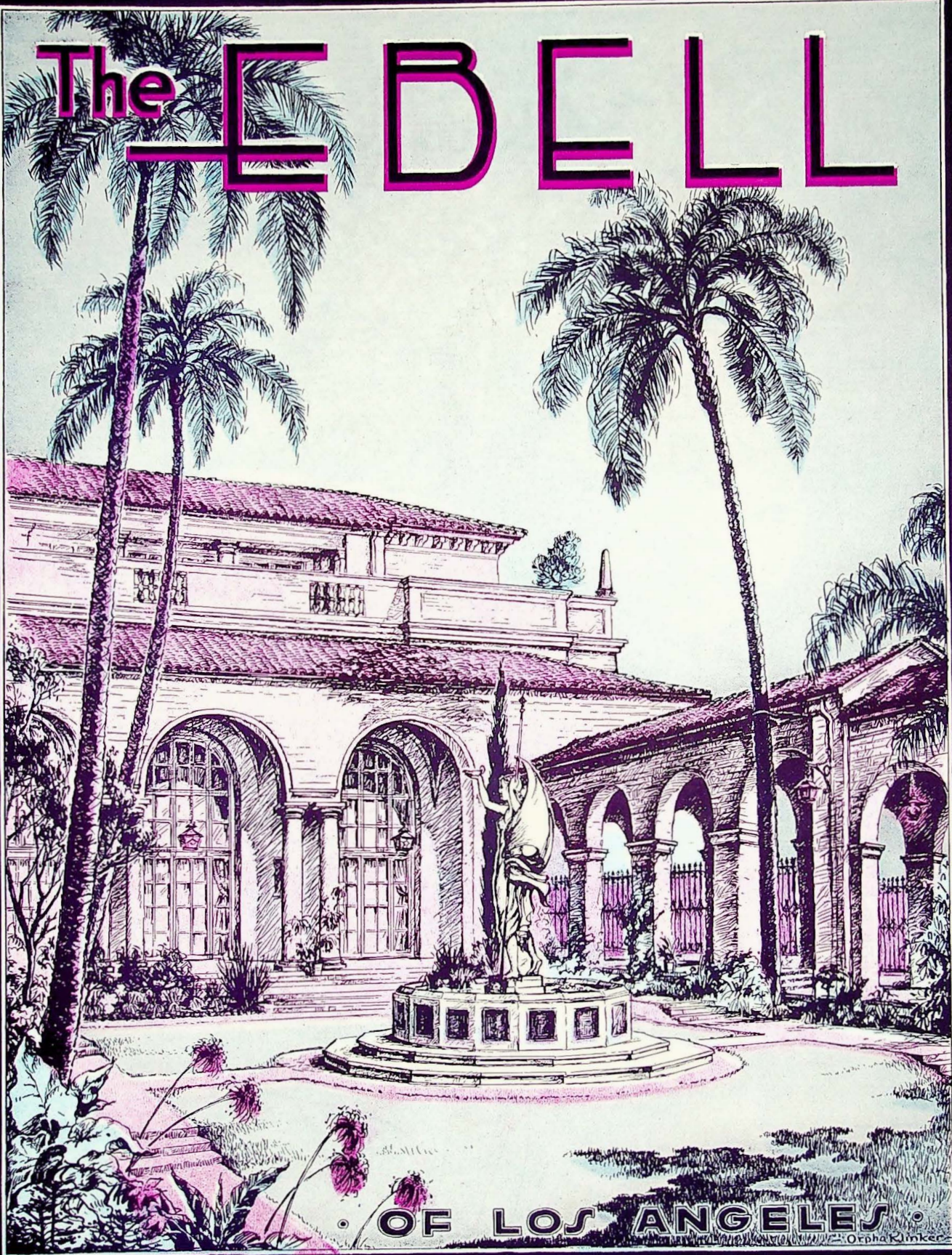


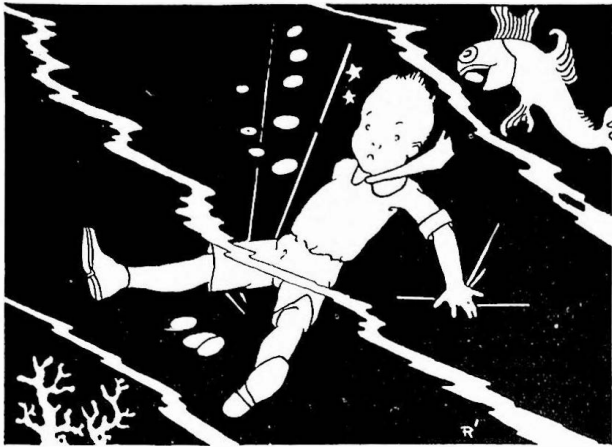
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• OF LOS ANGELES •

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No. 11 25c

1931



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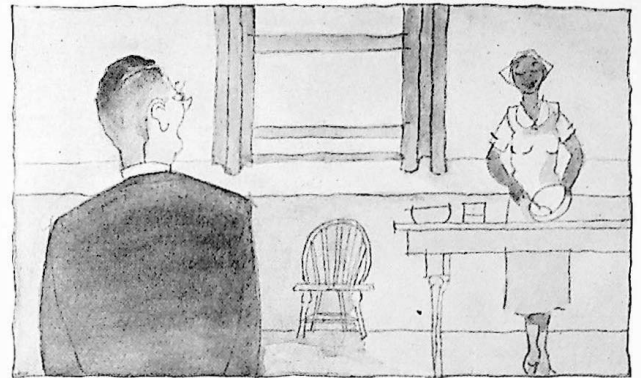
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BOOK SECTION

BROADWAY AT FOURTH STREET

FOR E W O R D

THRILLED WITH opportunity and scared by responsibility is a state of mind that should produce the perfect balance of accomplishment. The editorship of the EBELL MAGAZINE affords a chance to test out the truth of this premise. It would be unfortunate if the policy of the magazine be too much influenced by its opportunities and attempt too much; on the other hand, if it be overwhelmed with its responsibilities and become a dead thing, the ideal set by former editors will not be attained.

Mrs. Hot Johnson, Mrs. Charles S. Crail, Mrs. Albert H. Purdue, rich in hope and consecrated in service, have made a place for the EBELL MAGAZINE unrivaled in club circles. This high standard cannot be maintained without the wise counsel of the members at large. Whatever of success there may be in the next year must come from your inspiration. When another milestone has been passed, may the energizing force of your criticism and the encouragement of your praise result in a production worthy of the spirit of The Ebell of Los Angeles—the spirit that lives only as it serves. Your co-operation is solicited that the opportunities be not over-emphasized and that responsibility may not be too weighty. In that way, may the balance of excellence he made a glad reality.

LEISURE

THE DICTIONARY says: "Freedom from business, occupation or hurry, power or liberty to spend time according to one's choice, is leisure." Therefore the lovely days of leisure are upon us and time has come to play. The most poignant memories of childhood, those which remain with us the longest, are the places where we "played," and the family festivals where fun broke loose and the whole family "played" together. That "California is the playground of the world," is a trite and well-worn, but beloved statement. Into this playground August brings a renewed spirit of play and even the conscientious club woman pauses to play.

Frederick L. Collins tells in a recent magazine article that, some years ago, Mrs. Hoover drove from California to Washington. She was accompanied by her father and expected to share the driving with him. She said, "But we didn't. I drove *every wheel of the way*." Nowadays there is nothing to prevent a woman from following the road to vacation land; not a road that is a business road and leads to a *place*, but a road that entices her on with a siren glance over the shoulder and a flirt of tree draperies; a road, not stiff and regular, but one that winds up or down canyon walls with hidden pockets of beauty, and leaves her at the end in a place to enjoy leisure.

A belief in the value of leisure is essential to its enjoyment. Work has been glorified so long, so often, and so munificently that play and leisure are seldom suggested without apology and explanation. In pioneer times, work was necessary to existence. The New England farmer with his fetish of work as the paramount ambition and purpose of life merged into the Middle-Westerner who must wrest his living from a bare and, at times, infertile plain. Cities built up long queues of industrial workers who, with Ford and Edison as patron saints, believed that mankind's only salvation was work.

