

(COPY)

Ledgehome, March 3, 1921

My dear Tante--

Thank you for letting me see the Manuscript of the "Days at Green Dragon with Anna Held". While the material is in a certain way worth while and of a mild interest to those who have been to Green Dragon Camp and who know you, yet it impresses me as a very heavy-footed and unimaginative presentation of what should and could be a most captivating and inspiring book. Mrs. Denville has given virtually nothing of Green Dragon and the Camp-- at least nothing that the reader who is unfamiliar with the place could grasp and from which he could derive any impression of the charm and singularity of the houses, their quality and their situation. And she has caught but precious little of YOU which is vital, unusual and real. She has shown something of your good humor and your big helpfulness but of the strength, the originality, the fineness of your spirit she has given scarcely a hint. She has done the best she could I am convinced but she clearly was not fitted for the task and she brought willingness rather than talent and fantasy to the work. The result is the commonplace and YOU and the Green Dragon were better left unrecorded and unsung than done in that style. I think the manuscript would be of value to anyone who wrote THE book that should be written for there are facts which could be woven in and used which would be of worth but the book as it now stands would to me be a halting weak effort rather than a convincing refreshing work as it should be.

What I would like to see done would be to have someone with fantasy and imagination catch the spirit of the place, of its commencement, its building, its development and its rise to what it was when at its height with you as the presiding and vitalizing spirit. The first chapters should be a description of the wild unoccupied coast that La Jolla was when first you sought it for a place of work and rest. Description of the ride out there the first time you went out, the vision you had of having a shack there where you could get away from the world and folks, the planning with the architect who first made a fireplace, then the building of the room around it and a clear enough description of that particular room to visualize it to the reader. The first lunches out there with Mrs. U S Grant as first guest, the people who came there with you -- Beatrice H and the many others. The gradual increasing of your times of stay there, how others began to come, the next addition to the place and a clear but briefer description of it. And thus continuing the recording of the constant development of the place, the adding of the dining room when guests became more and more numerous. It all must be done not merely chronologically and in record manner but with spirit and fantasy. The whole outdoor spirit and joyousness of it must be caught and transferred to

paper. And into this clearly but lightly drawn surroundings must be put YOU-- not only the YOU of the good nature, the love of fun and the helpful spirit, but the YOU that has known nearly all the celebrities of the past fifty and more years. Your own life of itself is of less importance it seems to me for it has been remarkable not through startling things that have happened to you individually but through the varied interesting and noted people with whom you have been so constantly in contact. The writer of the book should be with you a considerable time should get you to reminiscing and note down the thousand and one things you can and do tell when you are speaking of the past. All these should then be woven clearly and concisely yet entertainingly into the text itself, keeping the Green Dragon Camp always there as the atmosphere of the record. The people who came to the Camp itself and the gladness which inspired them to their best while there should also all be brought in. This it seems to me would be THE book which not only present day and former visitors to Green Dragon would gladly buy and love to have, but would be a worthy record of your achievement and a volume which people everywhere would read with delight. Who there is that could do this, I do not know. It means someone who is wholly in sympathy with you and with the spirit of Green Dragon as it was, but who has the literary ability and the lightness of touch which could shape the whole material into attractive and captivating reading. The last chapter which I believe Miss Percival did has infinitely more of the right spirit to my mind than all the rest of the book. Possibly if she "let herself go" and began at the beginning and could be with you enough to glean the vast material needed, she could produce the book. I wish she might for it is worth the doing, IF it be done right. A heavy dull recording of visits of the Chinaman and the carpenter is to me a poor using of white paper and ink so far as the general public is concerned. And whoever writes you into a book do not let them use all the double as on Iss and Wass and all the rest. Your foreign quality so far as it is essential can be suggested by the slight twist of phrase but you do NOT talk with the hiss of an angry gander and there is no need for it.....

It is easy to criticize but difficult to do. You asked me for my opinion and so here you have it straight from the shoulder. The Manuscript is worth while for you and for your immediate friends and I feel Miss Percival has done well with what clearly was very hampering material but it is NOT the book that should be written about YOU and about Green Dragon and which could be written if the right person took it in hand. Having it effectively and rightly done would be to my mind the only justification for the book. But there is ample justification for it if it be well done and YOU and what you represent and have achieved be tellingly put into it.....

Again thanks for letting me see the manuscript.

With every good wish,

Cordially
Bill.

(W. H. K. H. H.)

OLD GREEN DRAGON DAYS

with

ANNA HELD.

Chapter I.

"Is this Mrs. Denville? And your son, Madam? I am glad to see you. Let me introduce my friend, Miss Hope."

This was the conventional greeting that Mrs. Denville received, as she alighted from the queer little train that creeps out from San Diego fourteen or fifteen miles, bearing tourists and a few other people who choose to live their lives in the picturesque coast village of La Jolla, California. The words were conventional, but the speaker was Miss Anna Held, one of Southern California's pet celebrities, the Mistress of the Green Dragon Camp.

Mrs. Denville, who was tall, looked up - she had to for the Mistress towered above the crowd. Her costume, - well, it does not in this case make the woman. Her hat was one of those seaside hats from far Panama, Manilla or Samoa, more comfy than handsome; a bandana was tied carelessly about the crown. Her shoulders were covered by a short, blue, military-looking golf cape. Her skirt - well, no matter - it was her voice that fixed them--- deep, sweet, soft and womanly, with the tones of an organ and the delicious accent of a foreign tongue trained

in many languages. Mrs. Denville heard her perverted name enunciated in such a way as to bring back its primitive meaning (d'en ville, of the city), which it had long lost and since forgot. Her eyes, luminous, serious, merry and twinkling, were set deep in a head that at once suggested that of Beethoven.

"And so you have come to La Jolla! That's right.

You will like it! Every person who stays here two weeks likes it! Yes, it iss a dear little place, this La Jolla! There are three places to live in this world, La Jolla and New York and London. But La Jolla first.-- Come, I will show it to you."

Mrs. Denville and her son had come in advance of the family to make arrangements for the winter. La Jolla is bad Spanish for jewel. It is a very suitable name, as the Pacific Ocean, with its various moods and tides, has made the rockbound coast curious and beautiful with caves and waterfalls; it has profiled the rocks into faces of men and animals and jeweled the beaches and waters with dainty shells and shining gold fish.

They all walked down the dusty narrow road from the station, half forgetting that the road was forlorn and unattractive in the sudden view of the Pacific Ocean. There were grandiloquent names posted on very ordinary cottages to the left, names larger than the houses, such as "Washingtonia" and "The Breakers". Being critical tourists, they wondered if all the attractions of this new and dusty little place were over-advertised.

"Now, you come to my Green Dragon," said The Mistress.

How very generous she was to her r's; they rolled lovingly around the root of her tongue.

They entered under an arched gateway with the sign, "Green Dragon" swinging overhead, into The Camp. There was a green lawn with many bright flowers. Here there were tall and gorgeous poinsettias; here was a beautiful pepper tree, and there were tall eucalyptus trees forty and fifty feet high, leafy spires in the blue above. The Mistress, pointing to the tallest, said:

"That one I brought here in my arms, a small bush, seven years ago!" And then they saw the quaint, vine-covered cottage that she had designed and helped to build with her own hands.

"I call this my Green Dragon. I named it for Miss Harraden's story of the Green Dragon. See, Paul, I show you how Shakespeare entered his house. This is a facsimile latch of the one on Anne Hathaway's cottage; see -- and now you enter! You might want to come sometime in as Shakespeare did-- without knocking! See, we take this so and the upper part comes open, and you reach in and turn the old door-knob in the shape of an eagle. See!"

They were shown into a most unique living room, (which also served for dining) and the general aura or character breathed of many a feast of reason and flow of soul. A large and square dining-table stood in the middle of the room; facing it, on two sides, were long wooden settles with high, boarded backs,

embellished with mottoes from The Immortal Bard, befitting the cordial hospitality of the genial hostess. On one is "Eat, drink and be merry" and opposite is "Let good digestion wait on appetite and health on both". Over the fireplace, Mrs. Denville read: "Be happy and you'll be good".

"Oh", she said, "I have always heard the other way."

"No, this iss my way, and it iss so! Look first at my fireplace,--this iss my best fireplace. I love it! I will tell to you the evolution of my camp. First I bought the lots. I came out from San Diego to see them and I sat down on the ground and I said to my friends, "Now! I own half way to China! and no one has ever denied it. I wass so happy," she continued, "at owning property that I built a fence all around it so I might see what wass mine! Then I built my fireplace." And she pointed to it lovingly. "I told my best workman to build it first and then my house around this, and so it wass."

It is a veritable Anne Hathaway chimney, filling almost one side of the room. On the high shelf stand old brass candle-sticks, a queer little Dutch clock (a miniature Grandfather's) and many other delightful things, picked up by friends and sent from all parts of the world. On brass screws in the shelf hang gongs from China and Japan; a quaint brass cow-bell from the Alps; and practical mats- (with "Polly-put-the-kettle-on") for lifting the hot kettles that swing from the old iron crane. (It might have belonged to Anne's Mother, so old it

looks.) And near by stands an old spinning-wheel, not much in use, 'tis true, but then it was bought in The Black Forest by Ellen Terry and, after it had been used in Faust, given to The Mistress by the most beautiful "Margaret" of the nineteenth century. It is inscribed "From your old E.T." On one side of the fireplace is a high, padded settle with the quieting motto, "Peace be unto Thee". A bellows hangs near, to blow the huge logs on the fire-dogs. On the other side of the fireplace is a great sleepy-hollow chair and next this is an ancient mahogany escritoire.

"Mrs. Delarmee told me you had four children," said The Mistress, in a tone suggesting satisfaction, not disappointment nor reproach.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Denville.

"I have six," was the startling announcement. "Come, I show them to you. They are so good. They never give me any trouble."

As Mrs. Denville and Paul started to go through a door by the fireplace to see The Mistress's six children, she stopped them to say:

"This was a window once! I built this room we are in and the one over. I was afraid to sleep below stairs so I had my bedroom built above."

The wide door is draped with fish-net.

"Now you see my music-room and the window is there opposite that used to be here, where the door is now. This

iss my dear Ellen Terry's corner." She pointed. And there the beautiful Ellen Terry looked forth as "Beatrice", "Viola", "Imogen", "Juliet", "Lady Macbeth", "Guinevere", "Portia", "Hermione", "Olivia".

"Here on the desk iss Shakespeare's candlestick (a double one of tin, with tin shades beautifully made and all painted green.) This iss the light by which Shakespeare wrote," and then she added, "Here are my babies!"

In the corner by the window and piano and sitting on tiny chairs were dolls, dolls and dolls, with their miniature trunks and valises conveniently near. "I will tell you about them some time but now come with me and I'll show you where I put you, just the place for you- The Barn- I put you in The Barn." And she gave Mrs. Denville a merry wink and a slap on the back.

Mrs. Denville and Paul were bewildered by the place.

"I wish I had more eyes, I can't see fast enough, there is so much to look at in this room," Mrs. Denville declared.

"Did you efer!" The Mistress laughed. "You will have plenty of time to see, when you come to stay."

So she led them out of the house, from the side which faced the ocean.

