

1915

In California —

"There must be a progressive process of elimination to begin with. Unless you are to become an oldest inhabitant you must eliminate many points of interest - you cannot possibly have time to see. Of those you do see you must eliminate many that you cannot possibly take in intelligently; of those you do take a good look at you must eliminate many that you cannot remember; and of those you remember you must cut out many - some because guide books are cheap and full and known by heart - almost, and some because space and patience have their limits."

Bp. Nichol at Home.

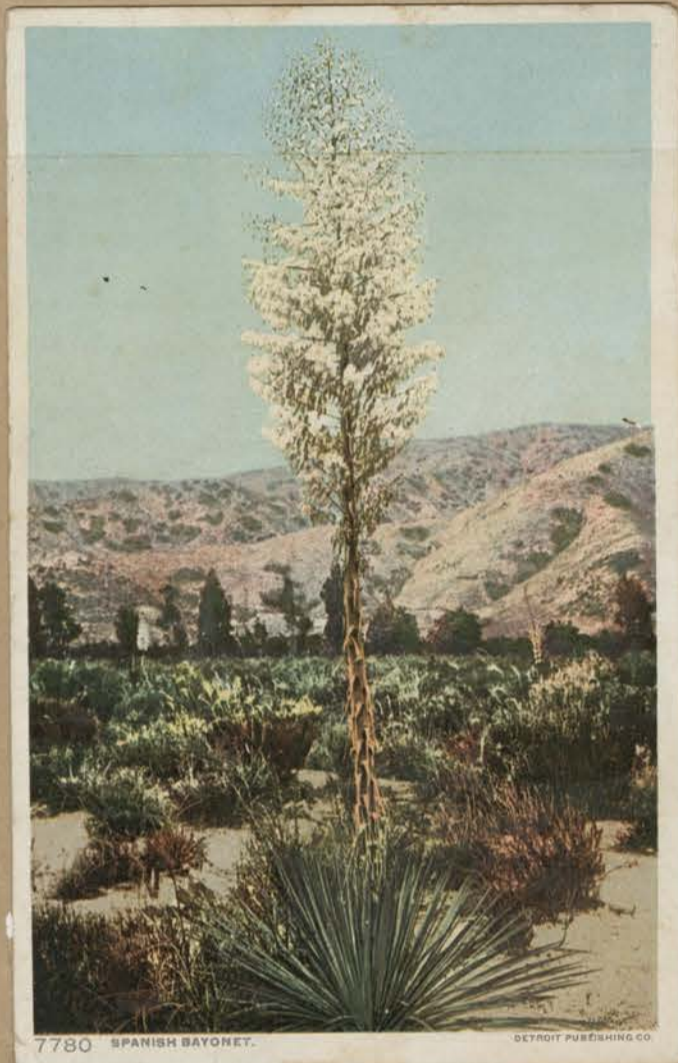
Across the Continent.

On Wednesday, April 28th I went with my brother from Amundale to Poughkeepsie and there met on the train from New York two of Anna's friends. Miss Julia Capen, a tall and efficient lady who is a Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Lakewood, N. J. and Miss Maud March Physical Director at Teachers College. They took me under their guardianship in a most kind and cordial manner. Mrs. Wetmore and Miss Gertrude Lansing had made it possible for Anna and me to have a stateroom, and for this courtesy I make most grateful acknowledgment. We reached Chicago at 5 P. M. Apr. 29th and there I was met by Anna, brother John and his wife, Cuyler, his wife and son Jack, and Cousin Ella Stow. We had a jolly visit and were started on our way on the Santa Fe at 8⁰⁰ P. M. There I made the acquaintance of more charming ladies - Miss Sage N. Eng. Executive Sec. Miss Dingham, N. Eng. Field Sec. for Industrial work, Miss Seabury, Nat. Sec. for large class work, of whose tact and charm I had proof en route and later in San Francisco. Thursday night and Friday we rushed through Ill. and Missouri whose cultivated fields and fruit-trees did not look so very unlike Western N. Y.; into Kansas, where I thought of grass-hoppers and lonely homesteaders and was surprised to see the thrifty farms and fields of alfalfa, and to note the well-ballasted railroad. Magazine articles about dry farming and the drifting soil of Kansas had not prepared me to see much rock on the way. A large herd of fine cattle caused the inquiry "Didn't you have the foot and mouth disease out-here?" "Yes, except in this county. This was the only county in the state that was quite free from it." I wondered what barrier formed the County like as my thought flew to a young farmer in Ill. with his head bowed on his arm as the first shot rang out its imperable mandate against his father's beloved cattle. We passed through a corner of Colorado in the night. Morning found us in New Mexico where we felt we were indeed in the far west. The East still nestled in little wooden buildings with a few carefully guarded trees, or stood in square, uncompromising boldness, but the "Mission style" drew us to Fred Harvey's hosteries and their exhibitions. In the Indian rooms

at-Lamy and Albuquerque we caught a glimpse of a nation "lost in the clearings," New Mexico and Arizona were strange lands but wonderful. Green grass a memory, tufts of sage and strange vegetation a reality. And yet that grey-green vegetation is certainly beautiful with the deep blue of the sky, the brilliant light and the ever-changing colors of the cliffs and far-away mts. Those cliffs! Grey in the



12277 INDIAN BUILDING AND SANTA FE STATION, THE ALVARADO, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.



7780 SPANISH BAYONET.

DETROIT PUBLISHING CO.

distance, streaked with varying shades of reddish brown as we approached them, fairly dazzling in certain lights and fading into the grey as we sped away only to give place to others just as beautiful. I did not want to lie down in the afternoons, nor to have Anna do so, though our state room was most inviting - but we were both trying to be good and not get too tired. Surely we saw enough to remember -

The houses seemed very far apart, and roads but dimly defined. "How do you get in touch with your neighbors?" asked one gentleman of another behind me - "Automobiles, was the reply. Horses take too much

time - "Well, what is the fascination of this country anyway?" queried the first. "I don't know," replied the other. "I was the only one of my family allowed to come West. I've been here seven years and I wouldn't go back to N. York state for anything." I did not agree with him but I had not been here seven years. So we sped on with a thought of Cushing



5509 PUEBLO OF ACOMA AND MESA ENCANTADA, N. M.



79287 GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS NEAR GALLUP, NEW MEXICO.

FRED HARVEY.

the Junco and the Pacific Forest to the South of us, and of the Navajas and their "Medical Missionaries" to the North, till darkness drew its curtain and sent us to bed. I was awakened by the stopping of the train and looking out, saw directly in front of my window, a brightly lighted, brilliantly colored "Red Butte". I do not know whether it was this one whose photograph

I found later. But it looked like it, only my Butte seemed isolated - apart from all others. I kept awake for some time and we passed several villages with streets running at right angles to the R.R. and all with rows of street lamps! Verily, the Arizona hills have marked a civilization. Morning found us at the goal of many a dream. The Grand Canyon! with four inches of snow on the ground, more coming, and the old lady who prided herself on being a mountaineer troubling her friends, and adding to the



13952 RED BUTTES, ON THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, NEAR FORT WINGATE, NEW MEXICO.

COPR. FRED HARVEY.



Copr.

NORTHWEST FROM HOPI POINT

"Clouds and darkness which upset so many bright plans, by refusing to breathe properly. However we had a glorious view from the Lookout in front of the Bright Angel Cottages, and later took a drive partly around the River.



Copr.

THE LOOKOUT

The Spirit of the Storm went with us; a fierce wind drove the snow in our faces and refused to give us more than glimpses of the great chasm beneath us. Therefore we tried it again next day; this time with a driver possessed of much geologic lore and knowledge of the Country. It was an interesting ride and we did get

some grand views of the cloud-filled world beneath us, enough to make us realize how utterly impossible it is to describe the Grand Canyon. Our driver told us just how it was formed and gave us much geological, botanical and historical information. If we could have remembered and proved all we should have been quite wise. We paused and had tea at Hermit's Rest: an ideal artistic shelter in a snow storm. We could see nothing but clouds looking down the canyon from the porch. On our return to



Copr.

PANORAMA FROM PIMA



12302 HERMIT POINT, GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA.

Hermit's Rest: an ideal artistic shelter in a snow storm. We could see nothing but clouds looking down the canyon from the porch. On our return to



It may be of interest to visitors to know that there is no water to be found on the South Rim of Grand Canyon for 100 miles east and west of El Tovar, and that the water used by the 150 horses and mules maintained by the Transportation Department, as well as for the Hotel, Power House, Laundry and other facilities, is hauled by rail from Del Rio Springs, 125 miles south. There is probably no other instance of such unique operation.

There is a great volume of water seven miles away in the Colorado River, which is 250 feet wide, but is not available. No equipment has yet been devised to pump water from a river varying in depth from 30 to 70 feet, flowing at the bottom of a mile-deep canyon.

Bright Angel
Camps we went
to see the
brothers in their
trip down the
Colorado. It
gave us a good
idea of the
big chasm
and the
danger of
navigating
it, but think
of the ab-
surdity of



HERMIT'S REST—INTERIOR

going to the
mobies while
visiting the
Grand Canyon.
Dear Han
had seen
the show,
but went
for my fall
calmly meet-
ing her own
disappoint-
ment in
being unable

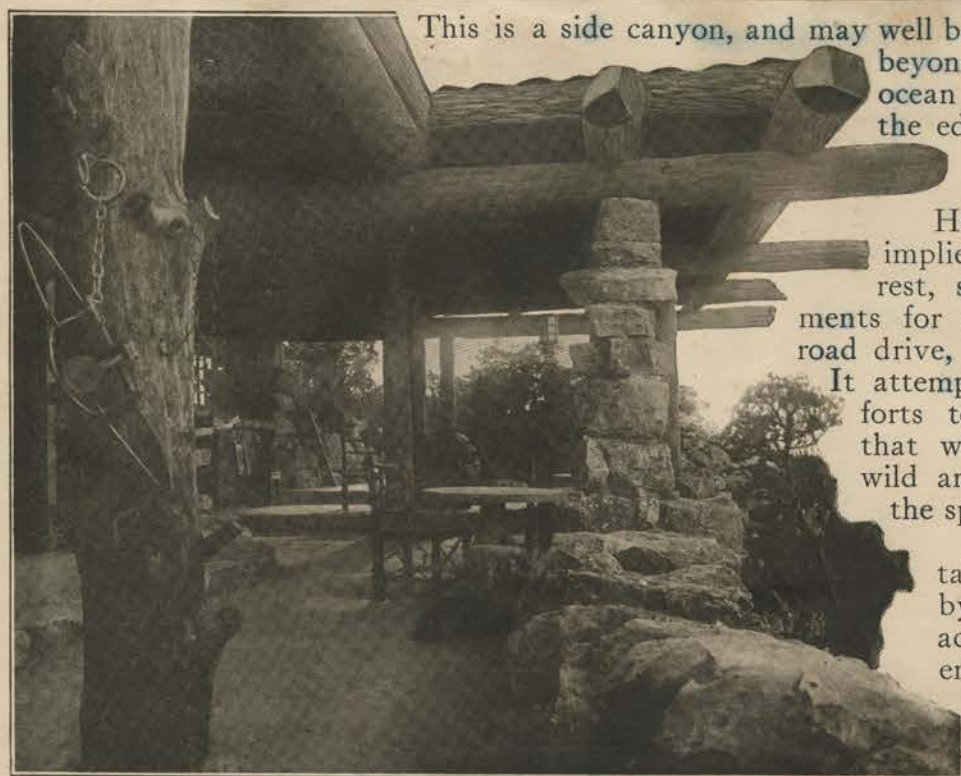
to take the trail into
the depths.

We entered our car
again that evening
feeling that we had
surely had a glimpse
of one of the wonders
of the world; and
the kind of a
glimpse we could
not have had in
bright sunshine.

For the billowing
changing clouds
added to the mystery
filling the great
depths, then suddenly
lifting to display
"tower-and-foundation
stone," indescribable
and never to be
forgotten. Morning
found us on the
real desert, grey-green fields.



ON HERMIT RIM ROAD



HERMIT'S REST—THE PORCH OVERLOOKING THE CANYON

This is a side canyon, and may well be likened to a peaceful bay, beyond which stretches the great ocean of the main canyon, along the edge of which the traveler, following the Rim Road, has come.

Hermit's Rest, as the name implies, is intended to provide rest, shelter and light refreshments for parties who take the rim road drive, or the Hermit Trail trip. It attempts to serve modern comforts to the traveler in a way that will not conflict with the wild and uncanny character of the spot.

Guests may sit at the tables outside or sheltered by the glass front inside, according to weather, and enjoy a light lunch in unique surroundings.



11956 YUCCA TREES, MOJAVE DESERT, CALIF.

yellow flowers. (not-poppies) out-
lining the R. R. track for miles.
strange vegetation, glorious
cliffs and mountains "so near
and yet-so far" and then the
San Bernardino valley and
orange groves. Miles and
miles of them, and fields with
rows of small bushes which
I was told were grape vines.
Then I learned that Californians

do not train their grape vines to trellises but cut them back closely every year, and let the grapes grow on the new shoots as they please, a saving of time and labor but not much "vine" about it. I wondered if that plan would work in the East. I learned also that there was not a continuous stream of water from pipes between the rows of orange trees but that furrows were made and water let into them at intervals. The Mts. seemed near and not so very much higher than the Catekills, yet they are very much higher, and one must travel days to reach them. San Bernardino County almost exactly equals the combined areas of Mass., Conn., and New

Jersey. The greater portion of this area lies north and east of the mountain range which divides the county near its western and southern part, and has long been known as "the desert," while the more thickly settled and higher developed portion lies under the lee of this mountain range, which intercepts the moisture-laden air currents from the Pacific ocean, causing abundant rain and snowfall on its slopes. It is from this mountain rain and snowfall, that the valley and vast plains are supplied with the irrigation water which render them habitable and fruitful.

At a station just before entering Los Angeles, a group of ladies, with arms

full of flowers, entered the train and distributed their beautiful blossoms to all in the delegates' cars. California's welcome, and a lovely one to the G. W. C. A.. A most comfortable night in an all-to-myself room in the hotel and Nan started me off in the morning for San Diego while she



remained for her conference. The R. R. runs beside the ocean only part of the way. I think I caught my first glimpse of it not far from the old mission of San Juan Capistrano. I enjoyed it all, though my thoughts kept flying "hither and yon," especially to the meeting in the afternoon.



Orange Groves and Farms—View looking across the Eastern Portion of San Bernardino Valley

and back to Nan, her friends and her work. Francis met me in San Diego and escorted me to the La Jolla R.R. of which no La Jollan is proud of dingy lot of old cars with preposterously high steps. But what-careed I? I could get up by vigorous use of arms, and I was going to see Margaret and her bairns. On the way Francis pointed out to me Ramona's Marriage Place "where she wasn't married," False Bay, Point Loma, &c. Florence met us at the La Jolla station - a dark-eyed, healthy, winsome little maiden, and Margaret and Elizabeth Caroline came flying across vacant lot and street to meet us - the former a little older but bright and unselfish as of yore, the latter a veritable roly-poly with her Mother's hair, blue eyes and a confiding way of slipping her hand into mine which has helped to make her "Granma's darlin' baby." Mrs. Sumner came from her little cottage to welcome me - the same lady in dress and manner that I remember. Her house, Michiquito, is a tiny affair, but she has every thing in and around it arranged in a most comfortable and dainty manner. Both that and Francis' are but rented domiciles, temporary homes. Margaret's strikes one as very attractive. Through a wide porch one enters a living room with a balcony at the front and a large stone and brick fireplace at one end. At either side of the fireplace are F. B.'s den and the dining room. Opposite, the kitchen, bath room and my room, given up to me by Margaret - that I might not have to go up stairs. Here she has consented to leave the baby's crib, so Elizabeth Caroline and I shall soon make each other's acquaintance.



Michiquito. (The Little One)

room, and it has a bedroom strange vegetation, fig trees, an row of guava bushes, & flowers! luxuriantly from the bare domain! I think I missed later, the mesembrianthemums its place. There are fine lawns watering. La Jolla is an odd from San Diego of which it the "suburb" extends along the coast several miles beyond the laboratory which is two miles from us. The houses - mainly built to rent; furnished - range from a handsome concrete residence to a one room and kitchenette bungalow set down at varying angles as if house wed had been scattered broader - sprung up where it fell. Tourist's poem -



Part of The Waverly

The balcony M. uses as a sewing at each end. Outside, some apricot, a palm, agaves, an aloe, a beautiful flowers, all growing ground. No grass on the whole that more than anything at first and other moss like growth too near us, but they require daily town 14 1/2 miles is a suburb, and Elizabeth in Waverly Lane



Elizabeth in Waverly Lane

TENT HOUSE Y.W.C.A. CONFERENCE GROUNDS
ASILOMAR, MONTEREY CO. CALIF.



has been obliged to shorten her visit here. I should like to write of some of her experiences but fear this book will not be large enough for my own. Will put in a couple of photos she sent me and the account of Ned's ordination which she attended. The card of invitation he sent me is treasured elsewhere. Both Ned and his mother are congenial friends and admirers of the rector, Mr. Werlein and, since there is no "minister's wife" in

REV. EDWARD TANNER BROWN was advanced to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. William Ford Nichols, D.D., bishop of California, with the impressive and inspiring ordination services at Trinity Episcopal church yesterday morning. The Rev. Mr. Brown was ordained as a deacon in the San Francisco cathedral a year ago, and since that time has been assistant in Trinity church and has also conducted a mission at Sunnyside.

Every pew in the church was taken long before the beginning of the processional hymn and the entry of the participants in the service. The clergy and Bishop Nichols marched up the central aisle and took their places in the chancel. Rev. H. E. Montgomery was master of ceremonies.

Ordination Sermon.

The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Halsey Werlein Jr., pastor of Trinity church, upon the text, "Receive Ye the Holy Ghost: Whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." (St. John 20:22-23).

He said in part: "There is nothing strange or unnatural, brethren, in the gift of the Holy Ghost, though this gift, as the basis of power and authority, is most solemn and terrible. The Spirit of God, however, is no new bestowal upon the sons of men. There has been a cumulative outpouring of the Divine Spirit throughout the ages.

"This is the great and beautiful Pentecostal season when at last nature has opened her warm heart to reveal to all that can understand it the mighty doctrine that God the Holy Spirit is the Life-giver. We realize all these processes of nature as the processes of the Divine Spirit which form their cohesion and unity.

"The church is the great consummation of nature; the church's supernatural life is the embodiment of all these processes of law and evolution, and has always possessed this endowment of the Holy Spirit.

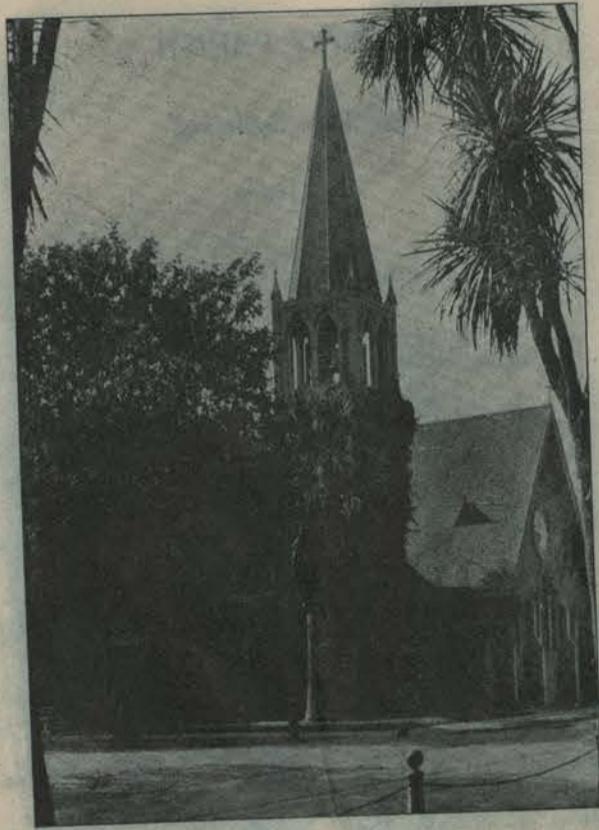
"Her sanctification is a peculiar sanctification; her holiness is a unique holiness. God has set her apart from and above the world with which her life is mingled, yet she was possessed of this great mark of the benediction of the Spirit of God throughout all history. In the dark ages even she has revealed this illumination of the Spirit; always has the church of God been divine because she has been inspired by His Holy Wisdom. This is why she has survived her foes within, just as she has been invincible to her enemies without. Her law is the law of the universe.

"It matters not that the world pretends indifference. The kingdoms of men shall become the kingdoms of God and His Christ, because the suzerainty of the conscience and of the spiritual life lies in the church and nowhere else.

"Priesthood in this one holy Catholic and Apostolic church represents the highest earthly dignity. Surely the keys of the heavenly life belong to this priesthood by reason of spirituality which is based on faith in the divine humanity of Jesus, upon which as the mother rock the church is founded and bulidled stone on stone, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief cornerstone.

"The priestly office is for the remission of sins, which are retained in the negligence and sloth which refuse Christ's sacred man- No artificial rites, no ceremonial magic can absolve from sin. God is more than gestures or the seal on parchment; it is the authority of God's truth and

the rector, Mary has done much to assist in Church work & in personal visits to the sick and afflicted. The members of the congregation show their



TRINITY CHURCH
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

love. The priest must speak with the prophetic voice of Christ; he must sway with his kingly command. The power of the remission of sins is the Christ, whom in the power of the Holy Spirit he proclaims.

"The Holy Spirit testifies solely of Christ. There are other spirits—the spirit of pride, the spirit of contention, the spirit of worldly ambition, the spirit even of cupidity. But where the Holy Spirit is given it brings Christ to remembrance as the redeeming power of life.

"When the church confers the authority of priesthood it confers the power and the joy of God's Spirit for God's work and for the glory of Christ Jesus our Lord confers them for this life and by God's grace for the eternity beyond."

Following the sermon, prayers were said by Bishop Nichols and Rev. James Otis Lincoln of the faculty of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific presented the candidate for priesthood, and the impressive ordination service was conducted by the bishop, followed by the laying on of hands and the saying of the creed.

Luncheon Served.

Luncheon was served in the parish house, which was beautifully decorated with hangings of crimson rambler roses. In the center of the hall, in the shape of a huge cross, were the tables. The centerpiece was a large bunch of pink roses, white lilies and fern. At each place was a small pink artificial rose containing candy, and attached to which was a neat place-card.

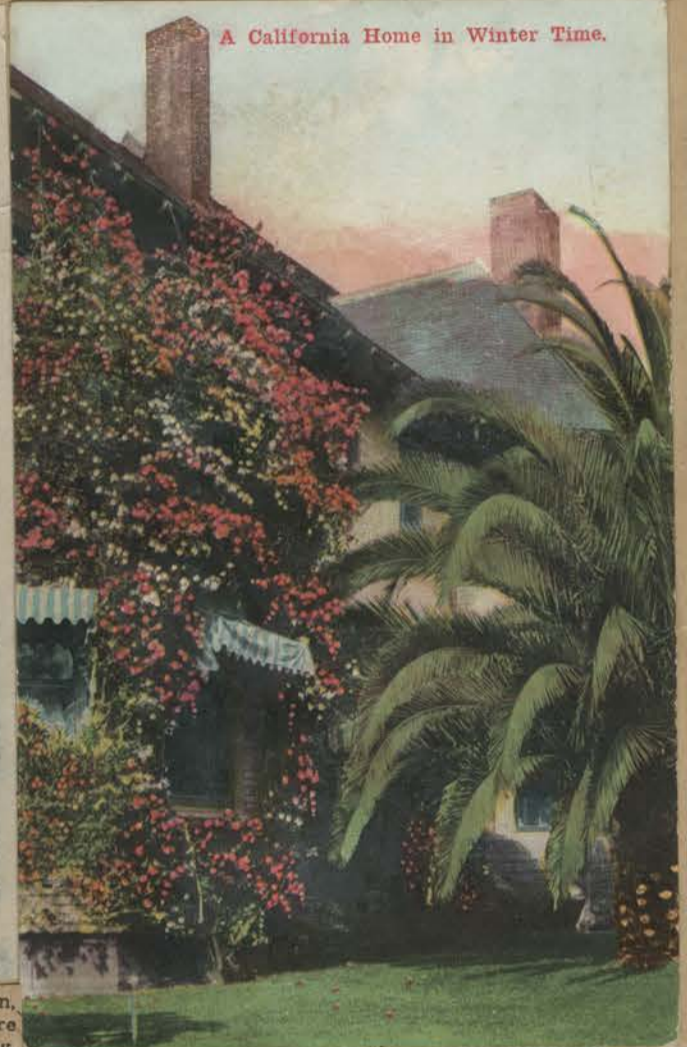
The luncheon was served by the ladies of Trinity guild under the chairmanship of Mrs. H. D. Mathews

At the conclusion of the luncheon, brief and informal addresses were made by some of those present. Rev. Halsey Werlein acted as toastmaster and introduced Rev. W. H. Hermitage of the divinity school, who was followed in his address of congratulation by Rev. H. E. Montgomery, Rev. E. J. Hoering and Rev. J. O. Lincoln.

The "Gift of Gold," which was a purse filled with gold coin by the members of the parish, was presented to Rev. Edward Brown by Rev. Halsey Werlein as a token of the love and devotion of the congregation. The Rev. Mr. Brown gave his thanks for the gift in a few words spoken from a heart filled with the gladness of the occasion.

A large bouquet of carnations was presented to Mrs. Mary C. Brown, mother of the Rev. Mr. Brown, by the Rev. Mr. Werlein, who said it was "just a small expression of the gratitude we feel for the mother of our new priest."

appreciation in many ways, and I am very thankful that the lines have fallen into them in pleasant places!



A California Home in Winter Time.



THE REV. EDWARD T. BROWN
Assistant Minister

On Tuesday, May 11th we attended a meeting of the San Diego Co. Federation of Women's Clubs in the La Jolla Women's Club House. This is a beautiful structure, the gift of Miss Ellen Scripps - of whom "more anon". Mrs. Pennybacker, a little lady full of vim and common sense, and Mrs. Pray Palmer of the California Federation were the special honor guests. Since Mrs. Ketter was ill and could not act as Chairman, her place was taken by Mrs. Van Buskirk of the County Federation, a young, rather pretty woman with a new Spring hat - whom I watched wonderingly. She guided the business of that large meeting "without-haste, without-rest" calling up one delegate after another promptly and keeping each to her allotted time with both decision and courtesy. I had seen similar executive ability in Mrs. Bowie, Pres. of our Auxiliary in All Souls - Washington, of whom I thought often that afternoon. A delicious lunch in the Colonial Cafe ended my first experience of a woman's club. A stately mingling of grey hair, matronly (rather stout, to my delight) figures, interesting tales of activity in varying surroundings, and a touch of feminine petulance as some too-long report was called down, Mrs. Pennybacker's "address to the House" was fine. I am sure I should vote for her were I a suffragette. Margaret has given me three months' membership in the club. My Christmas present in advance. Hurrah! Margaret seems to be an "active member" in various organizations. She has formed a branch of the "Blue Birds" for Florence and her friends. According to the law in such cases made and provided, she must be a Camp Fire Girl. The Guardian of the latter is an interesting woman who has done good, unselfish, loyal work in the Camp Fire. But she is a great-grandmother and perhaps not quite in touch with the lively want-to-have-fun younger crowd. Just now they are to give a play to raise money for a proposed building, and have asked some young men and boys to help out. To fill a niche, Margaret (Wah-sul-ah) is to take the place of an official who refuseth to weep over the supposed-to-be-dying sachem. --- Have just attended the play and it was certainly well done and very pretty. I was quite stirred by the fire-lighting ceremony, the peril of the sachem, and the coming of Mah-kah-wee with the water of the Healing Spring. When will the world really use that "Water of Life" for the healing of the nations?