But with the wilderness cleared the American mind has emerged from its absorption in work. "Over-production," the great bogey of present-day conditions, seems to indicate the coming of more leisure. Factory hours used to be ten or twelve. Now the average working day is eight hours. The readjustment of supply to demand may reduce this to six hours or a five-day week, or both. This leisure should result in increase in education, in refinement and in physical improvement. The use of leisure determines the fate, not only of the individual, but of the entire community. Too much leisure, wrongly used, destroyed ancient empires. In our country nearly everyone works for the essentials of life—food, clothing and shelter first, and secondly for a surplus to enjoy leisure—to "have a good time." There will

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Vol. IV

AUGUST, 1931

No. 11

MRS. CHARLES F. RATHMAN.....*Editor and Manager*
EVELYN BENOIST.....*Advertising Manager*

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always be a great satisfaction in life if one takes it in a spirit of celebration. Not all of life is simple duty. Some of it is vacation.

Vacation lands are almost literally at our own front doors. Our mountains and beaches present a great deal of human interest, historical as well as recreational. The treks of the Franciscan fathers, the Spaniard, Anza, and later history-makers may be traced on an idle summer day. If one desires amusement or rest from the cares of home, it may be found in the Sierra Madre mountains—the "Mother" mountains. Mt. Wilson and Mt. Lowe, with their camping spots and trails, may be seen from the Ebell library balcony.

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges.

Something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go."
—KIPING.

Our city is one of the few places where the hills look invitingly into its back windows. The Santa Monica hills, with their ruffled frounce of Malibu beach, greet us from the Solarium. Here one may picnic in the dappled shade of sycamores, or climb the gentle vantage points to watch the sun on its ocean way to China.

Needless to enumerate the ever-widening circles of recreation spots; circles of joy and freedom that spread out from our present environment; that spread over California and spill over into other places. Our whole country abounds with astonishing contrasts and Americans are discovering America; New England with its woods, the South with its languor, the Middle West with its lakes, the West with its ranch life, and finally California, where you find it all.

Thomas Hobbes says, "Leisure is the mother of philosophy." Let us find leisure to learn a philosophy that will make life more comfortable and liberal, a beautiful and shining vacation.

—EDITOR.



RAINBOW FALLS, CALIFORNIA

P R E S I D E N T ' S P A G E

B R O A D E N I N G O U R I N T E R E S T

MRS. CHARLES S. CRAIL

LIFE is really worth living only so long as one takes an interest in the world around him. This interest in life is strengthened and broadened by intelligent reading, by travel, and by taking part in the affairs of groups of people.

Through our reading we become familiar with the happenings in world affairs. Through travel our knowledge becomes enriched by the places we have visited and by the people we have seen. Often we have visited a certain city, and thereafter even the newspaper items concerning it take on a familiar note and our reading becomes more interesting. Stories of a foreign country scarcely seem real until we have actually traveled in the country and after we have spent some time there any mention of the country brings up vivid memories of it as we saw it.

But each of us is not permitted to visit all the countries in the world or to take part in the affairs which are happening from day to day. We must relive many of our experiences by proxy. Members of a large club such as Ebelle have the opportunity of hearing and seeing men and women from all parts of the world who have made places for themselves and who are accomplishing great things. As it is recognized as an honor to appear before Ebelle, distinguished people welcome the opportunity to speak on our Monday programs and before the Departments. During the past year our guests have included men and women whose names are known the world around.

From our own community we have heard Charles Wakefield Cadman, who is considered one of the foremost modern composers, and whose contribution to the advancement of American music has been a matter of great pride to our citizens. Mrs. Robert Millikan presented before the Browning Department a paper on modern science which was worthy of her distinguished husband, whose helpmate she has been for many years. Carrie Jacobs Bond, whose music touches the heartstrings of the hardest heart, gave us one of her latest

compositions which had not yet been published. Lorado Taft, famous sculptor and lecturer, brought us a picture of what he considered an ideal museum. Julian Hux-

ley, a scientist with a world wide reputation, brought us in touch with the modern trend of science.

In the field of public affairs we have heard those from our own city and county governments who sought to make us acquainted with the business of our own locality. Our Governor and our Congressman brought us a little closer to our state and nation.

One of our Monday speakers, Don Salvador de Madriaga, has been made Ambassador to the United States from the new Spanish Republic. Miss Christabel Pankhurst and Mrs. Patrick Campbell represented the extremes in woman's achievement in England. In Ann Harding and Alan Mowbray we met not only stars in movie and stageland, but stars in womanhood and manhood. A new interest in poetry has swept the world, and we of Ebelle heard America's own McLeod, also MacGill from Ireland and many others. These are but a few of the talented people we have been privileged to see and hear. Each of them helped to widen our interest and broaden our vision. Each of them brought us in closer contact with the world beyond us.

Our program Chairman, Mrs. Albert H. Purdue, has been devoting most of her time during the past month to interviewing prospective speakers and their agents. Many interesting people are being sought for our Monday programs. The curators are planning for their year's work and have some splendid talent dated up. In addition to the pre-arranged programs, there are always distinguished visitors who come to our city who can be secured as speakers. A special committee will be on the lookout for these famous people to bring them to our club.

So the coming year promises to be one full of opportunity to widen our interests in every field through contact with those who are actively engaged in important world affairs. Through them our zest for life will become more keen and our usefulness more pronounced.

THE EBELLE of LOS ANGELES

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DEPARTMENTS

A RETROSPECT

"Measure not the work until the day's out and the labour done."
—AURORA LEIGH.

THE DEPARTMENTS are the life blood of Ebell and a retrospect of the achievements of this year of earnest endeavor shows the variety and comprehensiveness of the work done. Through them the very heart of the club is reached. The programs, touching as they do, so many phases of study, arouse the consciousness of members not only as to their relation to the club but to life itself. The interchange of ideas and the friendly interest of those women who generously gave their talents and time for the benefit of their fellow members made the meetings a pleasure and an inspiration. There is abundant proof that the results fully justified the effort in the increased interest and attendance.



MRS. W. L. McLEOD

MRS. W. L. McLEOD, GENERAL CURATOR.—Ebell departments help women to attain their ideals. The urge and desire to acquire more knowledge is within us all. Come to our departments and satisfy that urge. A serious study or an instructive lecture course may be had, either of which makes reading or travel more interesting.

A trait of character that is common to all successful persons is persistence and that is demonstrated by members of our study classes. Have faith that Ebell University has something worth-while for you and enter the classes in October, where you will find women of like interests, banded together for study and work, and where friendships are formed which is one of the joys of a membership in Ebell.

MRS. WILLIAM DELLAMORE, ASSISTANT GENERAL CURATOR.—I have considered it a distinct privilege and honor to have acted as Assistant General Curator of Ebell Club and to have been entrusted with so worthy a part of its work. Having attended on an average, seventeen departmental meetings each month during the past year, I have felt a deeper sense of obligation and responsibility for the work, and a keener insight as to the opportunities offered therein.



MRS. HARRY H. QUINE, MRS. EVERETT E. M. KERFOOT
MRS. WILLIAM DELLAMORE

MRS. HARRY H. QUINE, ASSISTANT GENERAL CURATOR.—It has been truly said, "If your study does not directly or indirectly enrich the life of man, it is but a drawing of vanity with cart ropes, a weariness to the flesh, or at best a busy idleness."

MRS. EVERETT E. M. KERFOOT, CHAIRMAN OF CREDENTIALS.—"The soul of Ebell through years of fruitful endeavor has expanded with that breadth of vision and forgetfulness of self that is the heritage of all who serve humanity."



MRS. DANIEL BEECHER

of the Applied Design Department, have had an opportunity to study the meaning and symbolism of color, to work out problems in it, not with a sense of work, but with the spirit of pure enjoyment that only those who take it up can understand.

APPLIED DESIGN, MRS. DANIEL BEECHER, CURATOR.—Everywhere one goes, one sees an ever increasing use of color. Color used intelligently, with an appreciation of its intrinsic value in the home, in the garden, and in dress has much to do with the happiness and well being of our everyday life. Used in connection with design, with seriousness, imagination and a knowledge of the Arts, it offers a medium of expression that is unlimited. Under the direction of our very fine instructor, we

THE BOOK CHAMBER, MRS. GEORGE A MON MEYER, CURATOR.—“We sponsor each book reviewed in our department,” said the Literature chairman of a woman’s club to me recently. Well, WE DON’T! ANY BOOK may be reviewed in our department—by popular demand, personal request, or assignment. One’s appetite cannot be gauged without sampling the provender! Open forum is maintained, providing critical but impersonal appraisal through animated class discussions. Poise, posture, voice, diction, English, construction and presentation are all carefully checked under the watchful and experienced eye of our instructor, Mrs. Jack Vallery. All members are invited to attend, and we promise you an entertaining morning.