"This iss "The Den" of The Green Dragon. It was built first as a bath-house, but I added on until it iss a nice little den and many people have enjoyed it! Count Wachmeister and hiss mother, the Countess, lived in it for several months. The Count,"

she continued, "iss a very fine musician, and hiss Mother iss a Theosophist. She told me she wass a Theosophist and I asked her what that wass, and she told me! And I said, "Why, that iss what I believe and have for years, but I did not know what to call the darn thing! Ach! take care," as Mrs. Denville and Paul started down the steep hill laughing. "You will go on your nose, if you don't take care. Take my arm- so - and then we will go together. You will not find it bad after you get used to it, after awhile; and then it iss good for the liver, climbing iss!" And she gave her irresistible wink.

"Here we come to The Outlook. This iss where Miss Hope lives. She writes articles for newspapers. She has a great name for that. She told me her brother said she would die of articles but I think she will die of something else and then her name will not be Hope either! She has a beau."

The Outlook is another quaint cottage, perched on the side of this steep hill (some one has called it a toboggan slide) overlooking the beauties of the Pacific Ocean. They walked past and The Mistress gave a hearty halloo, which was answered from within.

"Now, this iss The Barn. You come to the upstairs first. That iss the best of living on the side of the hill. Here is my best knocker."

It was an old horse-shoe, rusty and full of nail holes, with a part of a Mexican bridle bit nailed over it. The bit was picked up on the beach, and the horse-shoe too, by the

lady who first occupied The Barn.

"The latch-string hangs out for you," she explained, and pulled the string which lifted the wooden bar that secured the door; the upper half of the door is divided.

"The door comes apart, you see. All my doors are this way. I like it."

They entered a large living-room, with high, arched roof and rafters exposed, with two alcoves at the farther end. The fireplace, opposite the door, was a quaint brick affair, with tiny diamond-paned windows on each side of the chimney.

"This was built first too. I love fireplaces when they don't smoke. Sometime they smoke and I ^{hate} it. I have them fixed though."

The piano stands next. Quaint pieces of furniture, some charming antiques and some sawed out of plain boards, upholstered in denim, are distributed in this ^{high} room, overlooking the blue, blue water. *huge*

"Here you can write, if anywhere," and The Mistress pointed to the smaller alcove where a writing-table stands. "And in this place we will put our little girls," pointing to the larger alcove, with windows all around and about, giving to the sea, as the French would say; and the ocean giving back to the fortunate ones who gaze from The Barn windows a glorious picture, to entrance and to inspire and never to forget.

"See, this is Mr. Denville's room. I built it for myself," saying, as she opened a door, showing a little room

just off the stairway, "You see, Mrs. Denville, I fell in love with a shy little widow, who lives in town, and I told her I would build The Barn and give it to her, and I would come and stay here and rent the rest of the camp. She won't come. And I have courted her for seven years! She will not have it!" And The Mistress shook her great head with a mixture of seriousness and mirth, with an assuring wink. "That iss so! Did you efer! It iss true!"

As they descend the narrow stairway (it has a railing all around, after the manner of boats), Mrs. Denville suggested, "Why this is a house-boat."

"Yes, but no, don't call it a house-boat! It iss my Barn and I love it! You do not mind the name, do you?" And she looked anxiously at Mrs. Denville.

"Oh! no, I think it is well named."

"So do I," The Mistress said, reassured. "I tell you of a lady. She told me she had some friends to come out to La Jolla, and she said: 'Have you some place to put them?' I told her, "Yes". (The Mistress acted it all out.) "I can take care of them. I put them in The Barn! And I could see the lady's nose go up and she sniffed and said: 'O! that would be very nice--but wouldn't there be a smell of horses?' Did you efer! A smell of horses! and I just brought her right down and showed her. She thought it was a stable! I show you the rest of The Barn and you say where we will have the bath."

They went down the gangway stairs into the large room,

which, in one part, was furnished as a kitchen, and in the other as the dining hall; and The Mistress said: "This iss a good corner for the bath-room, and we have a window there, with a curtain you see!"

And The Mistress pointed to a dark corner. Mrs. Denville did not see the window, but she saw an unusually shapely hand, and a very small one, considering The Mistress' gigantic proportions. "Now I will show you The Studio and the old maids that live there!"

They walked down the path to a little cottage, the porch of which was all decorated with curious kelp and seaweed. They were met by some very pleasant ladies, who showed them through the place. Artistic hangings and casts were on the wall. Ellen Terry was there too. She is everywhere over the Camp! She was so interested in Miss Held's Green Dragon that she sent out dozens of books for it, a chafing dish and no end of pretty think-me-ons.

"Is the beautiful Ellen Terry The Fairy Godmother of the Camp?" asked Mrs. Denville.

"She iss, she does! Ah! that iss so! I tell you all about it sometime, when you come again. But now we will go and take a peep at the caves and then we go back. 'Twill be time for the train to carry you away."

They walked around what is called Gold Fish Point, where they saw beautiful shining gold-fish; and from there also they saw the entrance to the caves, where the sea water is as

blue as blueing.

"Oh! Mrs. Denville, this iss the only fear I have, that the children will fall in!" And she took the tragic pose. "We will not let them fall in, no!" And she put her arms around Mrs. Denville giving her a reassuring hug and adding: "It iss so very dangerous and there have been some sad but foolish accidents! The boyss will be careful?" And she nodded her head at Paul.

Mrs. Denville and her son were charmed with the Camp, and, after a hurried goodbye from the fascinating Mistress, they passed out of the gate, determined to accept the invitation they saw on the inner side of the swinging sign as they went out, "Come again".

Chapter II.

"Now we will have a pleasant afternoon. We will play solitaire. Here iss your pack of cards and these are my very best cards," taking a most dilapidated pack out of a skull, on the book-shelf at one side of the room.

"This iss my best pack. No one efer touches them but me!" It was interesting to watch her beautiful hands fondly shuffling the cards. A piece of a card fell out and she carefully restored it, saying: "That iss the better half of my ten of hearts. These hearts have become divorced, but I join them again with paste. Oh! It iss three o'clock and I must have my coffee. Always I have coffee at three or I am cross!" And she beamed upon Mrs. Denville. "We will have it together. We will not wait for The Lady of Moody Castle. She will be here soon, (she should be here now) and then we will all play solitaire and be very gay!"

"Who is The Lady of Moody Castle, Miss Held?" Mrs. Denville asked.

"She is a young woman who lives at Coronado, in a queer place they call Moody Castle--but you wait, I go into the kitchen and make our coffee."

The Mistress disappeared into the little kitchen and Mrs. Denville wandered into the music room, enjoying the society of the smiles and thoughts of the pictured faces of The Past and The Present and the borrowed thoughts of Great Authors, burned into the beams and rafters. Hanging over the vine-covered

"Connaitre Anna Held c'est connaitre beaucoup." (To know Anna Held is to know much), which Mrs. Denville and all her other friends verify. Then sweetest of all, "Auf Weidersehen."

Mrs. Denville was recalled from the dream state, as the little room emanated upon her its aura of soulful harmonies, by the cheery voice of The Mistress.

"Come now, we will have our kaffe klatch! We will not wait for The Lady of Moody Castle. She has a cold and she hasn't."

"What do you mean, Miss Held?"

"Oh! She has a dreadful cold, but she says she hasn't. She is a Christian Scientist, Divine Truth, Home of Truth and lots of other things and so forth! But our coffee will get cold! And so come, I show you where we will get our bone, here in Mother Hubbard's cupboard." And she opened a long, narrow door into which had been burned the immortal words, "Old Mother Hubbard went to The Cupboard." The Mistress took out the bone: some delectable cake, a sugar bowl and silver spoons, quaint, queer and fascinating. They sat down on a window seat, under the broad, diamond-paned window, overlooking the blue ocean. Above this window is inscribed: "East or West, Home is best"; and swinging from the middle is an old iron lamp, with a ruby shade.

"We will now play our solitaire."

They went back to the dining-table, and The Mistress began shuffling the cards, again carefully seeing that both pieces of the ten of hearts were there.

"This pack iss very old, and, if you belief in microbes, I suppose it iss full of my own microbes and it will not matter. So I keep them to myself. Always, I wet my thumb to make the cards come."

"Well, if there are microbes, they are of health, I think, in your case," Mrs. Denville laughingly affirmed.

"Yess, that iss true! You read for me now, you said you would, physchometry. Iss that what you call it? What shall I give you -- don't play cards -- my purse?-- Yes, here it iss!" And she handed Mrs. Denville a handsome silver purse with a guard chain, a splendid gift from some loving friend.

"Tell me what future you get for me, while I play my solitaire," and she started. "There it is, five in the corner! What iss my future?" (Placing the cards industriously, all the time.)

"I do not get future," Mrs. Denville replied, laughed and then continued: "What a mischievous little girl you were."

"Yess, I wass both, a little girl and mischievous," The Mistress admitted.

"I see you with your Mother on--"

"That's right, she nefer dared leave me at home, or else she heard many thingss about me, when she returned."

"You had several boy beaux, when you were a little girl--"

"Oh! yess, I had, the boys liked me, and they do still!" And she gave a merry wink and shrugged her shoulders, and then

seriously: "Five in the corner- I cannot remember with what I began, unless I say it aloud! Five in the corner! There were eleven of us and we kept our father and mother quite busy, especially our mother. My brother, who was ten or eleven months older than I was, was a great mischief. We came that way, hardly a year between us! When I was about ten years old and my brother eleven, just about the ages of Lucita and Suzanne, your little girls, we had for a Christmas present a leier-kasten, hand organ or grind organ, you call it, and it was fine! I can see myself now, with that big leier-kasten! We got the oldest things we could find. I had a kind of wrapper and tore great strips out of it, and tied a string around my waist. And my brother was a bundle of rags, too! And we tied old red handkerchiefs over our heads, like Italians, you know! We had a camp-stool, too--Oh! such fun we had!" Her eyes twinkled merrily. "I should like to do that now, you know, take a piano in a cart or wagon and get good musicians and go about, dressed up queer! Well, to return to my subject, my brother and I went into the courts, you know, at Berlin, where the tall apartment buildings are. I carried the camp-stool and my brother the leier-kasten; and he played and I caught the money, tied up in strings or paper and thrown at me from the windows. We had over fifteen thalers, and we were not from home over two hours. Then we did not know what to do with the money. We had plenty and we were afraid our parents would not like it; so we gave it to poor people that we--"

"Miss Huld! Miss Huld!" called a deep guttural voice.

"Yess, Awlbut, I come," then to Mrs. Denville, "You must excuse me, I have to go and show him what to do with my Den."

She went out the kitchen way, saying, "Five in the corner, don't forget it for me. I will, I know."

The latch of the front door raised and some one came in, "as Shakespeare did," without knocking. A tall, handsome woman entered, The Lady of Moody Castle.

The two women exchanged greetings. The Lady of Moody Castle asked for Miss Held.

"She was called out, to attend to something at The Den," Mrs. Denville said. "I was reading psychically for her, but--"

"Oh, yess, Mrs. Denville was reading for me, and I have been telling her of some of my childhood- she recalled it to me! As she says, I was a bad child! Excuse me, I must ask you for some money, out of my purse." She helped herself and started out again.

"I am afraid my reading will not amount to much, the interruptions I have--"

"Miss Huld," cried out the voice again.

"I'm coming," shouted The Mistress.

"Vigitibles! Cibbigie! Lawlagnie! Tomatosie! Gleen glabasio!" Chinaman Charley stood in the kitchen door.

"Oh! There are those consummated asses! They will give me nerf^{ou} prostrations! Come along you two and enjoy the fun. They are two consummated asses!"

The Lady of Moody Castle and Mrs. Denville followed.

"She calls me that very pretty name and now she calls these--"

"Well you told me some one was called that, and I liked it."

"I told you consummate, and you say consummated," laughed the lady.