Kan has come and has a room next door in a house just over the grey-green hedge back of Michiquito. She has had a busy time a

PART III

THE HEALING SPRING
CHARACTERS

Messengers Sachem of the Navajo
Nancy a Navajo Brave
Henry Bentson
Robert Bentson
Otho Patrick

Wah-ah-shah daughter of the sachem—Margaret Sumner
Chiemann the Navajo Soothsayer—Evelynne Patrick
Mah-Kah-Wee an Ojibway maiden—Lillian Andrews

NAVYAU MAIDENS

Queenie
Wava
Frances
Celia

TRACE TABLEAU

Silver Bell
John
Accomplices

USHERS

Dorothy Arghl, Frances Arghl
Ethel Galloway, Blinn Hill
Clara Semmelsch, Viola Corcoran
Social Hour of Dancing

PART I

THE LIGHTING CEREMONY
THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS

SONGS

Camp Fire Girls

Program

PART II

Lecture illustrating the Camp Fire Law
Explanation by Mrs. Patrick Gordon

Lillian Andrews
Lillian Andrews

Caroline Bentson
Pauline Froelich

Evelynne Patrick
Helen Deane

Camp Fire Girls and Boys
Margaret Sumner

Frances Sumner
Augusta Patrick

Miss Grace Kinn's Class



La Jolla, Cal.

The agave is down! Its weakened stalk was a menace to the human habitations near, so as and saw were deftly plied and down the giant came - Not a redwood giant but an agave giant - It was photographed ere it fell, and Mrs. Summer gave me this copy. It was measured after it fell and Mr. Dixon and Francis gave me some information. It grew 43 1/2 feet in about three months. Though called a century plant, it usually comes to maturity in fifteen years - then this special plant dies, leaving young ones which have sprung up around its base. The blossoms were not particularly attractive except to the birds, and how they did revel in them! The scriptural "mustard" was nowhere in comparison, though that grows to a tree height here also.

In the early morning the meadow larks gave a concert and then followed every bird, I think, that migrates to through California.



With the Fall various activities took a fresh start. Church and Relief and politics had taken no vacation, but the Woman's Club had, and now reopened with fresh enthusiasm. I will let the La Jolla Journal tell something of its work, though I have no acct. of some of its most interesting meetings - The lecture and pictures of Mr. Zabr H. Pritchard was one of these. Francis had taken us in to San Diego to see the movie photographs of sea life taken by the Williamson Brothers, but these under water paintings by Mr. Pritchard were wonderful.

BRITISH-AMERICAN
WAR RELIEF FUND

Some fifteen months ago, a branch of this society whose headquarters are in New York was organized in San Diego. Its purposes is simply the furnishing of clothing and general supplies to the Allied hospitals which are found to be most in need of assistant. Upon the committee were placed ladies representatives of the various sections of the city and its environs. Mrs. Worsfold was appointed to represent La Jolla and she gladly undertook the responsibility which included the collection of subscriptions and the organizing and conducting a local sewing circle. All funds collected are paid into the San Diego treasurer who returns the same for La Jolla purposes to be accounted for by voucher.

It should be noted that all the work and supplies from La Jolla are sent to French hospitals, nothing at all to those in England as their needs are fully met by the English themselves. The last four consignments were shipped to the temporary military hospital situated in Arc-en-Barrois, Department of Haute Marne, France.

The La Jolla workers meet every Wednesday afternoon from 2 to 5 in a comfortable room at the Field House of the Playground and a cordial invitation is extended to all who wish to help. Assistance in any form is asked for and welcomed with pleasure.

The remark is often made "American poor must be attended to first." Certainly, this is true and we are not advocates of "robbing Peter to pay Paul", but does not this time of great sorrow and suffering call for a little extension of charity and self denial can we not give two where formerly we gave one; again one hears "I can do so little" but it is every little that helps and the one small garment painstakingly made by the crippled fingers of a dear old lady surely carries with it a special blessing on its errand of mercy.

PARENT-TEACHERS MEETING

Not only a profitable and interesting but a very pleasant time is anticipated on the occasion of the first meeting for the year of the Parent-Teacher's Association on Tuesday afternoon, November 21st at the La Jolla school.

Much of benefit and value is sure to be gained from the address of Mr. J. H. Blair, County Probation officer, who is to speak before the association and a great deal of interest centers in the selection of a successor to Mrs. Baer, who is to resign the presidency of the organization after a year's untiring and intelligent service.

A pleasant hour is certain to follow the program when a little feast of good things to eat will accompany a

Mr. Pritchard has invented a more than good fellowship and a warmer co-operation between parents and teachers and children as well as all others who feel an interest in this vastly important undertaking. All who feel disposed to come will be warmly welcomed, and will find encouragement to increase and extend the scope of the La Jolla Parent-Teachers Association.

Those residents of La Jolla and San Diego who saw and enjoyed Mr Z H Pritchard's pictures, will be rejoiced to know that Miss Scripps has given three of the largest views of "Under-Water-Land" to the Biological Institution. They are hung in the Museum so that every visitor to the institution may see the. Professor Ritter feels that Mr Pritchard's first hand studies of sea-life in its natural habitat, are of great educational value.

One of the smaller submarine views and also a small landscape have also found their way into the home of Professor and Mrs Ritter

to see the movie photographs of sea life taken by the Williamson Brothers, but these under water paintings by Mr. Pritchard were wonderful.

Prehistoric Towns in New Mexico Unearthed

Prof. Nels C. Nelson of American Museum Finds Irrigation Works.

By the Associated Press.

SANTA FE, N. M., Aug. 26.—Prof. Nels C. Nelson of the American museum of natural history, excavating ruins of the extinct tanos Pueblos near Santa Fe has this summer cleared out 475 rooms and one Kiva in six pueblos ranging in age from the time of the cliff dwellers to late Spanish days. In San Marcos Pueblo he has outlined 43 separate stone buildings with a total of 3000 ground floor rooms. Sixteen skeletons have been taken out whole and 45 more re-interred. While Professor Nelson has recovered and classified thousands of implements, pieces of pottery, bones of various animals and perfectly preserved corn, beans, squash and pumpkins, he has also outlined immense irrigation or water storage works built by the prehistoric dwellers in these villages.

LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB

It was not alone valuable and interesting history which Mrs. Morgan, curator of the science of Man Building at the Exposition, presented to the members of the La Jolla club Monday afternoon, but a vision of the intimate relation and interdependence of all life and all time and all peoples, that moved souls and intrigued unexpected attention. Her subject was announced as "Personal Experiences in making prehistoric excavations."

For advertising purposes it might better perhaps, have ended with "Personal Experiences." Personal experiences are pretty sure to be generally interesting. "Pre-historic excavations might alarm with its suggestion of technicalities and so keep some away. Which would be a great pity.

For listening to Mrs. Morgan's address was like watching the miracles of a magician who plants his walking stick and causes it to bring forth roses or produces figs from thistles before your eyes.

From all that vast pre-historic past hidden in buried cities, she seemed to have uncovered only its soul; one soul; the same soul that lives in the present and proves our mighty and unalterable kinship with the past; our inevitable relation to the future.

Details of personal excavations among the remains of our own prehistoric people—the cliff-dwellers of Arizona and the Maya's of Mexico,—narrations of absorbing interest in themselves, were yet of secondary importance to this spirit of the ages which she transmuted into the realities of today and clothed with the possibilities of tomorrow.

Mrs. Morgan is no sentimentalist. She is primitively sweet but fundamentally strong and vital, and her convictions spoken in a voice with the cadence of a soft parable wind or a mountain stream, reached unexpected places and stirred unwonted depths in the hearts of her hearers. "There are no inferior races," she said. "There are only the differences due to extraneous conditions. All classifications are artificial. The precious things from all races should be preserved and assimilated. We must become not only tolerant but appreciative, and we must in our evolution, learn to dispense with the useless as did primitive men. We must learn to make the useful beautiful before we can have real art.

Our houses must be places to live in before we can have real homes, our religion must be transformed into social service and we must learn to cooperate instead of kill."

Mrs. Ritter, president of the club, had promised her members a "very special treat" in this appearance of Mrs. Morgan and enjoyed the pleasure

of seeing her promise more than fulfilled. Every hearer must have carried away a new vision of life's meaning and a fresh impulse to perform her especial and individual part in some convincing way, and the congratulations showered upon the speaker at the close of the meeting breathed unmistakably of those things of the spirit as pleasure in the thrills of adventure that had given picturesque-ness to the talk.

The echoes of the Country Federation by delegates to Coronado reverberated with such unanimous praise that it was almost a relief when one member suggested that the convention as a business force, was almost too perfect in its operation inasmuch as it eliminated the individual from participation and service and wiped out of existence one of a conventions chief interests—discussions and there was more than mere murmur of applause when Miss MacDonald told in her inimitable manner of the frequent "where—ases" that floated, unaccompanied to her ears, the words which should have followed having fallen by the wayside.

But there was perfect accord between delegates and all other club members in the sentiment expressed by several concerning the part the club president, Mrs. Ritter, had played in the convention and the club rose enthusiastically to the sentiment "Long Live our President."

Mrs. Ritter announced an invitation for club members to attend the Southern District convention of clubs to be held at Redlands November 14-17.

The next meeting of the La Jolla club, Monday, November 6, will have for its subject "Science and Public Health," and Mrs. Margaret Sumner, Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Augusta Parker will have charge of the program.

Mrs. Moore announced her classes in Parliamentary law for the first and third Mondays of each month at one o'clock.

LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB

It was rather a serious group of club members that gathered round the tea tables after Monday's program—serious with the interest of purposeful thinking,—which Mrs. Ritter assured her co-workers was not at all a bad thing to have happen, at least occasionally.

This thoughtful and earnest attitude of mind was the direct result of the program for the day—a program which combined "Science and Public Health" for its subjects and which was presented by Dr. Gillespie and Mrs. Sumner in a manner to enforce attention and engage reflection, and it's authors strongly hope that it may also result in ultimate action, if not by the club collectively—then by its members individually. For the concerns of public health are largely the concerns of women, not only as voters but as home providers. Mrs. Sumner emphasized this fact by saying "without in the least belittling the ballot or failing to realize the value of an adequate army and navy, it seems to me that the greater national preparedness has been expressed as "an intelligent, resourceful unified and comfortable citizenship, trained to grapple, public spiritedly and loyalty, with the problems of peace", and what problem, whether of peace or war is more vital than that of public health—even present—far reaching."

Mrs. Sumner's address laid especial stress upon the ways in which science has been and can be of benefit to the

health of the public and upon the ways in which the layman, and in particular, the laywoman can co-operate with existing health authorities in enforcing those laws which are the logical development from scientific facts.

She said, "The state has claim upon women for direct help in the performance of this great task we are appealed by the vast destructive engines the world's war has brought forth and the consequent waste of human life. But we should remember that destructive forces are constantly at work in time of peace and that these most powerful machines for destroying human life—are neglect ignorance and indifference. The average annual death rate of California for earthquake and fire and the average annual death rate for malaria is almost identical, yet malaria is a preventable disease."

Following are health provisions, given by Mrs. Sumner in the enforcement of which all can aid; The new milk law, control of preventable diseases, control of blindness in infants, vital statistics, child labor law, care of tuberculosis patients, social insurance; and the following were suggested for consideration; The proposed housing law, increase in number of health inspectors, health insurance and an appreciation of the value of animal experimentation, need of visiting nurses, repeal or modification of state textbook law—and a bit of local need—school house screening.

Dr. Gillespie's address on "Social Insurance" carried conviction as coming from a scientific man who has devoted many years of study and of active service in this particular line of medical work, whose "basic principle" he said, "is extremely simple although its history, its technic and its statistics may appear voluminous and complex" "Disease and poverty generally go hand in hand continuous employment upon which the welfare of the average family hinges, depends largely upon health, wants and needs are continuous while income may be interrupted. The wage-worker's existence depends upon his wages and these depend upon continuous work.

Insurance becomes social when it is not left to chance and when the duty of fulfilling its obligations is distributed over various elements of the population which may be held responsible for the conditions of its needs and wants.

The growing realization that the health of the wage working population depends upon economic conditions is bringing about comprehensive measures for the relief and prevention of disease, social insurance has two definite objects, to distribute the cost of sickness among those responsible for conditions that cause sickness, and to give a financial incentive for the prevention of sickness to those who are responsible by dividing the premiums among the responsible groups.

Dr. Gillespie's address had much of interest concerning the attitude of other countries than our own in this field and the interesting results of the action that has been taken by them. He closed by saying: "Generalities and sounding phrases in the name of social justice are not satisfying, something more specific that can be put into operation is required if we bring about the development and maintenance of American standards worth fighting for, one of the immediate steps in such a concrete program is social insurance."

Mrs. Helm's group of pleasant little songs, sung to Mrs. Bradley's accompaniment, made a delightful relief to

the general seriousness of the program.

The next meeting of the club, Monday November 13th promises one of the most interesting days in its history. The program will be devoted to art and the speakers will be Mr. J. E. D. Trask, the distinguished art connoisseur in charge of the exhibition at the Exposition and Miss Alice Klauber, chairman of the art department of the state federation. There will also be an exhibition of Miss Fletcher's portraits and sketches. It will be an open day with tickets obtainable at the door.

The club voted to again secure a short course of dramatic readings by Prof. S. H. Clark, who appeared with such success here last year.

LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB

In the appearance before the Woman's Club on Monday of Mr. J. D. E. Trask and a group of others interested in the development of an art-appreciating San Diego, Miss Richmond, chairman of the Department of Art and Architecture provided a program that will go down in club history as a red-letter occasion. Original, daring and clever, but sound, Mr. Trask was a stimulating entertainment in himself, and if he occasionally raised the hair of his hearers by some frank heresy he was pretty sure to say it again by his sense of utter fairness and to many he produced something like order out of the chaos of modern painters and painting.

Mr. Trask does not approach art on bended knees, but as something to be absorbed into daily life.

"The only kind of art we have any right to" he said is that which makes for happiness. In its purest form art has no other object or mission than to give pleasure."

He "took a fall" out of the extremists of the day, the futurists, the post-impressionists, the cubists, who, he said, pain an emotion or a character rather than an object and who have substituted color for line. "The more I read about them, and the more I see of them," he said, "the less I understand them." "But they have awakened all other painters to the possibilities of color and their effect will never be lost. Color has a more potent effect on emotion than line and in consequence we are in a happier condition than we would have been without this modern movement."

He gave a warning lest California take for granted that because it is a land of beauty it will necessarily become a land of art, and pointed to Switzerland, land of gorgeous scenery and its one development—the cuckoo clock! "we cannot exercise our mentality for our own pleasure solely. It depends upon you to develop and encouraging those things of the spirit which contribute to better living and more joy in life."

Mr. Trask, who is in charge of the Exhibit of American paintings at the Exposition and was last year at the San Francisco fair in the same capacity, brings to his chosen work as connoisseur, all the color and picturesque-ness of an intensely original mind, tempered by deep devotion and wide knowledge and has the rare power of establishing an immediate intimacy between himself and his audience.

He was followed by Miss Alice Klauber, Mr. Hewitt of Indiana and Miss Lee of San Diego, all of whom spoke in behalf of San Diego's hopes and intentions for an art museum and a broader and deeper interest in art

Christmas was celebrated at the Laboratory-artist time before the 25th by a party at the Commons, in which all the members of the Colony joined. A prettily decorated and brightly lighted room with a real Christmas tree at one end and seats for the audience at the other, and Mrs. Ritter welcomed us. Dr. Ritter was Master of ceremonies and Dr. Doermen the messenger who brought in various tokens from Santa Claus till the old St. himself appeared and distributed various goods from the tree. I preserved a label on mine since it was said to be a very good representation of my usual personal appearance on the streets of La Jolla.

in its highest sense. Mr. Hewitt emphasized the possibilities and privileges of women's clubs in behalf of such a growth saying: "The Indiana art museum serves the whole state through the medium of the state federation of Women's Clubs, an art museum is not merely a building for the housing of collections but is a great educational institution which should serve not only the whole community but reach to every part of the state."

Miss Lee feels that in preserving some of the buildings of the exposition as permanent museums for art and science the foundations are being laid for making San Diego one of the great art centers of the world. Her vision includes a growth in San Diego that will equal that which followed upon the close of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago; which has recultured in 25 years in the great Fine Arts Museum on the lake front, and the Field-Columbian.

The audience which enjoyed the afternoon was a distinguished one, including many San Diegan and so

large as to test the capacity of the club auditorium.

In the informal hour which followed the program, an exhibition of portraits and sketches by Miss Fletcher of West Virginia now in La Jolla, divided interest with the tea room where the out-of-town guests were shown particular attention around the attractive tables with their tea and cakes.

Perhaps Miss Fletcher's most interesting canvases were her portraits of Mrs. Knudsen, a graceful study in pastel tones, and of little Miss Clarissa Maria Centroni, whose wonderful hair and exquisite coloring in real life almost dimmed any attempt at reproduction on canvas. She is the little daughter of one of the leaders of Tomassio's band and a "child of Italy"

LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB

Monday December 11th the La Jolla Woman's Club met to consider the subject of "Civil Service". In the absence of the President, Mrs. Wm. E. Ritter, Miss Helen Clark presided. After a short business session Mrs. A. P. Mills, chairman of the day, took charge of the program. Mrs. Graves played delightfully two piano selections, and Mrs. Boyle sang a little Irish love song and a familiar Christmas Lullaby, which were so enthusiastically received that she was obliged to respond with an encore.

Mrs. Mills then introduced Mr. Bartholomew, the Postmaster of San Diego, who gave the address of the afternoon on Civil Service, its history and development. The address stimulated the audience to ask questions, and the informal "question box" proved a very interesting feature of the afternoon. The social hour in the tea room closed the afternoon.

The meeting Monday December 13 will be of special interest. Christmas music will be provided, and the speakers of the day are to be such that every club member will miss a rare treat who is unable to be present. Mrs. Pike of Washington will deliver an illustrated talk on Wild Birds, their habits and their songs. Mr. Gerald C. Waterhouse, president of the George Junior Republic, will speak briefly on the work of the republic in making boys good citizens. As a Christmas gift, the club has invited all the children of La Jolla to attend this afternoon's program.

LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB

The Christmas meeting of the La Jolla Woman's Club which was held Monday December 18th. As a Christmas gift the children of La Jolla were invited as guests of the club to hear the unusually interesting program.

The first part of the afternoon was devoted to the planting of an olive tree in the club house garden, the gift of Mrs. Nathan Weston. Mrs. Wm. E. Ritter made a few remarks, emphasizing the significance of the olive tree as an emblem of peace at this time of world warfare. Mrs. Comfort read a peace sonnet, and a group of Bishop's School girls surrounded the tree singing a Christmas carol, and one of their number, Jean Kirby recited a part of Tennyson's Hymn of the Nativity.

After assembling in the club house, the audience sang "Come all ye Faithful", after which Mr. Gerald C. Waterhouse was introduced and spoke briefly of the work at the George Junior Republic near Pomona, where the boys are taught to be self supporting, honest, industrious, persevering, prompt and self controlled.

Masters Walter Kaulfers and Tom Hayden sang "Redeemer Divine" so sweetly that they were obliged to return to the platform and sing it again.

The main speaker of the afternoon was then introduced, Mrs. Granville Ross Pike of Washington, who spoke of birds. Mrs. Pike said there were five hundred kinds of birds in California, emphasized the need of caring for them to protect the country from insects, and made a plea for drinking fountains and bird houses. The lecture was illustrated with beautiful stereopticon slides, the stereopticon being managed by Sibley Sellew.

The audience then adjourned to the tea room for a social hour. The next meeting of the club will not be held until January 8th.



The first meeting of the La Jolla Woman's Club after the holidays was held Monday, January 8th, and partook of the nature of a reception. The new members were the guests of honor, and the program was provided by the Girls Auxiliary, with Mrs. Jene Bell, their advisor, in charge. After the rendition of the Berceuse and The Butterfly of Grieg's by Miss Ruth Knudsen, Miss Norma Tuttle read The Lost Chord, with Mrs. Ethel Calloway at the piano, and then caused much merriment by a Telephone Monologue. Miss Mildred Helm who was spending the holidays at home from Berkeley, played two piano solos. Mrs. Frazier Curtis and Miss Dora Pease contributed much amusement by their Brown Paper Parcel. During the serving of tea in the tea room Miss Phyllis Higgin played two violin solos and Miss Mildred Helm was prevailed upon to again favor the ladies with a piano number.

The meeting next Monday, January 15th is to be open to men and women who will be interested in attending. On that date, through the kind offices of Mrs. Templeton Johnson of Coronado, we are to have as our speaker the Angel of the Stockyards of Chicago, a lady of the Dumps, Miss Mary McDowell, who will speak on "Woman's Social Obligation".

LA JOLLA WOMAN'S CLUB

Monday, January 22nd was a very full day at the La Jolla Woman's Club. The program was under chairmanship of Mrs. Comfort who read a peace poem of Edwin Markham's. The first speaker was Miss Mary Baker of Japan, formerly of San Diego and Point Loma, who spoke on Religious Progress in Japan. Mrs. Raymenton sang two solos, and Mrs. Graves played a piano solo. Mrs. Crosby read a paper on Religious Progress as revealed in the scriptures and Mrs. Norcross closed the program with an appeal for Peace, and review of the work being done by the Peace Societies.

On Monday next Mr. Neeley of Santa Ana, formerly of Harvard, will speak of the Gary school system. And on Friday of next week the club is to have an opportunity to witness the production of Iphigenie in Aulis which John Lane Connor's School of Expression presented Tuesday at the San Diego Club House.

Many of the La Jolla ladies had the pleasure of seeing this production, as the members of the Drama Section was the honor guests at the San Diego Club. They are very enthusiastic over the work of Mr. Connor and Miss Emmeline Lavenstein, who trained the chorus so beautifully. It was a beautiful production, and Mr. Connor has offered to present it in La Jolla, as a courtesy to the Drama Section and its chairman, Mrs. Knudsen.

FREE ART EXHIBIT

La Jolla is to enjoy an unusual opportunity for the next four days in an art exhibit of Mr. Zarh H. Pritchard's paintings at the La Jolla Woman's Club House. The collection to be displayed was on exhibition in San Francisco for several weeks last year, and later was taken to New York where several pictures found their way into the American Museum of National History and the New York Aquarium.

The paintings are of sea life below the surface of the ocean, and are wonderful revelations of the beauty of the flora and fauna existing there.

The richness of color and the play of light excite one's imagination, while satisfying one's love of the artistic, and giving accurate information of that unknown life so near to us.

These rare opportunity comes to us through the personal friendship of the artist for Prof. Ritter of our Biological institution, and it is fitting that La Jolla's should thus become acquainted with the submarine world lying at our very doors.

Mr. Pritchard has invented a method of painting under water, and having heard of the beauty of life in our kelp beds, wishes to make some paintings of that remarkable formation.

The exhibition will be free to all and every member of the community is especially invited to view the pictures. The club house will be open from 10 to 5 daily.

The drama section of the La Jolla Woman's Club will present the Greek play, "Agamemnon," tomorrow. While called a dramatic "reading" because reference to the lines will be permitted, the rendering will be as nearly Greek in setting and in costuming as possible. The entire drama section, consisting of nearly thirty members, will take part. The "chorus of old men, representing the populace, will be led by Miss E. B. Scripps. Mrs. Knudsen will take the part of the queen, Clytemnestra, Mrs. Curtis will be Agamemnon, and Mrs. Ritter, Aegisthus.

The courtesy of reciprocity will be extended to the drama sections of the College Woman's Club, the San Diego Club and the Wednesday Club.

A large audience assembled in the auditorium of the club house on Monday afternoon, with a goodly number of gentlemen sprinkled through. The first number on the afternoon program was a paper by Mrs. A. B. Rhoads on "Kelp and its Uses." It was a most excellent paper telling of the many ways and uses to which the floating gardens of La Jolla's front yard can be and are being put. Some varieties are used for food by certain classes; potash is made in large quantities from kelp and enters into the manufacture of explosives. The bulbs are made into quaint and curious baskets, jars, and utensils that closely resemble aboriginal pottery. There was a very interesting exhibit of this latter method of using the kelp, and every article on exhibition was made by Mrs. Rhoads own deft fingers. The paper showed much careful study and selection, and the exhibit certainly did credit to the ingenuity and patience of their designer. A solo by Louis Lockyer "I Hear You Calling Me", delighted all. Mr. Lockyer has a mellow musical tenor voice and sang with much expression. Following this was a duett, "Larboard Watch Ahoy," sung by Messrs Lockyer and Frank Garty." A favorite with all, and well sung by the two good voices, tenor and baritone, this old song was enthusiastically received, by an appreciative audience. With a brief, happily put introduction by Mrs. Mills, Mr. Ritter was introduced to the audience and talked on Science vs. Nature. He spoke of how much more broadening it was to have an attitude of responsiveness towards nature than to be only scientifically interested in the many interesting and wonderful things all about us in our daily life. Prof. Ritter's style is easy, conversational, and impresses his hearers with his honesty and earnestness. "Enjoy the things about you as they are and take things in nature without speculation" was the speakers most excellent advice. Over two hundred were served to tea, etc., after the adjournment, and all expressed themselves as having enjoyed a charming afternoon.

Jan. 15th
human family
in world, the
had had our
Christmas dinner
in the new
building, but
it was not possible
to really
move in with
all our belongings
into the
shedding room.
The site is
magnificent
and the building
is admirably
arranged for
convenience
and the view.
I wish all our
friends could
look out of the
large windows
on the three
sides of that
living room.
To the north
we can see
the island of San Clemente some
seventy miles away, and in certain
light Santa Catalina still can
be seen. Then, in a grand sweep
towards us, are the Clippers with
their ever-changing lights and
shadows, and their canyons
into whose depths we can look
from this room and the back
porch. To the south we can see
the winding "rail-road," the
heights of Sycamore, La Jolla
whose lights show prettily at
night, and the curve of all
the coast hills up to the land of
the Whovvies with its hills,
its scenic buildings, its

morning to see with General children," but we had one lighted fog effect - I must record, I had seen one similar but not so spacious in the Crittikius. Here the fog came rolling swiftly in from the ocean - a sun-tipped cloud of snowy mist - swept up the canyons till it filled them, blotted out buildings and all things below us, and left us, the heights of Solidad, and the tops of the Cliffs in brilliant California sunlight.

Sister Mary's letter, with two poems, ushered in my birthday auspiciously. I rec'd other cards also bearing good wishes. At breakfast I was greeted most cordially & afterwards Mrs. Sumner gave me a pretty picture of sea gulls and each of the children brought me a potted fern to stand on the two window seats in my room. The house is fresh with ferns which Florence has gathered in the nearest canyon, but for this day she went far afield to a special canyon

Monday, March 6th, was "Babies Day" at the club, and the big assembly room was well filled. The mothers of children of various growth, were guests of the club and some brought their children. Before the program was opened, the president read a note of thanks from the secretary of the Relief Committee, to the La Jolla Woman's Club for the generous gift to the flood sufferers. The "clean and well assorted garments" were mentioned particularly, as being unusually good. It is the way La Jolla has of doing things. The great quantity of clothing sent to the Belgian sufferers was spoken of in the same way when they were unpacked across the sea.