MRS. GEORGE AMON MEYER

ART AND TRAVEL, MRS. EDWIN A. MACGILLIVRAY, CURATOR.—The Art and Travel Department has endeavored during the past year to arouse a new interest in the peoples of other lands. Through the medium of our programs we have turned our thoughts to China and the Far East, to Mexico, our neighbor on the south, to the far distant land of Thibet, to India, as well as to the fascinating village of Oberammergau, and to our own little island of Nantucket. As our curator has said, “The

BROWNING, MRS. ALVIN WILLIAM WENDT, CURATOR.—Browning—To many the very sound of the name is forbidding. It is as a devitalized subject conjured from a remote mid-Victorian past and of interest only to the erudite. This connotation is most unfortunate. Those who have visited the Fine Arts room the first and third Mondays of the month know the fallacy of the above conception. They have studied the poet in relation to his time and our time, and have found in him the modernism of the universal Artist. By various speakers of distinction, Browning was shown to be an exponent of international peace, a dramatist, a thorough psychologist, a musician of the highest appreciation and understanding, and a prophet of modern scientific thought.



MRS. EDWIN A. MACGILLIVRAY

traveled mind is the tolerant mind,” and so we trust that the work of this year has, in some degree, aroused in us a greater tolerance and understanding of our fellow-man. (Written by Mrs. L. A. J. LaMotte, Secretary.)



MRS. ALVIN WILLIAM WENDT

BETTER AMERICAN SPEECH, MRS. F. O. MCCOLLOCH, CURATOR.—To speak, or not to speak, that is the question:— Whether 'tis better to keep silent or risk our words, And suffer doubts and fears of how to use them; Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, And by study, end them? To hear,—to think,— No more; but to know by thought we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural mistakes

DRAMA, MRS. MARGARET BARBRICK PURCELL, CURATOR.—It was the objective of the Drama Department and of its curator to lay emphasis on original creative programs, either by members of the club or outside talent. This was accomplished, in that one original three-act comedy was presented; one program of original character sketches in costume; one morning of a newly created type of play called, “Chamber Drama”; and one of Negro Drama. Current plays were read and discussed under the caption of “The Drama-Taster.” Many celebrities of stage and screen were presented. A few were Ann Harding, Frances Starr, Alan Mowbray, Lawrence Grant, King Kennedy, Leslie Howard, Doris Lloyd, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Christabel Pankhurst.



MRS. F. O. MCCOLLOCH

Our tongues are heir to,—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. The Better American Speech Department of Ebell is an undiscovered country, from whose bourn No traveller returns,—It is a stimulus for the brain And makes us glad to use the words we know And nothing loath to gather those we know not of.



MRS. MARGARET BARBRICK PURCELL



MRS. WARREN T. SMITH

FRENCH, MRS. WARREN T. SMITH, CURATOR.—The French Department placed another milestone in its path of progress when it concluded its ninth year with Mlle. Madeline Letessier as instructor. The total attendance for the year was one thousand three hundred fifteen, making an average weekly attendance of forty-four. The work was more intensive than in other years. The classes progressed farther and are in better preparation to continue their studies this fall. An innovation

was the French table at luncheon, following the meeting of the department, when Madame Weil presided as director of conversation. With the Olympic games in our midst the coming year, it is to be hoped there will be a still greater interest in languages and that Ebell's French Department will feel the effect of this manifestation.

SPANISH, MRS. L. P. SIMS, CURATOR.—This has been a year of happiness and accomplishment in the Spanish Department. The enlarged enrollment has brought increased interest in all three classes, with the result that, almost without exception, definite progress has been made by the members. The instructor, Señora Maria Lopez de Lowther, has continued the plan of much conversation during the lesson. It is the aim of the many members of the department to be able to converse well by next summer, so that they will be able to talk with the Spanish-speaking visitors at the club house during the Olympic games. Several social gatherings of the members of all three classes have been enjoyed during the year, ending with the annual bridge luncheon where guests were entertained by Spanish musicians and dancing in costume.



MRS. L. P. SIMS

LAW, MRS. JOHN B. T. CAMPBELL, CURATOR.—The Law Department of Ebell covers a very necessary field. Today with women having in their hands forty-seven per cent of the nation's entire wealth, it seems apparent enough that they should know the rudiments of law and their property and domestic rights. With these facts in view the Law Department of Ebell has, during the past year secured speakers on wills, estates, property rights, tax problems, domestic relations, and other subjects affecting women's affairs. At each session, in addition to the guest speaker, there has been a lesson in the fundamentals of law by Miss Florence Bischoff who clarified involved legal points into the most simple terms.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS, MRS. CHARLES D. HILL, CURATOR.—There is an old fable about a veil that covered the head of a queen. Brought out into the courtyard, it enlarged itself and made a covering for the whole family. Carried forth to the plain, it was further enlarged until it became a vast tent for the whole people. So it is with the Public Affairs Department. Through the year in our programs, embracing civic, national and international affairs, we have emphasized this fact,—that information is the key to interest,—and in order to do our best in the affairs of home, of society, of state and country, we need to be informed. As individuals in this world we are "Way Makers," working for generations to come. The debt we owe to the past we pay to the future. Thus life becomes a reciprocity and a co-operation.



MRS. JOHN B. T. CAMPBELL



MRS. CHARLES D. HILL



MRS. SAMUEL H. FRENCH

BIBLE LITERATURE, MRS. SAMUEL H. FRENCH, CURATOR.—All of us in our youth studied the Bible from a sense of duty—our own or that of our parents, and too often, as we pored over the mystic Oriental imagery, "the chariot wheels drive heavily." We were like people trying to read a cipher message without a code book. Since then many of the biblical codes have been recovered from buried cities, old manuscripts and writings on shards of pottery. A large group in Ebell is studying again the ancient literature with real pleasure, and intellectual and spiritual stimulus.



MRS. CHARLES AXIOM CHAMBERLAIN

PARLIAMENTARY LAW, MRS. WILLIAM P. TRAYNOR, CURATOR.—The aim of this department is to give confidence and poise to those who take part in the business meetings of ordinary assemblies. Half of the meeting is given to the study of the lesson topic with Mrs. Charles S. McKelvey as the instructor. The remainder of the time is devoted to Smalltown Club, an imaginary club where actual practice is given to the transaction of business. The department had thirteen meetings, gave a bridge tea in the Solarium, had a social afternoon of cards, and closed with a picnic in Griffith Park.



MRS. WILLIAM P. TRAYNOR

DRAMA WORKSHOP, MRS. CHARLES AXIOM CHAMBERLAIN, CURATOR.—The Drama Workshop Committee has hoped to give Ebell a study department wherein the members might have an opportunity to study stagecraft, voice production, stage technique, the elements of gesture and bodily expression. We have in a measure succeeded.

There has since been added the study of characterization, and at the close of the year we were well on the way toward the technique of play reading.

Now that our "Lavender Patch" has been such a success due, partly, to the efforts of the department, we feel that we have had a most gratifying year. Here's to a bigger and better Workshop!



MRS. WILLIAM ERNEST
MABEE

MUSIC, MRS. WILLIAM ERNEST MABEE, CURATOR.—The Music Department has stressed the aesthetic, educational, international, and spiritual values of music through the illustrated programs presented. Beginning with the psychology of music, interesting talks have been given by the curator, on the development of music during Bible times,—the Gregorian chant, Lutheran chorale, and the spreading of music into the other countries. The department closed with a costume luncheon program, demonstrating the early history of music in America,—the Pilgrims, Puritans, Quakers, Indians, Moravians, Methodists, Congregationalists, etc. Music of each period was presented, closing with negro spirituals.



MRS. THORWALD A. PROBST

POETRY, MRS. THORWALD A. PROBST, CURATOR.—The work of the Poetry Department during the past year was a continuation of the work of the preceding year. The purpose, to present poetry as an art, to develop and direct the appreciation for poetic values in the ranks of the club; in short, to create purely poetry programs, both educational and entertaining.

Japanese poetry, present day Irish poets, the poetry of India, French modern poetry, the poet as a seer, and Virgil and Dante, were some of the topics presented at the regular meetings. Noted poets and editors, who from time to time have been visitors in Los Angeles, or poets who live among us and have distinguished themselves, were honor guests during the year.