"Yess, that iss my way--it iss a nice, long word; and, as it iss a d-- bad habit to swear, so I say consummated!" And she made a grimace.

The little Chinaman was outside, jumping about, saying: "Hello! How-did-do! You want some buyee? I gottee nice flute!" And enumerated his wares again, chuckling all the time, as if he had solved the problem of being and life was joy to his soul.

"Mees Huld," interrupted the Sweete, ignoring the claim of the Celestial, "I haf noo cum, to know what udder else you haf for me to do."

"Wait a moment, Awlburt, until I buy something from Charlie, or he will have a fit!" She gave the ladies a wink.

The China-boy finished with Miss Held and turned persuasively to Mrs. Denville. "You wantee come buyee? No, you won't buyee? I go papa, he buyee! Papa heap nice a man. I go papa!" Then shouting "Goo-bye! Goo-bye! Cum again Flyday."

he drove his fat horse down the road.

"Now, Awlburt, I want you to go down to The Barn, and get Mrs. Denville's coffin. You said you did not want it, Mrs. Denville."

"Certainly, Miss Held."

"I will take my coffin, mine is in the tent, Awlburt, and your coffin, Mrs. Denville," The Mistress musingly said.

The gentleman from Sweden, the "Nord of Sweden", looking perplexed but pleasant, with a full set of square teeth very large and visible, remarked:

"Hawnh? Miss Huld?"

"You are perfectly welcome to mine, Miss Held. Albert, it is down by the dining-room porch," Mrs. Denville laughed.

"Y-e-e-ss," soothed The Mistress. "You don't like yours, to have it right there! And I hate mine and I will have a fine wardrobe for my clothes made! Yess, it can be done. I show you how."

The Swede still looked bewildered.

"Oh! Those box-beds- bring to The Wigwam, and we fix them there."

"Oh-oh-oo," and the man plunged down the hill.

"The stoopid," muttered The Mistress and she imitated his broad, vacant smile, turning her eyes noseward.

"And his wife just adores him.- Yes, she does, Mrs. Denville." And they went back into the dining-room and seated themselves about the table.

The Lady of Moody Castle found a pack of cards tucked away on the book shelf.

"Now, we return to our muttons," announced The Mistress.

"Well," said Mrs. Denville, "my reading has been somewhat disturbed. I should like to have told you about your three boy beaux."

"Oh! Yes, I remember them! I know them! And the three big bouquets I had from them, when I wass confirmed. (We did that in our church too, the Lootheran.) And I did not know which to carry!"

For a moment, she looked as if she were dreaming of her past, then she shook her head sadly and murmured, "Five in the corner, I will nefer make this now."

"Oh, Miss Held, that wasn't right! Pardon me, you made a mistake," Mrs. Denville corrected.

"Oh! Yess, I will pardon you, but I did not make a mistake. That iss the way I play, that iss my way!" And she paused a minute, to beam sweetly on Mrs. Denville.

"Mrs. Denville, you are wasting time if you think you can show Miss Held solitaire. She plays her own way and she and The Professor have the greatest arguments." The Lady of Moody Castle laughed.

"Who is The Professor? May I ask!" Mrs. Denville said.

"Yess, of course, you can ask. He iss only a German Professor. A fine artist, too, and a nice man, only he iss so conceited about his solitaire and I like mine best, and so we--"

"Quarrel as children would," The Lady of Moody Castle

interrupted.

"He lives in the funny little shack, up over the caves you know, but is in Los Angeles now."

"Miss Hald," from outside.

"Oh! there come our coffins and I must see about them--"

"It is late and I must go to The Barn. You must tell me of your life sometime, won't you?"

"Yess, indeed! if you care to know,"

"Auf Wiedersehen."

"Auf Wiedersehen," called back Miss Held. "Auf Wiedersehen," she repeated. Ah! this great woman, with her sweet child's heart and man's mind, her love for little children illuminating her life and dominating her past. She is no type. She is an individual. She has a talent for friendship, for building houses! She is a genius!

Chapter III.

Next morning, Mrs. Denville and the little girls, climbed the hill to see The Mistress of The Green Dragon.

"Do you want to know how I came to America? Sit down and I will tell you. You will be bored! No? When I was very young, I had a little sister of whom I was very fond, and I wanted to do for her the very best and so I studied Froebel's Method of Kindergarten. I took a course of instruction in the seminary of nurses at Berlin, also upon Froebel's plan. I then went to a conservatoire of music, where I met a young American woman, who was married and had two children. I fell in love with her. The time came for her to return home and she very much wanted two nurses to go to America. She asked me to find her some one from the nurses' school. I tried but could get no one to go. I had always liked America, when I studied about it as a child, and thought sometime I would go. So, I said then, I would go. My parents did not want me to do so. My father said, No. He was wealthy and he wanted me to stay at home. But I begged and they finally consented to my coming. Well, I came over with her. Before I started, however, our family physician in Berlin came to see me. He had known me since I was a little girl and he said, 'Anna, here iss a letter to a very dear friend of mine. If you ever need a friend, go to him. He is a prominent physician in New York.' We arrived in New York and lived in a handsome, brown stone house. Everything was luxurious about it.

I had those babies to myself! My meals were served to me in my apartments. I saw no one. I was driven out in a handsome brougham every day to The Park, with my babies. I did not put my foot to the ground. Everywhere and at all times I was alone with my babies! I was there six months. I was very young then. I was lonely. I longed to see people! What do you think they paid me, my salary? Guess, and then I tell you!"

Some one hazarded, "Twenty-five."

Lucita guessed, "Fifty"; Suzanne squeezed up on Miss Held's lap, said "A Hundred"; and Mrs. Denville ventured "Fifteen".

"Wrong! wrong! you are all wrong," frowned Miss Held. "They gave me the munificent sum of four dollars, four dollars a month." And her eyes twinkled merrily.

"Now," she said, "it did not matter. I had plenty of clothes and everything I wanted, only I was lonely! So one day, going to Central Park, I said to the driver, you drive down this street, between this Avenue and that, and I tell him where. I had my letter and I saw the number and the house, where my friend's friend lived. That afternoon I said to the lady, I am going out this afternoon. I will go to see- and I mentioned the name of the prominent physician. And she said to me, 'Are you sick? I will go with you.' I told her, 'I will go alone. I am not sick. I will go to see him and his wife. They are Germans and I haf a vissit.' She looked much disturbed. She was afraid for me to see any one, even the servants, fearing I might find out that the regular salary for nurses was twenty-

five dollars then."

X "I had a vissit and, when I told them what a prisoner I wass, they wanted me to come to them and stay but I told them I wanted another position; and they said they knew of some one and they made an engagement for me to meet them at their house, the next week. I went and everything seemed so nice! I wass to have under-nurses and one hundred dollars a month! And they would take me to Europe every year, to see my mother. Then they said, "There iss just one thing you must promise. You must not kiss the children.' I said, No! I will not promise! I would tell a lie and teach the children to deceive you. I will kiss those children and, if I cannot, I will go back to my babies. I can love them all I want! They then explained to me they were trying me, as they had fifty-four applicants and I wass the first one they felt they could trust."

"I went to live with them and became very fond of them and their children. The little boy asked his papa to have me stuffed when I died, so he could have me always. I went to his wedding not long ago, in Italy, and I told his bride she must reserve a place in her drawing-room for me, as her husband wanted me stuffed when I died."

"Well, I stayed with them for seferal years---"

"Here they come! Those tourists!" And many people came through the gate and The Mistress went forward. She met them, in her kindly way, and showed them around. When she finally came back, she said:

"These tourists- they take my whole time! One morning, there came twenty-one to my house, and they were eferywhere and asking all sorts of questions! A friend wass in that chair" (Pointing to the big sleepy-hollow, for they had gone back into The Green Dragon.) "She wass peeling potatoes, with her hands glistening with jewels. They looked all around and asked questions about everybody and everything. And Ramona (I said, pointing to my friend), this iss my cook! And there iss Ramona's daughter (a Mexican girl, my servant) in the kitchen. Come, Ramona's daughter, and tell these people about Ramona and yourself. And the stoopid ass said: 'I have never read the book and I don't know anything about her!' They then went to the fire-place and looked carefully at the 'Polly-put-the-kettle-on,' and said: 'I suppose this iss something very rare and old!' And I said: Oh! no, that iss only a holder made by a friend to lift hot kettles. Any fool can make that! One of the women turned to me and said: 'Thiss iss a private house and I am afraid I interrupt you.' 'You do.' I said. 'You are the twenty-first person today, but no matter---' Well, where did I leave off? Oh! that's right, Mrs. Denville. I went next to take care of three boys in Ireland. Their father and mother were going to India but the boys had to stay at home and I was to be a mother to them. Well, those boyss just loved me! They were fine children! They used to say their prayersss at my knee. One of them used to say, 'Dear Lord, make me a big man right away. I want to marry Miss Held.' The next morning he wass fery much disappointed to

X find he wass the same little fellow and he grumbled ofer it. And I said, Oh! you must not want to be a big man until you learn more! You would have no sense and I could not marry a fool! So that night he said: 'Oh! Lord, keep my Miss Held young until I grow up, so I can marry her.' And he says he thinks the Lord heard that prayer."

"Well, there we had a beautiful life. The grandfather and mother of the boys and the aunt and the uncle! And there wass a young man. (I told you his name once.) Such charming times we used to have, -horseback rides!" And she shook her Beeth-oven head reminiscently.

"You were fond of this young man, weren't you?" asked Mrs. Denville.

"Yess, I wass," and "he was fond of me!"

"Why did you not marry him? Will you please tell me?" Mrs. Denville felt very bold.

"Yess, I will," was the prompt reply.

"I am afraid you did not love him."

X "Perhaps not." I have nefer married and he has nefer married. It wass a charming life there, though-- But the aunt wass taken sick and her father and mother took her to Dublin. I wass sympathetic and her illness distressed me and I thought I wass sick, too. So I told them I must leave them and go to London and so it wass. I knew Miss Emily Faithful, the writer. She wass the only person I knew, in all of London. So I went to her and asked her to take me to the very best physician she knew and

she did. I told him I knew that I was sick and I wanted him to tell me the truth. If I was going to die I would go to my parents in Germany; but, if he thought I would live, I would go to America, to take charge of a Normal School and a Kindergarten. The physician was very thorough in his examination and then he laughed at me and told me I might go to America, or anywhere else in the world I wished to. And so it was! I then came over again. My father had failed and I had to make my living in earnest, then. They had been trying for a long time to get me, over two years, so I consented, and 'twas there I first taught Kindergarten and I give you a circular that was sent me, years after. It will tell and we won't have to talk so much about my virtues." And she shook her head and smiled. "Kindergartens were new then and this reads now like ancient history."

"A DAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN OF FRAULEIN HELD.

at Nashua, N. H.

It was my lot a week or two ago to pass a day in Nashua, N.H., on a visit to a friend and, while there, I improved the time by visiting a real Froebel Kindergarten, a thing which I had long desired to do.

The foremost educators of the country have given their sanction to Froebel's method for the education of very little children and, although the Kindergarten is well known by name, it is still quite seldom that one has the opportunity in this country to see the ideas of the great German educational reformer exemplified by a well-trained and thoroughly competent Kindergarten. Many schools have adopted the name without any knowledge of the system and their teachers, who have neither natural capacity, acquired culture, nor proper training, are liable to do more harm than

good and bring into disrepute the name which Froebel chose, as most expressive of his idea - Child's Garden - a garden where little children are the plants to be trained and nourished under the care of a faithful gardener.

