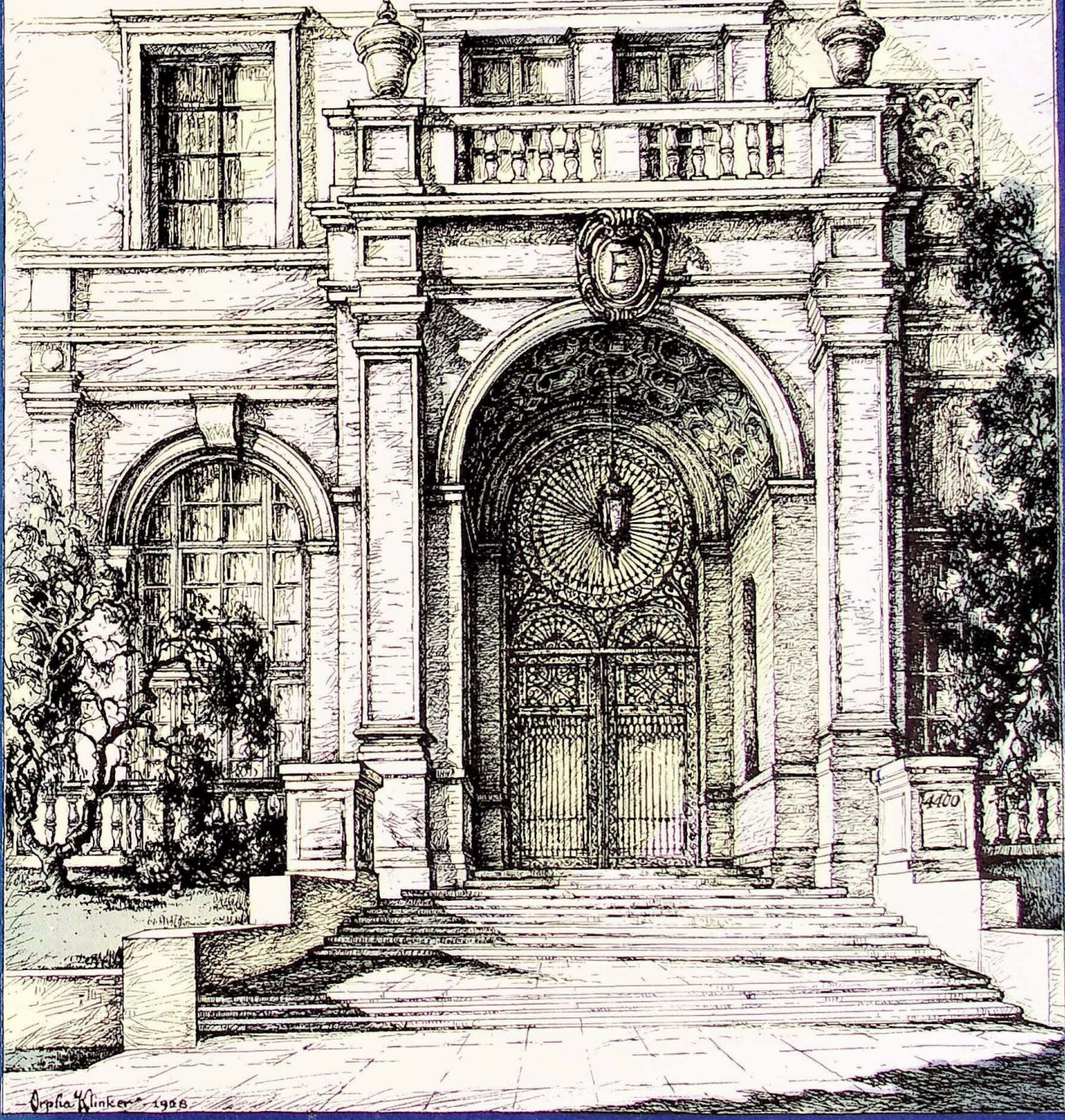


F B F T C

L O S A N G E L E S



Vol. II. No. 9

JUNE

PRICE 25C

1 9 2 9



Mrs. CHARLES S. CRAIL..... *Editor and Manager*
 IVAN DEACH, JR..... *Advertising Manager*

THE MAGAZINE

EBELL MAGAZINE is published for the information and enjoyment of the members of the club. Its object is to present the Monday programs and those of the departments, to acquaint the members with the personnel of the various committees and departments and the work performed by them and to furnish information concerning the social activities of the club.

We would like the magazine to be the best club magazine published and we would like suggestions how to make it the best.

Is there enough information given about the programs? What parts of the magazine should be developed further? Are there too many pictures? Should there be more personal items? What new departments of the magazine should be established, if any? What departments should be abridged or eliminated? What would make the magazine more interesting and more useful to the members?

These are some of the questions the editor would like to have answered. Many of you have suggestions which would be of great value if the editor were given the benefit of your advice and help.

Please think over the questions, write out your suggestions and leave them at the club office.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION

On Monday, June 3rd, the annual elections of Ebells are held. The sample ballot is printed on page 14. The candidates for president, first vice-president, second vice-president, third vice-president, fourth vice-president, general curator and corresponding secretary are unopposed. There are two candidates for recording secretary with one to be chosen and three candidates for director with two to be chosen.

There are many women in Ebells who are qualified to be office-holders and would be acceptable and who would enjoy the work. But either for lack of inclination or scarcity of time, they have not permitted their names to be presented.

Service in Ebells is voluntary and is done for the joy of it without expectation or hope of reward except that received from pleasant associations, broader experience, work well done, and the satisfaction of altruistic motives.

The persons whose names appear on the ballot have expressed a willingness to serve. Where there is a contest it is a friendly one and should be so conducted.

The ideals of Ebells preclude the use of mis-statement and innuendo for the purpose of securing any objective. The dignity of an office is jeopardized if that office is won by such methods. No victory is a real victory which is won by half truths or malicious gossip.

Loyal club members deport themselves with dignity, express themselves with fairness and accept the decision of the majority with renewed allegiance to the club.

Friendly rivalry may and should prevail but factionalism and bitterness should not be allowed to creep in.

A SPLENDID APPROACH

So many new and untried advertising mediums are offered today that it is good to know that Ebells Magazine continues to prove itself a favorite with so many leading advertisers. Our magazine more than ever continues to be a splendid approach to the worthwhile families of Los Angeles.

Ebells Magazine is followed closely by the woman's clubs of the Southland. It is becoming the foremost publication in Southern California so far as women's interest are concerned. It can play a profitable part in the advertising plans of skillful and judicious advertisers.

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EBELL MAGAZINE

This Magazine is published by the Ebells of Los Angeles, with Editorial Offices at the Club House, 743 South Lucerne. OREGON 4104. The Advertising and Printing Offices are at the Wetzel Publishing Co., Inc., 336 South Broadway. Phone VAndike 7736.

— LINOLEUM —

STAINES IMPORTED (ENGLISH INLAID—
NAIRNE'S "SEALEX"—ARMSTRONG'S
"ACCOLAC" FINISH

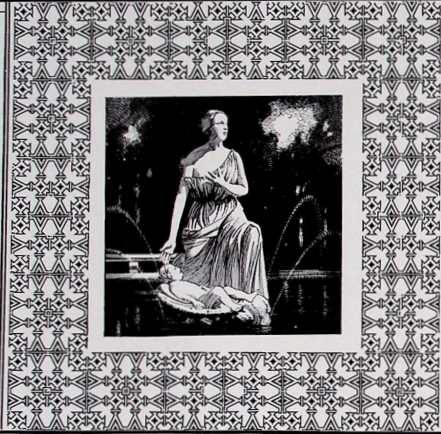
A wide variety of the newest and most colorful patterns

WINDOW SHADES
New Shades made to order—Old Shades reversed

LINOLEUM SHOP

3910 West Sixth Street
WAshington 8572
WAshington 3373

BRAZZA'S masterpiece, "The Finding of Moses" Fountain of Forest Lawn in Glendale, is an exact replica of the original fountain in the Pincio Gardens,



overlooking St. Peter's in Rome. Even the setting of trees and shrubbery has been so arranged as to duplicate the original location.

• THE FOUNTAINS OF FOREST LAWN •

The charm of the public gardens of the old world is heightened by the sculptured marble fountains with their leaping, sunlit waters. So great is the historical significance and beauty of these fountains that their purchase and exportation is prohibited. Yet, through its friendly connections with foreign governments, Forest Lawn has been permitted to commission the making of exact and authentic marble replicas of famous fountains, and bring them to California for the adornment of this new world garden. The citizens of Southern California are invited to visit this gathering place of masterpieces of art, of all beauty which symbolizes eternal life.

A beautifully illustrated Art Book "Chimes," fully descriptive of the works of art in Forest Lawn, may be obtained by sending 25 cents to partially cover printing cost.