Miss Taylor, Neighborhood nurse, from San Diego was out with four little girls from the class at Neighborhood House, to show what they were being taught there. One of these "little mothers" aged four, washed bottles that were to contain the food for the babies, and she was very thorough about it. Then another of eight years prepared the milk to be put into these bottles, while still another showed how to cook the barley for barley water. Last, but by no means least, a little girl of ten years gave a practical demonstration of how to wash a three month's old baby. This child, of Polish parentage, handled her doll most deftly although the doll's joints were somewhat rheumatic. Miss Taylor declared that this little mother washed her baby brother only three months old, every morning. "She has had experience," said Miss Taylor, "for she has four younger brothers and sisters."

After the "little mothers" came the dainty play, "The Theft of Thistle-down" performed by the children of Miss Grace Kinne's class. They had only ten days in which to prepare for this, and their performance was remarkably well done. There was not a hitch from beginning to end. It spoke well for the trainer's ability to handle a group of little children, some of them not over four years old, and also for the histrionic talent of the little performers.

Tea was served to over 250 and "Babies Day" scored a decided success. The subject next Monday will be in charge of Mrs. Nathan Weston, Mrs. E. Howard, and Mrs. W. H. Simmons. Subject, "Industrial and Social Problems."

where she knew there were delicate maiden-hairs - these she combined with fragrant violets for a bouquet for me and with them decorated the table and the cake that "Mother made". The candles thereon were eleven. For M. said I was the youngest member of the family except Elizabeth. In the afternoon M. C. & I went down to the beach, without coat or hat, and met Florence there on her return from school. Florence had given me an unusual limpet and we went first into the museum to identify it. Thence to the beach where the children took off shoes and stockings (Jan. 26th) and aided and abetted by their mother, froliced on the sand while Grandmother sat on her camp stool and watched the waves and the fun. The sun plunged into the ocean before we reached home, and the cold wind he sent us reminded us that Summer had not yet arrived. Later we had our luncheon one Saturday, at the head of the near by Canyon. Miss Flournoy and Dr. Sumner joined us. The latter guided Miss K. and the children to an extreme point on the trail, then left us for an appointment with Mr. Copeland.

The Biological Institute, located about two miles beyond the center of La Jolla, fronts the ocean from which it gathers its specimens of marine life for research and investigation. The pamphlets and scientific writings, the output of Prof. William E. Ritter, its director, and of his assisting staff and visiting workers, enter the libraries of the leading scientific institutions of America and Europe, and have been of incalculable practical value. Specimens of marine life are preserved and on exhibition, and from time to time La Jolla is privileged to listen to lectures upon this interesting department of the field of science.

democratic, scorning "fuss and feathers." With his sister, "gentle Miss Ellen" he has laid the foundation of a wonderful work here and given opportunity for research work on various lines. Within there is much of interest to be examined later: the museum, the aquarium, the library and various rooms. As I passed by one side a hedge like row of daisies, in masses of white, peeped over my shoulder. From the lab. the road ran up, up, up, by a winding path so abruptly curved we had scarcely headed one way ere we faced another and along the cliffs till we were under the largest pine, and a little farther we were looking straight down into the

The Summers are showing us something of the country while Nan is here. Margaret has taken us to the beach, where I hope to go often, to the caves, down whose steep stairs I did not climb, and to the "European Arts and Crafts Shop" where Nan found some fine pictures from the Deerfield sisters! Today Francis took us a delightful auto ride to the laboratory and the Torrey pines. The "Scripps Biological" is placed on a crescent shore of the big Ocean with rounding hills to the east and steep cliffs on the north, straight down to the blue water. The road thither along the shore gave beautiful views of old ocean and - if one looked far enough - of exquisite coloring on mountains and cliffs. The building is severely plain on the outside as suits the founder.

Mr. Scripps is practically



blue ocean. And our chauffeur did not seem a bit scared! I thought I knew something of mountain roads but I didn't! The Torrey pines, discovered by Dr. Le Compte in 1850 and named for his friend Prof. Torrey of Yale, is a rare species found in but one other place in the world, I have not yet discovered where that "one place" is. Thence we went on to Del Mar where poppies grow on trees and bloom the year round, but the road and the ocean were more attractive

June 3^d. We have been to the San Diego Exposition: Mrs. Summer, Anna, Margaret and I. Across the Cabrillo Bridge and around the grounds I went in luxurious state while the others walked and took turns in guiding my chariot.

The Puente Cabrillo is a wonderful structure of concrete arches on the "cantilever unit" plan, so built that any arches can be replaced in case of destruction by flood. One can scarcely imagine a roaring stream down that dry canyon, yet there must have been water sometime for it was full of a

luxurious growth of trees and shrubs, all planted but five years ago. The Exposition is on a high plateau overlooking the city, the ocean, and the mountains. The northern portion is given to the "Sethimus" the southern to the U.S. Marine Corps. The latter is between the "Cañon Cabrillo" and the "Cañon Español": which sounds much more attractive than if they were called Jones gully and Smith's gully. Indeed, we found the musical names helped to make the atmosphere decidedly Spanish or Southern Californian as soon as we entered the enchanted grounds.

The spirit of the South land was there. The Mission style of architecture united with old colonial and Indian, with a touch of the cathedral in the California building, the wonderful variety and beauty of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers, the view from the Plaza de Panama across the Coplanada to the open air Organ and the Sacramento building at the other end with its continually circling pigeons in front and Spanish dancers on its wide veranda - all was like fairy land. I am sure the pigeons are first-cousins to those of St. Mark's, but I did not quite like the dancing. The costumes were beautiful but the girls, though gay

did not look happy, and I thought of a criticism of a famous old painting which once shocked me. Its angels were called models of kicking gracefulness. We went the length of the Prado to the model citrus grove and farm, to the entrance of The Sethimus: had lunch took my chariot again, and went by and into some of the State buildings, through the "Via de los Estados". In the New Mexico building we saw minerals galva models and stereopticon slides in automatic machines,



"The Harbor"

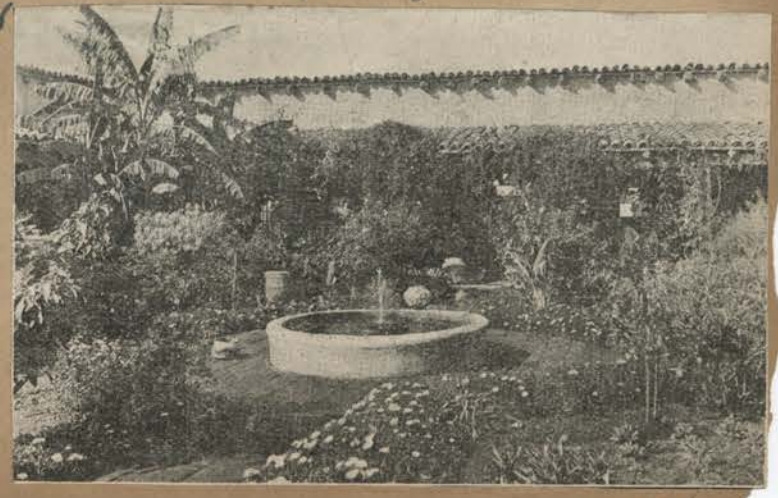




and
of the sun.

methods of proper lumbering, transporting and sawing of the U.S. Forestry work - its fire patrols in their outlooks - in short, all the varied activities of that branch of Uncle Sam's service. As we came out of the building a company of marines passed down the hill on the way to the Marine Camp. In the San Joaquin Valley building there was a marvellous display of fruits and vegetables with a mosaic ceiling and portraits made entirely of seeds. Remembering Mary Baker's booth at an Ill. Farmer's Inst. Fair some years ago, I knew such things could be done but these were surely wonderful. The Southern California building seemed full of every-

thing from the bust of Dr. Ritter to the flora, fauna, and fruits of Cal. and an extensive public school exhibit. Scarcely had we begun to look when it was time to leave. We had not expected to view the whole of the Exposition but to get an outline and fill in afterwards. How I wish Nan could "fill in" with us! On our way home we stopped at Old Town, the original settlement of Father Serra. There still remain: one of the first palm trees planted in Cal. an old adobe building on the opposite side of the road, and Ramona's marriage place. Though the marriage really took place on the other side of the road, in the Church (now replaced by a large new structure,) the house with its relics is very interesting. It belonged to the Spanish "Estidillo" family and there still remain the heavy beams fastened with leather thongs, the old kitchen with its huge fire place and cooking utensils, the chapel (now used for the sale of curios,) the tiny private chapel with its blackened Madonna, the corridor (v. opposite page) with its tile flooring (brought in the restoration from an aqueduct made by the Indians,) and the beautiful garden which softly whispers of many things the old monks did which "still live". I am glad to record that the old bells hung at intervals to mark the road over which good Father Serra and his aides laboriously travelled the length of California's coast have been restored. Some of the best - brought from Spain, still hang in the old missions.



One afternoon Francis took us to Point Loma, the great rocky ledge which projects miles into the sea, reaches a sheltering arm around the north end of the harbor of the sun, protects the two semi-islands at its mouth, and stands guardian of the Pacific coast for Uncle Sam. There is one of the most important stations of the U. S. wireless, Fort Rosecranz with its guns and its barracks, and, below, the buoys that mark the entrance to the harbor, and, on the islands aforesaid, the aviation school and fashionable, crowded, Coronado. We were not allowed to enter the reservation but we did not rebel. Uncle Sam had left us all the glory of the magnificent view north and west across the sun-kissed, peaceful waves, and south to the mountains and near-by islands of Mexico. Returning, we had intended to see the grounds and buildings of the Theosophists near the summit of the ridge, but a placard over the closed gate informed us that no visitors were admitted after 4 o'cl. and it was then 4.00 Alas! Never mind! We can believe, from a glimpse of rows of palms, groups of trees, shrubs and flowers, a handsome building and the Greek Theatre, that "Mrs. Tingley is a very clever lady."

Another day Mrs. Sumner gave us a long auto ride into the back country, through a land which gave us an idea of the agricultural possibilities of lower California, and it was glorious. We went north to Del Mar, then east across la Mesa, ever with mountains in sight, to Grassmount, up to the old Mission miles, I believe. Across la mesa we found farms made productive by water from mts. and wells. Everywhere wells, reservoirs and crops with fine roads and automobiles. The ruins of the San Diego Mission, at the head of Mission Valley, consist of the old church and quadrangle, a remnant of the dam, some irrigation pipes, a cemetery with adobe brick walls, and a cactus hedge! The old monks introduced many trees into Cal. but all logs for building were cut in the mts. several miles away and brought to the site selected on the shoulders of the Indians. And lest any log should be profaned by careless dropping, there were relays of Indians, so that no log touched the ground ere it was built in to the sacred edifice. Verily, the old monks taught their people the virtues of obedience and reverence for law as well as modern scientific Germany, and left it for our own government, alas! to give them the further training of injustice & oppression.



Source, under pepper tree at S.D. Mission.

Also the Fathers ante-
dated our great irrigation
schemes, up the side of the
little stream we went
along a road whose turns
and narrowness made the
"biological grade" seem
a very boulevard while
far below at the bottom
of the canyon, open
pipes of Indian tile
carried the water from



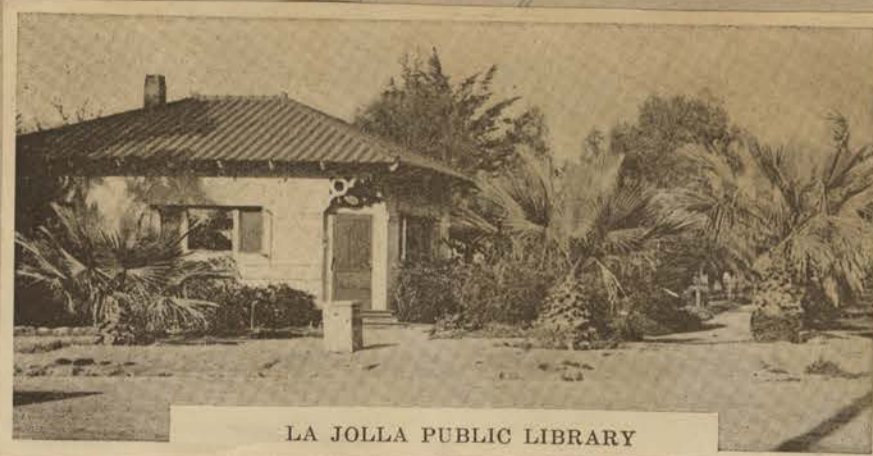
MME. SCHUMANN-HEINKE AT HER HOME ON GROSSMONT, OVERLOOKING EL CAJON VALLEY

the dam to the Mission
some four miles below.
We had another expe-
rience of mountain roads
when we climbed Gross-
mont. Though advertise-
ments laud with reason
the "splendid automobile
road" we encountered
various placards bidding
chauffeurs go up one way
and come down another

since to meet was dangerous. From the home of Mme. Schumann-Heinke at the summit
I was pleased to see a U. S. flag floating proudly. We did not call, nor see the lady, but
we did get the same view of fields and mountains that she gets from her home,
years ago, from Miss Wheeler and a certain Philharmonic I learned to admire the
Mme. with her eight children, nor was my admiration lessened when I read
recently of her singing for and with some 2000 children at the San Diego Ex-
position, and how people along the Country side heard her singing to her-
self for very joy as she sped homeward.

Margaret took us to Miss Scripps' private library, which is a pretty vine-
embowered building near her large house and is open to the public on Wed.
mornings. Beside the usual collections of "first editions" in books, pictures &
it contains a unique one of portfolios of painted California flowers. Thereby
hangs a tale of one of Miss Ellen's good deeds to an individual and to a Community.
A young man came to La Jolla some years ago for his health and set himself to
work to study and paint the wild flowers he could obtain in his short-walks
in this vicinity. Miss Scripps saw some of them, and ordered a few sheets for
her library. The result was so accurate and so exquisite in line and color that
she gave him a carte blanche to paint for her as long as he could find Cal.
wild flowers to paint.
I believe, in the West.

La Jolla has a good
most-courteous and
Waddell. Its lack of
and story telling is
by the new play
house and all its
recreation and amusement.



LA JOLLA PUBLIC LIBRARY

This, with the Woman's Club House and part of
the Bishop's School property, was given by Miss Scripps and is to be free to the
people, old and young, forevermore. We visited it by special permit: since it
was not formally opened till a few days later. Then Miss Ellen made her modest
kindly little presentation speech. The mayor of San Diego accepted, Margaret and her C. F. girls
helped raise the flag and the arrangements, while Nan sped eastward via Salt Lake &
appliance for healthful
public library also with a
efficient librarian, Miss
room for children's meetings
likely to be more than met
ground with its Community
appliances for healthful

I have been to a "luncheon" given by Mrs. Waddell, mother of the librarian, a dear quiet old lady whom I met at the Church Guild sewing carpet rag. Though I thought it would be a kind of "bring your own" knitting affair I followed Margaret's advice and wore my best black silk gown. I therefore felt comfortable when I met the elite of La Jolla - learned old residents, travellers with ancestral traditions from many lands, (mainly English via Canada, Maine and Ohio) - Miss Ellen Scripps, a quietly dressed, grey-haired lady, Miss McDonald, a tall, emphatic ex-schoolmistress, Dr. Hotchkiss, a physician with failing eyesight but vigorous interests, Mrs. Steele, elegant in dress and manner, and two others whose names are merged in the personalities of all the Clubwomen I have met. At the "luncheon," which was to me a course dinner, the conversation ranged widely to art, music, travel &c. At last it struck a familiar note. In the long ago we had all worn pantalets, and the old ladies laughed merrily as they recalled the every day ones and the embroidered and lace befrilled Sunday ones, and the distinction between those who wore them "tied on" or "buttoned on." I belonged to the aristocracy for I had worn mine "buttoned on." June 25th. A most delightful picnic on the beach at the laboratory where I made the acquaintance of Dr. Michael - the Prof. longest here, who is studying Deep Sea Forms - his wife, and one child (Marion.) Dr. McEwen. - Oceanography, Currents, &c., wife and one child (Paul.) Dr. Burkhardt - Collector wife and 2 children. Mr. Falk, Actor, student; & Sec. to Dr. Ritter, wife and baby. Dr. Daniel - University man. Here to study and write about certain fishes, wife & 3 children. Mr. Brandall, Business Manager, wife. Married about two years ago. Mr. Tyrrell, Factotum - wife. Mr. Merritt, Comptroller of University, wife interested in U. W. & A. Mr. Hare - The engineer who is to build a new pier, wife & her niece Louise. Mr. Williams - Contractor for new buildings. Mr. Holden. A. B.'s temporary assistant. Wife Mrs. Ritter was ill, but later invited us to her house where we were entertained with music, and dramatic readings by Mr. Falk. On this occasion the ladies cooked various things over a camp fire built against the cliff. The gentlemen dug a trench around a parallelogram of sand, which, covered with a cloth, made a table with seats around it. A to me quite unique arrangement. We partook of a generous repast and afterwards I sat on a specially choice seat on an elevated plank, chatted with friends, listened to the songs and stories, and watched the waves, the lights of La Jolla and the phosphorescence across the water. A pleasant memory of my first picnic on the shores of the Pacific.

Just beyond no. 41 Waverly Lane is a two-storied house almost hidden by a wealth of California trees, shrubs, vines and flowers, from the "monkey puzzle" to more familiar begonias. Its owner "Barbara," came here a few years ago from Austria, built or hired a little one-roomed cottage with kitchenette, "took in washing," now owns and lives in the big house and rents the little one to impecunious College Profs. This summer the latter was occupied for a month by a young Prof. McClendon and his pretty wife. They were friends of H. and M. and soon claimed the two grandmothers also. One afternoon they took me out in the glass-bottomed boat, and another evening gave us all dinner at "The Black Bear." I still treasure my place card with its sea-moss.

The Summer & Fall were filled with pleasant things. Francis took us all to see Ramona. a wonderfully realistic representation of that wonderful tale of loyal love and cruel injustice. I went with Mrs. Sumner to the Exposition - We visited the California building, got the glorious view from the balcony, saw the French exhibit, some of Geo. Wharton James' stereoscopic pictures, Mrs. S. bought "Speckles" for G's Christmas, and he gave me so many advertisements that baby asked "Did Mr. James send me that picture?" for long afterwards. We visited other buildings, saw a drill of the soldiers, heard Thomasini's band, and - best of all - heard the great out-of-doors organ.



Again I went with Margaret for an Indian Day. We could but glance at the interesting models of different homes, ways of living, of war, and of worship, clothing, weaving, basket-making, working in metals, relics and curios. A fascinating study artistically arranged, with mural paintings of delicate coloring. One at the end of the hall represented two Indians before a cliff on the edge of a desert. One is forming symbolic figures on the stone. Both are gazing the desert. Below is the legend as I remember it -

"We in the Science of Man room we saw skulls which marked decided "evolution", with the underlying thought - that in the collection in San Francisco. We closed the day by a visit to the Painted Desert where the passing Indians, especially the Mothers, looked tired. We were told they were anxious to get back to their barn homes and the freedom of accustomed surroundings. Yet the "Fred Harvey" management has surely given to many of the visitors at the Fair a far more vivid idea of the present life of different tribes than he could otherwise obtain. We saw the young weaver above, bought a few postal cards, cast longing glances at baskets and rugs in the Trading Post, and hastened to catch our train for home again. Once more I went, with Margaret and Blanche when I rode in the Merry-go-round.



H-1084 NAVAHO BLANKET WEAVER. "THE PAINTED DESERT", SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

far past; sometime, God had "breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life & he had become a living soul." We saw the Roland Peep pictures which are fine, though I thought they not equal to those I saw in the Wampanoag

collection in San Francisco. We closed the day by a visit to the Painted Desert where the passing Indians, especially the Mothers, looked tired. We were told they were anxious to get back to their barn homes and the freedom of accustomed surroundings. Yet the "Fred Harvey" management has surely given to many of the visitors at the Fair a far more vivid idea of the present life of different tribes than he could otherwise obtain. We saw the young weaver above, bought a few postal cards, cast longing glances at baskets and rugs in the Trading Post, and hastened to catch our train for home again. Once more I went, with Margaret and Blanche when I rode in the Merry-go-round.



International Panama - California Exposition, San Diego, California. Portion of the Pueblo Village, showing Out-door Ovens. The Painted Desert.

saw the beavers work and the little bear climb a tree for honey, and the wonderful fruits and minerals in the Canadian Exhibit. We visited the Aquarium, installed in a new building by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and saw the hatcheries, beautiful fishes in their own compartments and in a large central pool. Thence to a model of a mine, made, said the old miner who acted as guide, in exact imitation of the Kunzite mine now being worked not far from San Diego. We were shown pockets, the slant of the rocks, false leads, and real finds, then ushered out through a little room where a young girl had pretty near gems and curios for sale. They were well cut and polished, really attractive, but, though accused again of looking like Queen Victoria, her Majesty made no purchase.

beach. Once we found against the cliffs a pile of broken shells, into which we delved, inches deep, for whole ones. The next day they were all washed out again. Mas! I could not go down and up, alone. One memorable day was marked by a visit to the on the long sweep of clean white sand which stretches far away. I met some mothers also at a picnic on the beach, at Mrs. Seymour's and at The Waverly, after Camp Fire Council meetings.

The Fourth of July was appropriately celebrated in San Diego and quietly in La Jolla. An underlying note of solemn earnestness marked the parade of the civilians as described in the accompanying article. To have had our waterworks guarded by soldiers, and to have received friends from among the refugees from the Mexican border brings the thought of possible war quite near to us.

**THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS
HOLD COUNCIL MEETING**

The June Council meeting of the Ramona Camp Fire Girls was held last Saturday evening at half past five o'clock at the Froehlich home.

The usual order of the program was reversed when the dainty spread was served first. Racalajo, Mrs. Barritt, the guardian; Ojai, Mrs. Sumner, Neewana, Mrs. Seymour; Wanadasa, Miss Seymour; Minnehaha, Lillian Andrews; Sangatema, Frances Argall; Teefacota, Dorothy Argall; Ouinamoosa, Eleanor Hill; Minnetoska, Pauline Froehlich; and Manahasa, Phyllis Deemer, answered the roll call. After the beautiful candle lighting ceremony began the ceremonial part of the program.

An important business meeting followed. The program closed with several piano selections by Miss Pauline Froehlich, who had charge of the meeting and had selected music as the subject for the evening. Mrs. Froehlich also delighted her guests with two German songs.

feared while the top of the waves was blown into so light froth as to threaten



We went several times to the beach at South La Jolla. The Blue Birds, their elders and the half B. B. Elizabeth, were invited thither by Mr. & Mrs. Giannini. They, with neighbors gave us a royal lunch of wh. the dessert is in evidence. Then games.

OF ANOTHER SORT
But head and shoulders above all other features of the day stands out the great preparedness demonstration, taken part in by patriotic marchers in the volunteer section of the parade, by members of practically every civic, industrial and patriotic organization and society in San Diego, and by many of San Diego's out-of-town visitors. San Diego has been used to the rousing spectacle of Uncle Sam's bluejackets, soldiers and marines marching through the downtown streets in military formation, with ranks in perfect alignment, with bayonets flashing in unison and with marchers keeping perfect time to the tunes of military bands. But today's mammoth outpouring was not of this sort. The nation's regulars—and the state militia boys—have been called to face a serious situation on the Mexican border. They were not here today. And they were missed. But in their place, and showing the whole-souled, enthusiastic support that the boys in khaki and blue may expect, in case of eventualities, from the folks now at home, was a great, eager, loyal army of stupendous proportions—an army made up of men and women and children in every walk of life, of every calling and profession, every religion and creed. When Grand Marshal G. A. Davidson and his staff fell into line and marched east on Broadway at 9:30, in back of a delegation of police, there were assembled on side streets from First to the waterfront a monster gathering of those ready to fall in as each particular parade division was called. And as the thousands of marchers joined the parade there was an American flag in almost every hand. Men and women of German birth and German parentage were in that great, crowded line of marchers. So, too, were folks of British parentage; citizens born in France, Belgium, Russia, Holland, Spain, in every land on the globe. Regardless of birth or parentage, there was but one purpose that accentuated the loyal sons and daughters of this nation, in the parade. This purpose was loyalty to the land of Washington and Lincoln and Grant; loyalty—undying loyalty—to the Stars and Stripes, and to the land o'er which it flies; loyalty to the lives that have been laid down willingly that that flag might still fly; loyalty to the cause of liberty and freedom and a square deal to all.

the wreck of our free and happy life on La Jolla beach. The protest of the W. Club. o. next page worked well.

Aug. I spend with Margaret first visiting Mrs. Page in Berkeley. Francis was to go to the University July 20th and I accepted his escort-thither. We took the Santa Fe train at San Diego a little after noon. Margaret had given me a bag of fruit and Francis had engaged a state room with a nice little cupboard on one side. Opening the cupboard door disclosed drinking water, paper cups and all the conveniences of sanitary life. Verily, it is fun to travel first-class in this age of the world! We went to dinner, and returned through the long train when I discovered that I had left my little bag with all my money by my seat in the diner. We retraced the many steps and I found it-but never again should I boast of carelessness. The train was crowded and seats on the observation car not always obtainable. I retired early and awoke with a start to find our car travelling so near the edge of a Canyon that I could look right down into it. There were lights ahead and much tooting of engines. I learned, later, that there was a slight-but-blockading accident to a train ahead of us. This caused us to travel slowly through what I should have liked to see by daylight, the San Bernardino Pass. In consequence Francis was late for his appointment but took me to Mrs. Page's before he went to the University. Here we found a charming California bungalow in the midst of an ever-blooming flower garden whose fragrance breathed a welcome sweet-as that of the dear Mistress herself. This home of Mrs. Page and her brother is placed back from the Avenue and was formerly occupied by a music teacher whose large upper room was used for lessons and had its own stairway, an ideal arrangement for Uncle Hal, his friends and his work. That his sister makes a lovely home for him and is a most gracious hostess I can testify. He left the next day for a few days' holiday in Camp and we went to the Exposition. Across the Bay to San Francisco had meant-in my sub-conscious mind-but a slightly longer distance than from Tivoli to Saugerties! But-it took long trolley rides to get to the Bay and a long ferry ride in a big ferry boat to cross it-then more trolley riding through the burned district-and past the zone to reach the magic gates. I noted the size of the Bay-the beauty of Tamalpais and other hills-the Golden Gate and K. Smith circling around in an aeroplane. Of the fairy land within the gates the flowers did not impress me as did those in San Diego and I was disappointed in the Tower of Jewels. Both these feelings disappeared later. Four things did impress me-the immense spaces, the soft-beauty of coloring, the architecture and the statuary. The first did not weary me, for Mrs. Page engaged an etiquette, bundled me up. (for the ocean wind was cold) and with a guide we made a tour of the grounds. In and out of courts through graceful Colonnades, and portals, with but a glance at beauties it would take weeks of study to appreciate, till I was quite bewildered. It will be quite impossi-

for me to give an adequate account of the great Fair. Newspapers, Magazines, and books are doing that, with pictures, biographies, and descriptions galore. I am attempting but a sketch of my summer in Cal. for my children and grandchildren, if perchance, a rummaging bunch of the latter may, sometime, pull this little scrap-book out of the piles in the closet. Now I will leave the wonders for a time and go to luncheon in the Cafeteria of the Y. W. C. A. Here, to my surprise and delight, I was greeted, most cordially, by Miss Thomas, one of my guides and protectors on the journey from N. Y. to Chicago. And we talked of Nan.



Tower of Jewels



Y. W. C. A. Building

Of the work the Association is doing w. some of the leaflets I collected. Of the building work, food and I can speak but in highest praise afterwards in another direction I saw more courts, Colonnades, buildings and statuary.



Italian Towers

I thought I liked the Italian Towers quite as well



Tower, Court of Palms at the Pan-Pac Int. Exposition San Francisco, 1915.