We found Miss Held in a spacious room, sunny and cheerful, the floor neatly carpeted, the walls adorned with plants and vines and pleasant pictures of happy children, and located in the central portion of the city. She was surrounded by eighteen or twenty little children, between the ages of three and seven, sitting at low tables, the tops of which are marked off into square inches. - In their midst sat Miss Held, thoroughly mistress of the situation, and the impersonation of good sense and good humor combined. Kind, helpful, earnest, patient, and devoted to her work, she quickly wins the love and confidence of the children, even the most shy, and they all seemed to know that in her they had a very dear friend.

When we entered, the children were engaged in forming a pretty star-shaped figure upon the tables in front of them, with plain, colored tablets, cut into squares and triangles. In this work they were guided by Miss Held, who told them where to place each piece. Each produced the same figure differing in color. Each was then told to produce such a figure as they might choose, using all the pieces, and the result was truly wonderful, in the beauty and variety of the different combinations. This is the method with all the occupations: first, the little ones are led, then they are allowed to go alone. Then came some very simple and easy exercises in drawing upon slates, marked off in squares like the blackboard, from which they copied their work. Then all made such pictures as pleased them best. In all their work, they had the sympathy and encouragement of Miss Held, praising when it was done well, and helping on those who needed assistance.

After this occupation was concluded, folding doors were opened into a room still larger, also sunny and bright, and the children marched in, to the music of a pretty song, in which all joined. There, for half an hour, a series of games were played, uniting singing, simple gymnastics, and sport, to the intense delight of the participants, and the by no means slight enjoyment of the lookers-on. These games all have a meaning and an object, and are arranged with a view to the harmonious and healthy growth of the child's mental, moral and

physical nature.

After a short lunch the occupations were resumed. When they first gathered around the tables, it seemed not unlike the assembling together of quite a number of ladies at a tea party, the conversation was so brisk and sociable; but, in three or four minutes, each child was intently engaged sewing in and out with colored worsteds. It was not like a school; there was no repression, no enforced silence, no fears of the raw hide nor the teacher's frown, no books, no punishments. It was rather like a cheerful workshop where each was absorbed in his work, not as a disagreeable task, but rather as a delightful occupation. Strict silence was by no means enjoined and if, after a few minutes of employment, a happy thought occurred to any little worker, he was encouraged to speak it out and, when any one was pleased, he was allowed to laugh. While the rest were at work, it occurred to one bright-eyed little fellow that he would like to recite a verse; leave was granted and we undoubtedly got the benefit of his last exercise at the Sunday-school; A little girl followed with a verse that was evidently original and none the less interesting for that; and then one volunteered a song. The charming innocence and unconscious simplicity displayed in their little interludes were fascinating. There was apparently no thought of showing off, nothing got up beforehand for the occasion; but they were spontaneous outbursts of happy child natures, mingled with an evident desire to do something that would meet with the approval of their friend, Miss Held. Still the work went on and the beginning of very pretty designs was wrought out. The children seemed happy, but not boisterous, attentive to their play-work but not stunned into stupid apathy. It was order and such order as seemed the outgrowth of the individual will of each child. And yet they had only been together two or three months, at the longest, and most of them a much shorter time. How such order could be brought out of the chaos that must have existed on the first day is a mystery which one could hope to solve, only after frequent and prolonged visits.

The occupations are varied every day and we only regret that our stay was too short to permit us to see the "Building", "Weaving", "Folding", "Peas Work", "Modelling in Clay" and other works which they do.

We visited the garden where each little one had his separate bed, in which he could hoe and dig and watch the growth of his products to his heart's con-

tent. The spot was embowered in vines and several varieties of flowers, yet remained unharmed by the early frosts. One little fellow raised quite a supply of squashes and beets; and still another had obtained a wonderful growth of tomatoes. A real garden is considered quite essential to this system of education and no Kindergarten is considered complete without one.

Froebel thought education should begin at the first moment of conscious intelligence in the mother's arms; he established schools for the training of nurses; and invented the Kindergarten as a bridge between the nursery and the school. It is not intended to supplant the primary school but rather to prepare the child for it; and it is the unanimous testimony of the most accomplished instructors that those who have had the longest training in the Kindergarten make the most rapid and satisfactory progress in the school.

This Kindergarten, the first established in New Hampshire, owes its origin to the active exertions of Henry B. Atherton, Esq., who has interested the people in the matter, collected the pupils, and assumed the entire pecuniary responsibility of its management. This he has done, in the first instance, that his own children might have the advantage of such instruction; and again, from his study of Froebel's educational ideas, becoming convinced that this is the only ration plan of primary education, he thinks the surest and speediest way to secure its general adoption is to demonstrate its usefulness and necessity by the actual working of a well conducted Kindergarten. The practical illustration of the "new education" thus afforded, is better than volumes of mere theoretical discussion. He has been peculiarly fortunate in securing the co-operation of Fraulein Anna Held, who is an accomplished Kindergarten-ner. A native of Berlin, she graduated at the best young ladies' school in that city and, having become interested in Froebel's method of education, she went through a course of instruction in the seminary for nurses, established at Berlin upon Froebel's plan by Lina Morgenstern. Subsequently, she attended the Kindergarten Normal school in the same city, where she passed the examination and received her diploma after a year's course of study.- Miss Held has travelled extensively in Great Britain and on the continent, and speaks with ease both Italian and French, as well as English. She is earnestly devoted to her profession and heartily fond of little children. Being an accomplished musician, she is able to give valuable instruction in music to the little ones. We noticed that they sang several simple German songs

with as much readiness and apparent enjoyment as they did those in their mother-tongue.

The Kindergarten develops a capacity for quick and clear perception of form, size, color and sound; it trains all the senses, gives skill to the fingers, health to the body, cheerfulness to the mind, trains the moral faculties and is a primary school for design, where the artistic tendencies of the child are cherished and cultivated, so as materially to increase the means for his future usefulness and happiness. None of his faculties are allowed to die out through disuse.

I believe this day's visit to a Kindergarten in the heart of New England has given me a clue to the secret of the progress and power of that great European nation, which by the skillful training and thorough education of its soldiers, its men and its mothers, has been enable to set a watch upon the Rhine, to foil the power of ignorance and to take a foremost stand among the powers of Christendom.

G. L. A."

"It was here, too, that the little girl cried because I was so ugly! When I arrived, I was to stay at the man's house, who sent for me; and he and his wife called their little girl and said, 'Come and see Miss Held.' She peeped at me and then ran behind the door and cried; and her parents said to her, 'Why do you cry?' She said, 'Oh! she is so ugly!' She expected to see a beautiful princess, they talked of me so much! The little dear!"

Lucita rushed to the side of her big friend, exclaiming, "How could she! Oh, my beautiful Miss Held!"

Suzanne was indignant. "We think you are lovely, dear Miss Held; and my Brother says you have a grand head! My Mother calls you Beethoven."

"Yess, my darlings, you think so because you love me! And the little girl learned to love me too and she did not mind. I am glad my children admire me!" And she made an awful face as she asked, "Am I not pretty?"

Both little girls besieged her again and laughingly said: "Oh! no, not that way - be your own sweet self."

"Did you efer! These dear children! They do love me, Mrs. Denville, already."

"Indeed they do! You captured all of us that first night, down at The Barn."

"Well, we return: I sent for my little sister and had her go to Kindergarten. She called me Miss Held, as the other children did and she learn to speak English very soon. When we taught them verses - the children - I had my little sister learn hers in German and she did not like it. She said to her little playmate, 'Oh! your mother allows you to learn yours in your own language and my Miss Held makes me learn mine in old German.'

"It wass there I had some fun," she continued. "The man wass what you call hypo, hypoed, that's it! And he was always taking medicine and they (the medicine) stayed in one place; so I took his box and threw the pills away and made some to look like what he wass taking of bread. And he took them all and told his wife he must tell the doctor that his last prescription had done him more good than anything he had efer given him! I wass dreadful and silly! But it wass there I could not make both ends meet and I had an opportunity to go to Gen. Palmer's

family in the West. So I sent my little sister back to Germany and I went West to the Rockies, to Glen Eyrie. Gen. Palmer once owned The Garden of The Gods! What do you think of that?"

The Mistress paused here. Mrs. Denville called the children, who were out on the lawn, reminding them it was time to go down the hill to The Barn and prepare luncheon. (One has to eat at La Jolla!) So, with a promise from The Mistress that the story would be continued, they began their chorus of Auf Wiedersehen.

Chapter IV.

"Good morning, Mrs. Denville! Ah! isn't it dreadful? There are those children in bathing alone!"

Mrs. Denville's four were to be seen down on the bathing beach and recognized from the back porch of The Green Dragon.

"Oh! it frightens me so, doesn't it you? Our four children!" And she looked searchingly at Mrs. Denville.

"No, I am not afraid," answered the proud mother. "The boys swim well and they will take care of their sisters. So I came to you."

"That's right. Well, come in, I will not look at them. Where were we? Oh! yes, at Glen Eyrie. I loved that place and love it still. My room iss there, just as it wass, always! When I first came to them, they had one child, a little girl, and another little one wass on the way, coming to gladden the world. I wass so happy! I love a baby more than anything and I said, This iss to be my baby! I shall take care of it night and day! And so it wass. Her little clothes were in my dressing-case, and she slept with me in my room, in the beautiful cradle I had prepared for her. I wass so occupied with my baby, I sent for one of my sisters to help me teach Elsa. Two came out and one stayed at The Springs, with a family there. After my sisters came from Germany, we three made up our minds we would have our parents and our little sister with us. So we rented such a dear, little house, the rooms all opening outside on a beautiful flower garden! We furnished it all, so nice! We even had a little

German maid from Glen Eyrie, so my parents would feel at home. The table was set and the little maid had dinner all ready to serve, when the dear father and mother and my little sister arrived! Eeverything was ready--the General even had a beautiful shepherd dog tied by the house to be theirs and to care for them. Well, everything was lovely, but my parents arrived one day and the lady, my sister, the nurses, the doctor, and I, with my baby, left the next day in a private car! There was to come another little stranger! The mother was unhappy that she was to come so soon but I was not! I told her, give it to me, the baby! That was what I loved. I would care for the little one. So we went to England and the dear child has never quite forgiven that she was not at Glen Eyrie born. After awhile we came back to Colorado and my parents were so happy! We, my sisters and the lady thought we would make our mother a surprise. And so we went to Denver and bought a Chickering grand piano. It was taken to Glen Eyrie and our dear friend, the lady, rented it and paid us a generous sum, and soon by Christmas it was all paid for! My parents spent Christmas at Glen Eyrie and we gave it to them there,-- and she was so happy - the dear mother - she was a musician and well taught. Her mother was brought up at court, at the court of William the First! And my father, too, such a beautiful voice he had! They could have both made a fortune on the stage. They should have gone on, when my father failed in business. Did I tell you what my babies called my parents? I must tell you: Papa Helden and Mutter Helden and so did all of us.

One day there was a great commotion in the little town of Colorado Springs (it was not so big as it is now), and a friend rode out to Glen Eyrie and said some one must come in,-- my father and mother were in the streets, wringing their hands and the big tears rolling down their cheeks! Some one must have died, he said! So we hurried in and found that it was their dear dog had died and they could not be comforted."

"What was the dog's name, Miss Held?" Mrs. Denville inquired.

"Oh! it was Tom. I named everything and everybody that name. Yes, always I love that name!"