Forest Lawn Musical Program, Station KHJ, every Friday Evening 8 to 9

FOREST LAWN MEMORIAL-PARK

GLENDALE BOULEVARD AND SAN FERNANDO ROAD, GLENDALE

TELEPHONE ALBANY 1121



President's Notes

Our Auditorium

MRS. A. BENNETT COOKE

The EBELL of LOS ANGELES

4400 WILSHIRE BLVD.
OREGON 4104

OFFICERS

- Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, *President*
 Mrs. Charles S. Crail, *First Vice-President*
 Mrs. Edgar S. Stanley, *Second Vice-President*
 Mrs. Frank Howell Stanbery, *Third Vice-President*
 Mrs. Edward Everett Sherrard, *Fourth Vice-President*
 Mrs. Edward A. Tufts, *Recording Secretary*
 Mrs. Albert Homer Purdue, *Corresponding Secretary*
 Mrs. Patrick Campbell, *Treasurer*
 Mrs. J. Elbert Harshman, *General Curator*
 Mrs. Samuel Emerson Farout, *Chairman Ebells Rest Cottage Association*
 Mrs. Alfred W. Rea, *Chairman of Scholarships*

DIRECTORS

- Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, *Chairman, Board of Directors*
 Mrs. Charles D. Burt, *Chairman of International Relations*
 Mrs. Charles E. Cray, *Chairman of Social Welfare*
 Mrs. Julian Ellsworth Garnsey, *Auditor*
 Miss Frederica De Laguna, *Chairman of Resolutions and Public Relations*
 Mrs. Grantland Seaton Long, *Chairman of Theater Interests*
 Mrs. William Read, *Chairman of Finance*



Courtesy Committee

Mrs. Walter Harrison Fisher Entertains the Courtesy Committee

Courtesy Committee: Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, President of Ebells; Mrs. Walter Harrison Fisher, Chairman of the Courtesy Committee; Mrs. Lincoln D. Godshall, Assistant Chairman; and members of the Committee, including: Mrs. Lewis W. Andrews, Mrs. George Alexander Brock, Mrs. Bruce H. Cass, Mrs. Edwin Allen Curtis, Miss Ada A. Dryden, Mrs. Harry A. Ford, Mrs. Leslie Randall Hewitt, Mrs. Randolph W. Hill, Mrs. Hot Johnson, Mrs. Fred Selwyn Lanz, Mrs. William Warren Orent, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mrs. Oscar A. Trippet.



WHAT are you going to do with your white elephant? has been asked a number of times this winter.

Now since white elephants are not a usual club possession, one immediately replies—"What white elephant?"

"Your theater, of course," is the answer.

Since the question has been asked in various forms by members and non-members, it seems well to devote the President's page this month to an explanation of conditions as regards our much discussed auditorium.

First and foremost our theater can by no means be regarded as a white elephant. We built it to serve our club needs. We use it for our open membership meetings on Monday afternoons, often filling it to overflowing. We have our largest Wednesday departments in it and we also have there other special meetings for which there is not sufficient space in other department rooms.

We give entertainments in it—lectures, pictures, plays, for our benefit fund. We rent it to a religious body every Sunday morning and to various groups of one kind and another for the days we do not use it ourselves during the week.

It is an absolute necessity for our club activities and a source of great pleasure to the club members because of the beauty of its equipment.

True, we thought last summer we would like to have some of the best theatrical productions that were sent out on the road from New York and to that end we engaged a competent theater man on a percentage basis to manage it. He had been with us less than a month when it became apparent that the theatrical business all over the country was in an extremely precarious condition owing to the imminence of the talking picture which at that time was only spoken of but which has since become a reality.

Because of that probability comparatively few shows left New York and nearly

all of those shown there this winter were financial failures. According to newspaper reports, never in many years have there been so many unemployed actors in that city.

Our hopes failing in that direction, we turned our attention to a number of propositions that were brought to us—one after another—for the formation of Guild or Community Players, the company to be composed of members of the actor Colony in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Each proposition seemed alluring but it always took the form of a percentage basis—not a rental—and a five or ten year lease. This meant Ebells' theater would be tied up for five or ten years and the Company would probably just make its expenses the first two or three or maybe four years. In the meantime we would have been deprived of the use of our theater and have suffered much loss by depreciation of our property if we did not come out in actual debt. It did not seem good business to us.

We have made a fair revenue this winter though not nearly as much as we would have liked, but we have the consolation of knowing that our auditorium is still as good as new, that our stage equipment has suffered no losses. Depreciation from had use is something to be reckoned with.

Of the companies that came to us, several did not materialize after we declined their negotiations, and two which went to other theaters have not been successful financially. If we had gone in with them we might have found ourselves with a heavy debt on our hands.

Your Board of Directors deserves great commendation for its astuteness, for several of the propositions seemed enticing.

It is perfectly obvious that rental of the theater for constant use would inevitably bring shabbiness and deterioration and there should be a sufficient financial return for such depreciation. As there has been no adequate financial return offered so far, nothing that would not bring risk of debt to Ebells, how much better it would be for the club if our dues were raised—say one dollar a month—just enough to obviate the necessity of having to regard our theater as a commercial enterprise.

PROGRAM

JUNE

At Two O'Clock

MRS. EDGAR S. STANLEY, Program Chairman
WHITNEY 6633

Monday, June Third

Musical: Woman's Symphony Orchestra
Henry Schoenfeld,
Conductor

Monday, June Tenth

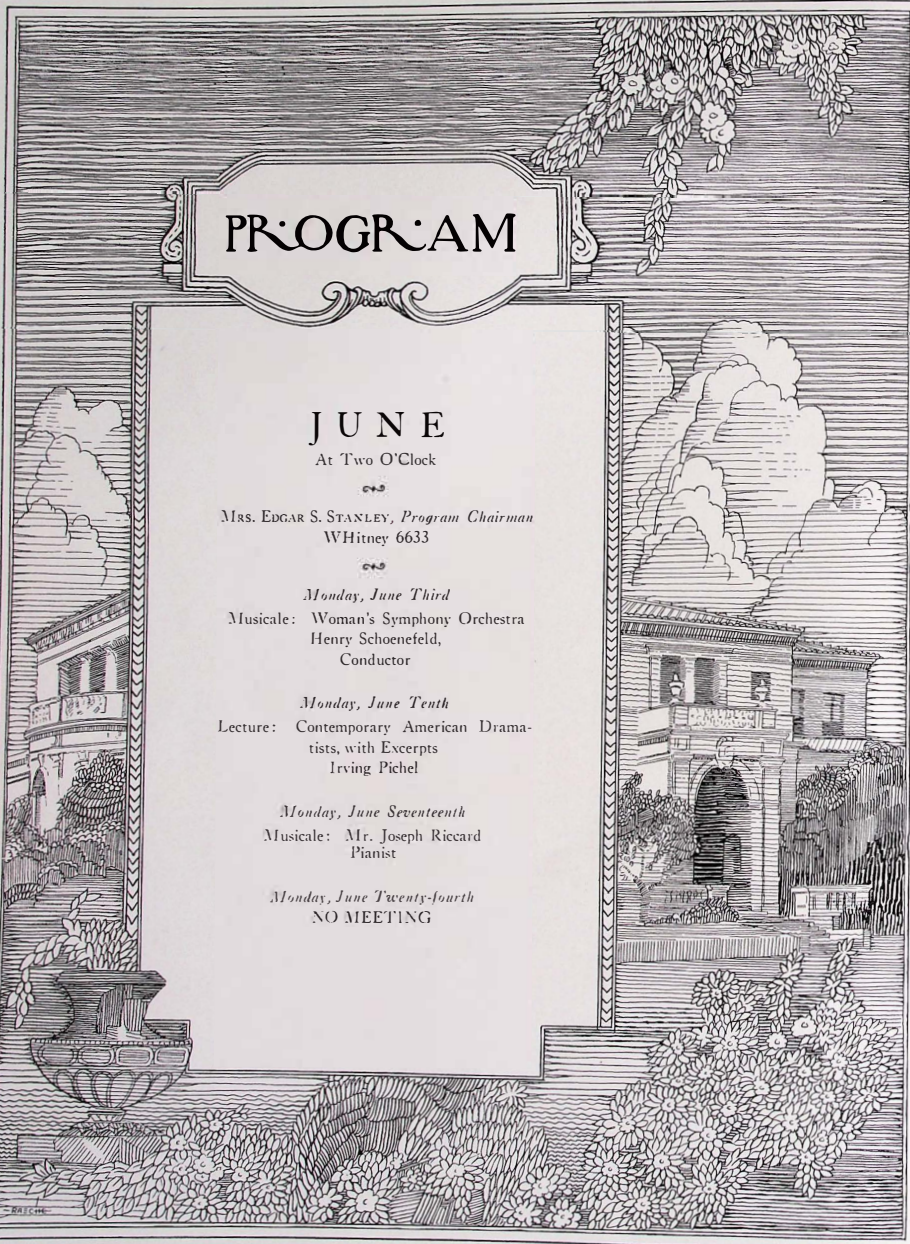
Lecture: Contemporary American Dramatists, with Excerpts
Irving Pichel

Monday, June Seventeenth

Musical: Mr. Joseph Riccard
Pianist

Monday, June Twenty-fourth

NO MEETING



Ebell's June Dinner Dance

JUNE is known as the month for graduations, as the month for weddings, for happy farewells and glorious beginnings. And to Ebell members, this year, it will carry the full significance of the name. For, June has been chosen by the Benefits and Entertainments Committee, Mrs. William J. Wilson, Chairman, and Mrs. Robert Burns, Assistant, as the day for Ebell's annual closing—grand finale of the season.