MRS. JOHN FREMONT SALYER

LIVES AND TIMES, MRS. N. BRADFORD TRENHAM, CURATOR.—Lives and Times Department chose as its topic of study for the past year "The Home." During the year we had experts in their particular fields speak to us on various phases of home life, ranging from psychology to politics, with the hope that those who attended our meetings would hear something to help and enrich their own sphere of thought and action.

*Our homes are what we make them,
As we play the game of "Life."
Let's fill them full of sunshine,
Instead of woe and strife.*



MRS. N. BRADFORD
TRENHAM

PSYCHOLOGY, MRS. DWIGHT S. MOORE, CURATOR.—This year the Psychology Department has placed particular emphasis upon practical normal psychology for everyday use and helpfulness, examining those aspects that would enable us to better understand ourselves and others. We have met the second Monday of each month, having two speakers each morning. A new book was reviewed by a member, and a speaker from outside the club brought us a practical message on Psychology. We have had deans of universities, eminent physicians and psychiatrists, brilliant authors, lecturers, and journalists speak in our department.



MRS. DWIGHT S.
MOORE

SHAKESPEARE, MRS. JOHN FREMONT SALYER, CURATOR.—Character analysis and the development of clear thinking, were the aim of the Shakespeare Department during the year just ended. The plays studied: *Macbeth*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *The Winter's Tale* afforded great diversity of material. Consideration of all the words applicable to the qualities and actions of the mind with free discussion, was part of each program, in order to classify the characters studied. The Shakespeare Birthday Anniversary, when a tree was planted in the patio by Dr. Frederick Warde, was followed by a luncheon at which Dr. Warde may be said to have surpassed himself in a talk on "The Personality of Shakespeare," and in the presentation of scenes from the plays.

SIDELIGHTS ON A RECENT VACATION

MRS. CHARLES E. STANTON

OUR FIRST STOP was at Mazatlan, Mexico, built close to the crescent emerald bay. It being the rainy season, wild flowers were everywhere. We visited an observation station on top of a sugar-loaf hill near the sea. From here we had a fine view of the city, with its narrow streets and gay-colored houses with mysterious latticed windows, huddled close to its Cathedral in true European fashion. On this hill were built three platforms with crude tile floors and ornate railings around them. Here, the youth of the city gathered on warm nights to dance. From this hill the cocoanut grove along the shore was picturesque, but it didn't exactly smell of heliotrope and roses, when later we went through it. The old book store was a place where one could spend hours just browsing. The curio store with the many things of interest attracted us. Here we found pottery with a soft waxy polish painted a heavenly blue with Indian design in black and white.

At Champerico, Guatemala, we took a train for Guatemala City. For eight hours we slowly made our way through the tropical growth passing strange plantations, jungles, and near steaming volcanos of five thousand feet elevation. The natives on the way ran out to wave at us. We soon learned that when we waved good-bye in our language it meant "come here" in theirs. Guess how we found out. The native huts in the clearings in the jungles consisted of a thatched roof supported by bamboo at the corners and a dirt floor. The better huts had tile roofs and corner supports of adobe, and some had crude tile floors. The cook stoves were outside. We watched the preparation of the noon-day meal as we passed these little huts on small clearings near the tracks. It smelled of chicken and other meats and vegetables. Everything was prepared in one big bowl and when it was done it was placed in the middle of the room on the floor. The large family gathered around it. Each person had a piece of banana leaf on which the stew was served, then they backed away and ate it with their fingers. The more prosperous had tortillas on which the stew was served and seemed to enjoy rolling them up, all seasoned, and eating them last. When the family had eaten all they could, they left the dish on the floor for the dogs, pigs, chickens and all the live stock, and what a mess they made of the hut. When they had finished, the ever-present vultures, which are protected by law in that part of the country, came in and ate up everything. All was so clean that the housewife just put the bowl back on the stove all ready for the next meal. How very simple their household duties are!

In Guatemala City the water is scarce so the family wash is done at public washing pools. One we visited was quite large with a roof over it for shade. About two hundred women can wash here at one time. One woman ninety-two years old had washed there every week since she was twelve. Of course there had been improvements in the pool during that time. Each washer had a flat place with a rounded edge a few inches high, all built of cement. She placed her garment to be washed on this, and dipped water from the pool with a gourd. The water drained away and she sprinkled dry leaves over and rubbed the garment with a small green gourd. When this was done the washing was spread out in the soft mud. Remember it was the rainy season, and the mud was the muddiest you ever saw. After a while the wash was rinsed and the whole process gone over again and even for the third time. When we saw the washing in the mud with the dogs, pigs, chickens, etc. running over it, it seemed a hopeless mess, but in the final washing everything was snow white. The reason for this was that the leaves in combination with the mud made a fine bleach. We took the usual sight-seeing trips. The thing that interested me even more than the aviation fields, churches, schools or public buildings, was the old aqueduct built long ago by the Spaniards. Many times earthquakes have destroyed Guatemala but through

all of them this brick construction of arches supporting the flue, has stood without a crack.

We went next day to San José where our steamer was waiting for us. How loud the crickets and frogs sang on our way down! What a thrill it was to be let down in lighters to the wildly heaving shore boat and go out to our good ship over the huge ground swells. We had been gone two days. No wonder the Chinese bath boy seemed concerned and greeted us with the command, "Lady, Bath, LADY, BATH!" even before we were out of our seats.

At La Libertad, El Salvador, we found new seven-passenger Nash cars waiting to take us to the capital, San Salvador. El Salvador is a more healthful place than Guatemala, and the people are more thrifty and progressive. They have a large percentage of pure Spanish blood, while the Guatemalans are largely Indian. When we arrived at our hotel, we saw a parade coming, so some of us rushed to see it. We were told the Ambassador from Spain was arriving. The cavalry and soldiers were in the parade, also several loud bands. The saddle cloths almost reaching the ground were of satin and velvet in bright blues with silver braid. Each horse had a large wreath of white roses. In dress the soldiers were like the little tin soldiers. The Ambassador rode a fine white horse. He went into the palace and soon appeared on a small balcony. He was introduced and spoke a few words of greeting which we were near enough to hear. Then the cavalry and the soldiers drilled, and then the Ambassador rode away amid the cheers of the people. Later two of us were taken into the palace. This is used for administration purposes only. The rooms are large and open onto wide porches. There is much tile on high wainscoting and floors. Much black, blue and yellow are used. The porches are on four sides of the patio on both floors. There are several grand stairways down to the ground with large landings half way. It is the grand setting for the most select of the state functions. The police of San Salvador are certainly well equipped and seem to be quite proud of themselves as they stand under their large umbrellas at the street corners. They have a large flashlight, pistol, dagger, very large keys, writing pad, huge pencil, cup and a box that might contain a small lunch. All of these are worn about him fastened to big chains, and what a clatter he makes when he moves. Perhaps if we equipped our police in like manner we would have better service. Who knows?

On our walk from Cutuco to La Union in El Salvador we learned a bit of native humor. We were not allowed to buy any live thing, animal, or vegetable, to take with us as nothing of that sort is permitted to be landed in the United States. Other countries are not so restricted. A native had two watosas that seemed quite tame. These animals have a body like a guinea pig, legs like a cat, head like a fox, but teeth and mouth of a gopher. The native seemed very fond of them and gave the idea that they were rare animals. After he had sold them to a South American, he and his friends had a very hilarious laugh behind a tropical bush. I asked them what all the laughter was about and learned that to them the watosas is a pest like our rat or gopher, and to get rid of them for money was a wonderful joke.

Throughout Central America there is a tree that has round gourds that grow out of the trunk or bigger branches of the tree without any stem. When time to blossom, the bark parts and out comes the bud. The natives make good use of these gourds which are very hard. They sometimes grow a foot in diameter. In Guatemala they make bowls, vases, and ash trays out of them. They sometimes color them black with a waxy finish and carve them, then painting the carved lines. The workmanship shows a high type of Indian influence. In El Salvador the fine carving on the uncolored bowls shows the skill

of old Spain. In Nicaragua the bowls are painted bright red, blue, or yellow, and crudely carved afterwards.

In Crinto, Nicaragua, every one went to see the bar room built of 76,000 bottles. In the garden adjoining we walked on the paths made of bottles and saw the tropical birds and monkeys in cages. No, we didn't all drink.

In Puntarenus, Costa Rica, the language is Spanish, but most of the people we saw were of Negro race and were much larger than the people of other Central American countries. They seemed more progressive than in some of the other places. Their dress was quite modern. In many homes we saw lace bed spreads over gay colors and usually there were three to a dozen bright doll pillows on or near the bed. In the better part of town there are interesting tiles, stone and marble, used not only on the houses, but on fences and walks.