"After a while we went back again to London. At this time, everybody was talking of the old Kaiser Wilhelm's death and his son, 'Unser Fritz', being Emperor. Little Dorothy had a German nurse and she used to talk a great deal about Germany and the Emperors and that sort of thing to Dorothy. I never did. I don't care much for that you know. I love this country. Well, one day the lady and I started for a walk and Dorothy ran off from her nurse (Milo was her name) and took my hand and said: 'I go with you Tanta,' and so she came, the dear child!" The Mistress' eyes looked very soft. "I was not paying attention to Dorothy, for her mother and I were much interested in talking about a house she was to rent, and the little thing ran along by my side. We passed some street musicians. You know how they sing in the streets? And the song was a hymn, I think, about the Saviour and Jesus. Dorothy said: 'Listen Tanta, hear them!

They are crying for bread and money.' 'Yess, darling,' I said, not listening very well. 'Tanta, my Milo says that God nefer dies.' 'Yess, dear. God nefer diess,' I answered. 'Does Jesus live always with God?' she asked. 'Yess, darling,' I said again. 'Poor Jesus, I am so sorry for poor Jesus!' 'Why! darling?' I said, wondtering what she couldt mean. 'If God never dies, Jesus can nefer be on the throne!' she mournfully replied. That iss Mr. Irving's best story! I wish you could hear him tell it, Mrs. Denville, he does it so much better than I do. He just loves it. The dear Dorothy!

"Here are my children, Mrs. Denville," and she pointed to a framed picture on the wall, of three little girls. "They are grown now but always they are my children. We came back to New York, a short time after this. It wass there I first met Miss Terry. We were in a box. The play was Twelfth Night and Miss Terry, of course, wass 'Viola'. A friend of hers wass with us in the box and soon Miss Terry beckoned to her from the flies, of course, behind the scenes, to this friend, to come to her. And so she took me. I did not love Miss Terry at first sight, 'twass more pity! She had a dreadful cold and she wass shivering and I felt I should be with her and have a shawl to cover her shoulders - a maid would not!- Then I saw her next day at luncheon and many times after that. She was a friend of my friends, too.

Well, now we go back to Glen Eyrie. And there the General built for me a school-house and I had a dear little Kindergarten. We had to look around for children enough. We had

the laundress' little girl and the gardner's children and the little boy at the lodge."

"Oh!" interrupted Mrs. Denville, "I think I have given him a nickel or dime, as I remember a small boy opening the gate!"

"That's right! Did you efer! Perhaps!" replied The Mistress.

"The children had for this Christmas a pony and cart,- a dear little pony but a queer little beast. He would not go. He would not budge a step, unless he followed a beautiful white horse of the General's. And always I had to have a groom to ride this white horse and then the pony would go! Eferly afternoon I would take one of the children with me to The Springs, to spend the whole afternoon with my parents. And we there would have coffee and sweet cakes - /pfeffer-kuchen!- It was there the children loved to hear my dear mother play on her beloved piano. My father wouldt sing for them. They would tell them fairy tales and funny stories, how my little sister once had an accident. She had the misfortune to spill a plate of jam or preserfes - she looked at my mother and then looked down and then said: 'Oh, Mother, see the Lord put his hand out and caught it all on the apron! And I am so glad!' Sometimes would come tales of Tanta's misdoings from both of my parents, much to the delight of my babies. One story I remember well. My brother, the one I told you of before, I loved to play with him and wass always with him, except when my mother had a friendt and she had a little girl, that wass tiresome to me and eferly week they would

come! Her mother would come and take coffee with my mother and play duets together and enjoy themselves! And the child I had to make happy. She was a noo-sance. So my brother and I planned to fix her. 'Twas dreadful, Mrs. Denville. I waited near the door, so I could be first before the servant, and I opened the door wide and smiled pleasantly and said: Oh! how do you do! Come right in. We are glad to see you. My sister has scarlet fever! And I wish you could have seen her back, Mrs. Denville, as she tore down those steps, dragging that child, and getting out of sight as fast as their legs could carry them! How my brother and I enjoyed it! My Mother would say, 'I wonder what has become of my friend, Mrs. Blank,'- and she said it several times in the month that followed. Finally she said, 'I go and see.' Then I had to tell her and she was much distressed. She did not spank me. She should have spanked me, Mrs. Denville, but she didn't. She only said, 'The Lord may punish you, Anna, and give you scarlet fever,' but He didn't. My mother made me to the woman go and say I was sorry I told a lie. The children, my babies, thought Tanta had much improved since a little child. Well, then, Oh! yess, about this time we gave at our Kindergarten a party, a Mother Goose party, and we sang the songs you have now, out of that same little book you have at The Barn, that Mrs. Rowan sang for us when she was here, you remember? Well, the children were dressed in costume. I made a little boy of my little Marjorie, she was Little Boy Blue. And Dorothy was Red Riding Hood! And Elsa was Bo-Peep. You see the pictures here." And they referred to

the fat photograph album again, filled with the photographs of her best friends. There was a sweet picture of The Mistress and a little child in her arms.

"How sweet this is," Mrs. Denville said. "You had on your best frock there."

"Yess, it iss! The General had the picture with him once when he wass in Mexico and there wass a humpback Mexican on the streets who copied the people as they passed in terra cotta. And the General gave him this little picture to copy and didn't he do it well? See the fine embroidery! Isn't it nice?"

Miss Held's word "nice" means much and she says n-i-c-e-e, slowly and emphatically.

"We travelled this way and that and it iss hard where I wass, to remember some time."

Chapter V.

The Mistress had been to San Diego for her weekly supplies. She usually went in on Tuesday and came back Thursday, bringing with her "my little friend, Frieda", who played the violin and whom she accompanied on the piano.

This was Wednesday. She had returned earlier than usual. Mrs. Denville heard her merry voice, "Here I am back again! This iss my youngest! See, Mr. Denville," (speaking to the gentleman, who was seated on the porch) "I brought you some more blankets to keep you warm! And I got a nice beefsteak in town and I send it."

She toiled down the steep hill, with a huge bundle of blankets under one arm and a colorless little Swede baby pressed up close to her, under the other.

Mr. Denville thanked her for the blankets and steak and began to admire the baby.

"Yess, he iss lovely! Issn't he? It iss so nice of Amanda, the washerwoman, to have him for me! I squeeess him to death!"

The baby strongly resembled his imperturbable papa. His equanimity was quite undisturbed.

"I am dead! That place just kills me! The people run after me so, they are so kind! Yess, darling! You sweet thing!" (This to the placid baby.) "See my baby!" Miss Held turned to one of her admiring colony, a lady passing The Barn.

"You had better not say that, Miss Held," the lady suggested.

"Why not? He iss mine."

"Well, I met Amanda with the baby up by The Green Dragon, the other day, and I thought I would be pleasant so I said 'Oh! here is Miss Held's baby!' 'It iss not,' Amanda contradicted. 'It iss mine and Awlburt's!' I felt squelched."

Miss Held shouted and squeezed the baby and said: "Well, I guess I return her property but isn't he good? He refer says a word or a cry. I came most to tell you we have a concert to-night at The Barn for Mr. Denville. He can not come above stairss to The Green Dragon, so we come Mahommed to the Mountain. Mr. Denville iss the mountain but you don't look it," turning to Mr. Denville. Then, tucking her baby under her arm, she started on the climb, stopping at the different cottages as she went up to give a cheery greeting of love to all of her colony, for she says, "Love iss eferverything! God iss love."

"I am coming up, after a while with my pencil," Mrs. Denville called out to her."

"Come on, right away, and I talk you blind!"

"You never do!"

"I will thiss time!"

Mrs. Denville hurriedly joined her "above stairss".

"Come now, Miss Held, and tell me of your life with Miss Terry."

"Pretty soon we get there but we will be going too fast!"

We will be ahead of my life," declared The Mistress, with her motto "Truth" ever in mind.

"But something might happen to call me away and I do so want to hear of Miss Terry from you especially. A short time after we were married, Mr. Denville took me to Philadelphia to see Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, in 'Much Ado About Nothing', and it has been a red letter night of my life."

"So you hurry me on from my children, do you?" And she smiled teasingly at Mrs. Denville.

"We had gone back to England and were staying at such a beautiful old place, 'The Moat', it was called! Its four walls are broadly girdled by running water. And we saw a great deal of Miss Terry while there. Gordon Craig, then a very small and lovely boy, came down with his mother sometimes. Once he tied a safety-pin to a string and caught fish from the dining-room window. See" (pointing to an etching on the wall of the famous moated manor-house), "from that very window! And there was a wicked-looking oubliette, just outside the drawing-room door! Oh, everything was centuries old at Ightham Moat! One day we were to go in to London to a luncheon, when there came some misunderstandings! So I went to London and the lady did not. We thought it better that I should stay in London! And so it wass," The Mistress added.

"You always remind me of Genesis. 'So it wass' sounds so very final."

"Yes, that's right! Well, I went to a handsome apart-

ment house, where some friends lived. I did not know any other place. It was crowded, but with my friends' assistance, I procured a small room. And then I went to the theater, to the matinee, Macbeth! Miss Terry made me stay after and we had tea together, in her own room at the theater, and then I stayed for the play at night. Miss Terry wanted I should go home with her and I told her No! I would go to my own little room. She told her maid to pack up some things and she told me she would go home with me to stay! And I said, I am afraid you will not be comfortable. But she said she would and she did for a week! And every night we went to the theater and came back and slept in my little room. And Miss Terry said she would continue to come until I would go to her own beautiful home. I was poor, Mrs. Denville, but I was proud and I told her I must make my living and help support my old father and mother. Miss Terry said she needed me and we would come go on a vacation to Switzerland and around. And so it was!" The Mistress gave her little wink at Mrs. Denville, for the termination of her sentence came involuntarily.

"Well, we went away together and had such a beautiful time! When we were in Paris, I talked of my dear children and how I missed my darlings! Miss Terry told me, 'I could not adopt a baby for you, but come, we will buy one!' And we went to a store and she bought Olive and gave her to me and we named her 'Olive', because she looked like Miss Terry's little niece. She is a beautiful doll! And her hair is Ellen Terry's own beautiful hair.

Miss Terry said she couldn't bear to have me leave her but I needed a salary and I did not want it from her, as she had so many to care for. So she arranged. She wrote to Mr. Irving and it was decided that I was to be a super - just a super, Mrs. Denville! And that is all I was. But I could be with Miss Terry all the time."

Well, when we left Paris, we went to Heidelberg to put Miss Terry's children to school. Then we went up into the mountains of The Black Forest, and there they had never seen English-speaking people and we were such curiosities! It was there we learned to spin. You see my dear old spinning wheel? 'From your old friend E.T.' is on it. She bought it there in The Black Forest.

We went back to London, after a time, and it was there I made my appearance as super. The play was "Macbeth". I was the Lady-in-Waiting and Miss Terry was "Lady Macbeth". I will show you our pictures. You know Sargent's great portrait of Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth? With ropes of pearls braided into the long plaits of her hair? When she was too busy to pose for the portrait, I posed. Our clothes fit each other those days! And here is a piece of one of Miss Terry's dresses she wore as Lady Macbeth. Olive has a dress of it. She too has others made of the dresses Miss Terry wore as "Juliet" and as "Fance Oldfield". Her cloak was made of a piece of the one Henry Irving wore as "Hamlet".

One night I remember, we were having this play. Mr.