Looking back over the calendar of events the members will find that each party has been a "Benefit," with a capital "B," and as such while lending ample opportunity for pleasure, has been balanced and arranged according to the purpose that it served.

The committee as a whole remembered that it has two names and as yet this year has lived up to, catered to, only one of them. While realizing that the first name, "Benefit," is by far the most important and justified its existence, they also felt that the other should be known, and that an occasion should be offered that all may learn that second name, and enjoy to the full the delightful import of its meaning—"Entertainment."

cards, and the semi-formality of the arrangements will guarantee that the wish of every group will be respected.

The dining room, decorated under the experienced supervision of Mrs. Roy Stevens and Mrs. Banning C. Garrett, will be a riot of color, and serve as a fitting background for the gay costumes of the dancers.

Here Pryor Moore's orchestra will play, and the dancing reservations will be seated. Here also the graceful tact of Mrs. Peter Young and Mrs. Arthur Hurt will make it possible for every one to enjoy the happy hours without a flaw to break their charm.

The tea room decorations will be selected and placed by Mrs. John D. Fredericks and Mrs. Charles Van Vorst, and those who have before seen the magic of their artistic handiwork will look forward to placing their table reservations in this room.

Here bridge will be played, with Mrs. Suzanne Hardy, Mrs. Frank Fay, Mrs. S. S. Dickinson, and Mrs. Colin Whittier in charge. The comfort and arrangements of every table will be remembered as "A thing of beauty" and "a joy forever." They may not promise goods cards to all,

The Courtesy Committee

HOSPITALITY is to a club what the heart is to the body. It is not the final goal of the club but it is a means by which life and energy are put into each of our activities.

Fine programs may be given, constructive courses of study offered and worthy philanthropies sponsored but if there is not a feeling of friendliness and hospitality there is lacking the co-operation essential to great achievement.

The hospitality of a club furnishes the energizing force which flows through the veins and arteries of club life.

We need programs and study courses for our enjoyment and development, we need philanthropies as an outlet for our altruistic energies and we also need friendly greetings and cheerful discourse for the satisfaction of our gregarious instincts and often for relief from strain and stress.

Human companionship is essential to a well rounded life. The pleasant smile and the cordial handclasp incite an emotional glow and warmth in the human heart which is a necessary element in the art of living.

In the olden days when a person was received kindly by another or a bond of friendship was formed a *tessera hospitalis* was given. It was a four-sided piece of wood or stone and was divided by the two parties, each writing something on a half of the *tessera*. The pieces were exchanged, each taking the piece on which the other had written and no one else knew what the writing was. This token of friendship was carefully prized and entitled the bearer to protection and hospitality.

In Ebell no such token is necessary. Whoever enters our doors should be received with gracious hospitality and interest.

The Courtesy Committee is composed of former officers and members of Ebell who are noted for their graciousness. They are eager to extend the hospitality of the club to all who enter.

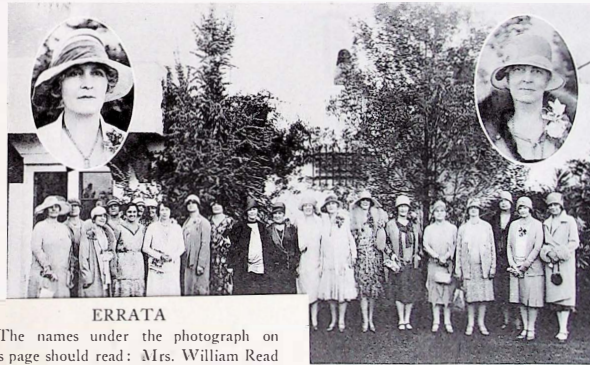
The chairman of the Courtesy Committee, Mrs. Walter Harrison Fisher, says:

"The members of this committee are the hostesses of our club and as such have the joy of greeting all who enter our beautiful building on Monday afternoons. The desire has been to create an atmosphere of cordiality, of friendliness and cheer. But not only the Courtesy Committee is hostess of the Ebell Club. Each member, whether of long standing or recent, should feel the responsibility of creating a friendly spirit.

It would be a beautiful world if we would reveal our real selves, if all kindly thoughts were spoken and all generous impulses expressed.

The members of the Courtesy Committee have endeavored to be prompt, faithful, cheerful, and friendly. We have enjoyed greeting our friends and acquaintances and the opportunity to meet a number of charming women who are either new members or visiting from other clubs.

One group of thirty-five members of the
(Continued on Page Thirteen)



ERRATA

The names under the photograph on this page should read: Mrs. William Read (right) and Mrs. Robert M. Hartwell (left) and committee.

As women are wont to do when taking stock of their resources for pleasure, they thought of their husbands first, and selected the time that would suit their convenience best, and insure the prime essential under the feminine code for a successful evening, masculine attendance.

The event will be scheduled as a dinner-dance, with tables reserved for bridge as the various tastes may dictate.

One or more tables may be reserved and members desiring several tables to entertain their special guests will be seated in groups that will be agreeable and lend that degree of privacy which so often is the keynote of a successful evening.

Men are very apt to want to know what partners they are to draw at dancing or at

ROBERT M. HARTWELL
MITTEE

but they can and do promise all the charming accessories of a good game.

Mrs. R. C. Chafin and Mrs. Charles Howe will again serve as Chairmen of Hostesses and with their graceful courtesy make the Club proud of its committee and famous for its spirit of home and hospitality. Summer is coming with its many calls, but if we steal one evening, to gather once again, to play and say good-bye, we shall carry a memory in our hearts, and shall separate, not with sadness or as strangers, but as those who work together and play together, as friends who say "au revoir," with the joyous thought, "until we meet again."

June twentieth—Ebell—seven-thirty.

WHITHER?

MRS. W. S. BARTLETT

WE live in a tabloid age. Glaring head-lines record our deeds,—we have not time to read the text beneath them. We swallow life in capsules and miss the flavor of both the bitter and the sweet. Neither sorrow nor joy lingers long; the "next thing" crowds them out. Leisure is dead and we have not time to attend her funeral. We must keep up with the procession or be run over. The whistle of the traffic cop rules us, waking or sleeping. Horse-drawn vehicles of locomotion, or of thought, belong to a dim and quiet past. We no longer travel, we arrive. As we whirl through space we speak with gentle sarcasm of the "gay nineties" when our grandmothers in bustles and trains, danced slow waltzes under gas-lighted chandeliers; drove home behind a team of horses, and read themselves to sleep on a two-volumed novel. No electrically equipped house, no automobiles, no Victrolas, no radios, no air-planes—inconceivable! a slow dull world.

Yet to that era we owe many of the notable influences of today. One of these is the wide-spread development of Woman's Clubs. At first purely cultural in purpose, then an ever widening circle of feminine opportunities opened their doors to civic, philanthropic and political aims. From neighborhood circles they grew to State and National Institutions. An intricate organization has resulted which threatens to dominate the thinking and opinions of American womanhood. Whither are they tending? What is their ultimate aim?

Are they to become great factories of opinion, where women too lazy or too untrained to do their own thinking, can seek encyclopedic information? Or are they to return to their purpose of developing individual thought? Are they to become forums for every foreigner who yearns to fill his pockets while exploiting his own fads, to point out how rotten America is and how its reformation lies in women's hands? Are their equipments becoming so luxurious that their chief occupation must be the raising of Money? And are they in danger of becoming intellectual cafés where a "feast of reason and a flow of soul" rest on a basis of an elaborate cuisine? Are they to become the pawns of politicians whose wives use their club for electioneering purposes, and whose proud boast is that they are endorsed by thousands of "Club Women"?

These are questions upon whose answers depends the future of Women's Clubs.

As centers of culture, civic betterment and philanthropy, they have so far been a benign influence. Their value is especially great in small towns and isolated rural districts. The city dweller needs only the inclination and the price of admission to give her opportunities for pleasure and information; but with a radio and a Woman's Club the most isolated community is in touch with the world. Travelling libraries and art collections add

Better American Speech Department

LAST WORDS OF THE CURATOR

MRS. GEORGE W. MCCOY

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS correct speech is an invaluable asset to everyone and under all conditions, containing tools of gigantic power and instruments of the finest delicacy, and

WHEREAS the nice distinction of words and the fluent use of a language are in direct proportion to the extent of one's vocabulary, his knowledge of grammatical rules and the mental heights to which he has climbed and

WHEREAS the individual's mental experiences, even though expressed in the most choice phraseology, are limited to a varying degree and

WHEREAS one's thought development

and deeds and verbal utterances are closely related to the minds of his fellow-men, therefore be it

RESOLVED that we members of the Better American Speech Department of Ebell continue our pursuit of the thoughts and achievements of persons of the highest standards, to the end that discriminative selection in the literary and other fields of thought will tend toward our own improvement and will have an indirect bearing upon our associates.