I made a study of the donkeys of the different countries and wondered if their owners or the climatic condition had anything to do with their different personalities. In Mexico, they were rather unwilling to go forward and would only when beaten enough, but would not keep on for long if they could help it. They were underfed and seemed to take no notice of things about them. In Guatemala they were thin and underfed and many had sores on them. When they were beaten, they would kick and sometimes bite and snap at their owners. They would often stall or back up. When every other thing seemed to fail they would put back their ears and go at a snail's pace for a step or two. In El Salvador they were fat, sleek, and prosperous looking, but did not go forward unless beaten. When they were once put in motion they would keep going for a short time but at a very slow gait. In Nicaragua they were well fed and seemed willing enough to go forward if someone were at hand with a switch. They looked about as they went along and seemed to take an interest in everyone and everything. In Costa Rica they were a little larger and had huge ears. They had a merry twinkle in their eyes. They needed

very little beating and when they started they would keep going very slowly, but going. They had a fascinating way of looking you square in the eye and waving their long ears at you in a friendly fashion. In Cartagena, South America, they were very, very small and seemed always to have large bundles of wood or grass or carried two big barrels of water, milk or oil. On top of the big load usually sat a man cross-legged. But the amazing part of it was, the way these little animals ran. After the slow going donkeys of Central America, these seemed gay and hilarious. It really wasn't dignified the way these nimble-legged creatures skipped about.

Of course the Panama canal with the old cities at either end would take too long to tell about. In fact it was the "Main Light," and this article is on the "Side Lights," so I will just say in passing that we wanted to have our picture taken when we finished a ride in the old-fashioned, horse-drawn carriage. The driver took us after much posing. When we had it developed in New York we saw only the smiling face of the thin white horse. I wonder, was that a bit of native humor too?

At Puerto, Colombia, we took a train for land at the other end of the mile-long wharf. This train had an engine, wide and short, and painted red. It looked like a big toy. When ready to start, it let off so much steam that it looked as if it were about to blow up, then it blew its shrill whistle, and rang its big bell. A man ran out and beat on a large iron hoop hanging near the station. He blew on a cow-horn trumpet. The engine then backed up with many a snort and at last we really began to go forward and were off. They say that the man who blew the trumpet died suddenly of the plague and the train was two hours late waiting for the trumpet blast.

*The Puerto Colombia train
Sure rang its big bell and raised Cain
And when it went forwards
It started out backwards
But treated us well, in the main.*

THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

MRS. CHESTER CARLISLE ASHLEY

THIS IS THE time of the year when all the world and his family go traveling by auto, boat, bus or train. And by the same token, this is the time when that good friend of the inexperienced traveler, the Travelers Aid Society, carries its peak load of emergency cases.

The very young, the elderly, the bewildered immigrant, the distressed persons who have lost ticket, money or address, the ones whose expected friends or relatives failed to meet them, the runaway boy or girl, the mother with small children who arrives late at night; all these are the especial wards of the Travelers Aid workers who are on duty day and night at their desks in railroad and bus stations. The transportation companies are so aware of the problems and so appreciative of the work of the Travelers Aid, that they not only provide an office and desk space, but they pay a stated sum per year to help defray the cost.

Many delicate problems are encountered that require the services of well trained social workers who have judgment, tact and, best of all, real friendliness. Many other Welfare Agencies are called on for help and a large part of its work consists in co-operation with other Travelers Aids all over the world, in order to give a chain of protective service to persons in need of it.

Last year, for example, it gave travel service to approximately two thousand children traveling to or from this city or en route elsewhere. It is not a Relief Agency, but through its social service department it obviates any need of relief in hundreds of cases each year and saves public and private charity thousands of dollars. It sends many sick and stranded people and many runaway children back to their own homes, securing the money from relatives or agencies in their home communities.

The staff of the Travelers Aid has to have highly specialized training. Fourteen languages are spoken by the aggregate staff, and the majority of the staff, both paid and volunteer, are college graduates. In spite of this fact, however, most of them are working for very small salaries or no salaries at all, in return for the training in social work. Their service has a wide range, from simple information as to a good safe hotel or the best car or bus for sightseeing, to the rescue of a girl from white slavery, or the care of a person taken suddenly ill or demented on a train.

If we study the history of the Travelers Aid Society, we find that the Young Women's Christian Association many years ago recognized that something should be done in railroad stations to protect young girls who were, in increasing numbers, traveling alone to the cities. Travelers Aid committees were formed in all city Associations and workers, often called Deaconesses, were placed in railroad depots. As the numbers increased and cities grew in size, the Y. W. C. A. decided that a separate national organization was needed to develop this work to greater efficiency and thus the National Travelers Aid was formed. To-day, in the smaller cities, the work is still usually carried on by the Y. W. C. A., but in the larger cities, as was done in Los Angeles about seven years ago, the work is handed over to the Travelers Aid Society.

Financial support of the Travelers Aid comes from the Community Chest, the transportation companies, and from membership dues and donations of individuals interested in this most important and helpful service.

Travelers Aid main office is on the third floor of the old Coulter building, 213 S. Broadway, where Mr. Charles H. Toll will be glad to receive your membership dollars.

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EBELL'S POETRY PAGE

INSPIRATION

MRS. CHARLES H. KEGLEY
(First Honorable Mention)

*Poet, who sings of flower and weed,
We often hear
With careless ear,
The transient note in thought and deed,
While life's deep meaning lies beneath
The dust of earth,
Waiting for birth.
Our fingers idly weave a wreath
Of flowers we plucked along the way,
Blossoms that grew
As the morning dew
Bespangled the cobwebs of early day.*

*Close in the dark and yielding earth,
A secret deep
As an infant's sleep,
Is the root from which the flower takes birth.*

*Root of the flower, urge of the soul,
Which will you be,
Fagot or tree,
Leaping the mountain, or stopped by a mole,
Blinded and groping, or touched by the Fire,
Deathless, the same
Undying flame
That flowers the blossom, draws tune from the
lyre,—
Earth-clo'd or star-dust? The web of a thought,
Ariel-light,
Intangible, bright,
Draws me and holds me, fluttering, caught
In a dream! As I wake, like a breath through
the reed,*

*Flower and soul
Gather their whole
Perfume and power for each season's need.*

*Poet, who sings of weed and flower,
The thought of God
In the quickening sod,
You have brought to me in a vibrant hour.*



UNAFRAID

GRACE REINI
(Mrs. Charles P. Reiniger)
(Second Prize)

*Life, you cannot frighten me
Staging grim reality!*

*I have been behind the veil;
Touched the crumbling coat of shale,*

*Heard a symphony of notes
That arose from hidden throats,*

*Walked on greenness that endured
Nourished by a light obscured,*

*Breathed as one the tang of free
Universal entity,*

*Found the end of every quest
Miracle made manifest!*

*Life unmask! Though fog blurs day
I see a light and find my way!*

THE HOUR OF THE HARE

PAULINE GARNER CURRAN

(Published in *Poetry World*; reprinted by permission
of the author)

*Oh, do you remember, my sister, remember
The stillness is falling in golden September,
The hour of the hare or the hour of the dragon,
Life drinking to me from a silver flagon?
Majestic and silent, my cloud-born lover,
Stands under the gale of the South Pavilion
Where the stars like apricot petals hover
Over our heads—or like vermilion
Fire-flies lighting the hall of the sky,
Flutter awhile, then sink and die.*

*Oh, do you remember—you cannot remember—
The moon arising, a coral ember,
While over the pines a heron winging
Pauses awhile to hear my singing?
My Lord, whose voice is jewelled with laughter,
Says I am his lady, the moon, unbending.
And how can I tell what follows after,
As eyes meet mine in a kiss unending?
Where our shadows meet by the tall bamboo
My table lute is dressed with dew.*

*Do you remember—how could you remember!
'Tis now the month of pale December;
No more he comes—no more, not ever—
I know in my heart he comes never—never!
I pray Kwan Yin for his love's bestowing.
Love came from the dark but the dark, (discerning
The way of man and the east wind going,)
Murmurs nothing to all my yearning.
Oh, man is a panther you cannot tame,
But the moon has still a heart of flame!*



POETRY DEPARTMENT

MRS. GEORGE V. SHIPLEY

CLIMAXING her two years curatorship, Mrs. Thorvald A. Probst presided over the final luncheon of the Poetry Department, on Friday, May first.