Irving had some trouble with his throat and his understudy took his place. Mr. Irving was in front and when he came behind the scenes he told Miss Terry, 'Your friend Nannie only stands and throws devotional glances at you, in the most tragic parts.' That is what I did. It was in the most tragic part, when Duncan died, I believe, and I should have been scared in the play! But I wasn't. I just stood and threw devotional glances at her." Then she continued, "I still sorrowed for my children and so, one day, my friend presented me with a ring, one she had, a handsome sapphire and two diamonds. She had the diamonds taken out and the two little teeth--the first of my children, Dorothy and Elsa, see!" And she showed Mrs. Denville this quaint remembrance, with the sapphire in the center and the two little teeth on either side. When the children heard of this ring--the dear little Marjorie had lost her first teeth whilst I was gone and they had been thrown away, so she, herself, saved a big double tooth and sent it to me with a little letter saying, 'Dear Tanta, please wear this for me.' And the double teeth are ugly, you know."

"Oh! dear," Mrs. Denville said, "I shall have to leave you!" Loud cries of 'Mama' from the little girls and the boys' own private call wafted up the hill, with "Luncheon! Luncheon, Mama!"

"She is coming! Don't hurry so, your mother is not starving," The Mistress said to Paul, as he appeared breathless at the top of the hill.

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"She iss coming! Don't hurry so, your mother is not starving," The Mistress said to Paul, as he appeared breathless at the top of the hill.

"Papa wants Mama, Miss Held. He says she is always with you; and he has broiled a lobster-(Mama calls it Cray-fish)-for her and wants her to come and eat it while it is hot."

"Did you efer! What a nice man! I will come too. Go, quick, Mrs. Denville, and enjoy it and we will have Ellen Terry come again." Then to Paul, who said:

"Come on, Miss Held."

"Oh, I can't come. You know I am my own cook. And for my old woman in The Den I must find something to eat. Tillie iss no good as a cook." She said this rather disgustedly.

"Tillie iss all out of fix thiss morning. She goess around like a chicken without a head. And I shriek my lungs out to her, and yet she hears me not. You see, poor girl, she iss so deaf and her letters come not and it makes her unhappy. So I went myself to the post office and say: 'How iss this? Tillie efery Wednesday she gets a letter and efery Wednesday she does not now get it? How iss it, I say, there iss no letter in The Green Dragon box for Tillie?' And he asked me her name, the stoopid. And then he found one."

She smiled, triumphantly.

"Now, I suppose," she added, "she iss mooning over it somewhere. Tillie! Tillie-e" (shouting at the top of her voice). "We have our concert at The Barn this evening, Mrs. Denville," as the Denville family processioned down the hill.

Chapter VI.

That night, at about half past seven, all the Denvilles were awaiting their guests for "The Concert." A bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The flames were leaping and chasing each other around the manzanita logs and the crackling defiance, which the stout and knotty, queer-shaped roots gave, seemed quite human. The flames however soared triumphantly and filled one side of the lofty room with light. High up, in the middle of the room, ^{among} ~~hung~~ the old iron swinging lamp, dim and artistic rather than useful. An improvised piano-lamp stood near the piano and all about the room were lighted lamps and candles. The "Old Maids", and ladies who lived in The Studio, had arrived with their fashionable fish-net occupation and Paul and Tom helped in placing the nets on hooks or nails in the beams of The Barn. The making of fish-net was one of the industries of the Green Dragon Camp.

It was a black night outside. The great ocean thundered away, pounding and beating against the cliff, as if hopeful that the next wave would surely reach The Barn and wreck it.

Inside The Barn it was cozy and comfortable.

Merry voices were heard at last, voices of those coming down the steep hill, jostling one another and laughing in the heavy fog. They carried lanterns, curious ones, that might have been used in the wild adventures of "The Gentleman of France", or in the romances of A. L. S.

"Well, here are the Mohammeds come to The mountain, Mr. Denville! And you are the mountain!"

"Am I!" Mr. Denville laughed. "Well, I am glad you got down safely. Rather dangerous to come down that hill on such a night!"

"Not a bit of it, when you know it as well as I do! And we had all our lanterns. We made a procession. But who saw us? Let me introduce you all and make you happy. And then you'll be good!"

(The Mistress introduced her friends from town to her friends of the Camp. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rowan of San Diego were among those there and so were Miss Frieda Foote and Miss Hope from The Outlook.)

"This iss Mr. Rowan, Mr. Denville. And Mrs. Denville, Mrs. Rowan. You know she hass been here before, at The Den.-- What a nice fire! How nice, it doesn't smoke - the chimney! Sometimes it does and then I hate it. It gives me a nervous prostration.." Everyone seemed happy at once and at ease.

"Now we will begin our concert. Mr. and Mrs. Rowan come out always to have a rest, when they come to The Green Dragon Camp. And to rest from singing, as they do so much of that at home! But always I make them for me sing and they do! They make no excuses: 'The room iss too small, the ceiling iss low, the piano isn't good'- and all such things that others say."

"But we could not say that about this room, Miss Held," Mrs. Rowan interrupted.

"Oh! you cute thing, you could if you tried! But come and we open the concert with 'Rosarie', my favorite."

Mrs. Rowan immediately went to the piano and sang in her individually sweet way, as a happy bird might sing.

"Oh! I love that but we must have an encore! We have such things here - we must - This iss my one dissipation- and extravagance. My concert I must have!"

"I will sing again, Miss Held, after a while. What comes next on your programme?"

"Well, we let you off for a while. Frieda and I will give some instrumental."

She opened a book and, from her "devotional glances" at her music book, it was her treasure. Bits of music were pasted in, mostly German songs without words.

For some time and, in a very satisfactory way, Miss Held and Frieda, a young girl of sixteen, played together bits from Chopin, Mendelsohn, Beethoven and Rubenstein.

"We give our encores and pieces together. This iss our way, Frieda's and mine."

"It is Miss Held's way," laughed Frieda. "We always start with the same piece and go straight through or she is not happy."

"That iss true! It iss my way and I love it." The Beethoven head, with its deep-set twinkling eyes, nodded emphatically.

"Come now, Mrs. Rowan, and give us 'I Haf no Home'." Mr. Rowan is busy smoking with Mr. Denville. We will make him sing later."

Mrs. Rowan sang the old English ballad that her mother had taught her. She had arranged the music herself.

When she had finished, Miss Held got up and patted her on the back and said:

"Oh! you cute thing! That is lovely! Isn't it, Mrs. Denville?"

"Yes, and so sad!"

"Yes, but that iss no matter if there come tears! It iss all the better. We can have joy after."

Miss Held and Frieda played again, bits of old German music this time. Finally, Miss Held stopped abruptly and said:

"I play my solo and you guess what it iss. Don't laugh or you will not hear; it iss something you all know! Efery child in the United States."

Miss Held turned to the piano and began to touch the keys gently and with a very profound expression on her changeable face. The selection was slow, solemn and not quite familiar.

"Is it Home Sweet Home?" Mr. Denville asked.

"No! it iss not." Miss Held shook her head and played on.

"Sounds like a funeral march," said The Old Maids.

"Wrong again," said the triumphant Mistress.

"My Country 'tis of Thee," "Star Spangled Banner" and many other guesses were made.

"Miss Hope and Mrs. Rowan know, so they can't guess. Well, give it up? Shall I tell?" And she turned again to the piano and played the same measure in faster time. Everyone

laughed and sang "Yankoe Doodle Came to Town."

"Now, Mr. Rowan, it iss time for you. Come, Tommy, and sing." And she left the piano stool.

"You keep your seat, Tanta, for you must play for me if I sing."

"Oh! I can't do so well as your wife."

"You must, Tanta." And so The Mistress yielded.

"What shall it be, a love song? You do so well! Here it iss"- (turning the pages of the book, where a small piece of music was pasted in), 'How Can I Leave Thee'. Mr. Denville likes it and we play it! It iss his concert."

"Frieda, you play too. We have not the words but Tommy has them in his head."

"How Can I Leave Thee," And, as Mr. Rowan gallantly and dramatically put his arm about Miss Held's broad shoulders, her glasses, never too firm upon her shapely nose, tumbled off. The Music stopped, with applause.

"Stop your nonsense and sing in earnest. It iss a shame! There now! we begin."

"Mr. Rowan sang and the old song was sweet and true, as old songs ever should be, and the beautiful voice made the rafters echo.

"That wass nice," said The Mistress delightedly. "Sing just a little more and then we go home."

Then Miss Held asked each individual guest to sing or do something. "Well, if you won't sing, you must play or we go

home. But we all, together, we sing." And so, she playing the accompaniment, they sang "Die Wacht Am Rhein", "Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner". The Mistress of the Green Dragon Camp was at her happiest.

Ah! two of the nicest guests must not go unrecorded. Sitting in a chair together, were two of Miss Held's children, "Mother Hubbard" and "Georgie Birkel". They had been spending a week with the small Denville girls and Miss Held enjoyed seeing them there in the audience.

"It will be time to bring my children home tomorrow," turning to Lucita and Susie. "Have they been good? I am glad but they must be careful not to stay too long. They might wear their welcome out."

"May we bring them home tomorrow, Miss Held?"

"All right and I read to you. And be sure and don't forget their valises and all their luggage and then we have our morning visit."

"You will be too busy, won't you. They had better wait until you are alone?" Mrs. Denville was unwilling to bother.

"Don't say that, Mrs. Denville. Let my children come and we have our hour together. Nefer keep them from me. I am nefer too busy! Good night, darlings!" And she kissed them both, affectionately.

All the old-time lanterns were re-lit and the friendly good nights were all said.

Mr. Denville, The Mountain, thanked all the Mahometi,

for his concert.

"Oh! we come again, next Wednesday, may be," Miss Held volunteered. She and her retinue were then only black silhouettes in the cold, white fog.

"We hope you will," said The Barn people. "We shall be waiting, with our lamps all trimmed and burning."

"If I have not by that time a nervous prostration," called back The Mistress, as with her guests she disappeared into the clouds of pearly sea-mist.

Chapter VII.

"Tell me, Miss Held," Mrs. Denville asked, "how can you be content to tuck yourself away in this little hole." La Jolla also may mean The Hole, as well as The Jewel.

"And after the charming life you have led, all over the world," Mrs. Denville continued, "and the charming friends you have everywhere - I do wonder -"

"Did you efer!" And The Mistress assumed a childlike surprise. "Oh! I like it and it isn't forefer I stay here! I go again sometime and people come to me always. They are coming efery day and, when they do not, there come their letters to me! When I first came out here from San Diego, it was only for Saturday and Sunday. My friends would sometime come with me, always some one to stay with me, and we cooked our meals right here in front of the fireplace and on this old crane!-- You know Beatrice Harraden and I used to come out here together first. And we two together planned this house and named it - see, over there, under the staircase - you see what Miss Harraden wrote. It was some time after, though, she did that!"

From under the staircase, Mrs. Denville read aloud:

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?

Yea, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth!"

Miss Held continued:

"'Twass here Miss Harraden wrote why she named her first book 'Ships That Pass in The Night'. I will show it to

you. People worried her so with letters, asking her why she called it that, and so she wrote this," handing an explanatory newspaper clipping to Mrs. Denville, and sitting down to her fish net. She always keeps a quantity of fish net on hand, wound around the back of a little Mexican chair.

"What a cute little rush-bottomed chair," exclaimed Mrs. Denville.

"Yess, and it iss convenient for my fish net. It wass a present from The Lady of Moody Castle, made by a Mexican prisoner at Mnsenada. I do this," motioning to her fish net with her shuttle, "and sell it to the tourists. This and my dolls eferybody wants."

"Not these in the corner, your six children?" asked Mrs. Denville.