WORK ENJOYED BY THE DEPARTMENT THIS YEAR

Seven guest-speakers of note have lectured from our rostrum. Five prizes for competitive writing have been offered by



BETTER AMERICAN SPEECH DEPARTMENT STAFF

Left to right: Mrs. H. Kenyon Burch, Mrs. J. A. M. Robb, Miss Evelyn Hutchinson, Mrs. George W. McCoy, Miss Ada Welsler, Mrs. Walter D. Conley, Mrs. Seymour Crout

to unprecedented opportunities of a secluded life.

The statement so often heard, that the decay of homes in America is largely due to Women's Clubs is amply refuted by the fact that the majority of club audiences are made up of women past middle life. They have largely finished their home work; no little children are being neglected by their presence there; but bright young sons and daughters, home from college find wide awake, up-to-date mothers, ready to follow them in all their interests. The club is a builder of homes, not a destroyer.

The influence of Women's Clubs could be ill spared from modern life; but let us steer our course by the Stars, and pause often to take soundings, lest we drift into shoal waters. And let us ask ourselves seriously—whither are we going?

prominent members of Ebell and have been awarded to the writers of the best biographical sketches, essays and short stories. Much collateral reading has been enjoyed.

At the department meetings, seven in all, we have listened to thirteen addresses, all of which reflect much credit on Ebell. Current events in speech, liberties of the press, etc. have been brought to our attention. Four members scored brilliant success in a debate. At nearly every meeting we have enjoyed word-study under the leadership of our drill-chairman Mrs. H. Kenyon Burch, whose work is summarized as follows:—

The policy for the Speech Improvement Drill, as outlined in the October magazine, has at all times governed the choice of words for the list considered each month.

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

Trolling for Words

MRS. H. KENYON BURCH

TROLLING for words, like trolling for fish, is a somewhat solitary and vexatious pastime. If carried on in a spirit of pleasurable anticipation it has its rewards, but it is a relatively thankless and sorrowful pursuit. The traditional fisherman "sits and fishes, and sometimes he just sits." So it is with the word catcher who must work like Kipling's painter "for the joy of the working," and must be provided with the bait of a zetetic mind, a registering ear, and a true fondness for the origin, analysis, and neology of words. Even then, what appears to be a very promising nibble often turns out to be only a snag.

What shall be the object of trolling for words, and where shall we first try our luck? Let us try in the resounding Radio River supplied by the streams from many, varied activities. Into the net, at once, come fine, fair words afflicted by a misplaced accent. Some are distorted or languid, and not well trimmed for speed. Shift the accents, and the words slide with a graceful dash into the concurrent tide. The tempo of a language is, largely, determined by its accents, and a consideration of the accent changes which have occurred in the last decade or two justly brings the conclusion that they are a result of an unconscious demand rising, quite naturally, out of the rushing, leisure-lacking, efficiency stressing, mechanical times.

Moving steadily along in the language stream are two words, potable and drinkable—too common, they are, to engage the troller's hook, but fit food for speculation. And, from Isaak Walton to the present day, meditation and speculation have been considered among the most agreeable amenities of any kind of trolling. As far as service is concerned potable and drinkable might change places, any time. They are equal in capability, but very different in personality. Potable is of Latin origin, from *potare*, to drink; *potabilis*, capable of being drunk. And potable is shy, reticent, has few associates, is discouraged by unpopularity. While drinkable thrives on the encouragement given through many years by all its Gothic, Scandinavian, German, and Dutch cousins whose similar words—*drigan*, *drinken*, *trinken*, *drekka*, and *drieka*, give them easy and agreeable understanding.

A tug on the line brings the attention back from musing to active observation. The landing net captures a collection of lively, struggling, defiant, unpopular words, Idioms and Slang, which must not be taken home because every one there is on a diet of "Good Use," seasoned occasionally with the salts of Prejudice, and Suspicion. Very reluctantly does this troller put the Idoms back as she does not share the usual scorn of them, believing that these vigorous members of the word family are the vivid

indicators of a people's progress in thought and sentiment. True Idiom, not to be confused with patois, represents the active development of Reason and its departure from the hum-drum path of Tradition. To take the arabesque of Idiom from the writings of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, Kipling, and Mark Twain would be, not only to deprive them of charm, but of historical value.

But of Idiom's little brother Slang there is more cause for looking askance. Even Idiom regards Slang with a most disapproving air, in fact acts in a way that Slang would call "Snooty." And in so speaking Slang justifies his origin from the Scandinavian expression of "slinging the jaw," or of using new words that have no just reason for being.

But, who is there now, that can positively predict that after many years "Snooty" will not be accepted as a graphic word with an interesting connotation as to its origin, and a possible serious discussion as to whether it might be traced to the Middle English "Snurten," to snarl or growl; or whether it owed its evolution to those German and Scandinavian words from whence came the name of the head appendage, the snout or nose, which in animals, most often, hangs toward earth, but in man is, sometimes, figuratively at least, turned upward in contempt. Snooty has already been seen in reputable, if not to say elegant company, having appeared not long since in the Drama Review of a local paper, well known for its alert and discriminating choice of language.

It is true, however, that there are frail ones among word families, and little "Snooty Slang" may not live to grow up or he may be esteemed a black sheep and sent to the reform school. But tolerance and watchful waiting are apt to ensure a placid and profitable adjustment, and the wandering Slangs often return to be useful and hardworking members of the family, frequently adding to the amenities of the language a piquant charm acquired in their travels.

But the boat is drifting and the hook is catching in the weeds.

The Troller must not give all the time to the weak, afflicted words. Out in the deeper Literary waters are the larger, more vigorous, delicately flavored, appetite stimulating words—fit food for the mental larder. What a splash they do make as they move along, and what a triumph to capture one. Of these larger words there too often exists an exaggerated, and ill-considered fear of becoming pedantic, and their use, though the listeners ridicule, sometimes bespeaks real courage. But the dignity of language is also its beauty.

Formal themes and ideas attract and require formal words, and simple words and

phrases do not always supply food for the imagination. A shade of meaning, due to its origin, and otherwise unattainable, may often be expressed more forcibly by a single large word than by a simple one or by an equivalent phrase of little words; and a respectful regard for the mental calibre of one's listeners implied, as well. Much depends upon whether one is to be understood by those who can think in polysyllables, or whether one feels under obligation to be intelligible to those who cannot think beyond monosyllables.

It is well to take some of these larger words home from time to time, if only for a change of diet. Using the same limited number of words is as non-stimulating as continually playing one note, or one tune on a piano. Giving overworked words a rest is the first step in improving a vocabulary, and each new word may bring with it a new train of thought. From stale terms and antiquated stock phrases, which are a surfeit to the ears, intellectual restlessness demands a change. And a change is usually hygienic, whether it is an improvement or not. There is a constant stir and demand for new words to accompany new styles and new methods, because custom has staled the old, and too much of a good thing has fatigued the mental zest for it. For the favored few the old things are always fresh. They need no change. Such fortunate individuals are not behind the times, they are just above the times.

Again the boat is drifting, perilously near the rocks of argument, and, thoroughly, to enjoy trolling for words one must never argue. Patiently cast out your line, hold up your catch for all to see, listen to the calls from the shore, but forget not that "silence is golden."

ELECTION NOTICE

The election board is composed of the following: Mrs. Leslie R. Hewitt, Chairman; Mrs. Charles D. Burt, appointed by the Board; Mrs. George A. Brock, Mrs. Harry A. Ford, Mrs. F. W. Pitcher, who were appointed by the club at large.

The annual election of officers will be held Monday, June 3, 1929. The polls will be open between the hours of 10:00 A. M. and 3:00 P. M. (By-Laws, Article XI, Section 7).

The Election board earnestly requests the members to vote as early as possible in order to facilitate the work of this day. Voting will be held in the dining room, entrance from the Galeria.

Although new members who have not been in the club for a year may not sign nominating petitions, they may vote at the annual election on June 3, 1929.

EBELL'S POETRY PAGE

Contributed by Members of Ebell

SPRINGTIME IN CALIFORNIA

ADAH YALE KLEINSMID

(Reprinted from *Saturday Night*)

*I know a hill where lilacs grow,
Wild lilacs grow, and poppies blow,
Whose golden chalices aspire
To mirror heaven's mighty fire,
The burnished sunset's afterglow.*

*Blue lupins swaying in the breeze,
Like languid vampires, lure the bees
To loiter on their lilting trips
And sip the honey from their lips,
Beneath the shade of broad oak trees.*

*As in a cloister crouching there,
The purple elf-flowers bow in prayer;
While yucca tapers, waxen white,
Flank aisles and altars of delight
And lend their fragrance to the air.*

*The stately buzzard sails on high
Against the azure Ape of sky,
As darting hither and away,
A squirrel in his heedless play
Pursues a yellow butterfly.*

*Though grains and grasses wave and nod,
With timid, measured step I tread,
Fearful lest I break the spell
In that enchanted land where dwell
The little wilding folk of God.*

*And often in the hours of stress,
When duties close upon me press,
I pause, to find my thoughts have fled,
With timid, silent, measured tread,
To seek that realm of peacefulness.*

JUNE LO'E
CAROLINE WALKER

*Oh, do not speak of love, my friend:
Oh, let us not so soon put into words
This magic that is like the trembling sheen
of stars.
Too much like making prisoners of singing
birds
To forge a cage for love with pledges as
its bars.*