Mrs. Probst presented the president, Mrs. Charles S. Crail, who awarded the prizes in the poetry contest which was held by the department. The prizes were offered by Mrs. Harold Jans and first honor was awarded to Miss Helen M. Salisbury and second to Mrs. Charles P. Reiniger. The poems of Mrs. Charles H. Kegley and Miss Pauline Curran received honorable mention. Miss Salisbury's poem was entitled, *Grass Heritage*, Miss Curran's, *The Running Wave*.

Mrs. Julia Boynton Green and Dr. Garland Greever, two of the judges, were present and spoke briefly of their standards of poetry. A letter was read from Mr. Carlisle MacIntyre, the third judge, who was unable to be present. It is the hope of the Poetry Department that a contest may be held each year.

Mrs. William Read gave an interesting talk on poetry and what it may mean to the "layman."

The honor guests, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick MacGill and Mr. James W. Gleason, were introduced by Mrs. Probst and each responded with an interesting message.

In closing, Mrs. Probst expressed her appreciation to those who have assisted her in her work and said that it had been her aim to make the Poetry Department a nucleus at Ebell for poets and writers. In addition to Ebell's own poets, she has brought to these meetings many distinguished poets and writers of California.

EBELL'S MEMORIAL

In honor of the members of Ebell who have passed away during the last year, a memorial service was held in the auditorium June second. Mrs. Charles S. Crail, president, paid tribute to those upon whom death has set the seal of silence and while the club members stood, Mrs. Jess E. Wilson, secretary, read the names. An impressive program by the Los Angeles Ensemble, composed of Mrs. Guy Bush, pianist, Bessie Fuhr Erb, violinist, Lucy Fuhr Genter, cellist, and Beulah Storrs Lewis, reader, followed. Taps were sounded by Mr. Jack Genter.

IN MEMORIAM

"Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith."

Mrs. H. L. Armstrong
Mrs. Henry B. Bates
Mrs. James Wilson Beam
Mrs. Margaret B. Carpenter
Mrs. Clara P. Cashatt
Mrs. H. S. Cheney
Mrs. H. B. Cloak
Mrs. C. C. Cobb
Mrs. Charles Egleston Cray
Mrs. B. V. Cushman
Mrs. A. L. Danskin
Mrs. A. Edward Guertin
Mrs. William H. Hay
Mrs. Augustus Hine
Mrs. Hubert R. Holland
Mrs. Felix C. Howes
Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt
Mrs. O. B. Hutchings



Mrs. Albert Denison Jack
Mrs. Henry L. Knight
Mrs. Sue H. Leonard
Mrs. William T. Lewis
Mrs. L. J. Massie
Mrs. Albert McCall
Miss Molly Jane McDonald
Mrs. S. M. Otis
Mrs. Alice B. Parker
Mrs. C. O. Rust
Mrs. Alexander Shives
Mrs. Everett Sisson
Miss Minnie Slavick
Mrs. Schuyler M. Taylor
Mrs. R. H. Van Denberg
Mrs. J. A. Van Pelt
Mrs. Lillie H. E. Vorhees
Mrs. Kate Slauson Vosburg

HIGHLIGHTS FROM ANNUAL REPORTS

1930-1931

The magazine, Mrs. Albert H. Purdue, Editor, and the Monday programs, Mrs. Harry Leigh Bentley, Chairman, need no comment as they speak for themselves. There were 35 Monday programs, with an average attendance, per month, of 3385.

The Chairman of the House Committee, Mrs. Newton Everett Cramer, reported that Ebell's per cent on 16,331 luncheons served during the year was \$1063.23, and on 6627 dinners, \$694.09; guests at Monday teas, 15,836.

Mrs. Frank Karr, Membership Chairman, gave the total membership of Ebell to be 2621.

Mrs. William Milton Kinney, Corresponding Secretary, had written 723 letters—letters of appreciation, business, cheer, congratulation, invitation and sympathy.

Mrs. Robert L. Burns, Treasurer, gave the balance in the treasury July 1, 1931, as \$15,437.38 including Scholarship fund of \$2533.59, the club having paid among other items, taxes, \$19,321.20; interest, \$27,710.84, and \$20,000 on the mortgage. The total amount spent for philanthropies was \$9494.68. This amount is divided as follows: Practical Relief, \$1911.39; Scholarship, \$4834.00; Social Welfare, \$3249.29, which included contributions from members of \$1324.58 for the Parent-Teachers' Milk Fund and \$1195.45 for the Red Cross Relief Fund.

Mrs. James Andrew Rogers, Chairman of Rentals, stated that rentals from the theatre had netted the club \$11,346.71, being \$500 more than last year's amount, and that the total rentals from all sources amounted to \$16,791.50.

Among the many wonderful things that have happened to

the Rest Cottage Association this year, as told by Mrs. William R. Wherry, Chairman, were the gifts of the sun parlor, by Mrs. George H. Bishop, as a memorial for Mr. Bishop, and the assistants' room, which was furnished by the members of the Association. Mrs. Wherry spoke of the installation of a frigidaire, enlarged screen porch and other necessary conveniences. She reported that Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Flint had given \$1000 for the current expenses and created a special endowment fund to be known as the Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Flint Ebell Rest Cottage Endowment Fund and had placed to its credit five one thousand dollar bonds. There was also a bequest from the late Mr. Oliver S. Hershman netting \$2250 after tax reduction. The Rest Cottage Association membership this year was 864.

Mrs. Charles Howe, Chairman of Scholarship, reported that there were 24 young women and 3 young men on the Ebell Scholarship list, and 9 graduates.

Mrs. O. P. Lockhart, Librarian, reported 2554 books and 154 magazines circulated.

Mrs. T. J. Fletcher, Chairman of Practical Relief, stated that her committee had given out 5570 garments, helped 45 families and 50 individuals, with disbursements of \$1554.60 and cash on hand, June 1, \$372.37.

Mrs. Frank Brown Wheat, Chairman of Benefits, reported \$2527.55 raised from 5 events.

The Chairman of the Press and Publicity Committee, Mrs. Jess E. Wilson, reported 3450 lines of publicity, 40 "spreads," and 85 singles pictures in the daily press.

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S A L O N O F A R T

MRS. SYDNEY A. TEMPLE, *Advisor*

"MOSES" BY MICHAELANGELO

ON THE AFTERNOON of Friday, June twenty-sixth, a group of the Art Patrons of the Ebell Salon of Art made a pilgrimage to the Memorial Court of Honor in Glendale to view the reproduction, in stained glass, of Leonardo da Vinci's great painting of Christ and His disciples, known as "The Last Supper."

The "Window" is most impressive. The colors, while brilliant in tone, are subdued and softened by regulating the rays of the sun through a series of shutters which permits only such light as desired to give the most pleasing effect. "The Memorial Court of Honor," as it is very beautifully called, is a series of halls with vaulted ceilings; these halls are walled and floored in choice examples of marble, and at intervals are placed various pieces of interesting statuary—copies of the works of notable sculptors whose creations have stood the test of centuries.

The Cathedral Hall contains the da Vinci copy, and the whole room is a shrine to the memory of those two great artists who lived at the same time in the same city of Florence, Italy, during the last of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. Two of the greatest artists this world has ever known—two men whose accomplishments were so monumental along the same channel, yet whose lives were so utterly diverged in point of material gains.

Having written on the life of the great da Vinci in the last article—he, whose reach into the infinite space of joy and love seemed limitless, whose every wish felt a fulfillment through the natural unfoldment of life's blessings, it seems only fitting to follow it with an equally authentic article on the noble Michaelangelo, the "Man of Melancholy."

[Da Vinci, Michaelangelo, and the exquisite Raphael! To think that one small city claimed the honor of three such geniuses at the same time—and many, many others distinguished in various creative works.]

It is always such a joy to write or to speak of da Vinci and his work. His personality radiates through the pages of history, and like a field of flowers blooming beneath the caressing sun where one is intrigued to add one more beautiful specimen to the bouquet, one reads and reads and longs to tell more of his enchanting experimental life—but with the great Michaelangelo one stands silent and reverent in the hush of his tragic life, a perfect piece of stone, as it were, crying out to be released into a perfect form by the Master hand, but never unloosed to its full aspiration!

Michael Angelo Buonarrotti was born in 1475 in Castle Caprese, an old castle on the summit of a rock in the village of Caprese, where his father, a citizen of Florence, was serving as chief magistrate. His mother was nineteen years old when he was born and being unable to nurse him was forced to put him in the keeping of a foster-mother, the wife of one of the stone cutters in the marble quarry near the village. Michaelangelo in after life said he drank the music of mallets and drills into his soul in infancy.