"Oh! no," The Mistress replied, with emphasis. "Those are mine. I would not sell them for anything! Once I tried to sell Jack but I will tell that some other time. It was of the celluloid dolls I spoke. Mrs. Strong brings them to me from Paris every year and I dress them and sell them. I just love to do it! I make a trousseau for each one. Look at Olive, there is her trunk! Olive is getting so old now that we have to be a little careful of her. Eferybody looks at her things," as Mrs. Denville hesitated. (Dolls can have such entrancing outfits, it seems. Wee bath-tubs and hot-water-bags and lorgnettes and brushes and combs and gloves and jewelry and goloshes and furs and vanity-cases and sweaters.) Olive had everything. Her

opera cloak was made from a piece of the cloak Irving wore as Hamlet. She had real hair, that once had been Ellen Terry's very own. Olive was always being borrowed and adored. She spent much time with Mme. Modjeska, at Arden.

"One day, Count Wachmeister was in here (the music room) and he was sitting on the piano stool and some of those society girls in San Diego were out here and were showing him Olive's things. And I thought he was not interested, so I just took him by the shoulders and turned him around to the piano and I said, 'Play now, give us some music!' I did not know whether he could play or not but he did! Oh! my! such music! one does not hear often!"

Beethoven's picture hung on the wall and Beethoven's facsimile sat by the latticed window, making fish net.

"You should make music. Everything about you proclaims music and harmony. You are extremely like Beethoven in appearance! May be you are the reincarnation of Beethoven?"

"But I cannot play," interrupted The Mistress. "Everything I do on the piano is hard work and, if I was ever Beethoven, I wish he could remember himself - his music I don't - I may have been a man in a former incarnation - yes? But I don't remember. Do you? And her Beethoven locks were rearranged by a toss of her head.

"No," replied Mrs. Denville. "To me, it is a horrible thought that I have to return to this earth again, in another body, to stumble and to plod along, only to do it all over again.

I don't mind the number of times I have lived before but it is only of the future! And when I have so expressed myself to theosophists, they always smile rather sarcastically and say: 'You have not reached perfection, you know. Yes, of course, you will have to be reincarnated, until you do.' Of course I never claimed perfection."

"Oh course you did not. That iss not your way," The Mistress said reassuringly. "But what earnest people theosophists appear to be! The Countess lectured here once on Theosophy. She used The Barn and the lecture wass very interesting. She wanted Fisher's Opera House in town but the Point Loma theosophists rent that by the year and they would not allow her to have it. They are different in their faith or had some misunderstandings and so agree to disagree."

"There are many very beautiful thoughts and explanations of life given in theosophy," Mrs. Denville said.

"Yess, that iss true. It iss grand if you live up to it, the principles. You see there," pointing to the ceiling. Mr. Ledbetter wrote their motto for me, 'There is no religion higher than truth.'"

"Yes, but to find that truth - there's the rub."

"That iss so, it iss as occult as the rest of it. 'To die, to sleep!- and we don't know any more than poor Hamlet did!' And The Mistress beamed radiantly upon Mrs. Denville, as though the problems of this life were not troubling her at all.

"Now, I put away my fish net." And she wound it care-

fully around the back of the little chair.

"I am going to tell your fortune - come - you have told mine."

"Not much of it," laughed Mrs. Denville. "We were so interrupted that afternoon."

"Yes, that is usual. I have the way to tell fortunes all written down. Mrs. Rowan's ^{own} mother gave it to me. Shuffle these cards and I do it for you."

They went out into the living-room and sat down at the long board. Miss Held took her 'Hamlet Chair' and Mrs. Denville sat down on the bench that, for a decoration, bore the quotation, 'Eat, drink and be merry', not dreaming The Mistress would soon finish the end of the sentence for her. Mrs. Denville shuffled the cards.

"Think always as you shuffle of what you want in this world. "Cut the cards three times and give them to me." That is what you say, you know, at the fortune teller's." The Mistress enjoyed her role. "Now, we begin," wetting her thumb to make the cards come.

"Oh! what is this?" Wait, I look again!" And she carefully read the instructions aloud.

"When this card," pointing to one on the table, "comes next to this, it means death. Yes, there it is! Mrs. Denville, you are near to death. You are going to die. You don't mind, do you?" (Very sympathetically.) "May be you aren't, but that is what Mrs. Rowan's Mother says. May be I don't know

how - to do it - you know. I try some other time - that iss not a good beginning."

"It is rather more of an end, isn't it?" Mrs. Denville asked smiling.

"That iss true" The Mistress agreed sadly and then, looking at Mrs. Denville, she added: "You don't mind, do you? You don't appear to. That iss right! Come, we do something else we do better."

The Mistress put the cards away on the shelf and said, "What shall we do?"

"Tell me of a concert here in The Green Dragon. We had one in The Barn, you know, your great extravagance."

Mrs. Denville smiled at The Mistress and started to say something wise about extravagance.

"Well, it iss so, always I must have my music!"

"I will write of it - that is, if I - if your fortune does not come true."

"Oh! forget always that I said that, won't you? It gives me a nervous prostration," squeezing Mrs. Denville's hand and patting her reassuringly.

"I promise. I will forget if you will begin."

"There now, that's right, and I begin- but where? We have had so much music here, many concerts, fine musicians. When I first gave musicales, I hung a placard in the post office: Come to a musical at The Green Dragon. Everybody welcome. Everybody was invited and everybody came. La Jolla then was a

a tiny place."

There was an interruption. Then The Mistress returned to Mrs. Denville.

"But we return to our muttons. Eferybody was invited and everybody came. These rooms were filled, crowded! And they sat always on the stairs, up to the very top, and in the little bedroom there, and on the porches. But the cutest of all" (and she rubbed her pretty white hands together in great enjoyment) "wass to see the millionaress and the donkey man! They sat together on that settle, that old-fashioned settle in that room there, the one you admire, you know. Yess, there they sat together, listening to our music. Oh! I did so enjoy that! It wass beautiful! Lovely! Everybody equal and harmonious! I love it!! God iss Love and it should be that way." (The Mistress shock her head and her face beamed with the memory.) "But now I don't so much have it that way any more. Always I have my Wednesday night concert. I must have that you know, but we do not have the time now, and it wass not always convenient, and so I have just for my Green Dragon Camp. Of course if they want to come from the village, they do. They are welcome." (During the years to come, Miss Held's Green Dragon was to hear David Bispham, The Kneisel Quartette, Max Heinrich, Charles Wakefield Cadman, Carrie Jacobs Bond and many other lights of the great world of music.)

"But the donkey man, is he the one who calls you 'Auntie Held'?"

"Auntie Held? Ha ha! The idiot! Yess, but that iss

only when he is drunk. He is a very nice man," The Mistress added magnanimously.

"I must go now, back to The Barn, or I think I will have a summons. I must forestall them."

"You will, and there it iss," as a merry halloo came up the hill.

"Always they want you! It iss with me that way in town. I go to rest and there they are after me! And there iss one who worries me to death; she telephones and telephones, this place and that. 'Hello, hello, iss this Miss Held? Where iss she?' And so on. She does not love me, Mrs. Denville. If she did, as my friends do, it would be well, but she doesn't- she doesn't! Mrs. Denville, she just runs after me because I am the fashion!!" And the sweet, big, childlike woman looked so disgusted that Mrs. Denville exploded with peals of laughter, in which The Mistress joined, and then as her friend hurried down the hill, she called, "They give me a nerfuss prostration- these people!"

Chapter VIII.

These were turbulent times with the old, western ocean. It rolled and groaned and growled, as it pounded the cliffs below. It sighed and cried with the wind. Then suddenly there would come a lull, a calm, as if to let one remember its paradoxical name, The Pacific. Then it would lash the cliffs so savagely that The Barn would tremble. The white-capped waves would dash so high, away up on the roadway and, just below her swinging bed, that Mrs. Denville would think as it fell, what a drenching rain! She would open the sliding window and put her head out into the black night, see the stars winking, as if at the thought of how she was fooled! There, over to the north, was The Great Dipper. Always there, up so high, poor old bear! She must be very sad by this time, Mrs. Denville thought, hanging by her tail, and never allowed the pleasure of a dabble in the surf, to soothe her poor aching paws. She could not do as the other stars could, all because Juno did not like her! It was very dreadful, to be turned into a bear, after having been a beautiful woman, and to be so far separated from her offspring! Mrs. Denville sighed. Jove has much to account for and the lady rubbed her nose, as she sleepily recalled an accident of the night, just before she went to bed. She had pulled down a heavy lamp, swinging from the rafter above. Instead of breaking her head, it had hurt her nose. One cannot be tragic with a nose in plasters, so, while she was sipping her coffee next morning, Mrs. Denville airily told her family of her comical but solitary experience.

But the little girls rushed "abov stairs)" to tell their dear Miss Held, and then down they pounced like a cat and her kittens. The Mistress was quite overcome. She kissed the spot to make it well and she hugged Mrs. Denville, pillows and all, and said with great emotion:

"That old lamp might haf killed you, you dear woman! And- And- What about that fortune I told you yesterday? That was it! And I thank the Lord He let you be only near death- that iss enough!- It giv^g me a nerv^ous prostration!" She gathered Mrs. Denville and the pillows up again in harms, and was rocking her soothingly, when suddenly she gave a loud shriek.

"All right, I come. Well, if you want me so awful bad, come here!!"

Mrs. Denville covered her ears and laughingly tried to pull away from the emphatic Mistress, but she would not let her go.

"Nefer mind, I hold you! That iss the way with thesse people, they nefer gif^g me five minutes to myself."

"But who is this you have invited into my parlor?"

"Yess," said The Mistress, "Your parlor- a gentleman--"

"But also my bedroom," put in Mrs. Denville.

"Yess, your bedroom, too."

"And I in bed," expostulated Mrs. Denville.

"Yess, but it iss only the husband of 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight'. You haf heard that?- Eferybody has. Come! Excuse me, I cover your head this way. He has to see how your bed iss hung on these chains, as mine also is to be this way done. I for-

got entirely to tell you the Delarmees come today, bag and baggage, and I to my Wigwam have to hie me! Come on in," she called as someone knocked, "and see the bed swinging so as to fix mine over my bath tub just so. Nefer mind, it iss nothing but pillows," as the man stopped half way in the room. "A good soft bed. See, I poke it," and with that she gave Mrs. Denville a punch, all the time holding the bedclothes over her head.

"They are very lively feathers! See, they move convulsively," for Mrs. Denville was shaking with laughter.

The "best workman" came in, very timidly.

"Come on in. What iss the matter? I have had my breakfast. I won't eat you! Why cannot you gif me five minutes to myself? Always you come hollowing 'Miss Held'".

"Why? Because I am working for you by the hour," the man said conclusively and slowly.

"Well! what does that matter to you, if I pay you for my five minutes to myself?"

The man just laughed and said:

"All right, have all the time you want but now I'll go and fix the bed." And he went out.

"Now dear friend," and she turned to Mrs. Denville and rocked her as before. "I hope I haf not quite smother you, and God bless you! I am so thankful you are alive! I shall haf that man put the lamp up again with a stout wire, nefer to endanger your life again, nefer. I must go. Come to my Wigwam soon, that iss where I liff now. Good bye," and she followed the husband of "Cur-

few Shall Not Ring Tonight."

The Delarmees arrived bag and baggage and three kittens. Mrs. Delarmee said the three kittens had caused more disturbance than anything else, but they arrived safely and helped to swell the already large number of pets in this community. Suzanne had also brought a kitten.