4031

as the Tower of Jewels. But the gem of all was the Palace of Fine Arts, with its colonnade and pavillion in a wonderful setting of greenery, and statuary out of doors. Concerning this building I must write down a tale Mr. Allen told me that evening.



Palace of Fine Arts - Pan-Pac. Int. Expo - San Francisco.

X153

We did not linger for the illumination since there was to be an extra fine one later which we could see with the girls. For Mrs. Page was expecting Ruth and Florence for a week. They came after a snarl of delayed trains in several divisions.

But first I had the tale of the Palace. In the Committee which had power to choose architects to submit plans for the Palace of Art was a certain young man of known architectural skill. In San Francisco he was well beloved, but

The Young Womens Christian Association

NOT A CHARITY
NOT A CLUB
NOT A CREED

BUT A COMRADESHIP BASED ON THE DEMOCRACY
OF A COMMON FAITH

World Y. M. C. A.—Headquarters, London

Organizations in 40 countries.

727,000 Membership.

National Y. M. C. A.—Headquarters in New York City

342,305 Membership.

45,691 Members under 18 years of age.

Local Organizations in

245 Cities — 721 Colleges — 13 Counties.

National Motto

"I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

John X:10.

Some facts for four months in this U. M. C. A. Building

- 220 Secured rooms through our list of 250 investigated places.
- 203 Girls placed in positions.
- 506 First Aid Treatments given by trained nurse.
- 6397 Women used couches in Rest Room.
Many emergencies met, such as securing legal aid, railroad transportation, medical and hospital care and friendly advice and interest.
- \$297.38 Drawn from Emergency Fund for pressing cases.
- 2397 Friendly calls made upon girls on grounds.
- 59 Social occasions. Luncheons, teas and parties for girls employed on the grounds. Dinners to members of conferences and conventions in session in the city.
- 155 Girls introduced to the churches of their choice.
- 6258 Attended the Five o'clock Sunday Vespers.
- 44 States and 11 foreign countries represented on the Register at the Information Desk.
- 2550 Meals served in Cafeteria, daily.
Evening classes in Stenography, Typewriting and Store Salesmanship are open to women employed at the Exposition.

Your lunch checks help to make this work possible.

The National Board

Erected and equipped the Y. W. C. A. Building
at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at a cost of \$43,000.

5,000 Visitors use it daily.

Girls come here for

{ Employment
Recreation
Advice
Protection

Salaries of workers exclusive of lunch-room employees \$25,000.

Our Club House on the Zone supplies comfort, rest and friendliness to
employed girls. Cost and upkeep \$5,000.

A Day Nursery has been opened in the Annex. A Playground adjoins the
Building.

For additional interesting facts see our other literature.

somewhat unpractical artist named ^{Burns} Maybeck. The younger man advocated the older as a competitor. The Committee would none of him, and the discussion waxed warm. Then, when it was over, the younger man quietly went and gave to the older one his own place as competitor. Now the Palace of Fine Arts "A thing of beauty and a joy forever" (if they don't tear it down at the close of the Exposition.) ^{stands} a monument to the artistic skill of Bernard Maybeck, and to the generosity of the man who gave up his own chance that his friend might win. The placing of the statuary in the colonnade and amid the surrounding greenery with glimpses of water here and there, has a wonderfully beautiful effect.

We saw more of this the next day with the girls. Also famous statues in different parts of the grounds, on buildings and fountains. The pillar of Progress, the group of Progress, the group of The End of the Trail, the stand out in my memory statuettes of children by women? Am I both old and young? Surely it is not three naked figures Mother send her two wide, wide world quite We lunched at the J.W.C. as we came from the wished to introduce my think at first of not a how far my thoughts daughter-in-law!



symbolizing the East & the West, Pioneer, Pioneer and Cortez, with graceful, wide-awake Lindsey Sterling and other and old-fashioned that I clothed the figures in certain good symbolism to have represent Winter, or a pioneer sturdy archers out into the devoted or homespun, this second day also, and Cafeteria, met Miss Thomas. I three friends, and could single name but Rose. Kate had wandered, O, beloved, After lunch the girls wan-

dered off at their own sweet will, and Mrs. Page took me in my chariot into some of the buildings, The Canadian exhibit; the Church Mission corner, where I found Miss Hobart had returned home a week before - the Varied Industries Palace, &c. Then we all met for the Illumination, moving slowly from point to point as the magic wrought its wonders. Soft-colored light crept up tower after tower gradually suffusing the whole with exquisite tints, indescribably beautiful. The Tower of Jewels was a tower of Fairy Land, and the search light on its summit - and on the figure of The Archer on its low column, made them appear floating in air, ethereal, without solid foundation. Indeed, I think we all went home that evening feeling that we had been in Dreamland. Friday Ruth and Florence went to the Exposition and Mrs. Page went to Oakland with me and saw me safely started for San José and sister Mary. Between groves of orange, English walnut and unknown trees

we sped southward, with glimpses of villages, canneries, and - ever some-
 where in the background the mountains. A woman with a baby and
 much impedimenta got in at a small station and took the seat beside
 me. She proved to be an English woman going to join her husband
 in a cannery in San José. We talked of her coming to America, of her baby
 and then after a long pause she suddenly exclaimed "You look just like
 Queen Victoria." "Do I? I have heard that she was a homely woman," "Not
 at all, not at all," came a quick and indignant retort, "I have seen her
 twice when she rode through the streets of London, and she was a very
 handsome woman, bowing to all the people." "Hurrah! for English
 loyalty," said I, in my heart, and atoned for my careless speech by
 sending my handsome, reverend nephew into the car for the baby
 carriage when we reached San José. And I was as proud of his ready
 courtesey as was the Londoner of her Majesty the Queen. Ned and the
 trolley took me by

building embowered
 a beautiful park
 his mother often
 They have a very -
 which Mary with her
 has made most attractive
 of flowers, from one of
 invited me, and others
 her by kindness to me.
 de Lorenzo, who lives
 sister, took us in his
 Rock Park. The road thither was very like the above. We did not drink of all the
 Springs. Mrs. Neilson, a charming member of the parish, took us in her auto, to
 the Cemetery, and twice around the City. San José is a handsome city with
 remarkably fine buildings and grounds for its schools. Then, on the 8th after
 much futile protesting on my part, Mary took me up to San Francisco to the Fair.
 We eliminated The Lick Observatory from our itinerary, though we noted its command-
 ing position and recalled some of the wonderful things
 it had accomplished. I had hoped Mary would be able
 to go with us for a look into some of the buildings when
 I started southward again.
 Instead, she took me up for



his Church, a fine
 in trees, and near a
 through which he
 walk to the services.
 convenient bungalow
 usual skill & energy.
 A beautiful bouquet -
 her friends Miss Brewster
 proved their love for
 Her landlord, Mr.
 next-door with his
 auto one day to thank

ALUM ROCK PARK. 6 miles from San Jose, contains
 1000 acres owned by the city. A delightful retreat in a
 shady canyon, where art has aided nature. Sixteen mineral
 springs, natatorium and tub baths, pavilion and cafe
 where meals are served. Electric car from Bank Corners.
 The place to spend a happy day.



ALUM ROCK PARK. 6 miles from San Jose, contains 1000 acres owned by the city. A delightful retreat in a shady canyon, where art has aided nature. Sixteen mineral springs, natatorium and tub baths, pavilion and cafe where meals are served. Electric car from Bank Corners. The place to spend a happy day.

SAN JOSE.
 The city of San Jose—pronounced in Spanish fashion, San Ho-say—the county seat of Santa Clara County, is of considerable antiquity, dating back to 1782, when Don Jose Moraga, Lieutenant Commandant of the Presidio of Yerba Buena—now San Francisco—was sent there as Commissioner by Pedro Fages, the Spanish Governor of California. The town was then known as the Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe. In 1799 the beautiful Alameda, connecting San Jose with the mission at Santa Clara, was planted by Padre Maguin de Catala, and still remains a delightfully shady avenue. Fifteen years later, in 1814, exactly a century ago, San Jose had 20 houses and a population of 137. About 1846 the first Americans began to come and from that year the real growth of the city commenced until today there are probably 35,000 people within the city limits, and over 50,000 within a radius of four miles.



THE LICK OBSERVATORY, MOUNT HAMILTON

two whole days, and cared for me in every way. I can scarcely give any detailed or orderly account of all we saw! Every Dept. of every building was full and we could not even glance into all the buildings. Our own U. S. rat-proof house to great dams, National Parks, Forest Reserves & lumbering.



The big dam at Roosevelt checks and stores the waters of the Salt River and Tonto Creek, and in proper quantities allows it to return through the sluice gates to the bed of the river, where it flows on, taking up in its course the waters of the Verde River, and then heading for the diversion dam at Granite Reef. Here the flow of the three united streams is turned into great canals on the north and south banks of the river. The Granite Reef Dam is one of the largest weir dams in existence. It is thirty-eight feet from base to crest, and 1,100 feet long.

I brought a smile to the lips of one of the guardians because I thought the Roosevelt Dam was the highest in the land and had collected numerous leaflets which proved to be of National Parks to find out about Dams! He directed me to different literature, and — I am wiser than I was. Another lighting up of a weary official face! Pausing before a shining mass of sisal (Mr. F. B. says is made from the Agave) I asked: "Is that the material Mexico wanted to keep from U. S. farmers?" "Yes," came the quick response, from Yucatan. We settled that question



mightily quick. Got it out in 2 days. We saw wire rope with a yellow strand, strong enough for edge.

— anything, and a knife of the same material with Francis.

We saw an exhibit where running water, fountains, a striking clock &c. were all made of hardware. We saw cash registers which register the coins of 2 nations, also the largest coin in the world, from Sweden (1669) made of copper, measuring 12 x 24 ins, and weighing 35 lbs. And the smallest, of gold from S. India (about 1800) whose weight was 1 grain, value 4 cts. Near by was a check for \$40,000,000 to J. P. Morgan Co. in settlement of French Panama Canal loan rights in 1914. The Indian exhibit was too wonderful to write about in this sketch. The Rodman Wanamaker pictures made me coactors. In the Hawaiian building we listened to weird music by flower-wreathed musicians, admired the beautiful coloring of the fishes in the tanks, and mourned over the homesick ones lying on their sides. Japan's display of furniture, woven fabrics and embroidery was exquisite, with innumerable fascinating small articles. Francis — just across the way, showed us fine china, gilded furniture and the Gobelin tapestries, whose subjects — to me — overshadowed their beauty — in the light of Verdun. Italy gave us fine china, statuettes, ancient and modern shrines &c. We visited the Netherlands with its quaint furnishings, and East Indian possessions which, with German East Africa, exports kapok (a, to me, new, soured product from agave) for life belts, mattresses, &c. Brazil, with its beautiful woods, and found the Argentine building closed. It looked new enough never to have been opened. We did not go into the State buildings except — up the steps of Genoa — to see the Liberty Bell. We spent a restful half hour in an auditorium listening to records of the world's best artists and a Victrola.

The Horticultural Building with its wonderful flowers, strange shrubs and trees, the grouping of all the courts and around buildings and lakes, and the calm dignity of the Palace of Art again impressed me. Once more we saw it all lighted with the subdued "overhead lighting" through softly tinted glass or reflected from colored banners. I had rather scorned the idea of finding more pleasure than the gratification of curiosity in standing before a telephone and hearing "good morning" from N. Y. in an unnatural voice. But the reality was surely a pleasure and a marvel. In a comfortable auditorium we each had a seat to ourselves, saw moving pictures of the men who had made it all possible, heard a lecture from one of them, and listened to a "really truly" conversation across the Continent.

GOETHALS

BY PERCY MACKAYE

A man went down to Panama,
Where many a man had died,
To sit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal ice:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.
The Power that wrought the tide and peak
Wrought mightier the seer;
And the One who made the isthmus
He made the engineer,
And the good God He made Goethals
To cleave the hemisphere.
The reek of fevered ages rose
From poisoned jungle and strand,
Where the crumbling wrecks of failure
Lay sunk in the torrid sand—
Derelicts of old desperate hopes
And venal contraband:
Till a mind glowed white through the yellow mist
And purged the poison-mold,
And the wrecks rose up in labor,
And the fever's knell was tolled,
And the keen mind cut the world-divide,
Untarnished by world-gold:
For a poet wrought in Panama
With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs
And his stanzas roared in steam.
But the poet's mind it is not his
Alone, but a million men's:
Far visions of lonely dreamers
Meet there as in a lens,
And lightnings, pent by stormy time,
Leap through, with flame intense:
So through our age three giants loom
To vouch man's venturesome soul:
Amundsen on his ice-peak,
And Peary from his pole,
And midway, where the oceans meet,
Goethals—beside his goal:
Where old Balboa bent his gaze
He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
Steamed Goethals and his crew:
So nevermore the tropic routes
Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace
By the prophet-engineer.

The "Caterpillar" took us to the zone, gay & bright with people and lights. We saw the woman police man, in her trim brown uniform, a universally respected figure, I learned. We visited Mrs. Ellis, saw and heard Captain and viewed the Panama Canal. This last so interested me that I went around it twice, and felt I had learned more about it than from simply reading. The management of the electrical and telephonic appliances was astonishing. Of the work itself much has been written. I close my sketch of it with Mackaye's poem. We had left the Art Exhibit too late to more than glance at the outer circle as it were. I saw a few pictures—some I had seen in Washington—while Mary telephoned a useless inquiry for my lost shawl, but we had to leave the inner circle unvisited. These unseen beauties and the wonders of electricity were the dominant thoughts in my mind as we turned for a last look at the Tower of Jewels, the lake and the surrounding buildings; then, "too tired to be agreeable" but with a great thankfulness, and the feeling "what hath God wrought—" through Manhattan we spended our way to Carl and home. Before going

MORTGAGE BURNED AT THE EXPOSITION

Former President Taft Leads Ceremonies Which Mark Fair as Debt Free.

By the Associated Press.
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—William Howard Taft, who as president of the United States, broke ground for the Panama-Pacific exposition four years ago, burned the mortgage in a ceremony tonight which symbolized the payment of all indebtedness of the exposition.
The ashes were cast to the winds from an airship by Charles Niles during an illuminated flight.
"Out of debt day" at the exposition visualized the history of the exposition, its significance and its achievements, in a series of living pictures.
Charles C. Moore, president of the exposition, holding in his hand a check for \$110,159.02, the payment which made the exposition debt free, and J. J. Fagan of the San Francisco clearing house, holding the mortgage, stood in the center of a spotlight's glare and exchanged papers. Mr. Taft burned the mortgage dropping the ashes into an urn, from which they were thrown into the air during the airship flight.
Figures representing the Indian, the pioneer, the cavalryman, labor, energy, genius and imagination appeared in turn as these were mentioned during a recital of the exposition's history.



Palace of Horticulture

to the Fair Mary took me to the Leland Stanford Jr. University, a beautiful place. For an escort friends to accompanying through the Santa Clara straight to the Quadrangle the live oaks in all the region by one of the young ladies from San Jose who conducted us to the Chay and showed us various rooms and corridors. These corridors connecting the various buildings are architecturally beautiful.

and give one a sense of space and freedom. We studied the paintings & mosaics without and within the chapel, some exquisite statues on the grounds, especially "The Angel of Grief" and saw the Mausoleum. For some time we watched an Italian



workman putting mosaic on the base of the Chapel, for the work there is not yet finished. For description of method see bulletin before-mentioned. After using up the time of our guide, we first bought a book

store for pictures, then had dinner in a quaint little restaurant in Palo Alto, evidently frequented by students. I thought I should remember some of the mottoes and



Memorial Court, Stanford.

pictures on the walls, but have forgotten them. Afterwards Mary hired a carriage with real horses, and a driver who knew all the buildings and many of the trees, and took me



for a drive all around the grounds. It is a University town in truth with innumerable fraternity and sorority houses, and an infinite variety of trees and shrubs. The weather was fine and altogether the day was most enjoyable.

The public schools of California are good feeders to her Universities, if one can judge from the fine buildings I see everywhere and the interest the mothers seem to be taking in education, not only in a general way but with special reference

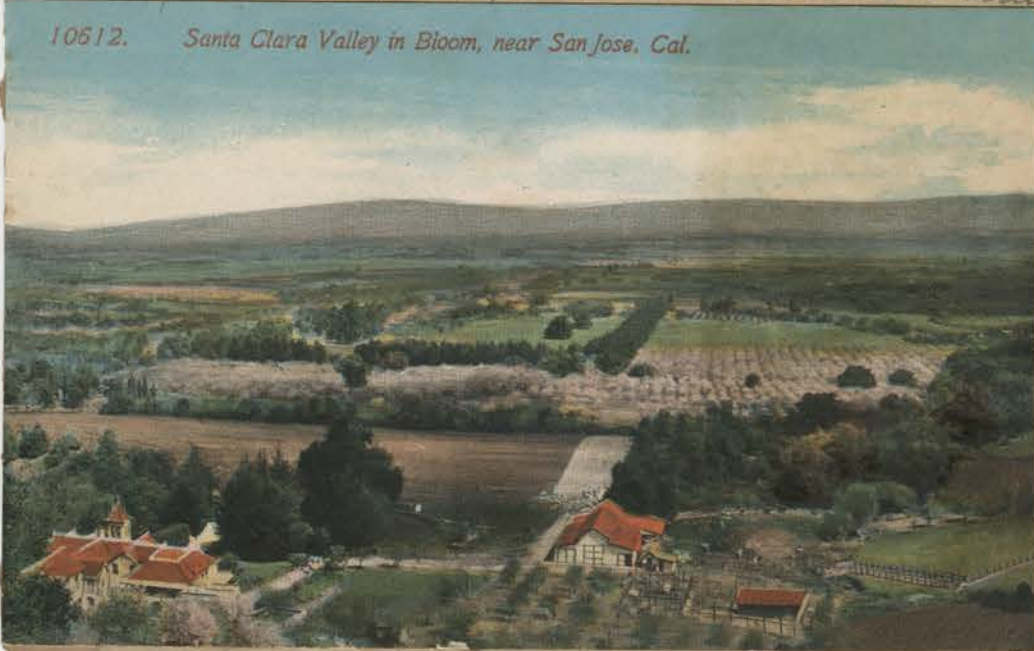


State Normal School San Jose, Cal.

to their own children and their own town. San Jose has some very fine public schools with large well cared for grounds. which I noticed while walking to return calls with Mary or riding with some of her friends and

The Normal School attracts many from outside San Jose and newcomers are welcomed at Trinity Church and made to feel at home there. Indeed, there seems a lovely spirit of cooperation among all the societies of the Church, Mary is interested and working in all of them. She took me to some of these meetings. Also we were entertained one evening by Mrs. Ogier and her sister Mrs. Branham. Another lady with whom I felt in love was a young widow with four children, Mrs. One day we went to call on Miss Robertson whose beloved father once lived and labored in Constantinople, afterwards resided in Saugerties. Once in my early married life I was rather appalled at the prospect of entertaining at a Constantinople dinner, so learned a gentleman at Dr. R. "What shall I say to him?" I asked my husband. "Say Constantinople," he replied, "and you will have no difficulty." How often, since, have I wished for a magic word which would unveil a fourth of interest in my neighbor! Ned and Mary took me to see Mary Pickford in "Kags." Her acting, her womanliness in trying circumstances, and the way the divisions of the old banker's youth were presented, delighted me. Then we had a memorable luncheon at Congress Spring Park where I met the Rev. John Burleson, his two sisters Mrs. Wintermute and Mrs. Kelsey with their husbands and children. Mr. Kelsey, one of Ned's vestrymen, took us in his auto to the Springs. "Indian" proved to be "Constantinople" to him, I certainly struck fire with it, and won a most vigorous defense of the natives. The Park is a favorite resort for picnics. has a platform for speakers and dancers, with a wild wood auditorium and a spring

10612. Santa Clara Valley in Bloom, near San Jose, Cal.



high, with a little ice and flavoring, furnishes the clearest, best kind of soda water. Aug. 31st we went to the Big Basin - the State reservation of Redwoods. I have learned that there is more than one "reservation" in California. We took the trolley to Congress Spring Park, through Sunnyvale, where Ned has a mission, and the famous Santa Clara valley. This we saw better from the auto with Mr. Kelsey, but had some fun on our return from the Basin over my N.C. fear that a threatened rain would spoil the prunes we saw drying by the acre. The Valley seems always beautiful. In blossom time they have a festival time which rivals Japan's Cherry Blossom time, and draws many people from surrounding cities, as well as tourists from everywhere. At Congress Park we took

Dried and Green Fruit—Imagine 55,000 tons of large, black, luscious prunes; that is what Santa Clara County can supply in a single year and this in addition to 7000 tons of dried apricots, 3500 of peaches, 200 of walnuts, 160 of almonds and at least 100 of pears, mostly the delicious Bartlett variety. Then there are the fresh or "green" fruits; 10,000 tons of apples, 7500 of peaches, 5000 of apricots, 3000 of pears, 2813 of cherries, 4000 of various kinds of berries, and 1189 of grapes. Nor does this exhaust the list, for the canneries—world famous for their size and modern, sanitary equipment—put up of fruit alone, 358,000 cases of peaches, 260,000 of apricots, 227,000 of pears, 52,000 of cherries, 63,000 of plums and 7000 of grapes. End on end the cans would reach from San Jose to New York.

Cherry Blossom time, and draws many people from surrounding cities, as well as tourists from everywhere. At Congress Park we took

Fruit Drying in Cal. Scene in Santa Clara Valley.



the stage into veritable
 Wonderland. Either
 we climbed from the
 Park, up and up, and
 round, round, round,
 in typical Calif. M.
 style. Rounding a sharp
 curve we met a
 watering cart. I
 laughed at encounter-
 ing such a stray so
 near the clouds
 over. Sad reminder of the recklessness of our times and generation. The Indians
 were more reverent. But the grand old redwoods don't give up. With their arms
 eaten out, they stand and wait
 and after months, - years
 perhaps, Mother Nature clothes
 them again in robes of green.



The Summit near Big Basin, California Redwood Park. 2288

only to learn that
 there were tanks to
 supply them at regu-
 lar intervals, and
 that the road was
 systematically watered.
 'No dirt! 'Hurray! for
 Government for the
 people! We passed
 through a large region
 which had been burned

Within the Basin, at the
 Superintendent's Camp, we
 found a neat & appropriate
 structure called a hotel, where
 we obtained a good dinner,
 then looked about till a
 guide appeared, with a
 small crowd which seemed
 to have sprung suddenly
 into existence from nowhere.
 We followed, with a wish
 to hear everything, yet with
 a longing to wander off



MOUNTAIN ROAD, NEAR THE SUPERINTENDENT'S CAMP



THE FATHER OF THE FOREST, CAL. REDWOOD PARK

quietly by ourselves, far, far away into the mysterious dim recesses. We had Red's guide
 (for his reverence had camped here) and this is, in part, what he told us. These big
 trees were discovered
 by a naturalist and
 photographer named Hill.
 Loving woods & hunting,
 he was struggling through
 the undergrowth one day
 when he came suddenly
 upon the Santa Clara
 tree, (260 ft. high & 18
 ft. in diameter 12 ft
 from the ground.)

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD PARK

Sometimes called Sempervirens Park, was purchased by the State in the
 year 1901, the State paying \$250,000 for 2,500 acres of virgin timber, with 1,300
 acres of open or cut-over land included in the price.

In 1912 the Federal Government conveyed to the park all of the unpatented
 lands in the Big Basin district, which will aggregate about 4,000 acres in detached
 sections, partially timbered.

The age of the largest redwoods can not be stated with accuracy, but
 scientists agree that they were lusty trees at the dawn of the Christian era.

Redwood predominates, but there are about fifty different varieties of forest
 growth to be found within the limits of the park. To many visitors the streams,
 with their cascades, and rapids, and good fishing, are quite as attractive as the
 trees. Wild flowers and fungi in great variety also abound.

Filled with wonder and
 delight - he penetrated sur-
 ther and found spots
 more, single trees & groups
 the "Father of the Forest," the
 "Mother" (310 ft. high) the
 "Daughter" the "Animal"
 "Tree" the "Cathedral Group"
 the "Chimney" and the
 "Affinity Tree" (an oak grow-
 ing through a Douglas fir)

and both deformed. The chimney was a towering majestic shell, a room within its base, its heart quite ruined. Was I "sentimental" that I noted one must step quite down into its center ere one could see the round, clear bit of blue sky far, far above?



It was burned in 1865. Will worked three years for the preservation of the grove by the State. Sept. 6th I bade farewell to my sister and with Ned, started for San Francisco and my first ocean voyage. We dined at the "Seehau", then Ned took me to the Cathedral as yet incomplete, but commanding a fine view. San Francisco as a city did not impress me favorably. It is too hilly, and the trolleys almost stand on end in travelling some of its streets. We reached the steamer, the Congress, ahead of time, to meet Will who did not come. We watched the loading of the vessel and found it very interesting to note the heavy loads swung in so easily by the huge cranes, and the quiet skill of the men who managed them. A glass of water need not have spilled on the seat of the automobile which was lifted from the dock and placed gently in the hold. This bit of modern efficiency, a chat on deck with a Mrs. Bartlett and her handsome daughter, with a greenhorn's blunder about steamer chairs made the passage out through the Golden Gate unreal, and yet with more tangled thoughts of the present than dreams of the first voyagers. The evening came on apace, and cliffs and shores grew dim and shadowy. — My state room was real and luxurious, with the couch for me and two berths for my companions, Miss Morrison a fat and jolly nurse from Pitts. dena, and Mrs. Shook, bright but ill. We exchanged partial life histories and fears, with which Mary had supplied me, Tuesday morning, and a long day on the blue ocean with nothing but peaceful water far, far to the west; and fog hidden cliffs to the east showing their sunny tops now and as the fog lifted. One could think of what was going on both east and west, of the forces which can and will lift the shadows, of the Indians and the explorers, of home friends and problems, and of "afterwards" — as baby puts aside things she cannot have now. I did all of them, enjoyed leisurely meals, laughed over again being called Queen Victoria, wished for Nan, and decided that for real rest one should leave bare land and take a sea voyage.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

Santa Catalina Island is a picturesque mountain range twenty-two miles south of San Pedro. It is twenty-two miles long, from one to eight miles wide, and its highest peak (Orizaba) has an elevation of 2200 feet.

In all the world there is no more enchanting spot. The coast line is cut with innumerable bays, each beautiful and picturesque, each with a different background, a constantly changing panorama of calm water, smooth beaches, many-hued rocks, lofty cliffs, green canyons and mountain peaks — a combination of seashore and mountain scenery unequalled in the world.



Entrance to San Diego (The Silver Gate) and Point Loma.

San Pedro recalled Dana's experiences and the tale of Los Angeles harbor. The present city dwellers are bravely trying to improve the latter by a breakwater, cutting away a hill, dredging sand into a pipe which reaches not to the city some 30 miles distant (more or less) but to Dead Man's Hill. We unloaded freight nearly all night, and in the morning, left the practical and pushed out into the world of romance again. California, so named from an old Spanish tale by de Mentelvo where it appears as the name of a wonderful island rich in pearls and gold. After we passed Santa Barbara on Tuesday (near which there is an old mission still used) the cliffs showed clearly, but still we seemed far from them. Because of the same effect or because I was dreaming I almost passed Santa Catalina without distinguishing it from the coast-line. This is one of seven islands, the home of the Channel Indians, victims of the seal hunters, whence the Smithsonian Institute has removed 30 tons of relics. Now it is a favorite pleasure resort, especially from Los Angeles - "the pulse of the Southern Counties."