*Oh, do not speak of love, my friend:
No, let us keep between us for a little
while
This silence so significant we hardly dare
To look into each other's eyes and smile
Lest we shall see the sudden, flaming glory
there.*

SPIRIT OF CALIFORNIA

MYRA NYE

*Spinning all year on glimmering looms
Arras of flowers are growing.
They hang on the walls of the spirit's
rooms,
They wave when the wind is blowing.
There are gold and green and the trans-
lucent sheen
Of the robe for the spirit's adorning;
The gold of the sun when the day is begun
And the poppy fringed silk of the morning.*

*Growing for eons sequoia old
Roosters are for the rover.
Agate inlaid marble and gold
Are beneath the floor and over.
Odor of cypress of old Monterey
Is loosed at the touch of sandals;
It is sapphire of sky and cobalt of bay
In place of a thousand candles.*

*Azure of sky and purple afar
Grow gold as the spirit passes
Through doorways ajar where the thresh-
olds are
Met by the wild waving grasses.
High mountains are walls, fluted columns
are falls
That gleam in the bow of the wide portico.
There are murmuring calls above the great
halls
Where gargoyles of snow pour water below
To gift Yosemite Valley.*

*It is a green-girt, gladsome way;
The way of the splendid spirit.
All in the house, forget not to pray,
Know it is God who hath built it.
Oh, joy of the mountains, Oh, joy of today!
Joy is the spirit. Harken! Oh, hear it!
Joy is she, song is she. In work and in play
Joy is California's spirit.*

*Oh, do not speak of love, my friend:
This is the hushed and waiting hour of the
dawn,
This poignant sweetness is so frail a thing
and brief;
With moon's hot kisses is the nuptial hour
gone;
With love's acknowledgment must come
love's shadow—grief.*

*Oh, do not speak of love, my friend:
Let us hold close these hours as restful as
a song:
No, do not speak of love, my friend
And yet . . . and yet . . . I beg you do not
wait too long.*

Miss Paxton Writes Ebell Friends

*Miss Laura Paxton has been ill in Eng-
land but is recovering. She will return to
America about the first of August.*

At Sea towards Capetown,
February 23, 1929

Dear Mrs. Cooke:

Very often we speak of Los Angeles and the friends and Ebell, and we feel very out-of-date as to news, as our last was of January 22, though we anticipate some when we reach Capetown.

Last night was one gala night. The dining room and lounge were all colorful with American flags. They gave us horns and cherry tree boxes at dinner as well as a varied assortment of caps. I was in red, Emily in white, Jean in blue, and we felt very patriotic. A youth who is six feet six inches tall was dressed as Uncle Sam, Judge Babcock as George Washington, a tall Scotchman as Lincoln, and a Mr. Gentliner of Maine, as President Coolidge. They were introduced and a group of Indians gave a war dance. After that they had dances, Schottische, Polka, Virginia Reel and all entered into the spirit happily. There was much blowing of horns. They cut a huge birthday cake, later a fruit cake, so we had a real celebration.

Yesterday morning we had a rain, then a fog, later a sort of mist, but towards sunset it cleared, and today the sun is welcome. We have been fortunate, on a whole, as to weather, no storms. To be sure we were none too happy over the heat at the Equator, but were revived when we got further away from it, though we know we must cross it again.

South America had its interest, but Africa was the stronger magnet for me, and now we are drawing near. We could not but admire what man had done and felt they had vision, and the future in mind.

Each place had so many, many parks, more than a hundred in Buenos Aires, and all of good size. Each place had many, many trees, on business as well as residence streets. They had many wide boulevards with the four rows of trees, and much statuary at intersections. They all have their botanical gardens, and we were so pleased at water fronts. They have fine sea walls, beautiful balustrades of stone, trees and parks. In Rio we were one of five large ships in a row, right up in the city, a park where we could almost reach the trees from our ship. The Custom House near by was beautiful and white, marble colonnade, quite in contrast to New York's ugly houses. When we saw all done to beautify the water fronts we thought of Santa Monica Bay and coveted some beauty for it. We realized the wealth of Buenos Aires when we saw such a large number of ships in the various basins, loading and unloading, and the many very large elevators. We were surprised to learn that in that city of near two million, fully seventy per cent are Italians, 25,000 English, 2,500 Americans.

Mr. Lane knew some men who live there and lunched with them, had them on ship too, so we met some.

Certainly our automobiles have the market. They are everywhere and mostly open cars. They have both left and right-hand drives. On wharves at Santos were huge crates of U. S. A. autos of all the popular makes, Buicks, Chrysler, Fords, Hudsons, Nashes. At most places they drive like mad. We called one of our drivers Jehu and Jennie was very nervous.

Monday, February 25: The lunch call came and only now am I taking my pen again. Sunday was a day of unusual thrills. Early in the morning the ship was anchored more than a mile from the shore of the lovely Isle Tristanda Camila. Little has been known of it, but since 1857 it has been British and now has more than 150 inhabitants, all having only five names. Often two years go by without a ship stopping. Last year this ship stopped and left supplies, and it had been eleven months since they had seen a ship. This year at Montevideo we took a clergyman on board who was going out to relieve the missionary who had been there two years.

Over thirty tons of supplies were taken ashore. They have sheep, cows, chickens, but can grow little; potatoes are their chief crop.

People came on the ship, and a sorry lot they were. They seemed dull, are weather beaten too. The mountain is high, but their level ground is about nine miles long. Of course they have to make what they have, except what is given them. There is no opportunity to make any money. Their clothes even are of materials given to them. Passengers weeded-out their wardrobes and passed on what they could. All surplus was handed over to them. Flowers and fruit baskets, candy boxes and all such things.

Last night our lecturer talked on the Island and its people. They are very simple in their lives and in their faith. It seems of no use to Great Britain, but now there is the thought it may be an airplane station. The new minister is perhaps forty years of age and calls his Christian life the great adventure. He had a radio and they set it up yesterday, and got Buenos Aires the first thing. Just fancy what that may mean to those people.

We continue a happy, friendly group, though the girls said it was predicted that we would quarrel. We are sorry a parting will come soon. On Sunday, next, we start our interior trip, only four as Jennie Ernst has decided it will be wiser for her to remain with the ship. She goes on around to Durban and we will meet her there two weeks later. There will be only about 150 remaining on ship, so it will seem a small family indeed.

We have two special trains, and we are in Party No. 1. All along my objective has been Africa, and I am becoming more eager each day. It will be nice to find an



MRS. LAURA JOYCE
Chairman of Credentials Committee

CREDENTIALS COMMITTEE

AN ARTICLE in our January Magazine told us how necessary it is to have a Credentials Committee to guard our club house and its furnishings, and made an appeal to the members to telephone those in charge, if they could give us a half day of their time once or twice a month.

Two telephone messages were received and several ladies spoke to the committee to say that they might be able to help.

As the busy spring days come on, it is very difficult to find those who are able and willing to help by sitting at a door half a day. We spent forty-five minutes last evening trying to find some one who could take the place of one who had become ill and could give us only twenty-four hours notice.

We are wondering if the club members would not be better pleased to pay some one to be at the Lucerne Street door, which is also the office door, five days a week. It would only be what other clubs do. Then our ladies could give their time and strength to looking after the Auditorium and Wilshire Boulevard doors.

The committee who served last year told us in the beginning that it was almost impossible to find ladies who would be responsible enough to come always on a certain day. We have found this to be true and join with them in hoping that we may soon be able to pay for an attendant at one door.

—MRS. LAURA P. JOYCE.

English speaking people too. We have one Boston woman who took this same trip two years ago. She came for the sea voyage and quite enjoys it all. We are ready to commend the Canadian Pacific—they are doing all they can for us.

It will be many weeks ere this meets your eyes, but we do wish you well, and hope you are just busy enough, not too

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

EBELL JUNIORS

- Miss Elizabeth Wheat.....President
WHITNEY 7239
Mrs. Georgia Bennethum Toolen.....
.....First Vice-Pres.
HEMPSTEAD 9310
Miss Frances Jamison.....Second Vice-Pres.
WHITNEY 7365
Miss Lois McQuiston.....Secretary
ROCHESTER 3782
Miss Ruth Kennedy.....Treasurer
WASHINGTON 9201

JUNIOR PROGRAM FOR JUNE

The Annual Installation luncheon will be held Wednesday, June 5th, in the main dining room. There will be the installation of officers for the coming year, reports of the committee chairmen, followed by a short musical program.

The annual children's party of the Ebells Juniors for the children of the Juniors and former Juniors was held at the regular monthly meeting on Wednesday, April tenth.

A program of dancing by tiny pupils of the "Lyttel Studio" was given on the stage of the Fine Arts Room.

Refreshments were served to the small guests in the Solarium. A gay colored circus tent served as a centerpiece for the table and many favors were given the children.

Mrs. Ligon Ard, program chairman, was responsible for the good time given the children and this being an annual event, every child is looking forward to the party next year. Mrs. Georgia Toolen had charge of refreshments and decorations.

EVA MAY MORTIMER WRITES

The Arabian Sea,
Three days from Bombay
My Dear Friends:—

Here goes for a long letter. Shall write you all together so that my letter will not become uninteresting if I should try to write you individually and then become so very mechanical with the repeating of my wonderful time I'm having. So, Nancy, would you please see that the whole crowd gets to read this, for it is written to everyone.