His father was a student of astronomy and when this child was born insisted that he would be blessed with celestial powers, and therefore had him christened Michael the Angel. That the family was an ancient and honorable one—up to this time—history records, but the cruelty of the father toward this son, whom he was determined to make a great scholar, and the unceasing demands made upon Michaelangelo through all the years of his life by the father, brothers and uncles, makes a distressing picture of filial and family tyranny.

At the age of thirteen Michaelangelo was allowed to become an apprentice to the greatest teacher of painting in Florence at that time, Domenico Ghirlandaio. The regular procedure for students was reversed however in this case, for Michaelangelo received a yearly fee for his services. Ghirlandaio was a just man and it was through his interest that the genius of the boy was brought to the notice of Lorenzo de' Medici, the ruler of Florence and a patron of the arts.

"Lorenzo the Magnificent" treated his protégé as one of his own sons, bestowing upon him an allowance of five hundred ducats a month, furnishing him with a separate studio where he could create what he chose, and seating him at table with the highest intellect of the day. These were the happiest days of Michaelangelo's life—the only time he ever knew the luxury of proper food and clothes and shelter.

At the end of three years Lorenzo died and his son Pietro became his successor, a miserable degenerate and tyrant. Again Michaelangelo stood alone without means or employment, but he had been born with the knowledge of the exacting responsibility of genius and within himself he held his creative ideal. He was a student of the Bible and of Dante and the teachings of the monk, Savonarola, made a deep impression upon him. Florence was in a state of upheaval and shortly after the death of Lorenzo, Michaelangelo fled to Bologna, thence to Venice, and after a brief return to Florence we find him in Rome at work on his first indisputable masterpiece, the "Pieta"—the Holy Mother with her adored Son, bleeding and lifeless, held across her knees!

That a man, one considered harsh and cold and brutal, could have felt in a block of stone this tenderest of all emotions, this deepest of all sorrows and anguish! It had never been done before, and it has never been done since. It stands alone in depicting sorrow too great for expression, tenderness too divine for movement. The beautiful body of the Son lies, with all its precious weight, across the Mother's lap, and only her half-opened hand tells her utter loss!

The other two great copies of Michaelangelo's work in this hall are the tombs of the Medici and the colossal "Moses," the Lawgiver. One stands before these figures with mingled emo-

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SOCIAL WELFARE ACTIVITIES

REST COTTAGE ASSOCIATION MISS LAURA PAXTON

On Friday, July third, the Rest Cottage Association met and despite the holiday season a goodly number was present. The cottage is reported to be in excellent condition, having had a complete renovation. It is freshly painted within and the new retaining wall is finished; all done under the careful supervision of Mrs. George H. Mosher.

Mrs. Wherry told of a young girl, recommended by the Juvenile Court, as needing a friend; an orphan, self-supporting, worn out physically, losing her courage, deeply depressed. Through the cottage and the friendliness extended, she was restored to the natural enthusiasm of youth. Another, after a nervous breakdown and twenty-two weeks in bed was brought back to health and activity. Mrs. Louise Helen Kramer's committee took those guests, able to go, to a cottage in La Canada for a picnic. The day proved a great joy to those present.

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share another's burden.

Please notice that the next meeting will
be held Friday, September fourth, at the
club house at eleven A. M.

PRACTICAL RELIEF

MRS. T. J. FLETCHER, *Chairman*

After an absence from the city of nearly four months your committee chairman finds that the work has been carried on efficiently and that the greatest need is for a larger membership. Through illness and removal from the city, we have lost some valued members. In this great and wonderful club are there not six women who know how to sew, cut simple garments, and who are willing to give us one day a week for the service of many needy ones? We all enjoy our days together and can assure you of a happy time. Come and help us!

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SALON OF ART

Continued from page fifteen

tions. The figure of "Moses" overpowers in its physical strength and in its divine mentality, its spiritual leadership to which we accede, but the massive forms of the figures of the tombs excite and disturb one with the burden of inexplicable thought. "Inexorable Destiny, Asleep and Awake" they seem to be, not "Morning or Evening" as they are so senselessly called. Michaelangelo knew, and likely knew also that *we would not know*. "He was a lifelong alien on this earth and voyaged the sea of thought alone."

In the Uffizi Gallery of Florence is a portrait of Michaelangelo. It is an utterly tragic figure with eyes that at first seem sightless, but gradually they burn into one's brain with their intensity, and the bowed form expands in its sublimity of force—a giant among the pigmies of this world; he who left to this same world the greatest mural paintings of all time, the decorations in the Sistine Chapel in Rome—an unbroken area of about ten thousand square feet.

Michaelangelo's last work in marble is the unfinished "Deposition from the Cross" which stands in the dark behind the high altar of the Duomo in Florence. He is said to have designed it for his own monument, intending the figure of Nicodemus to be his own. He used to work on the figure at night with a candle stuck in a cap made of heavy paper. One night the scholar, Vasara, called upon him and as he started to touch the leg of Christ, Michaelangelo let the light fall from his hand, leaving them in darkness. In apology Michaelangelo said, "I am so old that death often pulls me by the cape and bids me go with him; some day I shall fall as this candle fell, and the light of my life will be extinguished."

The Reaper came, but the light of Michaelangelo's life was not even dimmed. The breath of his individual genius pulsates in everything he touched, and the force of his singing mallet shall resound through the ages. Not ninety years he lived, but ninety times ninety, and more.

*The best of artists has no thought to show
Which the rough stone, in its superfluous shell
Doth not include: to break the marble spell
Is all the hand that serves the brain, can do.*

MICHAELANGELO.

Highlights from the Annual Reports

Continued from page fourteen

Mrs. Hosmer C. Graham, Auditorium Guest Ticket Chairman, spoke of 39 meetings in the auditorium and 5478 tickets sold.

Mrs. Edward Loomis Wright, Chairman of Law Observance, stated that 27,000 stickers had been distributed.

The Solarium Teas Chairman, Mrs. Robert M. Hartwell, told of 29 teas for which 1732 tickets had been sold, which netted \$711.44.

Mrs. Dwight H. Reay, President of the Ebell Juniors, spoke of the change of the age limit of the Juniors from 26 to 30 years, and the gift to the Senior club of \$150.

Their Social Welfare Committee reported caring for four families. The Scholarship Committee helped one student at U. C. L. A. and the mother of one of their welfare families. The Benefits Committee raised a total of \$458.74 and the Book Chamber reviewed about a hundred fascinating books.

—MRS. HARRY H. QUINE,
Associate Editor.

The Traveler's Friend

Continued from page twelve

There have never been sufficient funds to provide workers for ship terminals at the Harbor, though they are badly needed, nor to meet all the busses or the cars of the Pacific Electric, and now we have the added problems of the air fields and terminals.

Life is ever presenting new problems and new opportunities for service.

A HONOLULU EPISODE

JULIA RUEBHAUSEN

ONE OF THE things which makes travel interesting is the contact with the peoples of different countries, and observing their mode of living and customs. In visiting our flowery isles in the Pacific, one is impressed, not only by the scenic and picturesque beauty, but also by the atmosphere of romance. The care-free, smiling natives, dancing and singing to the dreamy strains of an ukulele beneath the summer sky, are the chief attraction. Yet, the life isn't what it used to be, David informed us at his hut, built to show tourists how the natives lived in the old civilization. The hut was small and had a thatched roof, and was furnished simply with a mat made of strips of leaves braided together. The natives, so David said, sat on the floor when they ate, and slept on it at night. Their principal diet was *poi*, made from the taro root by pounding it with a stone until it resembled mashed potato.

In telling the story of the life of the natives, David said, "We had no money. If we wanted something we exchanged something of ours with our neighbors. Girls who contemplated marriage did not look for money. All they looked for, was that the man be a good *poi* pounder."

"It is different nowadays," he sighed disconsolately. "The man must have money and a car. In this day of civilization the divorce courts are full. They are filled for months ahead. We did not have marriage ceremonies in the old days. We simply lay down on the floor and some one put a blanket, made from bark of a tree, over us, and we said, 'Until death do us part.' And it was 'Until death do us part.' When I am ready to marry I shall ask permission to be married in our old-fashioned way. And it shall be 'Until death do us part.'"

However, rumor had it that he was a divorced man.