In the afternoon I looked for more familiar cliffs. La Jolla, and "the Harbor of the Sun." In the latter I expected as we rounded Point Loma. Francis met me at the dock with a cordial welcome



Golf Links, Tennis Courts and Club House Santa Catalina

and an auto and soon I was with Mr. and the children home again! Soon after my return Francis and Margaret started for the mountains and the desert

for a longed for and needed vacation. I wish very much that Margaret would write an account of that trip, but she is too busy. They went first to the Halburd ranch, intending to walk home and climb certain mountains on the way. After a few interesting days there, and some short hikes, they decided to rent a cabin belonging to the ranch owners and spend all their time there and in excursions in the vicinity. Mr. Palmer took them in his auto to the foot of the mt. and they walked up with their packs on their backs. The cabin was supposed to be furnished with food and necessities, but tramps and wild things had been rummaging, so they had some housecleaning as well as adventures. They made the acquaintance of a cowboy who was driving cattle down a trail; of an old man who treasured rare flowers, raised crops in his little patch, and when he got overpoweringly "lonesome" climbed to the top of a neighboring mt. where he could "see old" and of an Indian family, living in primitive style, whose squaw mended the worn-out soles of his shoes by means of a modern shoemaker's kit! One day they started down into the desert with intent to penetrate about twelve miles to a house of which they had heard. On dim trail and through chapparal they plunged, always keeping an eye on one sycamore tree, since that tree grows near water. No house! Must have missed the right trail. Returned via the sycamore tree, filled canteen, and reached the foot of the canyon up which they must climb to reach the cabin. Down this came a little stream and a fierce, cold, wind, and it was soon dark. ^{dark} ^{place} and power prevents me from writing the tale of that scramble, first one side and then the other in search of the right trail, of their last match and their speedily extinguished fire. But they reached their cabin at 7 A.M. turned in without undressing and slept till noon. The next day they tramped the 25 miles to the ranch, with their packs on their backs, and Mr. Palmer

brought them to La Jolla in his auto. Club activities began in October & Margaret gave me a three months' membership ticket for a Christmas gift; thus beginning a course which has brought me both pleasure and profit. On the 22nd she took me, with Florence and Mrs. Sumner to the



for beauty and pleasure lovers, by trees, flowers, quiet nooks, series of sheltered seats, flowers bedecked percolators &c. There was no water in the San Diego River that, and scarcely any, I learned, through all the hot summer months. The Chrysanthemums were in blossom, and though single blossoms did not exceed those I saw near Los Angeles.

in Washington, the setting in the landscape was an added charm. Just outside we found the entrance to the Bentley Ostrich Farm, which, I believe, contends for supremacy with the Causton Farm



interesting, especially when they run and show their feathers. November and Thanksgiving! Florence brought home from school, some bright-colored pictures she had made, adorned her room, and placed one over Elizabeth's bed. She also decorated the table for our merry and good Thanksgiving dinner. She is very clever with her fingers, and has skill and good taste. Christmas was a very happy time. Margaret went with me to Church and gave us an extra dinner with table



development. Awkward creatures they are but interesting. She also decorated the table for our merry and good Thanksgiving dinner. She is very clever with her fingers, and has skill and good taste. Christmas was a very happy time. Margaret went with me to Church and gave us an extra dinner with table decorations by Florence. She also trimmed the Christmas tree, and Smith's added to the happiness of the youngsters by giving rides in an auto with Santa Claus!

Then from near
and far came
letters and gifts.

What a dear
festival it is!

And then my birth
day in Jan. celebrated
by my family in
most-delightful
fashion! Cherry
wishes and greetings



in the morning,
lovely gifts and tea
from all my dearest
dear ones, a decorated
supper table and a
cake with 16 candles
(sweet sixteen!) in eu-
calyptus-cup candle
sticks. gave me a very
pleasant day to re-
member. The California

Rainy season had begun and that night it rained and it blew while the waves beat with more than usual vigor upon the "rock bound coast." When I came from my room the next morning Margaret greeted me with "Put on your rubbers, if you want to come out here" There was need, for every room in the house leaked except mine, which was on the lee side. Then and there was hurrying to and fro, with pails, pans, clothes, mops, exclamations, and -laughs. Margaret worked for hours moving clothes, trunks and boxes in closets, and nearly every woman in the town had a similar experience, but what could one expect of houses built of but one thickness of battened boards which had been drying in the almost-tropical sun all summer. The next few days were interesting, amusing, and -amplous.

Francis started for the laboratory with Mr. Michael and returned before noon wet to the waist. He went by the beach - to find firm footing. On the low land near the laboratory he encountered water from the hills as well as water from the ocean. waded in above his knees, and, with no heat in his working room, prudence and comfort-bade him return home. Mr. Michael, meantime had sought the road, and met an impassable barrier in a deep wash-out some 15 feet wide, a veritable canyon down which a Mt. torrent swept to the sea. And Margaret at home was making us all comfortable. I think it was the second day that gas and electricity gave out, and there was a rumor that the water in the La Jolla reservoir would last but a week. All three come from San Diego, 15 miles away. The bridge was down, the pipes broken and at the bottom of the rider. Margaret unearthed an old lamp and scoured the town for a chimney and kerosene. Other people had been before her and left only a lantern chimney, but that did good service & Florence supplemented it by melting all last yr's tiny Christmas candles to form a big red candle. There was little wood in store, but M. built a fire in the grate, placed thereon her wire dish drainer which held level one of her fearless utensils, started a leg of lamb boiling, heated the stones in the same way, she boiled water for tea and coffee over her alcohol lamp, & so with canned vegetables, properly heated, we had a luxurious dinner. This

was on the worst day of the big storm, and we lacked nothing for our comfort all through it. Our cheery grocer, Mr. Calloway, was just fine. There was a shortage of food supplies, and worse than a shortage was feared, bridges were down, roads were impassable. People who could buy began to lay in stores, What of people who couldn't? Mr. C. came around, whistling as usual, and assured his customers that he would get supplies some way, but for the present - he would not sell to any family more than a two days' supply. This was after some experiences with greedy people which made him hold his head even straighter than usual. Later, he went over the hills one Sunday with his fat partner, for eggs. They got them, but that's another story - and there were trivial incidents.

Down the beautiful Mission Valley came the San Diego River, a rushing, murderous stream. Spreading out, it carried everything before it, formed a new channel with a stream from Rose Canyon and strewn the ocean beach for miles with the wreckage of homes and farms. The Lower Otay Dam was swept away and the sudden rush of water carried off houses and people. Near the Mexican border the Little Landers (Russians) lost homes, cattle, farming utensils, and even the good soil of their farms. Nor were they alone as to the washing off of the soil. Many an acre went down to the ocean. The Verena Dam, the highest of the three which supply this section, was saved by a woman, the keeper of the gate. Roused in the night by a faint sound on the telegraph wire, she rushed to the gate and, with a man's strength and a woman's will, opened it and let out the threatening water. Next day the first man to reach her stood aghast at the danger so narrowly averted, "Woman," said he, "do you know you risked your life last night?" "That's what I'm here for," she calmly replied, "I believe her husband lost his life at the same post in a similar storm. With so many wires down and the immense distances, with broken bridges and impassable roads, it was no easy matter to get warning of danger to the lonely dwellers in Canyon and Valley. Some lives were lost - but not as many as was feared. I wish I had kept some of the newspaper accounts - incidents laughable & tragic as well as heroic. From the wired tourists who retreated to higher ground and sat down to wait for rescue while their auto sank slowly in the mud to the messenger sent to warn a family of the probable breaking of the Otay Dam, and sat down to eat breakfast with them. I doubt not he was hungry and tired, but that breakfast cost his life and the ^{lives} the principal members of the family."

Also there was the tale of an Indian who undertook a task given up by white men, and after three failures succeeded in swimming a tattered with a light-line about-his-waist-to connect-a telegraph wire, and of the energetic, efficient, and sensible work of a young Lieut.-detailed from a U.S. vessel in the harbor to look after the Little Landers. Though young, I had the skill of a veteran, and I was proud of that kind of preparation. I insert a couple of articles written afterwards, one of them in March. This is interesting, though a little characteristic of California boasting. For

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Probably very few La Jollans realize how narrowly a water famine in La Jolla has been averted, nor how much they owe to the local Chamber of Commerce. After the water mains from San Diego had been torn out by the San Diego river and we were reduced to the limited supply in the small reservoir back of town, the City Council passed a resolution to lay a main to La Jolla via Ocean Beach, and sent off for the pipe to lay the same. To wait for pipe to be shipped here under present conditions of transportation, and then to wait until five or six miles of pipe could be laid meant disaster to La Jolla. The local supply would have been exhausted last Saturday, and it would be weeks before this new supply could be ready.

Therefore the president of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Theo. McLaughlin got busy. He associated with-himself Mr. Frederick L. Brown and Mr. Francis Sellew, the latter a prominent engineer.

Regardless of the impassable roads just after the flood, these three gentlemen made numerous trips to San Diego to wrestle with the Council, and took them out to the river to see what could be done. Owing to the expert engineering advice of Mr. Sellew, a way was devised by which a temporary pipe could be swung across the river to connect up the former main. This was accomplished, and water came pouring into our local reservoir twenty-four hours before it would have been practically empty.

Realizing that without the strenuous efforts of these three gentlemen we would now be in the midst of that worst of all sieges—a water famine, it seems incumbent upon us citizens of La Jolla, to at least express our appreciation of the work of the Chamber of Commerce as represented by Messrs. McLaughlin, Brown and Sellew.

One Citizen.

BY W. H. P.

The auto road to Los Angeles is open to traffic or will be by next Monday, March 13. By this statement I mean that any person, male or female, who knows enough to drive the ordinary automobile along an ordinary country road without tearing up fences or orchards or running into farm teams along the highway, can now undertake the drive to the Angel City, a distance of 130 miles, with perfect safety and utter freedom from nervousness.

We found teams, scrapers and laborers repairing the road in bad spots all along the way, and although I have seen better boulevards, that is, highways freer from chuck holes, there is no excuse for discomfort if one will not try to beat his previous best record over this portion of the road. And what excuse is there for fast driving here? The morning breezes laden with salt from old ocean mingle

with the land-swept odors from a million shooting stars, yellow violets, hyacinths, poppies and wild lilacs. Why rush wildly through a region so superlatively beautiful?

There is a bad turn at Fred Scripps' place, but this can be avoided by turning off to the right just before reaching it. Then there is another crossing at the La Jolla railroad which ought not to be taken at more than a mile a minute. Beyond that the road is very good indeed, past Bird Rock, along the ocean-skiirted mesa, through La Jolla, where at 15 miles from starting point, one reaches the wonderful biological grade, a perfect grade and a perfect highway; past fields of wild flowers and cultivated crops; past the splendid biological station, over the pueblo lands of the city; past the city farm, through the hundreds of acres of city-owned grain, down the splendid Torrey Pine grade—but here I must pause just to suggest that when you reach that part of the road running through the city farm, beyond the biological grade, you take the first square turn to the left, running perhaps a third of a mile toward the ocean cliffs, leave your machine and proceed the rest of the way on foot to the top of the 400-foot cliffs and, when you have reached the top of the cliff, stop or you'll meet an untimely end falling over said precipice.

These cliffs are among the finest in the world. I have hitherto tried to describe the view from this point and will not undertake it now. I suggest a name for this cliff and surrounding land, "Taormina Heights," or "Taormina Cliff." It is one of the glory spots of San Diego.

The road on into Del Mar is excellent, wonderfully scenic, as everyone knows, and bound to become one of the great highways of the world. Just before reaching Del Mar, a temporary bridge has been put in on the state highway and a large force of men from the city farm is here engaged in filling in the approaches and improving that portion of the road but it is perfectly safe if no speed records are attempted.

One gets a new respect for the construction department of the Santa Fe railroad, as one sees the tremendous amount of work that has been done on the line in the past four weeks. Practically every bridge went out, and today, although several hundred men are still working along the line, all bridges and approaches are in place, and safe as ever, if not as beautiful.

A little beyond Del Mar one must leave the fine state highway, turning to the right over a dirt road, but a fair grade made by the county, and down to the San Dieguito river, where, for the first time, we met a real obstruction. The magnificent concrete bridge over the San Dieguito river was utterly destroyed by the flood, and at this point, about a mile east, a temporary bridge is being constructed on piles. The supervisors have been subjected to a good deal of criticism for their alleged delay in building this bridge, but

while the force of men is small—about a dozen, I think—still, I do not believe that a larger force could be profitably employed, and then one must realize that every pound of material has to be handled three times and ferried across on a raft, which raft also handles the very heavy auto and wagon traffic between Del Mar and points north.

To give a feeble idea of the amount of traffic handled by this one-lunged rope ferry, let me record that during the distance from the Santa Fe depot to Oceanside, 45 miles, we met 43 vehicles and were passed by 16 going north, and returning we met 25 and were passed by 12. At 3:30 in the afternoon, a procession of six autos was tied up at this ferry for some little time while the heavy lumber for the bridge floor was swung up from the raft below.

There is a large state highway camp near Cardiff working on the grade and approaches to the temporary bridge, but there is no delay in travel, and from this point on into Oceanside the road is nearly perfect. Just out of Oceanside the new road turns sharply to the right from the state highway down through a canyon to the big new bridge across San Luis Rey. The state highway bridge across this noble stream was one of the largest concrete bridges in the country. It was utterly destroyed, and the temporary bridge is being constructed just to the east of it. This bridge, nearly a quarter of a mile long, is finished, and the approaches will be ready by Sunday at farthest. Thus, you see, the road to Santa Margarita river will be ready for traffic and practically "fool proof" by next Monday.

An audience of about one hundred and ten assembled in the club room for the afternoon meeting. It being the end of the first half of the club year, the semi-annual reports were given. It was certainly a very satisfactory and encouraging set of reports that the chairmen of the different committees gave of the half year's work along their different lines. One hundred and thirty new members in all have been enrolled. The music section is doing good work and giving charming musicales once a month. The Arts and Crafts section has full attendance every Friday and are doing good work. There is much enthusiasm over the work in this particular branch. The civics section is doing some work in the way of improvements and hopes to have a very full report to render at the end of the year. The report of the chairman of the Social Auxiliary Section was very full and most satisfactory. This section of the club means much to La Jolla, inasmuch as it brings the strangers and the residents of the town in close social touch by means of the weekly entertainments given under its auspices.

Mrs. S. T. Barritt's paper on the "Legends of the Mesa Grande Indians," especially that of the "Sacred Eagle," was most interesting. Mrs.

R. Baer held the interest of her audience to the end of a rather lengthy paper on the "History and Landmarks of California." She told of many things that were new to very many of her audience. Of these interesting and informing items it may be well to quote one for the special benefit of the tourist guide and his charges. The marriage of Ramona took place in the little church across from the adobe

house that is pointed out as "Ramona's marriage place." "No Catholic is married outside of the church," said the good old priest who married the unfortunate young couple. This was Father Ubach, a well known priest who died in San Diego several years ago, aged between eighty and ninety years.

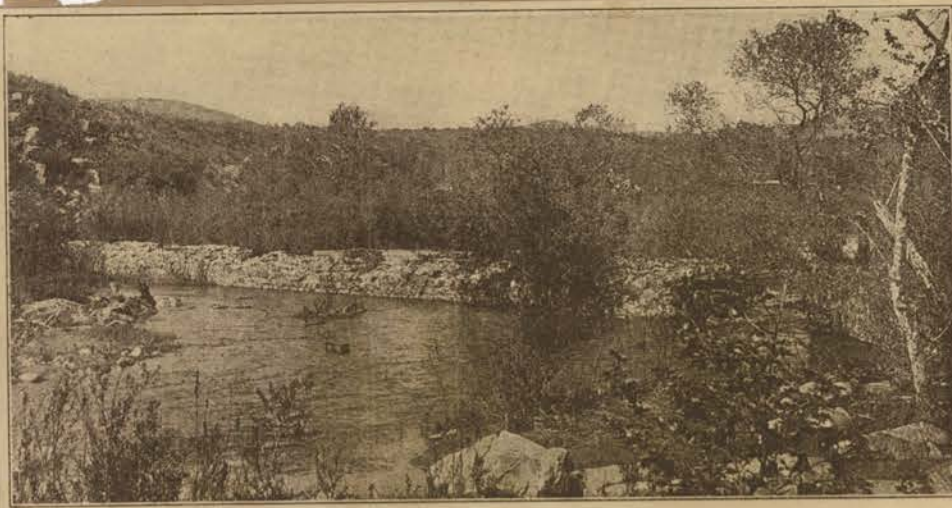
After Mrs. Baer's paper, Mrs. A. P. Mills gave some pleasant reminiscences of the very early days of La Jolla, which were interesting to the newer residents and brought back many bright memories to the older ones who experienced pioneer days. The program closed by another of Chopin's compositions by Miss Swift. The president then in a brief but moving speech portrayed the tragic situation of the flood sufferers, closing her remarks with, "What are we going to do about it?" There was immediate and practical response as follows:

The town was divided into districts, each district to be thoroughly canvassed for funds and any articles of clothing and of use in housekeeping, the contributions of money to be secured then and there at the time of soliciting. On Wednesday morning at 9:30, as many as could should meet to sew, repair or make garments and pack ready for shipment to San Diego. Every woman there seemed to feel her individual responsibility in the case and it looked as if La Jolla, as usual, was going to be foremost in good works.

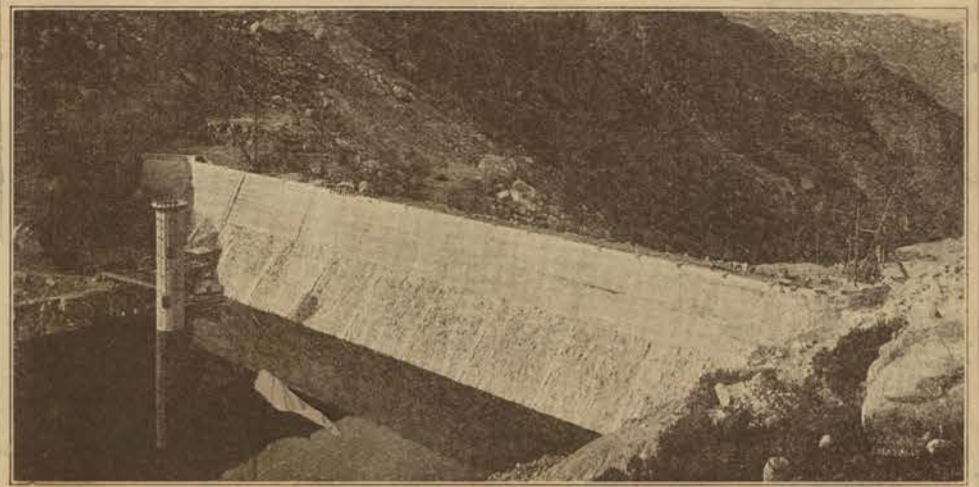
The program for Monday, February 7th, will be in the hands of Mrs. Olivia Mudgett, Mrs. A. B. Rhoads and Mrs. M. S. Snyder. Prof. W. E. Ritter will talk about "Science vs. Nature." "Principally nature," said the professor. Mrs. Rhoads will tell of the uses of kelp that lies so abundantly over the ocean's breast. Gentlemen interested in these subjects are cordially invited to come to the club. The afternoon's program will begin at three o'clock. It was voted that the excellent papers by Mrs. Barritt and Mrs. Baer be sent to the Reciprocity Bureau of the Federated Clubs. That is where all good papers go. The club adjourned tea-less on account of the lack of gas.

think it will be more than one month ere even the road to Los Angeles will be in order. We did not attend the next meeting of the Club, but it was foremost in the canvassing of her district and we both sewed & sorted for several days at the Club house. Result—in cash over \$1,000, much clothing—sorted for men, women and children according to size beds, mattresses and bedding, couches, chairs, hardware cooking utensils, dishes, stove lamps, toys, canned goods, one tent, one table, and for the workers. some pleasant experiences

and the forming of some never to be lost friendships.



OLD MISSION DAM—SAN DIEGO COUNTY.



MORENA DAM—SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

The Woman's Club had some interesting programs in February. The subject on the 21st was Art. Margaret yielded to the request of a lady who could write a paper, but declared she could never read it in public, and read it for her—to the joy of all who like to hear in public. The 28th was Colonial Day, and we were certainly given a wonderful afternoon which the reporter describes better than I can—

Calla lilies, with their rich green setting and the delicate leafage and golden bloom of sprays of acacia, formed a beautiful decoration for the stage

Mrs. F. L. Brown had a beautifully written paper, interesting and instructive, on American artists. Mrs. Brown's paper showed much careful thought as well as love and comprehension of her theme, and added to this, the reader of the paper, Mrs. Margaret Sumner, has evidently a well trained voice for reading as well as an understanding of the qualities that make for good rendering of any theme, whether in reading or singing—clearness of enunciation and expression. A most excellent paper it was, and most excellently read. One by one the American artists were presented to the audience in their particular class, and stood in review through the clever pen of the writer. Following this paper were two more charming songs by Mrs. Berger. Then Miss Mary MacDonald told in a few words of notable artists of her own town of Steubenville, Ohio, gradually leading up to the main point of her talk, the "surprise." As she mentioned the name of Mr. Charles Filson, the "Steubenville boy" she used to know, who had made a name for himself in the ranks of American artists, Miss MacDonald drew aside the stage curtain displaying a beautifully executed life-size portrait of Miss E.B. Scripps, the "patron saint" of the La Jolla Woman's Club. The audience with one accord rose to their feet and applauded enthusiastically.

Mr. Filson, the artist, and Mrs. Filson, the donor, were then formally presented to the audience and received a rising vote of thanks for the beautiful and generous gift. This was the "surprise." It was a surprise, indeed, and most of all was it a surprise to Miss Scripps, who had not the faintest inkling of what was in store. The portrait was made from a clever photograph done by Miss Virginia Scripps, who has quite a talent in that line.

Miss MacDonald
tall & stately, knows
Japan family

No one could have been more happily chosen than Mrs. William Wise, for epitomizing in an evening's entertainment, the story of old Colonial days. Of Old Puritan ancestry, birth, breeding, education and environment, together with natural taste and great ability, all these were brought to bear in the brilliant entertainment of Monday evening at the club house. Two tall white pillasters, twined with asparagus fern, and surmounted by great baskets of callas, guarded the carpeted steps to the stage, above which some splendid Stars and Stripes were draped, Old Glory hung everywhere, with the delicate festoons of asparagus fern intertwining the splendid colors of the loveliest of flags. The program so carefully thought out, so perfectly developed, opened with the singing of the poem by Mrs. Hemans: "The Landing of the Pilgrims"

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their
bark

On the wild New England shore.
etc.

The lights were turned down, and through the dimness came the rich, clear notes of the singer as she sang of the pilgrims of three hundred years ago. Just as Miss Martha Dickinson, the singer, warbled the words, in clear triumphant tones:

"They have left unstained what there
they found;
Freedom to worship God,"

the curtains were parted, disclosing a quaint old-time scene, with its perfect setting of furnishings two hundred years old, amid which the old sweet story was told to Priscilla by John Alden. Next came the entrance of the thirteen states into the Union. These were represented by different young ladies gowned in fitting, beautiful dresses and presenting a charming appearance. Again the curtains parted and the entry of the colonial dames and gentlemen began. As they came into view and passed down the stairs they were introduced to the admiring audience. The procession was headed by the president of the club,

Mrs. W. E. Ritter, as Mrs. John Adams, richly gowned, accompanied by Mr. William Wise, in a suit of white brocaded silk, personating Mr. John Adams. These were followed by Mrs. Franklin Hall, representing England, and wearing a gown that her ancestress, Madame Elizabeth Hobie, had worn 200 years ago, at the court of Queen Anne. Madame Hobie was 103 years old at the time. This wonderful gown has been carefully kept in a tin box, all these many years and still is intact. It was the marvel of the evening. Mrs. Colton Reed represented France. She and Mrs. Hall walked in the procession joining hands. General and Mrs. Clinton, represented by Mr. and Mrs. Crandall, then Dolly Madison, walking alone, in the person of Mrs. Sellev—very beautiful Dolly Madison she was too—Mrs. Andrews as Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. and Mrs. Copeland as Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Miss Anita Churcher as Mrs. John Jay, and Miss Russell as Mrs. Alex. Hamilton, and Nellie Custis, came on and descended the stairs, forming an aisle through which President Geo. with Lady Washington on his arm represented by Prof. Ritter and Mrs. Wise, in resplendent costumes, passed to a raised dais, where they took their seats. As the distinguished couples seated themselves and the members of the cabinet, and their ladies gathered about they made a most charming picture for the delighted spectators. Mrs. Wise was a beautiful Martha Washington, and surely if the Father of his country had been looking down upon the scene, he must have been proud of his representative. Following this most interesting act of the evening, Miss Spaulding recited "Our Grandmothers of Long Ago." Then came the minuet, danced by eight couples of the "fairest and bravest of our La Jolla youth." Down the steps they came, slowly and gracefully swaying to the time of the music, and taking their positions on the floor, danced with wonderful grace and beauty the dignified old-time minuet. Were spirits of their great, great grandmothers and fathers looking on in delight to see them, I wonder? Surely those forbearers never danced the stately measures more perfectly or with more grace.

"Madame Carmage" who in the sixteenth century, danced her way into the hearts of kings and princes, was re-incarnated in the person of Miss Anita Churcher, as she came floating down the stage steps to the dancing floor as lightly as thistle-down. She reminded one of the words of Shakespeare: "When you do dance, I wish you a wave of the sea that may ever do nothing but that", her expression of her theme was so exquisite, so alluring in every pose. Rev. Willard B. Thorpe, of San Diego, a boyhood friend of Mrs. Wise, gave a pleasing informal address, bestowing upon Mrs. Wise, the heart and soul of the evening, a charming, graceful compliment, by way of preface to his remarks, and creating a pleasant personal atmosphere, by asking those among the audience to rise in response to his call for those representing the different nationalities that have contributed to the make-up of this country of ours.

Mrs. Grace Stacy as "Mandy" of the Jubilee singers, was all that one could desire. Everbody in La Jolla at least has had the privilege of enjoying the rich harmonious voices of the four who represented the male quartette of jubilee singers, Messrs Barnes, Lockyer, Gaines and Garty, who sang the plantation melodies so well, in two numbers. They were capital as jubilee singers.

This wonderfully planned and perfectly developed program was brought to a close in two beautiful tableaux:

The wedding of "Nellie Custis" and "Gen. Washington Leading His Mother to the Ballroom." Mrs. Sellev, as the beautiful Nellie Custis, was perfect. Gen. Washington gave her away while the richly dressed guests stood around. This wedding took place in 1789 just before Washington's last birthday. The last tableau showed Gen. Washington with Madame Washington leaning on his arm slowly and with courtly grace conducting his stately mother to a chair of honor in the ball room, where Lady Washington and Mrs. John Adams awaited the distinguished mother. Madame Waddell made a truly fitting Madame Washington, and held the position with grace and dignity well befitting her. Then the real reception began, when all crowded around the aged guest to do her honor, for everybody loves Madame Waddell.

March 6th
was "Babies'
Day" when
Miss Taylor,
"Neighborhood
nurse" was
out from S.
Diego with
four little
girls who
showed
how they
were taught
One, aged 4
washed bottle
for the babies
milk & was
thorough about
it—another
of 8 yrs. pre-
pared the milk
& another
showed how
to cook barley
for barley water
A little Polish
girl washed
a big doll as
she washed
her 3 mos. old
baby brother—
"She has 4
younger bro-
& sisters."
said Miss J.
"so she had
had ex-
perience"

The Camp Fire Council meeting for March was held last Saturday the fourth at Waverly cottage.