Am having one marvelous time. Enjoyed so much all of the Mediterraneanan stops we made. Our voyage across the Atlantic was very pleasant except for two days of a "baby" gale we encountered. Our boat rocked and pitched and groaned. People became seasick and green in the face, but for some reason mother and I came out fine. Soon we dropped anchor in the quaint little port of Funchal, Madeira. A



CHAIRMAN AND ASSISTANTS OF COMMITTEES FOR EBELL JUNIORS

Top Row—Left to Right; Mrs. Wm. A. Wilgus, Mrs. Grant Kuhns, Mrs. Wm. J. Rippling, Mrs. Robert Smither. Second Row: Mrs. J. Ellsworth Ross, Mrs. Arthur Daves, Mrs. Juan Martino, Mrs. Ligon Ard, Mrs. R. Truman Dawes, Mrs. Laurence Allen, Miss Alva Woodhouse, Mrs. Willadeane West Wright, Miss Marion Terrill. Front Row: Mrs. Leslie Bowden, Miss Josephine Cote, Miss Dorothy Haldeman, Miss Alice Sarah Nelson, Mrs. Harold Craig.

dear little place. Rains a lot and always is warm. Therefore a lot of beautiful green foliage. The jasmine grows wild and the wild violets from the canyons are like pansies. To look up at Funchal from the boat all I could think of was the view of the Hollywood Hills from Wilshire Boulevard. The characteristic thing of this place is that there are no wheels used on the wagons. Only steel runners. These funny basket-like contraptions are pulled over greased pebble inlaid streets. The driver runs along side of his team (either oxen or mules) and yells at the top of his lungs at them. Such fun! We took a queer train to the top of the mountain and then slid down in the basket sleds manned by two ferocious looking natives. Reminded me of the "slide for life" at Ocean Park. Thrills! From there we sailed for Gibraltar. Saw the rock and visited one of the older galleries. Got a wonderful view of the straits and bay. Saw part of the English fleet steam into harbor for a practice of three months. Their battleships surely are majestic and built so differently from ours. After a few hours we sailed across the Mediterraneanan for Algiers. Here is where I saw my first Mohammedan mosque and sheiks by the thousands. We stayed there two days which was long enough. Algiers is a dirty place. We went through the Arab quarters. Narrow bleak

streets about six feet wide with here and there a tiny opening to a "residence. They dump all the refuse from their homes in the streets and sewage is running down the middle. It can run for the Arab quarters are built on hills—so we walked up and down on slippery pavements. The children grow there by the wholesale. We visited an old harem and saw the various chambers. That of the Rhedive, his favorite, the rest in his harem, their main harem reception room and what not.

From Algiers we sailed across the Mediterraneanan again to Monaco or Monte Carlo. We had a terrific storm. All were glad to see land for everybody was seasick—even officers. The waters of the Mediterranean this winter have been "boiling" and it has been rather cold at every port. All the natives complaining. Saw snow on the mountain tops back of Monte Carlo for it is nestled down on the ocean at the foot of the hills. First snow in forty years! Monte Carlo was most fascinating. We had a lot of fun playing at the roulette wheel and losing. I lost about 16 francs or 80 odd cents. Was winning a lot then lost that small amount, but no more. Stopped! That night two poor souls (not of our cruise) lost their fortunes at the wheel and both committed suicide. The next day we drove over to Nice in cunning

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

The BOOK PAGE

Books are true friends that will never flatter nor dissemble; be you but true to yourself - - - and you shall need no other comfort.—Bacon.

The May BOOK REVIEW

By MRS. JACK VALLEY

I love the little joys of life—
The smell of rain, the sound of brooks,
The taste of crispy toast and jam,
The sight of rows and rows of books.
—McCANN

The Cheerful Cherub.....	Rebecca McCann
Bitter Sweet Poems.....	Rebecca McCann
Four Faces of Siva.....	Robert Casey
The Road to Oregon.....	W. J. Ghent
Bandits and the Southern Pacific.....	C. B. Glasscock
The Crimson Trail of Joaquin Murietta.....	Ernest Klette
Rose of Los Angeles.....	John B. P. Campbell
Henry VIII.....	Francis Hackett
Mr. Gay.....	Oscar Sherwin
Intimate Journal of George Sand.....	Marie Jenney Howe
Balzac in Slippers.....	Leon Gozlan
Love in Chicago.....	Charles Walt
Kif.....	Gordon Davot
On the Bottom.....	Edward Ellsberg
The Peep Show.....	Alice Dudley
The Key to the Casa.....	Keck Orbison
Secrets of Charm.....	Josephine Huddleston
Charm.....	Marjery Wilson
Round Up.....	Ring Lardner

I've wasted many precious days,
A thought that fills me with distress—
Stretched end to end they'd
make a line
To reach from here to bright
success.
—McCANN

With summer coming on and hence additional time for study, it behooves the careful reader to get her plans well organized in advance. I have said again and again that in order to get the most out of books we should read those that are linked together through theme, style or the historical era presented.

With that idea in mind, I have gone over the lists of reviews for this season and have compiled some groups which should appeal. Suppose you have decided to study modern tendencies in the novel, begin by setting the stage and read Ford Maddox Ford's new essay, "The English Novel." This little book has just been published and sells for the unheard of price of one dollar. Mr. Ford's erudition is beyond question and having been born and raised in the British literary traditions he knows whereof he speaks.

Now, with the ancestors disposed of, what of the present heirs. For tragedies we can

find no better examples than "Dark Star" by Lorna Moon, and the "The Case of Sergeant Grisca" by Arnold Zweig. Realism with a touch of irony can be found in "Dodsworth" by Sinclair Lewis, "These Are My Jewels" by L. B. Campbell, "Her Knight Comes Riding" by John V. A. Weaver (who was one of the speakers before the club this year) and "A Mirror for Witches" by Esther Forbes. I can not praise Miss Forbes' novel enough. I know of no other writer to-day in America who has the beautiful sentence structure to be found in her work unless it is James Branch Cabell. And then, her detached way of telling her story is so fitting, and oh! the denunciation of ignorance, and religious intolerance which crushes and which crushes the flatter because of that very detachment... a book which you can't forget.

For humor we have "Scarlet Sister Mary" by Julia Peterkin. I am afraid that I didn't stress the importance of this novel enough. All of the characters are black but the dialogue is simplified and condensed so that it is not at any time obtrusive. "The Professor's Wife" by Bravag Imbs should be read aloud



Mrs. JACK VALLEY

with kindred soul each blessed with a sense of humor. Then the greatest hilarity will be enjoyed. The same may be said of "The Vicar's Daughter" by E. H. Young.

Does Russia fascinate you? Then here is the list for you. "Peter the Czar" by Veastnaya, "The Last Tzarina" by Radziwill, "Rasputin" by Filop-Miller, "Lenin" by Mareu and "Anastasia" by Rathel-Keilmann. In this group I do want to remind you of a novel which I reviewed a year ago and a novel which covers completely as well as authentically this whole troublous era in Russia and that is "From Double Eagle to Red Flag" by Krassnoff.

There have been several biographies this season which grouped together give a splendid idea of British history. . . . Henry the VIII by Francis Hackett
Mary, Queen of Scots by Margaret Selbert
Elizabeth and Essex by Lytton Strachey
Montrose by John Buchan

Bonnie Prince Charlie by Donald Barr Chidsey

By far the largest group and the group which should be of vital interest to every one of us is the list which deals with our own country. First, history . . .

Jefferson, Friend of France by Meade Minnegerode
Jubilee Jim by Robert Fuller
Susan B. Anthony by Rheta Childe Dorr
The Stammering Century by Gilbert Seldes
As God Made Them by Gama-liel Bradford
John Wilkes Booth by Francis Wilson

Then after the historical contributions come those books which analyze thought in America today and present some criticisms. With these criticisms we may not agree at all but I must quote St. John Ervine at this point. "Every man should be compelled to listen now and then to ideas which are infuriating to him. To hear only what is pleasing to one is to make a pillow of the mind."

FOR MAY PARTIES

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Program for June



JOSEPH RICCARD
Pianist

Noted Pianist to Appear Before Club

The artist of Monday, June tenth, IRVING PICHEL, actor, producer and director, is particularly well known to Southern California audiences for his many outstanding interpretations with the Pasadena Community Players. His most recent successes were in "Lazarus Laughed," and in "The Dybbuk." Mr. Pichel directed and played in a number of performances in Hollywood, among them being a most unusual presentation of Eugene O'Neil's "All God's Chillun." He has also for a number of years had his own theatre at Berkeley, and at one time was director of the famous Santa Barbara Community Players. He will speak to us on "Contemporary American Dramatists" and will read excerpts from some of their plays.

JOSEPH RICCARD, the artist of Ebells last meeting of the season, on June seventeenth, is reputed to be an exceptional artist. He has obtained most of his training in Los Angeles, and has with a studious care kept himself in the background of musical affairs until recently when he has been giving a number of concerts which have met with marked success.