The picture for our Frontispiece this month, was supplied to us by the Playground and Recreation Department of the City of Los Angeles. It is a view of Rainbow Falls, one of the many beauty spots in the mountains near Camp High Sierra. This camp and camps Radford and Seeley in the San Bernardino Mountains are maintained by this department to provide opportunity for complete rest and relaxation to the citizens of Los Angeles. At these camps scenic wonders entrance the eye, sports and games provide communal recreation, hikes and horseback riding satisfy individual inclinations, and comfortable cabins and wholesome meals at nominal cost insure physical welfare. They are ideal places for a glorious mountain vacation.

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EBELL JUNIORS

INSTALLATION BRIDGE LUNCHEON

The club year of the Ebell Juniors was officially brought to a close by the annual installation luncheon held in the main dining room of the club on June tenth. A large group of enthusiastic Juniors and their friends were present to review the events of the past year and to welcome the new Junior Board. Aside from the actual presentation of the gavel to Miss Winifred Huntington by Mrs. Dwight H. Reay the highlights of the afternoon were the words of encouragement and felicitation from our own Mrs. Harry A. Ford and Mrs. Henry F. Vosper, Junior Advisors, and Mrs. Charles S. Crail, President of Ebell; and also the lovely vocal selections of charming Miss Marian Mabec.

The committee chairmen gave their yearly reports, and bridge followed the introduction of the new Board and the formal appointment of the committee chairmen and their assistants, by the incoming President.



MISS RUTH KENNEDY
Chairman of Work and Play

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Miss Elizabeth LloydThird Vice-Pres.
CRestview	13194
Mrs. Wendell C. Cole, Jr.Secretary
WYoming	1951
Miss Margaret BunnTreasurer
WHitney	5222

SOCIAL WELFARE

August Meetings:

Monday, August third, at the home of Mrs. Hayes H. Halverson, 343 North Bronson Avenue.

Monday, August seventeenth, at the home of Mrs. J. Roland Siegel, 946 South Rimpau Boulevard.

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

CONZELMAN, MRS. WILLIAM L., 624 South Rimpau Boulevard, WHitney 8918.

Endorsed by Mrs. William C. Warmington, Mrs. Malcolm Peter Campbell, Mrs. T. Dwight Briden.

COOPER, MRS. HAROLD PERRY, 450 North Rossmore Avenue, HEMpstead 5465.

Endorsed by Mrs. John Priestley Hart, Mrs. Sydney A. Temple, Mrs. Ross Moore.

FISH, MRS. ELI WILLIS, 1207 South Windsor Boulevard, WHitney 8765.

Endorsed by Mrs. George H. Stratton, Mrs. J. C. Kuchel, Mrs. George L. Stanwood.

JUNIOR MEMBERS

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Endorsed by Mrs. Oliver S. Hershman, Mrs. M. A. Warren, Mrs. Charles S. Crail.

JONES, MISS CHARLOTTE VIRGINIA, 815 Muirfield Road, WHitney 7164.

Endorsed by Mrs. Bertram Eugene Green, Mrs. Albert H. Purdue, Mrs. William Dellamore.

PERSONAL INTEREST

Please send information of personal interest to the Club Survey Chairman, Mrs. John A. M. Robb, 1915 Diamond Avenue, South Pasadena. Los Angeles telephone SYcamore 1616.

ENGAGEMENTS

CREWS-DUNNING. Miss Virginia

Lee Crews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Swepson Crews, to Mr. Carroll Dodge Dunning.

RICHARDSON-MILLER. Miss Ruth Anne Richardson, daughter of Mrs. Walter W. Richardson, to Mr. George Roger Miller, of Pasadena.

SEWELL-STEVENS. Miss Ada Sewell, of Pasadena, to Mr. Terrill Dryden Stevens, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Stevens.

STANNARD-SHONK. Miss Jean Spence Stannard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milton LeRoy Stannard, to Mr. Albert Davenport Shonk.

MARRIAGES

PLATT-BAUER. On May 8th, Mr. Courtney C. Platt to Miss Dorothy Bauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry John Bauer.

JOY-ROBERTSON. On May 26th, Mr. Van Brunt Joy to Miss Mildred Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robertson.

BIRTHS

TRENHAM. On June 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. N. Bradford Trenham, a daughter, Shari Lorraine.

BURNS. On April 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Chase Burns, a daughter, Eleanor Virginia. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Burns.

FEWELL. On May 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard William Fewell (Helen Bullock), a son, John Bullock.

HARRISON. On May 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Wayne Harrison, Ebell Junior, a son, J. Wayne Harrison, Junior. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Harrison.

SMITH. On May 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Forest Smith, Ebell Junior, a son, William Forest. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Y. Smither.

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PETROPOLIS

EVA STAVNOW

WHEN ONE is taking a Scotch vacation—staying at home and letting the mind wander, it is pleasant to visit in retrospect some entrancing far-flung resort which one is fortunate to see once in a lifetime. Frequently returning to my mind's eye is a picture of Rio de Janeiro's charming summer resort, Petropolis, which nestles in a verdant nook high in the mountains behind picturesque Guanabara Bay.

Climaxing a visit to Brazil, which was in itself a climax to a cruise around South America in 1929, we motored along a winding grey ribbon road to the quaint old town. The famed Swiss Alps boast no more beautiful scenery than we found in the ranges unfolding before our eyes. Heavily wooded slopes bordering the peaks of misty purple rolled by on one side, while on the other, green hills rushed down to meet the sea. The glamorous surroundings appeared at first glance to be the private domain of an ornate butterfly population. Their large blue wings, luminous in the sunlight, filled the air with a blaze of color and beauty. Closer observation, however, revealed great ant colonies in traffic jams around their tall mounds, resembling the outpouring of humanity from a New York skyscraper at the noon hour. These two unlike species of insect are useful to each other in the scheme of existence, according to Maeterlinck in his "Life of the Ant." He tells, we know, of various species of ants that exploit certain caterpillars which will become blue butterflies and which emit a saccharine fluid of which they are fond. As a means of perpetuating the delicacy, the ants carry off these caterpillars by the hundreds and shelter them in their underground nests through their long sleep as chrysalides. At the emergence of the insect, the ants help them to escape from their sheath, and the beautiful blue butterflies go forth to brighten the world outside.

Petropolis was like a superb flower show with its main street converted into a flower market and its flower-fringed river singing through the smiling avenues. This peaceful town, still redolent of the Colonial era, was the favorite resort of Dom Pedro II during his reign in Brazil, and its fine old church holds his remains and those of the Empress in a tomb that is a monument to their memories. It is the chief object of interest in Petropolis to the tourist. Banished from Brazil when it became a republic, the royal pair made their home in Portugal until death lifted the ban and they were brought back to rest in the spot they loved so well.

In leaving this tropical spot we took away an unforgettable picture of its scenic beauty, and also quantities of blue butterfly-wing souvenirs.

PAINTINGS BY HUBERT J. STOWITTS

At the Los Angeles Museum during the month of September, there will be an exhibition of one hundred fifty ethnographic paintings, "Vanishing India," executed in India from life, for the purpose of making a record and contribution to research in: Ethnography, establishing permanent documents of the arts and crafts which are disappearing; Anthropology, preserving portraits of representative types of races which are dying out; Geography, showing the infinite diversity of races and customs, from the Himalayas to Ceylon; History, presenting only the true India which has escaped Occidental influence.

The artist, of international fame, is Hubert J. Stowitts, a son of an Ebell member, Mrs. I. J. Stowitts. Ebell members are invited to visit the Los Angeles Museum during September.

MEMORY

It will be of interest to Ebell members to know that one of our number, Mrs. Chappell Q. Stanton, has placed in Inglewood Memorial Park a beautiful work of art called "Memory." It was made in Italy, by special order, following a design carefully worked out to typify contemplation. In bringing this piece of sculpture to Los Angeles Mrs. Stanton has paid tribute to departed members of her family and at the same time has performed an outstanding service to lovers of art in the community.

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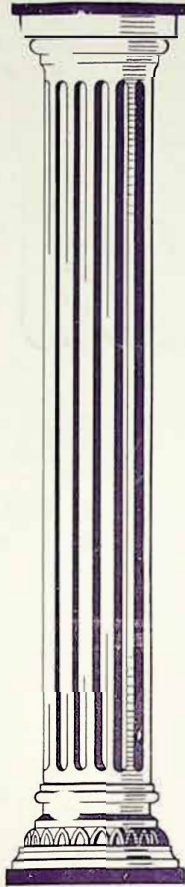
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