Racahjo, Mrs. Barritt; Ojai, Mrs. Sumner; Neewawa, Mrs. Seymour; Waudada, Miss Gracye Seymour; Minnetoska, Pauline Froehlich; Owase, Evelyn Patrick; Tietacota, Dorothy Argall; Sangabema, Florence Argall and Manahasa, Phyllis Barbour Deemer answered to the roll call. Florence Sumner and Margurite Smith were the Blue Birds present and had as their guest.

Sangatema and Teetacota were the leaders for the meeting and had arranged a complete program beginning with the formal lighting of the Council Fire by Ojai, Sangatema, Owase and Neewawa and ending with camp fire songs.

After the business meeting Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Sumner, guests of the Camp Fire, came to enjoy the interesting and instructive paper upon "Birds of La Jolla" read by Ojai. The absent members were unfortunate in missing it.

The "Surprise Spread" prepared and daintily served by Sangatema and Teetacota was a treat, which closed a happy afternoon.

plays! So much enthusiasm was aroused that there was a strong demand

Did the Twentieth century slip back for a few hours last Monday, to the Sixteenth, or did the departed souls of the Sixteenth century come back, re-incarnated and clothed in the garb of the earlier period, to celebrate in fitting form, the Tercentennial of the immortal "Bard of Avon?" Certainly out of the distant past the richly robed pageant rose and passed through the portals of the Twentieth Century Club House before the admiring gaze of many Twentieth Century spectators. First came the golden-haired herald, clad in rich velvet, and followed by the lords and ladies of Queen Elizabeth's court and the stately Archbishop of Canterbury. Then came the queen, her magnificent train carefully borne by a handsome page. Slowly and with stately mien they passed up the aisle to the throne, around which they circled while their beloved queen took her seat. As she stepped on the stage, the gallant Raleigh threw down his cloak for his most gracious queen to place her feet upon. The mother, wife and two daughters of Shakespeare next appeared taking their places on the opposite side of the stage, and finally the Poet himself, with easy grace and dignity, passed up the aisle, greeting his queen as he came upon the stage. He spoke briefly of his life in Stratford, his mother, his wife, "Ann Hathaway" and of his children. But even dearer to the heart of the poet were the children of his brain, and of them he must speak and introduce them to the queen. To the strains of lovely music then, the wonderful pageant passed up the aisle, before the stage passing and counter-marching before the queen and her court, then for an instant disappearing only to re-appear on the stage to be introduced to the queen as they passed down the steps and withdrew. In groups they came, each group representing the time when they lived and loved and made merry. Gay jesters there were, and cardinals of solemn mien: merry wives and love-lorn swains with maidens sweet and shy; stern kings, racked with jealousy, and queens who bore themselves with all chaste dignity—surely a wondrous

through, from the far away time and distant lands, come to do the poet honor. Truly it was a goodly sight! Jack Falstaff swaggered as of old and as of old he could not see his own knee Othello, dark and racked with jealousy "perplexed in the extreme", Rosalind and love lorn Orlando, sportive fools and dainty fairy folk—all, all were there too many to be mentioned each in turn, but as alive as they were four centuries ago, passing again in full view, so surely it was no dream of a distorted fancy. The pageant was over, the groups separated, only to re-appear in living pictures framed upon the stage for all to see. These living pictures were beautiful, and in a most ingenious manner carried out the trend of though thro' the centuries beginning with the very early days of the fairies' sway, through the Greek, the Roman, the Egyptian, the Italian, and the characters and customs of the poets own land and times. The whole plan and idea were most beautifully carried out from conception to its completion, without one inharmonious note.

Mr. Chesley Mills orchestra of boys and girls certainly did great credit to their leader, and they made a very pretty picture as they sat their instruments, each player wreathed or garlanded in flowers and delicate green. The music was beautiful the time perfect for the marching. All went merry as a wedding bell.

Margaret-kept-up her Camp Fire and Blue Bird activities all through the year. I was made welcome at the meetings here and at the Seymours and at some held on the beach. In April we had "Public Health" for the subject of a Club meeting with a paper by Dr. Parker who took his wife's place on the program. Then on Drama Day, the grey-haired old ladies, the dignified wives and mothers and the girls and children all "dressed up" and had a Shakespeare frolic. I wonder if my Eastern friends would have recognized me as the old lady in Henry VIII. I did not tell them, but we had a good time and one to be long remembered. I asked Miss Richmond for her list of introductions, but she had spent too much time and labor on them to be willing to lend them. It was like asking Shakespeare for one of his

plays! So much enthusiasm was aroused that there was a strong demand for a public performance, which was at last granted.

Some dropped out, I among them. He who had made a charming Desdemona with a fine Othello, was planning a trip to the Mrs. with H. B. But vacant places were soon filled and the public display was both beautiful and dignified. Before entering the Club House, Queen Elizabeth led the whole cortège through the lighted corridors & grounds that all who wished, the poor & the children might see the costumes. I am sorry that the photos taken were not good.

for a public performance, which was at last granted.

CAST OF THE PAGEANT AND ORDER OF GROUPING

"A Midsummer's Night's Dream" was represented by Miss Helen Crawford and her group of tiny tots, the dancing fairies; these headed the pageant.

THE COURT
Herald Marie Reed
Jester Mrs. McLaughlin
Raleigh Mrs. B. Parkes
Leicester Mrs. C. F. Atkinson
Bacon Mrs. C. Orr
Archbishop of Canterbury, Mrs. Jene Bell
Queen Elizabeth Mrs. W. E. Ritter
Court Ladies Mrs. F. T. Scripps
Mrs. W. L. Brow, Mrs. W. F. Graves

SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY
Shakespeare Miss M. Richmond
Mother Mrs. I. S. Hotchkiss
Ann Hathaway Mrs. Woodworth
Joann Shakespeare Miss Waddell

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA
Priam Miss Margaret Gilman
Helen Miss Dora Keeley
Cressida Mary Pease
Troilus Dora Pease
Cassandra Miss Cuthbert
Paris Lios Grant
Torch-bearer Clara Cuthbert

JULIUS CAESAR
Julius Caesar Mrs. Putnam
Brutus Mrs. Beman
Soothsayer Miss Ida Loring
Calphurnia Mrs. Crawford
Brutus' Wife Mrs. J. C. Harper
Mark Antony Miss Clara Sackett
Cinna Miss Elleen Mills

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
Cleopatra Miss Odesluys
Women in waiting Elinor Hill
Mrs. H. O. Falk, Miss Sackett

OTHELLO
Othello Mrs. Oudesluys
Desdemona Mrs. Sumner
Iago Miss Grace Seymour

HAMLET
King Miss Miller
Hamlet Miss Manson
Ghost Mrs. Howard
Ophelia Ruth Knudsen
Grave diggers Misses Dole and Genter
Court lady Mrs. Baer

KING LEAR
King Lear Miss N. MacDonald
Cordelia Mrs. St. John
Regan Mrs. Grant
Goneril Mrs. Newton
King of France Mrs. Goodrich
King's Fool Mrs. Michael

THE TEMPEST
Prospero Miss Russell
Ferdinand Mrs. E. Calloway
Miranda Mrs. Chas. Rannells
Ariel Little Pat. Calloway

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR
Falstaff Mrs. Johnston
Mrs. Ford Mrs. Norcross
Mrs. Page Mrs. Simmons

AS YOU LIKE IT
Rosalind Mrs. Carlson
Celia Mrs. Crandall
Phebe Miss N. Neilson
Touchstone Mrs. Carter
Orlando Mrs. Smith

MERCHANT OF VENICE
Shylock Mrs. Dailey
Duke of Venice Mrs. Snyder
Antonio, Merchant Miss B. Hunt
Jessica Mrs. Stevenson
Portia Miss L. Spinney
Lorenzo Carmelite Miller

ROMEO AND JULIET
Romeo Mrs. Hutchinson
Juliet Helen Faulkner
Nurse Mrs. Long
Lady Capulet Mrs. Powell
Lady Montague Mrs. Oliver Rodgers
Malvolio Mrs. Chambers
Monk Mrs. H. C. Hutt

HENRY VIII
Henry VIII Mrs. Patterson
Katherin Mrs. J. H. Andrews
Cardinal Mrs. A. P. Mills
Old Lady Mrs. Clark

CYMBELINE
King Cymbeline Mrs. E. G. Helm
Nun Mrs. Paul Chase
Posshumous Norma Tuttle
Imogini Mrs. Rex Clarke

WINTERS TALE
Leontes Miss Helen Clarke
Hermime Doris Worsfold
Paulina Mrs. E. M. Con



About Apr. 25th Francis & Margaret went on their pleasure and trapping trip. I sent me these postals from San Diego & Los Angeles, and a letter from Little Lake. Inyo Co. From a well equipped Pullman car to the R.R. built 120 miles into the heart of the Mohave desert for the construction of the famous Aqueduct, they were landed near a lone long stone building where a "pleasant-faced woman" assured them they could bring their boxes for "Here the

whole cheese here, rooms & meals, p. office store, water, gasoline, oil & pasture. Hence they walked, trapped, studied flowers animals, rock formations &c. It was a volcanic region with mounds of obsidian, some specimens of which, with arrow heads, they brought home for my collection.

They saw flocks of sheep slowly travelling to the higher levels for the grazing - five flocks one day, & over 1000 each.

Meanwhile the children and I were enjoying life till Florence developed a sore throat - I believe she will always think me needless anxious, but all was well when Father & Mother came home. On



70216 THREE YEAR OLD GRAPE FRUIT TREE

COPR. DETROIT PUBLISHING CO.

Tuesday, May 30th San Diego had its Memorial Day parade & services in the morning and a May Day Festival in the afternoon!

I wondered if the memories of the next-generation would not be better trained by having the above mentioned on separate days. Then I heard of so many kind acts in connection with both, that it seemed quite right, even with the horrors abroad

On Memorial Day all the playgrounds united and gave their May festival on the lawn in Balboa Park.

The grounds were prettily decorated. There were benches all around for the children to sit on, and the queen's throne was at one end. The queen was Kathleen MacDonald.

The children marched to their seats and then some of the La Jolla children danced a rustic dance. Then came several other dances which were prettily done. Some tiny children did "Leaves at Play," and there was a fairy dance.

La Jolla had several other dances, among them the "Jumping Jack" and the "Poppy Dance," for which the girls were dressed in costume. There was "The Swedish Weaving" which was pretty. Some children dressed in Scotch costume did a dance.

The twelve may poles were all wound at once and looked very pretty.

At the end of the program prizes were given for the field meet that was held in the morning.

Katherine Haskell, 6 A Grade.



and the unrest-at-home, to begin the next 50 years with brightness. Margaret escorted the 2 grandmothers, Florence & Margaret Smith, to Balboa Park. There, on a real lawn, surrounded by trees through which one caught glimpses of blue ocean, were 12 May poles & seats all around. On one side was a right-royal throne and the orchestra. La Jolla was well represented, not only by boys in the morning's athletics, but by three of the dancing classes. The married women in Swedish costume of black skirt, white waist, apron & cap, were both dignified and graceful. The girls made a vivid picture as poppies, in yellow skirts & stockings with green waists & tiny green caps, while Florence's class of younger girls were very attractive in white dresses with garlands of pink, roses, sweet-peas, & greenery. The final dance around the May poles was a brilliant scene. The queen was a La Jolla girl born without a right hand. She was sensitive about this but sweet & lovable. She never refused to do anything the girls asked her till now "said one who talked at dancing in public. So they made her queen, and she carried a big bouquet - and it never showed at all," said one of the girls triumphantly.

A matter of vital interest to many not connected with the club, came up in connection with the report of the chairman of the Civic Section. This was relative to the advertisements which have appeared in the town and local papers, in favor of making La Jolla an "Joy Beach." A good deal of time was given to the subject, but there was but one voice throughout—an indignant protest against the whole business. Dr. Bronson, Professor of History in Brown University, spoke very warmly on the "atmosphere of culture in La Jolla", declaring that if the charming little town should be turned into a Coney Island it would drive away the best element to seek homes and resting places elsewhere. There were a number of tourists present, all of whom had come to La Jolla, some for the first time, on the recommendation of friends, others who had been here before, and had returned because "nowhere else had they been able to find so satisfactory a combination of climate, scenery and refined atmosphere, as well as quiet restfulness as here in this charming hamlet by the sea." "It is your stock in trade" said one, turn it into a joy resort and you have sounded its death knell. No people of culture will make their homes here and those who have already done so will go away."

RESOLUTIONS

At a meeting of the La Jolla Woman's Club, it was unanimously voted not only by the members of the club, but by visiting guests and tourists in the audience, that the following set of resolutions be adopted and sent to the San Diego and La Jolla papers for publication:

Whereas: The citizens of La Jolla have ever striven to establish a high moral standard in our village: to keep it free from all forms of license and riotousness: to make it a resort attractive to people who love sobriety

and refinement, and a place of residence for such, and

Whereas: We believe from the experience of other seaside resorts, that the conversion of La Jolla into a so-called "Joy Beach", would be detrimental in the long run, to property valuations, and that it would be a short-sighted and injurious policy from an economic standpoint: therefore

Be it resolved: That we as members of the La Jolla Woman's Club and as resident, property holders and tourists, do hereby deplore the attempt to convert La Jolla into a so-called "Joy Beach," and vehemently denounce the advertisements now appearing in the San Diego papers to the above effect. And be it also

Resolved: That we hereby urgently request the local Chamber of Commerce and our local merchants to do all in their power to avert the above danger, and to retain for La Jolla its reputation as a resort where unseemly exhibitions are not desired.

Signed:

Mrs. W. E. Ritter, Pres. La Jolla Woman's Club.

Charlotte Orr, Sec. La Jolla Woman's Club.

Mrs. May E. Baer, Chairman of Civics Section, La Jolla Woman's Club.

Mrs. Mrs. Voorhees have arrived with a breath of New England air, and



a special greeting to me from Salisbury. The services at the dedication of the new Congregational Church were

most interesting and impressive and many joined in the earnest prayer that it might ever serve "For bringing in the brotherhood of man, For the development of Christian Unity, For the spread of the Gospel, For the consummation of the Kingdom of God."

Later, Mr. Voorhees introduced to the Woman's club in a delightful manner, a Mrs. Van who gave us a most interesting account of Holland's generous care of Belgian refugees. A lovely reception marked the close of the year's Club work. The Arts and Crafts section invited all the Club members to Afternoon Tea. Tables were laid in the Tea Room and Corridors. There was a "cosy nook and a sun dial on the lawn, delicately tinted streamers and bright-flowers with bright-faces everywhere. I wish I had a picture of it—the round arches of the Club House the happy

At the last meeting of the La Jolla Woman's Club, to celebrate the close of a most successful club year, the arts and crafts section, Mrs. Ellnor Parkes, chairman, gave a luncheon to the club on the grounds, combining with the luncheon a lawn party. The grounds and corridors were beautifully decorated with wild mustard and many garden flowers. Baskets of flowers and bouquets were ranged along both entrances to the grounds, flowers of many hues and varieties smiled from the grassy lawn and wild mustard waved its airy gold from the corridors and seats on the lawn. The many tables set in the corridors sent up their incense and delighted the eye as well as the "aesthetic sense of smell."

At half past two o'clock the gavel called the noonday revellers to the auditorium to listen to the reports of the officers and various chairmen of committees and sections. A list of the chairmen who have served so successfully follows.

Mrs. Hattie Andrews, music section; Mrs. Ellnor Parkes, arts and crafts; Mrs. A. F. Knudsen, drama section; Mrs. A. B. Baer, civics; Mrs. Chas. F. Atkinson, social auxiliary; Mrs. W. D. E. Mead, house committee; Miss Mary Richmond, program committee; Mrs. E. Worsfold, social committee.

La Jolla will be glad to know that the chairman of the social auxiliary announced that the close of the club year will not mean a cessation of activities along its line of work. There will still be parties and dances during the summer, at the club-house.

The report of the treasurer, Mrs. F. Woodworth, showed a comfortable budget. There was not a discouraging note in all the reports.

Mrs. C. D. Faulkner exhibited many beautiful studies of places in and about La Jolla and elsewhere. This exhibit made a delightful close to a day long to be remembered as standing out clear and sweet among a series of happy club days in the year just past.

White Egyptian - upper Nile, maize - Lower Nile, Cucumbers, Miller

people and the blue blue ocean in front.

There were a great number present from all parts of our village and the spirit was most genial, open and cordial.

The Rev. and Mrs. Speer Voorhees also paid their respects to the new Episcopal Rector and his lovely wife. It is curious that these two clergymen were in the same preparatory school at Princeton, N. J., had charges in Massachusetts at the same time and were called to this dear little haven of rest of ours at the same time.

The ladies of the Congregational Church are giving an informal welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Voorhees on next Tuesday afternoon from 4 to 6 at the Tea Room of the Woman's Club House. It is hoped that the right hand of fellowship will again be offered to this later comer by way of loyal La Jolla lovers, so that Rev. and Mrs. Voorhees will feel we are glad they are come to work and live among us.

All are cordially invited to be present at the Woman's Club House Tea Room from 4 till 6 on Tuesday, June 13th.

RECEPTION TENDERED TO REV. AND MRS. VOORHEES

Between 175 and 200 representative La Jollans and not a few San Diegans assembled at the La Jolla Woman's Club House Tuesday afternoon to welcome Rev. and Mrs. J. Spencer Voorhees, at a reception tendered to Mr. Voorhees by the Union Congregational Church, of which he is pastor. The receiving line, comprising Rev. and Mrs. Voorhees, Mrs. W. E. Ritter, Mrs. William Wise, Jr., Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Chas. Atkinson, Miss Rose Atkinson, Mrs. A. P. Mills, and others, met the guests midway in the big club room. The stage and the tea room, where the young ladies of Mrs. Gillespie's Sunday School class served refreshments, were decorated with pink sweet peas, queen's lace and roses.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH DEDICATED

The new Congregational Church was crowded last Sunday afternoon at the dedication service. Rev. Mr. Birchby of the Presbyterian church offered the invocation and Rev. Wm. Bishop of St. James-by-the-Sea read the Scripture. The pastor of the church made a statement concerning the church building and welcomed the speakers and the congregation.

Rev. H. B. Roberts of San Diego brought the greetings of the Congregational churches of Southern California.

The act of Dedication was a responding service by the minister and the congregation. Dr. R. R. Meredith in his 80th year preached a sermon broad, clear and forcible. The dedication prayer was made by Rev. Shelton Bissell of Boise, Idaho the last pastor of the church. The music was rendered by a quartette and a soloist. Miss Abigail Dowden of Kansas City sang Brahms "Ave Maria" and the quartette the Festival Te Deum. They were Miss Martha L. Dickinson, soprano, Mrs. Florence Arnold, alto, Mr. George J. Lockyer, tenor and Dr. Frank Burton, bass. Mrs. Brock Goddard was the pianist and Miss Elsie Genter, organist.

The service was delightful and impressive. The church was artistic decorated with flowers and flags.

Out of school for the summer vacation Florence does many things to help her mother. She does housework, hand work, reads and plays with Elizabeth and with her friends she has gathered many sea shells and sea weeds for me and I shall carry east with me many proofs of her efforts for Grandmother.

One day she and her neighbors, the Smiths, gave an entertainment. The Mothers' stores were utilized

gave an informal one - a picnic on the pier to the colony and its guests. The pier is 1000 feet long and lighted by electricity. A long board table with benches was stretched lengthwise of the pier, and after impersonations, made lively by impersonations, we feasted and talked. At my right hand was a German, opposite was an Englishman, but there was no war though each was like Elizabeth who "likes her own opinion best." I liked the German - for he was very polite to me, but yet kept my own opinion. He proved to be an artist studying animal life and its habitat for a series of background paintings for the Brooklyn Museum. I hope to meet him again. Then

the "grave and rosy and seignior," College professors - heads of various depts. - wise men, women and children played. We had potato races, three legged races and various stunts, which the dignified gentleman frown across the



understand in some degree, the objects and aims of the mysterious "Scripps Biological." Popular lectures and certain "movies" prepared by Mr. Palmer of the Hubbard Ranch, have already interested the Community. Among the scientists and teachers who gathered were some with whom I became not only interested but personally acquainted. There was a meeting of scientists in Berkeley when I was there last August, and I preserved the clipping about Dr. Campbell. Others whom

for fairy and Cinderella costumes, and the result was certainly a success, with songs and recitations between acts. The Blue Birds meet regularly and are a bonny group. They had one council meeting with the Camp Fire girls in one of the campus

The new pier and the new building at the "Scripps Biological" are finished. Before the formal opening Mrs. Brandall, Margaret & some of the other ladies

continent with his charming wife seemed to enjoy as much as the boys of the Colony. Then came the formal "Opening" of the new Building and the Pier, with an effort to make the people

SCIENTISTS and teachers representing cities, colleges and institutions in all parts of the country, as well as hundreds of San Diegans, crowded the lecture hall at the Scripps Institution for Biological Research of the University of California at La Jolla yesterday afternoon, when with appropriate exercises the station was dedicated.

The institution consists of 177 acres of land, laboratories and research rooms capable of accommodating forty investigators, twenty-five cottages, five service houses, an aquarium, eighty employes and complete equipment for gathering specimens and the study of water life, and represents an investment of nearly half a million dollars.

Yesterday's dedication was arranged during the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science to bring to the attention of scientists from all over the country the complete plant which has been erected near San Diego. The station is ready for the work for which it was predicted yesterday will eventually make it famous.

Of these memorable men and addresses were Dr. Grinnell U. of California Berkeley
The Distribution of pocket-gophers in Cal. Illustrated by specimens, maps & stereopticon.
J. C. Clements, U. of Minn. Minneapolis - Plant-succession in Bad Lands.
Dr. Mac Dougal - Desert-Botanical Laboratory - Carnegie Institution of W. Tucson.

The First Stage in the Regression of the Salton Sea.
Forest-Thruve - Desert-Botanical Laboratory. Vital Statistics of the Yellow Pine-
Tracy S. Flower - U. of Cal. Animal Life as an asset of National Parks
J. B. Sumner. Scripps Biological - The Influence of Environmental Conditions
in the Origin of a Narrowly Localized Race of Mice.
C. L. Michael - Do. The Relation between Marine Biology and Geology -
Alice Eastwood - Cal. A. of Science. The Trees & Shrubs of the Grand Canyon -
Dr. Wm. C. Ritter - Scripps - Biology's Contribution to a System of Morals Adequate
for Modern Civilization. and
Dr. Fred Baker. The Wanderings of an Amateur Naturalist in Formosa. Dr.
Dr. Baker and his wife are both physicians - retired, wealthy and beloved. Living
on Point-Loma - Their only daughter is in Japan working under the U. S. A.

On the following days - many excursions were planned for the scientists.
Coronado Islands. (Mexican) Point-Loma. Old Town, Harmon's Marriage Place, and
Mission Gardens - Pala - near which are mines of iron, tourmaline, Epidote &
Kunzite. The anthropological and ethnological collections at the Exposition -
La Jolla and its Caves - the Scripps Institution and the Torrey Pine. Tuna
Canneries and Kelp Reduction Plant - The tourmaline, beryl and garnet mines
near Pasa Grande - Santa Catalina and San Clemente Islands - the Mt.
Wilson and Bick Observatories a little farther north - and a trip of two
days from the Coast to the Desert. This last - Francis and Margaret joined.
The party went by automobile intending to camp on or near the desert.
In the summer auto were Mr. & Mrs. Clements - the one a naturalist, both botanists.
Dr. Lauterbach, a Geologist - and J. B. & M. A very congenial group. It was well
they were congenial and good natured - for they could laugh and joke and
smoke when their machine broke down and the messages sent forward
for help and the machined - in the front car never reached their destination,
and the five had to seek shelter for the night - in a small Inn not far

away. In the morn-
ing the Clements
left them, returning
with the advance
party - but the other
three hired a ma-
chine whose driver
later repudiated
his contract - but



MOUNTAIN SPRINGS GRADE ON IMPERIAL VALLEY BOULEVARD—SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

they went on into the
desert - (Imperial Valley)
and after various
adventures - including
a trip into Mexico -
on foot - from the
Clements, reached home
in good health and
spirits. Later on

Monday, Oct. 31st Francis and
Margaret took us all by auto on
the same route—a grand ride into
the Mts. and beyond—down
into Imperial Valley. We started
in a cold, dense fog—by faith
not by sight—for Francis said
the wind was right for a good
day, and we would soon be
above the fog and beneath
clear, sunny skies. So it proved,
and even by them Cal. could
give us no more beautiful



weather than that which
other mountains showing blue
through Nat. Forest and Indian Reserves. In front and beside its deep chasms, far-
away vistas, and changing, ever-attractive vegetation. At one point we saw snow-
capped San Bernardino, and noted just
where were San Francisco and Los A-
Angeles. It is charming to be personally conducted
by enthusiastic naturalists and Califor-
nians. We passed the gate of Houlburd's
Ranch where F. B. & M. went for their
vacation last fall, passed by the Hang-
er's Outlook, and a certain live oak be-
neath which their chauffeur more recently



position of their cabin whence they had visited the desert. We passed through a region
of live oaks— which made one think of Mr. Rawls' description of those in the South. These
were fine, though I think
not equal in size to some I
saw at Stanford. We reached
"Warren's" about noon and F. B.
took a picture of Florence
seated on a concrete post
beside a huge squash. If
that mountain land pro-
duces "bumkins" of that size and
such vegetables as we had in
abundance for dinner it must



grapes, oranges, olives, grey-green cotton wood & willows into Pine Valley where we picked
up cones to the magnificent live oaks— and then the cacti and the yuccas and
the Agaves. None of the latter equalled the Waverly Grove agave in size, but we
thought the latter a different species, perhaps from Mexico. We forded a stream

lighted the whole ride.
The road through western
San Diego between our
rounded hills— shadowy in the
misty morning light— and with
the Mission Cliff gardens
somewhere above us. Then out
into sunlight and up the Mission
valley. We did not reach the Mission
but thought of it as we turned
off into the Mts. and as we
went into the Cuyamaca
range with glorious views
everywhere; Mexican and

frame of nearer peaks:
held them up— and the hill up which
"no white woman had ever climbed"
till Margaret assailed it. It looked
innocent— but was a dense thicket
on whose branches M. left some of
her clothing ere she reached the
road again. We were now in the
Laguna Range and M. pointed
out to the north the approximate

be rich. Indeed, many
of the trees and shrubs
we passed were so pale
and green that when
we saw a tree with
faded leaves we had
to do it justice by re-
minding each other
that "this is Noa." We
passed through various
zones. Mesquite, atriplex

zones. Mesquite, atriplex

10 or 12
times, for
bridges and
banks had
been washed
away in last
winter's great
storm, and
repairs around
the huge wash
cuts were
not complete.
On the ruins
of the bridge
near San
Diego, N.



read, as we passed in the morning, over a
gloune rejoiced in the fords, and we all rejoiced in the
merry little brook which went singing from the Morena
Dank (pointed out to us in the dim distance), to the Otay
and thence to the pipes for San Diego and La Jolla.
In the afternoon we passed a mound of black volcanic
rock and later came to a region of wild, tumultuous
stone, huge monoliths, giant-figures, loose rocks,
rocking stones, cathedrals, castles, anything and
everything one could imagine in the rough. After
riding for miles through it we
came to a part where vegetation
seemed very scarce. "This is desert"



I exclaimed, and Dr. Sumner was insulted!
"Desert!" quoth he. "With the first rain
this place will be full of blossoms, more, and of greater
variety than on your Mt. Riga. I could believe the extent
but scarcely the variety of this rival to Mt. Riga, but Dr.
S. is a beautiful gentleman, I remembered some desert-
pictures by Geo. Wharton James, and was silent. We had
to reach the other side of a mountain in front of us
before we were really on the desert, speeding along on
a concrete road 25 miles straight-down the Imperial
Valley to El Centro. Sage brush and sand heaps to the
right of us, sage brush and sand heaps to the left of
us, and I lived in the tale of Barbara Worth and
the plucky engineers. Irrigating canals, stacks of dry, and bright-green fields of,
alfalfa, acres of cotton calling aloud for pickers, rows of eucalyptus, pepper, olives
and castor beans, and at great-washed-out area where the New River found
its old way when the Colorado broke from its moorings - all greeted us as we
drew near El Centro. We had caught a glimpse of the blue line of the Salton Sea
far to the north when we crossed the mountains, but though we took an
hour's ride the next-morning we did not reach
it. We saw enough to remember. As we entered
the town our auto plunged from side to side
across a ridge of sand in the center. I queried
why such paving? and learned that there were
gates at intervals along the canals on each side
of the road. These being opened at proper times
flooded a certain section and thus watered the
streets without a cart. The same system, with pri-
vate ditches and gates, serves for the fields.



we had had a leak and a
blow-out on the way which
obliged our chauffeur to put
in two inner tubes, and just
as we came near the Barbara
Worth Hotel in El Centro crack
went the hind axle! Mr. Sim-
mons got a tow from the
garage & we walked the little
distance to the hotel. This



we found quite
up to date in every
way, with electricity
brought down from
Redlands, many miles
away. Margaret's
suit-case held a change
of waists, so we speedily
made ourselves pre-

sentable for supper,
and, since we had travelled some 140 miles, went early to bed, after writing
some postals. The broken axle deferred our departure in the morning from eight
as planned, till nearly twelve. But we had a ride around and out of town,
visited stores &c. We returned on the same road as far as Warren's where we
took a new road through Cambs and nearer the Mexican border. And a
wonderful road it was! San Diego Co. had put it in good order, and I
marvelled, as I had the day before, at the skill of the road builders and the
skill and care of our chauffeur. Cliff after cliff he rounded, precipices above
and precipices below, scarcely checking speed, and meeting other autos with
very little leeway. There were horse shoe loops and hair-pin loops in abund-
ance, but Mr. Simmons knew his road and his "Franklin" and so we sped safely on.
The delay in starting gave us a fine sunset of glorious colors through and
over the mountains, and the moonlight afterwards added a weird feeling
as we flew along, seeming about to plunge into the mountain side, and then
gliding peacefully along as the way opened before us. It was All Saints Day.
We were all rather quiet, and I moralized a little and thought of dear ones
across the Continent, here and beyond. We reached home about 9 to find baby
soundly sleeping, and went to bed thanking God and our friends for a great
pleasure and for safety.