Mr. David Bingham is quoted as describing Mr. Riccard's art as "the magnificent playing of an artistic genius, and the mature realization of a steadfast purpose that has and will carry him far on the road to success. Much will be heard of him in the future."

Mr. Riccard will present a program of varied piano numbers.

There will be no meeting on Monday, June twenty-fourth.

MONDAY PROGRAM NOTES accompanying are copied each month verbatim from the publicity sent out by various lecture bureaus to the program chairman. They do not express the personal opinion of any Ebells member, but they tell what others have said about the artist engaged. They are intended to serve as a helpful guide to the most profitable point of view in regard to the work of the lecturer or musician under consideration.

It is contrary to the policy of our Club to use or sign the name of "Ebells" to any personal, business, or political communication or literature.

FOOTWEAR OF FASHION THAT MIRRORS THE MODE AT CANNES—THE RIVIERA AND HOLLYWOOD

The French Bootie
6916 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
GRANITE 5203

ON MONDAY, JUNE THIRD, Ebells will present the WOMAN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. The orchestra was organized in 1994 by Harley Hamilton, pioneer symphonic conductor of the West, with the object of giving women musicians an opportunity of study and presentation of symphonic orchestral music. Since 1913, Mr. Henry Schoenefeld, well known composer-conductor, has not only maintained the high aims and standards of this organization, but also has fostered and developed these ideals with the result that the concerts of the Woman's Symphony are second only in importance in the musical life of the Southland. Mr. Schoenefeld is ably assisted by Mrs. Bessie Furber Erb, Concertmaster. Mrs. Otto M. Neher is president of the organization.

A distinctive part of the program will be several wind instrument solo numbers.

SOCIAL WELFARE ACTIVITIES

OFFICERS

- Mrs. Charles Egleston Cray
Chairman
- Mrs. T. J. Fletcher
Chairman Practical Relief
- Mrs. Samuel Emerson Feroat
Chairman Rest Cottage Association
- Mrs. Alfred W. Rea
Chairman of Scholarships
- Mrs. WILLIAM J. WILSON
Chairman of Benefits

Election of Rest Cottage Officers

MEMBERS and friends of Rest Cottage Association are urged to note that the next meeting will be at 10 o'clock, June 4th, in the Department Room. This is the annual business meeting and election of officers. It is hoped that this may be the largest and most enthusiastic meeting of the year so please come and help to attain that result.

Tickets for the luncheon are to be purchased in the regular way at the Club House from the club ticket committee.

Courtesy Committee

(Continued from Page Five)

Long Beach Woman's City Club arrived one Monday afternoon and asked the privilege of seeing our clubhouse and the art exhibit. Members of the Courtesy Committee received them, guided them about and ended by serving them tea. The visitors expressed the greatest appreciation and were overwhelmed with the cordial reception and the beauty of our clubhouse.

The hearty response on the part of those members invited to serve has been most encouraging. The stranger within our midst, and the new members appreciate a cordial greeting—and an opportunity is afforded to renew old acquaintances.

Life Members

IT IS WITH great joy the Membership Committee reports a Life member from among its own ranks in the person of Mrs. Frank P. Ewins. Mr. Edwin W. Orvis presented us with a Memorial membership for his sister, Miss Elizabeth Orvis, who passed away in December, having been a member of Ebells sixteen years.

The club year is fast coming to its end, and our committee members are beginning to be fearful their goal is not to be reached or that we may even fall short of previous years. We hope this will remind those who have overlooked us thus far, and that they will rally to our rescue. It must always be borne in mind that this part of Ebells work depends for the very most part on these memberships.

Ebells Rest Cottage

Yearly Memberships

Associate Dues.....	\$1.00
Contributing Dues.....	\$2.00 or more
Sustaining Dues.....	\$12.00
Life Membership.....	\$100.00
Memorial Membership.....	\$100.00
<i>Will you help us carry on this work?</i>	

Miss Paxton's Letter

(Continued from Page Eleven)

busy. Of course, you will still be our beloved President when we return.

With greetings and good wishes to all dear ones, and may you have much to make you glad. With appreciation and affectionate greetings.

LAURA PAXTON.

We receive according as we give, therefore if every member of Ebells is willing to serve loyally and faithfully there will be a strength and power for good that is invincible.

EBELL REST COTTAGE OFFICERS

- Chairman.....Mrs. Samuel Emerson Feroat
- Asst. Chairman.....Mrs. O. B. Hutchings
- Secretary.....Mrs. Walter E. Barrett
- Treasurer.....Mrs. W. F. Hackett

DIRECTORS

- Mrs. A. Bennett Cooke, President
- Mrs. J. Ellsworth Garnsey, Auditor
- 1926-1929.....Mrs. J. A. McCusker
- 1927-1930.....Mrs. T. Paul Jones
- 1928-1931.....Mrs. Jack Armstrong Jevne

"AU REVOIR"

*To say good-bye is the hardest thing,
Especially to ones as you.
And I do appreciate the joy you did bring
When I was so ill and so blue.*

*I don't know where I enjoyed it so:
I simply got well too soon;
The weeks, they went fast,
Joy never does last,
Still everything seems in tune.*

*I know just how I'll miss the garden;
I know just how I'll miss the swings;
I know just how I'll miss the whole house,
And the cheerfulness to all it brings.*

*Of all the things I'll miss when gone
I think I've left out few,
I'll come back, by hook or crook,
Just as happy as ever, you'll see.*

*I owe a lot to the "Board" I know:
So give my thanks to all;
To those sweet, kind people who helped
me so
And those whom to the cottage did call.
One of your guests—MISS ESTHER FRED*

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LOS ANGELES

EVA MAY MORTIMER WRITES

(Continued from Page Ten)

foreign cars. We had a sporty tow car with a French chauffeur in full regalia. Had luncheon at the Negresco Hotel. A huge beautiful hotel right on the water front. Nice is lovely. I believe I could spend a winter there without half trying. The residential districts along the ocean are lovely. Gorgeous villas nestled in the hills looking down on blue coves of the Mediterranean. Saw where Mary Garden has her villa. From there we sailed for Naples where we met my cousin and her parents. They have been in Europe since June and have motored all over. Have their own car. So they met us and we spent the day with them. Drove out to Pompeii. Tried to take movies of the ruins. The guards ran towards me and we just had a free for all! The results? My camera was wrecked so I had to give up my movies for that day. A sailor aboard fixed it for me. I am so happy for I'm having great fun and am taking lots of pictures with very good results. Have my films developed as I go along and show them on board for they have a projector. There are one hundred movie cameras. We have a movie club and have great fun in our meetings talking it all over and getting results from our experiments. To go on—Naples is a very nice city but rather dirty and smells. Sewerage is nil. The Italians are interesting. Saw lots of macaroni drying out in the breezes. The milk man has a herd of goats and walks them from place to place where he milks the quantity desired right into the housekeeper's jug. Never saw so much bread as the foreigners use. Baskets piled high carried on the heads of women and youngsters.

We steamed away from Naples for the Holy Land. It rained every moment we were there and was frightfully cold. Saw all of the interesting historic spots of the Bible. Where the Christ child was laid in the manger, where Christ performed miracles, and all of the places of interest pertaining to

His crucifixion. Everyone says "may supposed to be" when they point out places of interest. It all truly is a fairy tale. We were glad to take the train for Cairo even if it was a fourteen hour trip on dumpy foreign trains. Changed trains at Kamatra where we ferried across the Suez Canal. Arrived in Cairo late in the evening. Cairo is the Paris of the Mediterranean. Lots of sheiks and fezzes. Rode a camel out to the sphinx and pyramids. A most interesting trip. Our "dragoman" asked me, "I liked flowers," said, "Yes." "Well, I have some jasmins, violets, and bananas in my garden." Don't you love that! We spent three days in Cairo. Stayed at Shepherd's Hotel, the place where the world goes by or stays! It is a treat to sit on the spacious veranda which is built right on the street and to watch Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, Europeans, Indians, Americans and Jews stroll by. Most of the natives who pass are on their way carrying some crazing thing on their heads. One day a fellow went by with a huge soup tureen balanced beautifully. His skirts (men wear funny skirts) and shirts the length of old fashioned night shirts were flapping in the breezes as he ambled by barefooted. Quite amusing to us Americans, slaves to clothes and proper dress. After leaving Cairo we had a five hour train trip to Suez where our dear Franconia was anchored in the bay. She surely did look good for we had been away from her for a week.

Down we sailed on the Red Sea. Humidity came upon us. Calm water gave us beautiful sailing. The galeaty aboard is blooming. Parties galore, and all sorts of deck sports. Two days ago we stopped at Djbouti. An East African port only used for commerce, spices and skins. The people here are black as ink.

So now you have a fair outline of my trip to date. People who know the Orient say the trip is just commencing, that I have no idea whatsoever of what is before me. Here is to you, Nancy! May everything be O. K. and Hello to you all. EVA MAY MORTIMER.