Mesquite Tree,
Desert Barn,
Imperial Valley, Calif.



Olive Trees, 4 years old,
Imperial Valley, Calif.



WILL REPEAT SHAKESPEAREAN PAGEANT

May 19
Spectacle To Be Given At La Jolla Friday Night

Scene From "The Midsummer Night's Dream" to Be Given in the Shakespeare Pageant at La Jolla Friday Night. Center (Left), King Oberon, Mrs. W. H. Raymenton; (Right) Titania, Miss Helen Crawford. Fairies (Left to Right): Louise Baer, Jean Hackett, Jane Atkinson, Dorothy Bradley and Eleanor Barnes.



Chesley Mills' Orchestra Will Provide Music; Special Train to Be Run for Event.

The Shakespearean pageant will be repeated at the La Jolla Woman's Club on Friday evening. The members, at the request of the committee of merchants, have agreed to give the repetition that all residents of the seaside resort may have an opportunity to see the spectacle.

Through the corridors, under the pergolas and along the walks of the clubhouse grounds, a stately pageant will move to strains of music. Her Majesty, Elizabeth, preceded by her herald and jester, and followed by her train bearer, courtiers and ladies will advance; Shakespeare's family will follow, and then, alone will come the Immortal Bard, "crowned with content" and still in meditative mood, leading the creatures of his brain.

Will Appear Before Court

A Herald-at-Arms will announce the arrival of the sixteen different plays represented and will present them to the queen. Within the clubhouse, Shakespeare will appear before the court with his players, and will rehearse to the queen the story of his children's lives. Summoned by his magic, the children, the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Early Saxons, Venetians, Hamlet, Ferdinand and the other heroes and heroines will come to do their master honor.

Titania with her fairies will charm not only Bottom, but all who believe in fairies while Oberon sings. The Greeks are to be ushered in by the torch bearer of Beauty and of Art. The Romans will give their classic salute and plot against their Caesar. Cleopatra will mourn her Antony. Hamlet and Ophelia will tell their woes; Romeo and Juliet their infinite love; Othello his unreasoning jealousy; Portia her message of mercy; King Lear his regret at craving the love of his daughters at the expense of truth; Lady Macbeth the weight of conscience.

Comedy to Be Given

In lighter mood, Falstaff with Mrs. Ford and Mistress Page will cause merriment and the delights of the forest of Arden will be seen with Rosalind, Celia, Orlando, Phoebe and Touchstone, while Amicus sings.

King Henry VIII will recall his troubles with church and state and remind the queen why an archbishop sits at her elbow instead of a cardinal.

Miss Richmond, who bears a remarkable likeness to portraits of Shakespeare, has composed the address to the queen, which she will give, and on which the evening's program will hang.

Mrs. William Ritter, president of the La Jolla Woman's Club, will appear as Queen Elizabeth, and will, after 350 years, make reparation for lack of appreciation of the Bard in his life time by knighting him.

Special Train Provided

Mrs. Margaret Knudsen, chairman of the drama section of the club, who will be the Herald-at-Arms, has effected the continuity of the program and has arranged many charming ideas for presentation.

Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Graves of the music department have assisted on the music program which Chesley Mills' orchestra will execute. Mrs. Clara Sackett, an artist from Buffalo, N. Y., has been assisting with the costumes and in posing.

A special train for the orchestra and those who intend to make the trip from San Diego will leave the La Jolla line station, C and Fourth streets, at 6:50 p. m. Friday.

For that you lured one golden hour
Back from the gracious time of long ago

For that you turned a page of fadeless colors
And shapes, more tender than the things we know.

To you we bow, with hand on gallant sword hilt,

Toward you, we bend, with draperies spread wide

In the days courtesy that our Mothers practiced;

Proud, yet in the grace that makes no show of pride.

Thanks for the hand, that held the clock hand idle

While we looked down the vista of the years;

Thanks for the grace—the laughter and the singing

And, for they came! Thanks also, for the tears!

Ellen Morrill Mills.

Feb. 29, 1916.

"Kennebec Lodge"

GREEK PLAY

At the next meeting of the La Jolla Woman's Club the Drama Section is to present the Greek tragedy "Agamemnon." This is the outcome of last year's work, the section having devoted the year to Greek drama.

The costuming and setting will be as nearly true to Greek usages as possible. Nearly everyone of the thirty members of the section will take part. The "chorus" of old men, representing the populace will be lead by Miss Scripps, and eighteen other well known ladies will assist her. The queen, Clytemnestra, is impersonated by Mrs. Knudsen; King Agamemnon by Mrs. Curtis, and Aegisthus the usurper by Mrs. Ritter.

Mrs. Parkes will take the part of the watchman and Doris Worsfold of the Herald, while the woe of the captive maiden Cassandra is voiced by Ruth Knudsen. Miss Seymour and Miss Bamet spread the royal before the conquering king.

Such an effort may seem presumptuous for a village club, but the pageantry effect will be beautiful at least and the whole presentation will be educative in bringing back to us Greek traditions, customs and philosophy.

The study has meant much in the way of pleasure and profit to those participating; friendship have been increased; and the command of the leaders for "all the chorus to meet in Mrs. Long's garage at 9 o'clock to dye," was not as gruesome as it sounded.

Members may bring guests, ladies or gentlemen this time, on guest-cards which may be purchased (by members only) of Miss Loring or Miss Waddell. The courtesy of "reciprocity" will be extended to the members of the drama sections of the San Diego, Wednesday, and College Women's Clubs.

The program will begin promptly at 2:30, business will be suspended except for reading of minutes at 2:15.

The chairman of the Arts and Crafts department of the La Jolla Woman's club is very happy over the treat she has in store for the club members next Monday afternoon. Mrs. Parker has secured the co-operation of three well known persons to take part in a program on Indian Arts and Crafts. Miss Alice Klauber needs no introduction and will recount stories of Indian folk lore and reminiscences of San Diego Indians. Mrs. Don R. Morgan, of the Archaeological Institute of America and the San Diego Museum, will tell us how the Indians made their basketry, pottery and utensils and what the symbols used in their decoration means. She will illustrate her lecture with specimens from Mrs. Fred Scripps' fine collection.

To add still further to the pleasure of the afternoon Miss Jo Shipley Watson, editor of the Etude, whom our friends remember, gave to the club her lecture-recital on American Music, last year, will play a group of "Indian Music" compositions.

We bid you a cordial welcome.

Shakespearean Pageant at Woman's Club House

This evening at 7:45 sharp will begin the Shakespearean Pageant at the La Jolla Woman's Club House.

Upon the request of a committee of La Jolla business men the pageant is being repeated with an open air procession for all to enjoy who care to do so. The members of the club take pleasure in sharing with the residents of La Jolla the result of their labors in trying to commemorate in a dignified and picturesque altho unpretentious way, the genius of the great poet, and to portray some of the characters in his plays.

Queen Elizabeths Court will assemble in the club house corridor followed by Shakespeare's family and the Bard himself.

The plays will then be presented to the Queen and the line of march will be taken up, thru the corridors under the pergolas and along the walks of the grounds. After the pageant the orchestra will withdraw into the club house and an intermission will occur for the audience having tickets to go inside. A program will then be given on the stage.

A special train arrives at 7:35 bringing Mr. Chesley Mills orchestra and friends from San Diego.

COURT

Herald Marie Reed
Court Jester Mrs. McLaughlin
Queen Elizabeth Mrs. Ritter
Leicester Mrs. C. F. Atkinson
Raleigh Mrs. Parks
Bacon Mrs. Orr
Court Lady Mrs. Graves
Court Lady Mrs. Walter L. Brown
Court Lady Mrs. Fred Scripps
Train bearer Mary Faulkner

SHAKESPEARE'S FAMILY

Mother (Mary Arden)
Dr. Arabella Hotchkiss
Wife Ann Hathaway
Mrs. Woodworth
Sister Jean Shakespeare
Miss Waddell
Daughter Susannah Hall
Mrs. J. Atkinson
Daughter Judith Quincy
Mrs. N. Rannells

SHAKESPEARE

Miss Mary Richmond

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Titania Miss Crawford
Oberon Mrs. Rayingston
Bottom Mrs. Hall
Fairies Louise Baer, Jean Haskell,
Jane Atkinson, Dorothy Bradley,
Eleonor Barnes.
King Prsiam Miss Patton
King Psiam Miss Patton
Trvilus Miss Depue
Cresseda Miss K. McLaughlin
Paris Miss Cuthbut
Helen Miss Dora Keeley
Cassandra Miss Woodward
Torch bearers
Miss Clara Cuthbert, Miss Dempsey

JULIUS CAESAR

Julius Caesar Mrs. Putnam
Brutus Mrs. Beman
Cinna Miss Mills
Soothsayer Miss Loring
Caesar's wife Mrs. Crawford
Boutus wife Mrs. Macnab

MARC ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA
Cleopatra Mrs. Falk
Marc Anthony Miss Sackett
Maids Miss Hill, Mrs. Sellew
Guards Mrs. McDuffy, Miss Brown
WINTERS TALE

Leontes Miss Specht
Hermione Mrs. Albert Jones
Paulina Mrs. Comfort
Shepherds Walter Kaulfers,
Annie Maylor, Dorothy Thomas,
Margaret O'Leary, Helen Smith, Mel-
vin Maybry, Dorothy Ulyatt.

OTHELLO

Othello Mrs. Oudeslyns
Desdemona Mrs. Stevenson
Iago Mrs. Cassou

HAMLET

Hamlet Miss Murrison
Polonius Mrs. Rhoades
Ophelia Mrs. Knudsen
Court Lady Mrs. Shelton
King Miss Miller
Gertrude Mrs. Murray
Ghost Mrs. Howard
Grave diggers
Miss Dohl, Miss Genter

KING LEAR

King Lear Miss MacDonald
Cordelia Miss St. John
King of France Mrs. Post
Regan Mrs. Bird
Goneril Miss Fenn
Fool Mrs. Michael

TEMPEST

Prospero Miss Russell
Ferdinand Mrs. Calloway
Miranda Mrs. C. Rannells
Ariel Master Walter Kaulfers
Caliban Miss Philo

CYMBELINE

Queen Mrs. Baer
Cymbeline Miss Wilson
Imogen Mrs. Rex Clark
Posthumus Miss Norma Tuttle

MERRY WIVES of WINSOR

Falstaff Mrs. Johnson
Mrs. Ford Mrs. Simmons
Mrs. Page Mrs. Norcross

MERCHANT of VENICE

Shylock Mrs. Dailey
Portia Miss Spinney
Duke Mrs. Snyder
Antonio, merchant of Venice
Miss Hunt
Jessica Miss Woodard
Lorenzo Miss Miller

AS YOU LIKE IT

Rosalind Mrs. Carlson
Orlando Mrs. Margaret Smith
Celia Mrs. Crandall
Touchstone Mrs. Carter

ROMEO and JULIET

Romeo Miss Dora Pease
Juliet Miss Faulkner
Nurse Mrs. Long
Benvolio Mrs. Chambers
Lady Capulet Mrs. Powell
Lady Montague Mrs. Rogers
Friar Mrs. Woodworth

HENRY VIII

Henry VIII Mrs. Patterson
Katharine Mrs. Andrews
Woolsey Mrs. Mills
Court Lady Mrs. Parker
Court Lady Mrs. Walker
Old Lady Mrs. Barritt
Herald Ted McLaughlin

Orchestra

Knighting Scene

LA JOLLA CONTRIBUTES TO FLOOD SUFFERERS

Besides \$946.00 in Cash, Much Clothing, Furniture, Bedding, Hardware, Cooking Utensils and Other Household Articles were Sent. Dresses Made for Destitute Children.

The La Jolla Woman's Club House was headquarters for the relief work. About sixty women worked two days at the club house and a second group of ladies worked at the home of Mrs. A. P. Mills, repairing, sorting and packing the articles of clothing which the generous people of La Jolla donated. Besides clothing, much furniture, dishes and hardware was collected. The following is the list sent to San Diego by trucks:

67 sacks of clothing—sorted for men, women and children, according to size.

12 bundles containing bedding and rugs.

4 trunks containing clothing.

20 boxes of hardware, cooking utensils and dishes.

4 beds and mattresses.

3 couches.

7 chairs.

1 table.
1 commode.
1 sanitary couch.
12 jars canned fruit.
1 box of toys.
1 tent.
2 stoves.
4 lamps.
2 boxes hats.

The cash donation was approximately \$946.00.

To the people of La Jolla who made this generous work possible, the committee wishes to express its great appreciation; to Smith's Variety Store and Wier's, who gave many yards of new material that was made up mostly into children's garments, and to the La Jolla Transfer Company for drayage and the La Jolla Lumber Company and Harvey's Truck for delivering all these donations to the Chamber of Commerce in San Diego.

WHEN THE CLOUDS

HAVE ROLLED AWAY

The storms are over—for the time being at least. The railroads are still out of commission, but are working hard to resume service as quickly as possible.

La Jolla has plenty of water and the gas and electric service for the past few days has been normal—and the gas company showed interest enough in their patrons to investigate and see if they really had service.

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company have had one wire open from here to San Diego for the past few days but have been accepting only business calls—and at that you often wait several hours before getting connections—as the company were using that one line to handle telegraph business at the expense of subscribers who pay their regular monthly charges for telephone service which in many cases they do not get.

When the Pacific Co. moved into their new location they spread the glad news that there would be trunk lines a plenty—but after several months in their new quarters, service is just as rotten as before and when calling San Diego you can expect that old familiar call from central—all lines busy to San Diego.

This is a matter that should be taken up by the civic bodies of La Jolla as their is very much dissatisfaction among the subscribers.

After Mrs. Baer's paper, Mrs. A. P. Mills gave some pleasant reminiscences of the very early days of La Jolla, which were interesting to the newer residents and brought back many bright memories to the older ones who experienced pioneer days. The program closed by another of Chopin's compositions by Miss Swift. The president then in a brief but moving speech portrayed the tragic situation of the flood sufferers, closing her remarks with, "What are we going to do about it?" There was immediate and practical response as follows:

The town was divided into districts, each district to be thoroughly canvassed for funds and any articles of clothing and of use in housekeeping, the contributions of money to be secured then and there at the time of soliciting. On Wednesday morning at 9:30, as many as could should meet to sew, repair or make garments and pack ready for shipment to San Diego. Every woman there seemed to feel her individual responsibility in the case and it looked as if La Jolla, as usual, was going to be foremost in good works.

CARD OF APPRECIATION AND THANKS

The chairman of the Colonial Committee wishes to thank each one who helped her make a success of Colonial Evening at the Woman's Club House Monday evening. Mrs. Wise met with such generous response; each one was so ready to lend herself by "dressing up" and bringing with her the sweet, old time-courtesy, thought and grace.

Miss Dickinson gave her beautiful voice to indicate Mrs. Henman's perfect poem "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers". Our own Austin Adams brought his best stirring personality and gave it in a splendid address on "The Joy of Life". Mrs. Berger, though suffering with a terrible cold, would not fall out after promising to sing some plantation songs familiar to us all, and did it winsomely. Miss Margaret Manson showed some of her best work with the graceful children of our own little La Jolla, and one and all were surprised and so satisfied with those two brilliant numbers. Miss Churcher's representation of Mme. Camorga gave each one of us the feeling that on this coast there was not quite such another mingling of talent, grace, bird-like motion and captivating personality as are mingled in her bewitching little person. She seemed a fairy sprite—and embodied thought or wish, and we were left with an eagerness to witness again her art expression. I think, too, no other number gave any more satisfaction than, did the "Colored Glee Club" composed of Messrs. Barnes, Gaines, Lockyer and Garty, led by "Amanda" (Mrs. Stacey). Each were so good, all were so willing to paint up and sing out "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and other familiar jubilee songs as indicated by "One of Us," Mrs. Grace M. Stacey, always to be depended upon, to come to the fore wherever placed. Rev. Mr. Thorpe was particularly happy in his creation of a personal interest in our ancestors, their relation to us and what it meant, what we were as a link in the chain of life, what importance we held in the scheme of things. We all enjoyed him and were sorry when he ceased to talk to us. It is hard for me to speak without expatiation of the beauty of our President of the Woman's Club, Mrs. Ritter, who lead the procession. Prof. Ritter, who charmed us all by his impersonation of George Washington; Mrs. Hall who wore a dress used by her ancestor, Mme. Elizabeth Hobie at the Court of Queen Anne in 1710, when this Mrs. Hobie was 103 years old; hers was the wonder garment of the whole entry of George and Martha Washington, Dames and Gentlemen, and cannot be described. Then the tableaux, from Priscilla and John Alden, so perfectly represented. Nellie Custis' wedding and Mrs. Sellew's beauty, the sweetest one of all, Mme. Waddell, the Mother of our first President, on the arm of Prof. Ritter, as George Washington, coming down through the curtseying of Dames and Gentlemen, to the waiting ladies at the foot of the stairs. That, I think, is a thing to be remembered all our days, and will engender sweetness in us as we dream again of it. The

committee was (besides Mrs. Wise), Mrs. Franklin Hall and Mrs. Francis Sellew, Mrs. Steele was also on that committee, but feeling ill, asked to be excused from work, though she provided coffee for us all. Mrs. Hall, the intrepid worker, also gave us 400 sandwiches, making Mrs. Wise's share and her own. Mrs. Sellew made 350 sandwiches and lent herself and her beauty and her time and grace to fixing up for the several tableaux, and I want to express my special appreciation to both these ladies for their generosity and ability to our Club Family. It has been said that never in California has such a perfect pageant and versified Colonial program been held, and Mrs. Wise feels that if she had not met JUST this response from each member of the Woman's Club it could not have been done. It was large undertaking and meant four weeks good work, but it is a comfort to have such ready aid and sympathetic comprehension of a loved and understood subject. To me the Colonial Dance, as performed by eight selected couples, led by Miss Margaret

Manson on the one side and Miss Delight Brown on the other, coached by Miss Churcher throughout, will ever be a perfect memory. I cannot thank the girls and boys enough for their effort and their interest, but I shall hope that they, too, gathered somewhat of the joy of giving of their grace and loneliness, and I want to thank them through our family paper.

I will send two of the several letters that have reached me.

My Dear Mrs. Wise:—

You were so surrounded, last night, that I took the most comfortable way out and hurried home, so may I tell you by post how much pleasure I had in your evening's entertainment. It was all so wonderfully well done! And I, surrounded by a party of tourists, just loved every minute of it and admired and adored every inch of Little You, for making it all possible. The strangers were so amazed, and when Miss Churcher appeared (and isn't she a dream of moonbeams!) when she came they said "What, she lives here?" How proud I was to say, "O, yes, her mother's home is here, etc." Only proving again that we who live in La Jolla are Queer.

Please accept my sincerest "Thank you" for a delightful evening and may I tell you I was proudest of all to say to my tourists that you live here.

Most Sincerely Yours

Clubs

Interesting and comprehensive reports were read by the officers and various chairman at the Woman's Club Monday afternoon for the final meeting of the season, and the general feeling was one of congratulation over a full and very pleasant year. Plans for a very active campaign along lines of social service and civic improvement were announced for the coming year. The drama section has promised a program diverse and interesting—French drama—Irish folk lore and plays of George Bernard Shaw being some of the subjects mentioned.

The Art and Architecture section will take up the Early Renaissance period and expect to finish with a tour of the Italian cities.

The Music section announced that its Woman's chorus would keep in practice through the summer and would endeavor to live up to the fine standard set this year.

The Arts and Crafts section which has been a very popular one during the year, has promised achievement along new lines and those who know its able chairman, Mrs. Eleanor Parkes, are looking forward with pleasure to the new year.

The Social Auxiliary under Mrs. C. F. Atkinson will continue its good work through the summer months giving a number of dancing parties and entertainments.

All the reports were presented in an interesting and bright manner, that of Miss Helen Clark, the vice-president, being perhaps most unusual as it was in rhyme, as follows:

Officers and Chairman,
Needs must make reports,
Telling how they've served you.
They are all good sports.

But for one there's nothing
New that can be said;
I presided when ever
President was in bed.

When she was in Berkeley
I had to take the chair;
If you think it's funny,
I'd like to see you there.

But, now, the year is over—
My term of office, too.
With heartfelt, kindest wishes,
I bid you all adieu.

The president, Mrs. Ritter, gave her annual report, which had for its keynote—"Service." A full copy of this fine address will be found in another column of this addition.

The officers for the new year are as follows:

President—Mrs. Mary Ritter.
1st Vice-President—To Be Elected.
2nd Vice-President—Mrs. Jene Bell.
Corresponding Sec'y.—Mrs. Flora Atkinson.

Treasurer—Mrs. Mary F. Dailey.
Recording Sec'y.—Mrs. May Baer.

As a climax to the afternoon's pleasure came the splendid talk on "Children's Books" given by Miss Warren of the San Diego Library. Juvenile Books of the 18th and 19th and 20th Centuries were discussed in a most clever and interesting way. Copies of the finest of the new books for children were exhibited.

The date of the lectures on Food Economy by Mrs. Coldwell of the Normal School will be announced later.

"Colonial Evening" at the La Jolla Woman's Club will long be remembered by all who attended and stand out as one of the most perfect entertainments of its kind ever given in Southern California. The program was in charge of Mrs. Wm. Wise. The assembly room was decorated with the Stars and Stripes. There were more than fifty flags in the decoration of the hall and stage. At the head of the stairs leading up to the stage, two tall white pilasters stood, twined with asparagus fern and topped with great clusters of white callas and festoons of the delicate fern intertwining among the brilliant colors of "Old Glory" made a fitting setting for the evening program. The ushers were in Colonial dress and ribbons divided the seats of those in like attire from others. The lights were suddenly turned down and twilight fell upon the brilliant company. Through the silence and dimness came the clear notes of a song: "The Landing of the Pilgrims," sung by Miss Martha Dickinson.

The curtains parted, showing a quaint old-time room, set forth in furnishings two hundred years old, and in the foreground John Alden and his beloved Priscilla. This pretty scene was followed by the entrance of the thirteen states into the Union, represented by thirteen young women, gowned in Colonial style and taking their stand on the stage in a semi-circle, making a charming appearance. The curtains parted again and the entry of the Colonial dames and gentlemen began. They formed an aisle through which the president and his lady passed to the raised dais at the right. Heading the procession were Mrs. Wm. Ritter, president of the La Jolla Woman's Club, as Mrs. John Adams, leaning on the arm of Mr. Wm. Wise, who represented Mr. Adams of Colonial days.

Mrs. Franklin Hall personated England clasping the hand of France as represented by Mrs. A. B. Reed. Mrs. Hall's gown was the very one worn at the court of Queen Anne in 1710, by an ancestress of Mrs. Hall's. At the time she wore the gown the venerable lady, Madame Elizabeth Hobie, was 103 years old. The wonderful dress of brocaded material has been carefully preserved in a tin box for more than two centuries.

General and Mrs. Clinton, represented by Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Crandall, came next, then Mrs. Sellew as the beautiful Dolly Madison, personating that young woman very happily, Mrs. L. K. Andrews as Mrs. Rufus King, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Copeland as Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, Miss Anita Church as Mrs. John Jay and Miss E. R. Russell as Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

As this aisle was formed, President George Washington in the person of Professor W. E. Ritter, and leaning upon his arm Lady Washington, reincarnated in the charming person of Mrs. Wise, entered, followed by Nellie Custis, represented by Marie Reed.

Following this historical tableau came the minuet, danced by eight couples of young men and women.

The next number was a short talk by Mr. Austin Adams on "The Joy of Life." Following Mr. Adams' talk came two plantation songs sung by Mrs. Fred Berger. Then came

The following action was taken by the La Jolla Woman's Club Executive Board at their meeting on May 11th: Mrs. Olivia Mudgett, who was the La Jolla Woman's Club's first president, and who served for five consecutive years, was, in grateful recognition of her constructive work, her loyalty, and her service to the community, made honorary life member, upon the recommendation of Mrs. Ritter and upon the motion of Miss Scripps. The motion was carried unanimously.

DEDICATION EXERCISES AT
THE BIOLOGICAL STATION

One of the most significant occasions ever held in La Jolla was the dedication of the new library—museum building and wharf at the Biological Institution on Wednesday afternoon.

The significance lay not alone in the material structure added to the Biological Colony, but in their relation to the future of science, to the wider fields of investigation, the broadened and extended scope of scientific work that these structures render possible. What they will mean to the world twenty-five years hence no one would dare prophecy.

Before the hour set for the exercises, the auditorium was filled, even to standing room and a hundred or more guests had to content themselves with viewing the museum, aquarium and wharf.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California presided at the meeting, and in his remarks emphasized the fact that this institution though somewhat remote in distance from the central plant of the University, is an integral part of it. He also made clear the relation existing between a modern university and such research institutions. Academic training, mere scholasticism, no longer constitute a real university. It must have departments for creating knowledge, for adding to the world's store of information in every possible branch.

All industrial interests, commerce, governments, everything, must finally turn to the trained experts who can delve into the secrets of nature and solve her mysteries. And these trained experts must have places to work, the necessary equipment, and the funds to carry on their investigations.

Of one of the great institutions of which the world will be proud thru all coming generations, La Jolla bids fair to be a possessor,—in that the Scripps Institution for Biological Research is located within her borders.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Meritus of Leland Stanford Jr. University spoke in his usual emphatic manner on the training of naturalists. He illustrated his remarks by picturing what would be necessary in the making of a Darwin. First there must be the raw material, a germ-cell that could produce the peculiar quality of mind that Darwin possessed. England had developed one such germ cell, one Darwin. Then, given the necessary quality of material, there must be provided the environment in which such a mind can be trained.

Professor D. T. MacDougal, of the Department of Botany of the Carnegie Institution of Washington next spoke on Research Institutions, their methods, their operations and the men who can make their productions. As Dr. MacDougal is director of the Carnegie Desert Botanical Institution situated in Arizona (yet belonging to Washington) he could speak feelingly on the need and the results of such institutions and their relations to other branches of learning.

Dr. George Herbert Parker, professor of zoology of Harvard University, gave a most interesting account on nervous system in animal life. Dr. Parker has been working on this interesting subject for years and came to the Scripps Institution to prosecute

his investigations on certain lowly animal forms found in this vicinity.

He showed very clearly that the central nerve mass, the brain, is the seat of all sensations and emotions. Love is not felt in the heart nor pain in the skin, but both are reflected outward from the cortex of the brain. It was also demonstrated that the brain is the last portion of the nervous system to be evolved. In the simplest animals there is no brain. The beginning of sensation seems to be a muscular sense which is developed to meet the need of the animal. Later come sense organs, and last of all the brain.

In introducing Professor Ritter, Director of the Scripps Institution and its originator, President Wheeler referred to his score and more years of patient endeavor in building a dream into this reality. He spoke of Professor Ritter as a man with a vision, and a smile. The greater the obstacles encountered, the deeper the smile, until finally all obstacles had been overcome to the extent that the vision could today be dedicated in concrete buildings and wharf, with already a vast amount of scientific results to the credit of the Institution.

Professor Ritter gave a brief outline of what the Scripps Institution is trying to do. He aimed to show its spirit, rather than actual work going on, and the breadth of its understandings as well as its intensive efforts. He stated that in the study of the effects of environment on heredity, the whole state of California is the present "labor-atory being used" and

that it is likely to be extended into Mexico and Alaska. He also shown that in solving the problems of the life of sea-animals, a high power boat is as necessary as a high powre microscope. His chief endeavor was to show that the researches of such an institution are related to the welfare of mankind in general, and that pure science and applied science are not at war but mutually independent. He appealed for intelligent interest in the work of the Institution on the part of the community, the public at large, and the state.

Bishop Johnson opened and closed the exercises by invoking the help of the God of Nature upon these efforts to better understand a part of the laws of His universe.

Those on the platform, besides the speakers were Dr. W. W. Campbell, Director of the Lick Astronomical Observatory, and president of the American Association, for the Advancement of Science; and the chief donors, Miss Ellen Browning Scripps and Mr. W. E. Scripps.

In closing President Wheeler paid an eloquent tribute to the little woman whose great love for truth, faith in human-kind, and hope for a better understanding of the relation between the things about us, and the "God of things as they are," has made this Institution and what it stands for, possible.

Mr. & Mrs. Evermann, Director of Museum - S. F. Cal. A. S. Science
Mr. & Mrs. Copeland & Miss



it was a pleasure to meet and who remained for some time were Dr. & Mrs. Parker (Harvard), Mr. & Mrs. Clements (U. of Minn.), Dr. Grinnell - (U. of Calif.),

The Bruce medal was awarded yesterday to William Wallace Campbell of the Lick Observatory. In Chicago in 1893 I saw Helmholtz, the great German scientist, escorted to the chair as president of the first world's electrical congress—the congress that honored humanity by voting the world's standard electrical units. In St. Louis in 1904 I saw three great scientific men escort Simon Newcomb to the chair as president of the first world's congress of scientists. And Elihu Thomson escorted to the chair of president of the second congress of electricians of the world. And in the first real world's congress of astronomers, that held on Mount Wilson, I saw Hale inducted to the presidency. But the observatory staffs of Harvard, Yerkes, Washington, Greenwich, Berlin and Paris took a ballot, which said that Campbell should have the Bruce, or world's, gold medal for distinguished discoveries in astronomy. With impressive ceremonies it was handed to Campbell in Berkeley this afternoon.

To earn this honor Campbell did these apparently totally impossible things. He measured velocity of approach and recession of hundreds of flying suns in the line of sight; also many nebulae. To do this giant work he had to make the best possible spectrography, center the great telescope carrying this complex instrument on the stars, keep an accurate clock running to move the tons weight of the instrument to keep up with the rotation of the earth. And beside this he enclosed the entire spectrograph in thick walls of non-heat conducting substance, enclosing a thermometer to keep the delicate apparatus at one temperature for hours and whole nights at a time.

Arduous indeed was this toil of mind, nerves and body. But the photographs revealing speeds of suns surpass all others. He found the true motion, also direction of our own sun in cosmic space. And this was discovered by Campbell—this fact, the older the suns the greater their velocities.

BY W. H. P.

S EVENTEEN MILES northwest of the plaza, as the speedometer records distance, in that picturesque inward curve of the beautiful coast line, just north of La Jolla, is, as all San Diego knows, the Scripps Institution for Biological Research, an institution already famous in scientific circles and destined to spread the fame of San Diego throughout the world.

What, exactly, does biology include? Let us consult the latest International.

"Biology: The science of life; the branch of knowledge which treats of organisms. In its broadest sense, it includes zoology, botany, physiology, anatomy, cytology, embryology, etc., but in common usage it implies the study of the principles of widest application to the origin and development, structure, functions and distributions of plants and animals, and the more generally recurring phenomena accompanying their life, growth and reproduction."

And so, fortified with this all-embracing definition, I drove over to the Biological station to see what I could discover, and what do you think? Why, the first thing I found was a regiment of the cutest little field mice imaginable! I said "a regiment," but really there are just 800 of these little creatures, to be exact, gathered from the redwoods of Humboldt county, the rocks of Victorville, the hills of Berkeley, the cypresses of Monterey and the mesas of San Diego, and all brought together at the Biological station, and for what?

TO BE WEIGHED, MEASURED, STUDIED

Why, to be weighed and measured and studied under the microscope and all sorts of scientific instruments with long Latin names that the learned savants may learn something of the influence of environment upon the field mouse!

"Of what use?" you ask. The very greatest in the world, because, friends, we Americans are the greatest "guessers" in the world. We "guess" this and "guess" that, but we really KNOW mighty little, and I take it that the very first object of this great institution of learning out there on our own beautiful coast is to really FIND OUT FROM HAND INFORMATION, not to guess work.

The scientific meetings in San Diego were held in the U.S. Grant Hotel and in different rooms in the handsome High School Building. Margaret took me over the second day. To see the men who are doing things and to hear some of them was a long to be remembered episode in my life. We chose the illustrated ones addressed as most interesting and understandable to one outside of the inner circle of knowledge.

report showed that the kelp fields will yield a gross revenue of \$8,000,000 per year to San Diego alone, for hundreds of years to come, probably!

The land was given to the San Diego Marine Biological Association by the city of San Diego in 1908, on condition that Miss Ellen Scripps, who was one of the leaders in the organization, build \$10,000 worth of roads between La Jolla and Del Mar. In 1911 the San Diego Marine Biological Association gave all its holdings to the University of California.

\$38,000 Pier Built

Scripps interests built the new concrete pier, which was only recently finished, at a cost of \$38,000. Sea walls have been built, a salt water system installed, cottages valued at \$45,000 have been erected and an endowment of \$150,000 provided. The state of California now gives \$12,500 yearly to the support of the institution. Complete equipment for gathering specimens has been provided, including a large cruiser, the Alexander Agassiz, and a small power boat capable of making thirty miles an hour, by which it is expected to run living specimens to the station.

After having its beginning by a small group of scientists at San Pedro in 1901, the biological station was moved to Coronado in 1902, then moved to La Jolla in 1905 and to its present location on land traded by the city in 1912. The originators of the experimental station in San Diego were F. W. Kelsey, Dr. W. E. Ritter and Dr. Fred Baker. Others who joined the movement later and helped found the institution are: George W. Marston, Julius Wangelheim, Harry Titus, Daniel Cleveland and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stevens.

So carefully and judiciously has this money been expended that the plant of the Biological Institute is probably worth at least \$400,000 today, and yet this is only the beginning. That big square concrete building in the picture is the new library. It isn't all finished inside yet, but soon will be. The library contains 7000 volumes, including pamphlets in the quarters provided on the third and fourth floors, but there is room on the metal shelves for 33,000 volumes, and contributions of suitable sci-

entific works are now solicited and made welcome. Thus before long San Diego will possess one of the largest and most complete scientific libraries in America—a veritable treasure store house.

THE MUSEUM OF THE INSTITUTION

But in this splendid new building there will also be housed the latest improved seismograph, for accurately recording earthquakes. There is also on the first floor the very creditable beginning of a splendid biological museum, containing hundreds of specimens of sea life, both plant and animal, also a large hydrographic museum of charts and bas relief maps.

Indeed, a splendid series of bas relief maps is now being made, showing the bottom of the ocean from San Clemente south to Cedros Islands, a specially fine map of the bottom of San Diego bay, and another of the bottom of the ocean around Coronado islands, etc.

The scientific apparatus is also very largely located in this building, including the costly microscopes, the concrete vats, large and small, for the study of marine life, etc.

MUSEUM TO BE OPEN TO PUBLIC

This splendid museum and library is now open to the public from 9 to 5 o'clock on week days, and from 10 o'clock on Sundays. There will be no admission charged for the present at least, although, of course, certain restrictions will have to be observed. But you will find Prof. Crandall and his able corps of assistants very glad to show you every courtesy, if you care to visit the institution and to learn anything of its purposes and aims. The present magnificent institute has been built up and developed—an institution of which California in general, and San Diego in particular, is justly proud, and yet few know that it is a memorial to George H. Scripps, a deceased brother of Miss Ellen B. Scripps and E. W. Scripps, who have used funds left to them by this brother.

William Wallace Campbell, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, gave an address on "What We Know About Comets," at the first regular session of the organization in the ballroom of the U. S. Grant Hotel last night. After the lecture an informal reception was given. President Campbell said in part:

Comets, Address Subjects

"Are comets genuine members of the solar system, revolving again and again around our sun as the earth and other planets do; or are comets travelers through interstellar space and only chance visitors to our solar system? These questions, in doubt for two centuries, have in recent years been answered definitely in favor of the former view. Comets are thought to be small outlying remnants of the parent nebula or other widely extended mass from which the sun and the planets and their moons were developed by processes of evolution.

"Most comets come in from and go out through great distances from the sun on orbits which require thousands and tens of thousands of years to travel once over; but even so, the comets come again and again to the region of the sun. Some of them happen to approach quite close to one or another of our large planets and have their very long orbits transformed into short elliptic orbits. These comets thereafter return to the sun every few years. Halley's comet is one of them, which returns every seventy-six years on the average.

Tails Point From Sun

"The tails of comets point nearly away from, but not exactly away,

from the sun, because some force or forces, originating in the sun drives the finely divided dust particles or gas molecules out of the heads of the comets in the direction away from the sun. The materials in comets' tails are rushing away from the heads of the comets with greater and increasing speeds, and these materials are lost to the comets. Many comets have entirely disappeared from view, because their materials have been driven off and scattered into space. Our principal meteor showers and streams are composed

of the scattered materials of well-known comets that were once visible, but have now disappeared from view.

Science has been reduced to the common ground of practicability.

Its purpose now is to gain the interest of the rank and file of the great American people; of people in all quarters of the world. When properly approached, it is just as interesting as history, maybe more so. There is a certain romance in the movement of the great solar system; yes, and in the growth, development and culture of the minutest bit of plant life.

And the end of science, as it is worked out today, is to make life on this old planet, buzzing through space at the rate of umpty-umpty miles a minute, just a little more pleasurable, a little less difficult, for all concerned.

That's what a Sun man discovered after talking today in the Grant lobby with the scores of delegates to the great scientific congress assembled here.

THAT MUSEUM

For example, Barton W. Evermann of the California Academy of Sciences, who is to be a speaker tonight, spoke of what he calls the "circulating museum." This museum has taken the place, he said, of the old-fashioned museum, where exhibits were filed away in an uninteresting and unintelligible manner, in rows, on shelves. It is the purpose of the circulating museum to interest the layman, as well as the scientist. Wild animals, in natural groups, are on exhibit in their native habitat; a painted background, which cleverly simulates the original surroundings, and natural shrubbery, give the observer, at a glance, an opportunity of seeing for himself under just what conditions the animals on exhibit live. These exhibits are being so arranged as to be transferred from one city school to another, while stereopticon lectures, as interesting as the most interesting movie, accompany them.

THE SCRIPPS INSTITUTION
FOR BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEDICATION

OF THE

Library-Museum Building and Wharf

WEDNESDAY, 3 P. M., AUGUST THE NINTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN
LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER, *Presiding.*

INVOCATION, Right Reverend Joseph H. Johnson, Bishop of Southern California.

INTRODUCTION, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California.

ADDRESS, The Training of Scientific Men, David Starr Jordan, Chancellor Emeritus, Leland Stanford Jr. University.

ADDRESS, Biological Research Institutions: Organization, Men, and Methods, D. T. MacDougal, Director of Botanical Research, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

ADDRESS, The Sources of the Nervous System, G. H. Parker, Professor of Zoology, Harvard University.

ADDRESS, What the Scripps Institute is Trying to Do, William E. Ritter, Scientific Director Scripps Institution.

212 J. La Jolla

La Jolla Woman's Club

Quarterly Bulletin

OCTOBER TO DECEMBER 1916

**SCIENTIFIC ANGLE
OF ASIATIC ISSUE
TO BE PRESENTED**

Conference Beginning Aug. 1
Purposes to Delve Into
Several Phases of Problem.

In an endeavor to determine the facts that grow out of the migrating of the Asiatic people, especially as it relates to the Pacific coast, a two weeks' conference will be held in San Diego beginning Aug. 1, in which leading scientists of the country will discuss the subject. "The Meeting of Orientals and Occidentals in the Pacific Coast Area." The meetings will be held under the joint auspices of the Scripps institution for biological research and the community center of the Unitarian church.

Two series of meeting will be held. A special series of technical discussions at the Scripps institute at La Jolla and a series of public addresses at the Unitarian church.

Three Phases Involved

The whole program is worked out on the assumption that "all particular difficulties rest back on a world problem of three-fold aspect," (a) The aspect of world population; (b) The aspect of world supply of 'raw material' and 'manufactured goods' for sustaining the world population, and (c) The aspect of world civilization.

On this assumption the conference will deal first with the stating of the troubles due to Oriental migration, particularly into the Pacific coast area. This will be followed with the consideration of the tendency of the growth of the world's population during the next 500 years. And, as of immediate concern, the following of this subject with the discussion of the question of the supply of raw material in the world and the possible need in the immediate future. This leads naturally then into the consideration of the question of what civilization is and what form the "struggle for existence" must assume in advancing civilization.

Growing out of this first series of discussions will come a second series. The two types of civilization will be compared; the question of "cheap labor," "race prejudice" and "standard of living" presented, and the questions of "fertility" of the two races and of inter-marriage.

INDUSTRIAL EFFECT

The addresses in this important conference will be given by leading scientists of the country, including such men as Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia university; W. C. Thompson of Cornell university; E. M. East of Harvard university; Ellwood Mead, S. J. Holmes and E. T. Williams of the University of California; W. E. Ritter of the Scripps institute and Gilbert E. Reid, director in chief of the International Chinese institute.

The meetings at the Scripps institute will be held in the afternoon and those in the Unitarian church in the evenings. All meetings will be open to the public and will be free.

W. E. RITTER

Head of the Scripps Institute, who, with other scientists, will endeavor to determine the facts that grow out of the migrating of Asiatic people, at a two weeks' conference to be held in San Diego, beginning Aug. 1.



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Notes of Information

Meetings—In Club House Mondays at 2:30 P. M.
Dues—Payable semi-annually in October and February.

Life membership	\$ 100.00
Active members ...	{ Initiation 3.00
	{ Dues per year 5.00
Associate members, Dues per year	8.00
Transient members, Dues per month	1.00
(Privilege limited to 3 months.)	
Girls' Auxiliary, Dues per year	1.00

Transient members *must present membership cards* at the door.

Application blanks for the proposal of new members may be obtained from Mrs. Haskell and Mrs. Crandall.

Guest cards may be obtained of Miss Loring or Miss Waddell. Cards are twenty-five cents each.

Members may join Departments without extra expense.

The Club House is open for visitors on Wednesday afternoons. Applications for rental may be made to Mrs. Nathan Rannels.

Program

Oct. 2.—Presidents' Day	{ Mrs. Ritter
	{ Miss Scripps
	{ Past-Presidents
Oct. 9—Industrial and Social Problems ...	{ Mrs. Merriam
	{ Mrs. Carter
	{ Mrs. Hall
	{ Mrs. Woodworth
Oct. 16—Arts and Crafts Talk on Pottery & Exhibit	{ Department
	{ Mrs. Parkes Chm.
Oct. 23—Domestic Economics Current Events	{ Mrs. Flora Atkinson
	{ Mrs. Beman
	{ Miss Hunt
	{ Mrs. Pederson
Oct. 30—Music	{ Department
	{ Mrs. Graves Chm.
Nov. 6—Science, Pubic Health	{ Mrs. Margaret Sumner
	{ Mrs. Gillispie
	{ Mrs. Augusta Parker
Nov. 13—Art and Architecture Exhibit	{ Department
	{ Miss Richmond Chm.
Nov. 20—History & Landmarks Current Events.....	{ Mrs. Jackson
	{ Mrs. Barritt
	{ Miss Booth
	{ Mrs. Fannie Clark
	{ Mrs. Collins
Nov. 27—Drama	{ Department
	{ Mrs. Knudsen, Chm.
Dec. 4—Literature Book Reviews	{ Mrs. Crandall
	{ Miss Mills
	{ Mrs. Stahle
Dec. 11—Civil Service Reform Parliamentary Usage	{ Mrs. Mills
	{ Mrs. Moore

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SCIENTIFIC ANGLE OF ASIATIC ISSUE TO BE PRESENTED

Conference Beginning Aug. 1
Purposes to Delve Into Several Phases of Problem.

In an endeavor to determine the facts that grow out of the migrating of the Asiatic people, especially as it relates to the Pacific coast, a two weeks' conference will be held in San Diego beginning Aug. 1, in which leading scientists of the country will discuss the subject, "The Meeting of Orientals and Occidentals in the Pacific Coast Area." The meetings will be held under the joint auspices of the Scripps institution for biological research and the community center of the Unitarian church.

Two series of meeting will be held. A special series of technical discussions at the Scripps institute at La Jolla and a series of public addresses at the Unitarian church.

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CHANGES IN SEASIDE SUBURB DURING 20 YEARS DESCRIBED

below, a sketch of La Jolla's up-to-date
buildings by Sun Artist Carl F. Hobby.



BY CARL F. HOBBY

TWENTY YEARS AGO I knew La Jolla better than I do today. Then there were no paved roads, no swift-moving procession of autos traveling to and from and through that seaside resort. A few cottages were built here and there on the hillsides. No park concealed or adorned the flattened stretch of ground terminating at Alligator Point where the bluffs overlook the cove. I remember well, walking with my brother from San Diego to La Jolla. We waded in the water at the cove gathering specimens of brightly colored sea-weed and having a good time with only a few others on the beach. When evening came, tired and wet, we walked to their cottage with Larson and Thorson, fishermen, who had just rowed into the cove. They had been trolling for barracuda. Larson made some excellent clam-chowder that evening and later gave us some blankets and sail-cloth for bedding.

AN UNCUT GEM

Campers used to drive to La Jolla, pitching their tents where the park is now, and during the week or two of vacation they had good times. When the moon was full and the tide high they would go down to the rocks and sing. Old-fashioned songs — "Dixie," "Annie Laurie," "Juanita" or "Home, Sweet Home." Think of it. Folks existed then and were happy without autos, without jazz, without lots of things now considered necessary for a good time. La Jolla was a charming place then.

Mrs. Heinrichs has built the Green Dragon, the Den, the Studio and the Atelier. This lovable woman, with countless friends in the world of music and writing and art, has a genius for building that is shown in these and other cozy dwellings built since. The exterior and interior of each house is sure to be quaint. Always there are photographs and pictures, rugs and decorative objects reminiscent of folks she has met or places she has seen. And each house is constructed to make the most of the location. It is a trick wherein builders fail nine times out of ten.

LA JOLLA TODAY

While we think fondly of La Jolla of other days, we can also take delight in the modern city. Handsome residences constructed on imposing sites, the spacious Bishop's school, the Southern Trust & Commerce bank, the Episcopal chapel, called St. James-by-the-Sea, the Congregational church, the modern hotels and apartments—all these are found in the La Jolla of today.

The cove has lost none of its charm. The beach is brilliant with gay parasols, the colors of bathings suits and sun-burned bathers. It is amusing to watch youngsters taken in for their first swimming lessons. How they delight in the cooling water! Older folks, too, crowds of them, enjoy this swimming place. It is safe and delightful and restful.

The caves are wonderful, apparently changed little in a score of years. The colors of the water as it flows and recedes, swaying sea-grasses and sturdy rocks are rich and beautiful—dark green and brown and blue. South from the cove the strand has changed

Original Sketches of Beautiful La Jolla

little, the tower of Cathedral rock has fallen, but still fantastic shapes excite the imagination. From the dunes La Jolla may be seen spreading far over the hillsides. Above scores of cottages the red-tiled buildings of the Bishop's school have a foreign appearance that is reflected in the architecture of many of the larger buildings and residences.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS

Prominent in the growth and development of La Jolla are several institutions resulting from generous donations by Miss Ellen Browning Scripps and Virginia Scripps. The Bishop's school for girls founded in 1909, under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal church and the direction of competent instructors gives a course of study in grades and college preparatory work. The Woman's club house is a beautiful social center, having all the features which are attractive to women of taste and refinement. The La Jolla sanitarium, large and well equipped is another institution made possible by the generosity of Miss Scripps.

The La Jolla playground with its costly equipment and the Community House with its stage and dressing rooms comprise one of the finest recreation centers in this country. No wonder La Jolla is such a happy place for children.

BIOGRAPHICAL STATION

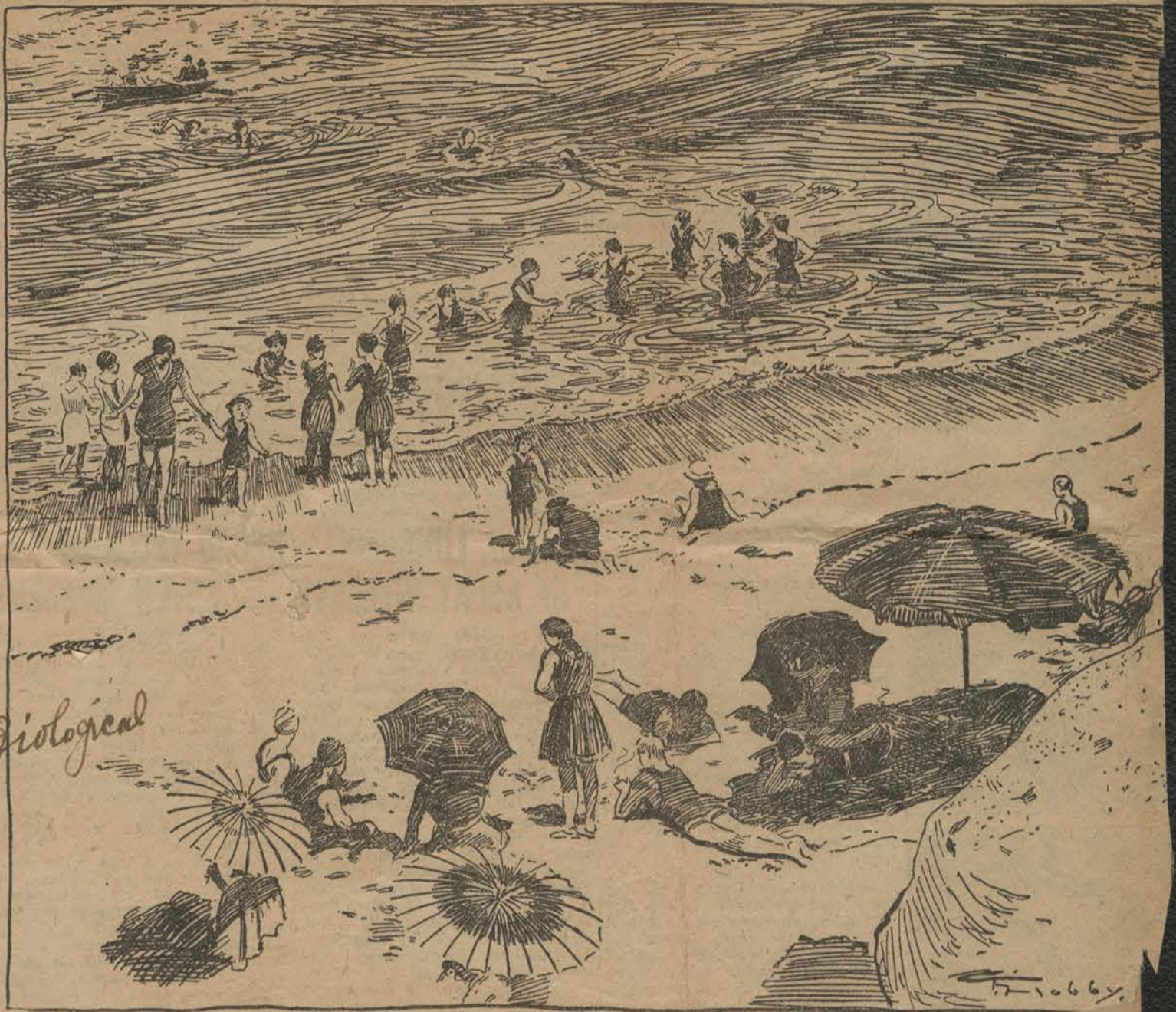
At the Biographical station the life of the sea is studied. A record is kept of the condition of the water and the currents of the ocean. Experiments in the study of evaporation are made with reference to the effect of the temperature of the ocean. There is a large aquarium open to visitors and much else of interest to be seen. And as a result of these things science and art are aided, social welfare of the women of La Jolla promoted, educational advantages given to girls from all parts of the world and healthful, well directed recreation provided for children.

La Jolla is not at a disadvantage because of lack of railroad facilities. It is rather an advantage. Fifteen times a day stages leave there and from Third and E streets in San Diego, giving comfortable means of travel for those who do not own automobiles.

Coming this way there is much of interest to be seen along the roadside. Fertile gardens and "promising" oil fields, mostly promising, Bird Rock and Pacific Beach. Pacific Beach is well known for its military academy and as a pleasant district for homes and as a summer resort.

FLOWER BEDS

The industry of growing everlasting flowers has grown to large proportions and is increasing. Finding the conditions at Bird Rock and vicinity especially adapted to their growth the San Diego Everlasting company, Japanese growers, nurserymen and other concerns grow quantities of the statice, a dainty flower of white, lavender, tan and yellow shades, the pink and white acroclinium, which combined with the statice, forms bouquets suitable for many purposes. In shades of brown, yellow and red the heliopsis are most decorative. From March to June these flowers are shipped to all parts of the country and are sold in the stores here, a few remaining in the market now.



ABOVE, scene in La Jolla's famous cove, with the bathers "at play";