*Annual Election
The Ebell of Los Angeles
June 3rd, 1929*

SAMPLE BALLOT

<i>President</i>	
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<i>First Vice-President</i>	
Mrs. Charles S. Crail	
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	
Mrs. Edgar S. Stanley	
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	
Mrs. Frank Howell Stanbery	
<i>Fourth Vice-President</i>	
Mrs. Edward Everett Sherrard	
<i>Recording Secretary (Vote for one)</i>	
Mrs. Dudley L. Frank	
Mrs. Jesse E. Wilson	
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	
Mrs. Albert Homer Purdue	
<i>General Curator</i>	
Mrs. J. Elbert Harshman	
<i>Directors (Vote for two)</i>	
Mrs. John D. Fredericks	
Mrs. Julian Ellsworth Garnsey	
Mrs. James Andrew Rogers	

The annual election of officers will be held Monday, June 3, 1929. The polls will be open between the hours of 10:00 a.m. and 3:00 p.m. By-Laws, Article XI, Section 7). The election board earnestly requests the members to vote as early as possible in order to facilitate the work of this day. Voting will be held in the dining room, entrance from the Galeria. Although new members who have not been in the club for a year may not sign nominating petitions, they may vote at the annual election on June 3, 1929.



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IN THE GALERIA

JUNE is here. The last month of the Club year; the month in which our members display, in the Galeria, their own accomplishments in art.

The works of these talented members compare favorably with those of professionals. The exhibitors are: Mrs. Leora W. Burlingame, Mrs. Will E. Francis, Mrs. George A. Litchfield, Mrs. Helen Morehouse, Mrs. Katherine Patterson, Mrs. Frank B. Wheat and Mrs. Thomas Spaulding. Mrs. Spaulding is the first woman to be elected president of the Los Angeles Art League.

The handsome colorful designs upon the east walls are from our Department of Applied Design. Under the skillful instruction of Mrs. Lurah C. Davis this department has progressed famously. This June Exhibit is indeed a credit to her.

Beginning back in our dear old Clubhouse on Figueroa Street, with the simplest exercises in fundamental forms, the lessons have now attained to intricate problems in design and color harmony.

We are hopeful, as the years go by, the influence of the members of Ebell's Applied Design Department will do much toward

creating, and assisting the already strong trend of art in California.

Last month, too late to be noted in the Ebell Magazine, Harrison Henrich hung for us his lovely portrayal of The Cristo. Mr. Henrich studied in Vienna and Paris under Raphaeli, Von Muller and Brown and is classed with Paul Helleu and Otto Schneider as the three artists in the world to master high art sepia. Two sepias were shown informally on the consoles.

It seems almost incredible that a hand could execute these superbly delicate portraits. Harrison Henrich has painted many notables, among them, John D. Rockefeller, William J. Bryan, Pope Pius XI, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Ethel Barrymore. His renowned portraits of Indian chiefs are vigorously lifelike.

In the fine arts room, De Neale Morgan, of Carmel-by-the-Sea, brings a charming collection of breezy colorful paintings of the cypress covered coast of this locality.

A characteristic subject, and one in which Miss Morgan's direct and powerful attack is finely demonstrated, is the

cover reproduction on April's *Touring Topics*, "Cypresses on the Coast of Monterey."

M. De Neale Morgan, as she signs her canvases, is a pioneer in painting, having studied under many competent masters, and comes from a pioneer stock in the art of living. Both branches of her family tree were planted and grafted in California soil in the fifties.

San Francisco and Oakland were her homes for many years. Her wonderful painting of Cypress Hill called "The Storm," was exhibited at the New York National Association and has been asked for by Macbeth of New York. This picture was reproduced in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Miss Morgan's painting of Robert Louis Stevenson's home in Monterey has become one of California's artistic treasures.

The California Society of Miniature Painters completed their year's exhibits in May. Ebell has enjoyed and appreciated these artistic showings of miniatures.

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This book is to be reviewed by Mrs. Fallety in June.

A THRILLING STORY of the noted bandit who tho only 21 years old when killed by Captain Love, into the brief period of his life crowded a world of romance and excitement. The author has woven many of the thrilling incidents of his life into this story, which holds the attention of the reader from the first page.

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The Congressional Record is sent to Ebell every day that Congress is in session. The Records contain the bills that are brought before the Senate and the House of Representatives and the speeches delivered in regard to the measures. A correct accounting of everything that is said and done in our place of government is recorded. They furnish very interesting reading in addition to the valuable information contained.

Club Notes

Mrs. Chester Wallace Brown has presented to the club a copy of Reveries of Omar by Cecil G. Trew, an illustrated edition from verses selected from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam by Edward Fitzgerald. There are twenty-five Kaloprints done in the English iddide of silver process giving superior tonal quality with the depth of steel.
 Mrs. Cecil G. Trew is an exhibitor in the Royal West of England Academy and a Medalist of the Royal Drawing Society of London. She has a permanent exhibition in the Bibliotheque Nationale de la Guerre, Paris.

Mrs. Charles A. Balreich, Ebell member, with her three children has spent the past year in Paris, France. She and her elder daughter have taken courses of lectures at the University of Sorbonne in Paris.
 The son and younger daughter have been attending boarding school at Versailles. Since the school has closed, the family are to tour the different countries of Europe.
 Mrs. Balreich is Mrs. Thomas Newell's daughter, Ebell member for over twenty-five years.

Members of the club who are expecting to take vacation trips this summer are requested to inform the editor of the magazine. The summer numbers will be devoted to items of interest concerning the "doings" of members of the club. Any information along this line will be appreciated.

Mrs. Walter Harrison Fisher is planning to spend the summer in the islands of the Pacific. At Honolulu she will meet her daughter, Mrs. Rachel Fisher Yerge, and grandson, Richard Yerge, who will accompany her. They will visit Fiji, Australia, and New Zealand. Mrs. Fisher will return about October first.

Mr. and Mrs. Willets J. Hole have returned from a vacation and fishing trip in the waters along the coast of Lower California and Mexico. They sailed on their yacht Samona and were accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Samuel K. Rindge. Mrs. Hole is a past president of Ebell.

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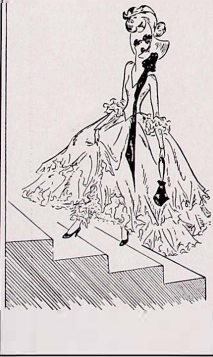
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The Club Calendar

- Monday, June 3rd**
 Election:
 PoWs open in Dining room; 10:00 A. M. to 3:00 P. M.
 Annual Business Meeting and Program, Auditorium; 7:00 P. M.
- Tuesday, June 4th**
 Ebll Rest Cottage Association Annual Business meeting and election of officers; Department Room; 10:00 A.M.
- Wednesday, June 5th**
 Ebll Junior's Annual Luncheon and Installation of officers; 12:00 M.
- Friday, June 7th**
 Practical Relief, Department Room; 9:00 A. M.
- Monday, June 10th**
 Regular Monday meeting, Auditorium; 2:00 P. M.
- Friday, June 14th**
 Practical Relief, Department Room; 9:00 A. M.
- Monday, June 17th**
 Regular Meeting, Auditorium; 2:00 P. M.
 Installation of Officers.
- Thursday, June 20th**
 Members' Dinner Dance and Bridge; 7:30 P. M.
- Friday, June 21st**
 Practical Relief, Department Room; 9:00 A. M.
- Monday, June 24th**
 No Meeting.

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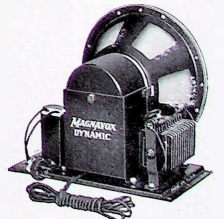


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Fevel. To Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Fevel, a daughter, born April 16, 1929. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gillespie Bullock.

Grady. To Mr. and Mrs. John Grady, a son, born April 25, 1929. Son of the late Mrs. Moore Sanborn.

Hoen. To Dr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Hoen, a son, Ralph Dudley Hoen, born March 28, 1929.

Trippet. To Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Trippet, Jr. (Barbara Wilson) a daughter, Martha Ann, born April 30, 1929. Son of Mrs. Oscar A. Trippet.

ENGAGEMENTS
Bosley-Hickey. Miss Mary Bosley, daughter of Mrs. G. H. Bosley, to Mr. Charles Wayne Hickey.

Butler-Meyersieck. Miss Mary Butler to Mr. Ray R. Meyersieck, son of Mrs. Flora G. Meyersieck.

Catlin-Davie. Miss Dorothy Catlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Catlin, to Mr. Frank Edwin Davie.

Lamberton-Sherrard. Miss Lydia Champlain Lamberton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Lamberton, to Mr. Jack Caddy Sherrard, son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Everett Sherrard.

Fantages-Considine. Miss Carmen Pantages, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Pantages to Mr. John W. Considine, Jr.

Robinson-Andrews. Miss Helen Robinson to Mr. Horace C. Andrews, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis W. Andrews.

Russell-Myers. Miss Elizabeth Russell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Russell, to Mr. Harold Cornwall Myers.

Tilden-Scully. Miss Katherine Tilden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene M. Tilden, to Mr. William Stephen Scully.

MARRIAGES

James-Smailes. Mr. Loren James to Miss Marjorie Smailes.

Pollock-Vail. Mr. Edward John Pollock to Miss Frances Nelson Vail, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Albert Vail.

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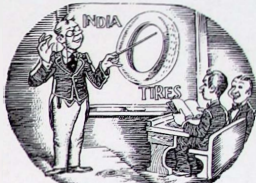
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