The Mistress said: "Now we have so many cat guests, I shall have to try and give my poor Buttons away again. Dear Buttons! I just love him but he sometimes is not always welcome to my Colony. And so then I give him away. Yess, often, I have done that. I gave him to the travelling grocer,- he iss queer and deaf and a bachelor! And so iss Buttons! Ah! there he iss, the darling!" And she sat down and the big grey cat jumped up into her hospitable lap,- The Mistress petting and caressing him and telling him lovingly, she "wouldn't have to give him to Charley, the Chinaman", who lived two miles from The Green Dragon.

"Buttons! He iss fast asleep and we are not in Europe yet! I believe that iss where we belong at this time, Mrs. Denville."

"No, The Green Dragon is where The Mistress belongs."

"Oh - ah - don't you like this little place?" The Mistress said in a disappointed way. You will like it better when I fix it more."

"I like it now very much. It is dear and queer as you are, but The Green Dragon is bigger and more becoming to you."

"I suppose it iss," she admitted thoughtfully, "but then,

you know I must have my income from it. Eberybody wants it. I have had three letters today saying: 'Have The Green Dragon ready for me. I come as soon as you telegraph me.'

"What are you going to do?"

"What shall I do - write them it iss taken - they must think I grow Green Dragons around this place! I don't. They might become dancherous," and she gave her merry wink, "but come, I show you the beauties of this place! Come, we pass through without looking and then we come again with explanations."

They had been sitting in the uttermost parts of the quaint little shack, but then without "explanations".

"You see, this iss the porch. It iss a trifle low but I stoop this way and then I get ir."

The tall figure had to stoop a great deal, to get into the little porch.

"You see I have removed the wardrobe made from our coffins and used them this time to fix my bath tub under my bed. It iss so convenient now. I just roll out and chain up the bed and roll into the bath! You saw it?"

"Yes, but where did this come from? I have not seen this before," pointing to a broad, high back rustic bench.

"Oh! yes, that came from town this morning. I saw it at the depot and I wass in a hurry and just glanced at it and thought to myself, that's nice, looks just like me! I must have it. And sure enough, it was on its way to me, from Mr. Ingle's with a tag on it. 'For Miss Held. God measure's compliments.' What a nice

man!"

"I think it is a fine gift."

"But the giver is good to give me the gift. I buy things from him, hardware to build my houses with and it breaks me all up. But now I am going to stop, not one thing more will I build! I did want to build Olive a little house all myself and now I have taken her window for my boudoir. See the dear little diamond-paned window. I had to use it for this." And they looked in a small place with a stationary washstand. This pretty little window is to give light. Miss Held had almost to squeeze herself to get in but she was satisfied. She likes small things.

"Now I have my bath tub and washstand but I wait for water. Too bad, isn't it? All of these conveniences without water for which I had to pay. But we will now stop our grumblings and go on with our story."

"We lived in London, Ellen Terry and I. And of course there were many other plays. And we had our vacations in the Lodge Winchelsea, a lovely old place, and there entertained many celebrities. Doctor Dodgson ('Lewis Carroll') came for a visit and brought the real Alice. Such a nice man! You can imagine, from his 'Alice in Wonderland' and 'Through The Looking Glass'. Then came many others. My stage name was Miss Low. And even now, when I meet some of the stage people, they call me Miss Low. Miss Terry used to call me 'Lo-the-poor-Indian'. She said I looked like an Indian. Oh! that iss nothing," as Mrs. Denville protested, "I had lots of names. That man from Chicago, that was just here, I took him to

see The Barn. Why, when I asked him to come into my Wigwan, he said: 'Yess, you know you look like "Oom Paul" and thiss house iss like a kopje.'

"Oh! horrors," Mrs. Denville exclaimed. "How could he?"

"No matter! I said, Do I? That's good! I am glad you like my looks so well. He iss a good man, if he iss not a beauty, and so am I."

"Oh! no you aren't!" Mrs. Denville said.

"What! am I not good? Who told you so?"

"No that you are not good, for that you are! But you are not a man, not this time. But I resent heartily that man's remark. Think of that old, ugly Dutch face, with the scrubbing-brush all around it!" Mrs. Denville was very indignant.

"Ha! ha!" laughed The Mistress. One sometimes fishes and catches big oness. Thank you, my friend, you have not heard all of my complimentary names nor ^{had} you seen all my hats. One time, to continue on our way, we were going over to Germany and, before we started--oh, come right in, Mrs. Delarmee. I wass just telling Mrs. Denville of one time." And she put her hands behind her back, as if she were going to recite. Then she said, "Oh, come, let us go outside where it iss so pleasant, and I tell you there. Miss Terry decided I should have a new hat and one she would select herself. And she took me to the swellest place in London and made me pay a big price for it. Miss Terry did not always like my hats and I wass just telling Mrs. Denville, Mrs. Delarmee, that she had not seen all of my hats! I must show them to you, sometime, and I have a

photo of them, all in a row."

"I have seen several that I think unique."

"Oh! well, I have one that is embroidered in rags and I
had been offered five dollars for that. I wouldn't take it." She
hesitated a moment and then resumed. "But this other hat was
fine, much too fine for me, but I wore it and we used to walk along
the street, this way, - Mr. Irving and Edy Craig (Miss Terry's
daughter) in front and Miss Terry and I behind and everybody looked
at us. And I thought it was my hat and I could not stand it, so I
sold that hat to Edy, for a mere song, and they stared just as much
as ever---"

The Mistress acted out the walk. She took Mrs. Delarmee's
arm and motioned to Mrs. Denville to march on in front. She did not
know whether to impersonate the immortal Irving or Miss Terry's
daughter, Edy. However, it was entirely satisfactory to The Mistress.

That was all for that day, as a troop of girls came into the
yard calling "Miss Held! Miss Held!"

Chapter IX.

How busy every one was at La Jolla at this time. Thanksgiving was near. Mrs. Delarmee was so absorbed in the preparation of her Thanksgiving feast that she was seldom to be seen and The Green Dragon appeared to be hibernating, without the usual winter accompaniment. The dear Mistress was not there to make its rafters ring with her warmhearted sallies. She had many duties to call her to San Diego. During her absence the ^{tourists} colonists were lonesome and the fogs seemed thicker and colder. The children were busy with different sports and the never-failing amusement of "shell-combing" as the enterprise of gathering sea shells was called by the absorbed grown-up people. Then there was the daily bathing in the surf. "The boyss", Paul and Tom and Don Delarmee were building a canoe out of canvas. Don had procured from their army stores an old tent. The lumber was from everywhere. It was hard work and it took some time to finish it. In the meantime, Mrs. Denville's down-hill front-door and surroundings were filled with sticks, shavings, paint and canvas; and, whenever Mrs. Denville would request a policing of the premises, the boys would insist that boat-building was just the thing to be there by The Barn, it was "so effective" and attracted so much attention! All the tourists stopped and exclaimed, "How artistic! Ship builders must live there!" And then they would come closer and ask everything that could be asked. The boys were always betting on the next question and who would have to answer. They vowed they were going to nail up a sign, "All questions answered politely and courteously, twenty-five cents a half dozen. Money paid in advance.

N.B. We do not keep matches to lend. No more than twelve tourists allowed in The Barn for water at a time."

The boys were very busy, on a very important part of the canoe, and all heads were down, when they heard a loud voice behind them. "Little boy! Little boy! I say, where are the fish?"

"Right out there, in the water," Paul answered, pointing over toward the ocean.

The ocean was having a frolic that morning, and preferred to make all the noise.

"I can't hear you; what did you say?" (Still looking over the fence.)

"We just put them out in the water. They appear to be happier there than on land," Don said very politely, with a winning smile.

"But them gold fish what they tell about in here" (pointing to her book and still looking down and around as if she would see them on the ground.

"We keep them out there in the water! They live on land, you know, but I think they must be taking a bath," gravely added the innocent-looking Don. This was too much for the other boys and they stopped work to laugh.

"The idiot! the consummated ass!! The fool!! Why! didn't she askeshe asked you where the ocean wass? Tell me some more to call her, some more names to call such a mortification to her sex, and how do you suppose such creaturess trafel? Oh! my!- But, Hello boys! What have we here? I have forgot to make the compliments of

the day, so disgusted was I." The Mistress had returned.

"A canoe."

"Oh! my!! how dangerous! You won't use it, will you? Just hang it on a hickory limb, etc." And she gave her confidential wink.

"Indeed we will," all the boys answered in chorus.

"It is to be named 'The Anna Held'", said Tom.

X "For me? Fine! But you painted it white. It must have green on it, when it is named for me. Come up and I give some green paint. I have it always on hand. It is better to have that color outside than in, but maybe I have it both ways. Ha! ha! I laugh at my own joke. Where is your mother? I have for her come, to have five minutes to myself. In The Outlook we go."

"Here I am, Miss Held. I have been listening."

"Did you hear that idiot ask where the fish were?"

X "Yes, but - that isn't so bad! This morning I was disturbed by a loud, continuous knock at the lower door, and when I got there I saw a very serious-looking woman. She asked me sternly 'When does the sun rise here?'"

"I was rather surprised and suppose I showed my confusion.

X "About half-past five or six, I suppose." "Nonsense!" she said, "I live in San Diego and we always eat our breakfast by lamplight. It is never up at that time of day." I felt squelched and told her I had a bad habit of sleeping late and - and then she interrupted me in a very severe manner and said 'Well, can you tell me if the sun shines into your house or does it come to this house over the

way? It is a very important matter about this sun.' I had always been told in books and otherwise that the sun remained in the sky, as we call it, and that the rays were generously distributed to all. I had more to say but she interrupted again: 'There's one thing more I have to say (and her tone was ominous). Do these houses leak? I wish you to tell me the truth.' 'I have not been here during the rainy season, and don't know, but go ask Miss Held.'"

"She won't be likely to tell."

Miss Held fairly made the welkin ring. "Where iss she? I tell her. Of course they leak. I have them that way built. It iss 'an outing' here and I give them all the outside I can! Of course if it pours in, I do the best I can, and always I have it fixed the best possible way. 'Ald that sun!' I should rather say it iss rather a matter of life and death! Oh! I know, it must be the friend of that poor woman who has~~s~~ the consumption, I think. She goes~~s~~ about from one place to another and iss refused and I too have to refuse her shelter because, alas! if I do it, it spoils~~s~~ the house for others! Such sorrow! Such a blight! Always people ask that question first, last and all time. Poor people! but I cannot in justice to my Green Dragon Camp allow them to enter in." The noble governor of a province fifty feet broad, and one hundred and fifty more or less long, linked her arm within Mrs. Denville's and started on the upward climb to The Outlook.

"We will go in here together and see what iss to be done. Some people from town are coming to take it and I must have it sweet and clean. Awlbart must wash the windows."

It is veritabily an outlook. Two sides of the room were nearly all windows, with a view of the sea and sky that was entrancing. The inner walls were attractive with their draperies of fish-net and dried kelp sea moss. Plaster casts hung here and there.

"And here is one of the sweetest pictures of your great friend," said Mrs. Denville.

"Yess, you love Miss Terry from afar and I love her as heart to heart. A different point of view. Ebery Sunday morning I read my letter from her and she reads mine to her, no matter where we are from each other - we so manage it." And The Mistress grew so thoughtful again that Mrs. Denville knew that history was coming.

"I wass with Miss Terry for ofer two years and the life was quite trying. Up late ebery night and besides I had many cares. I wass her secretary besides and of course I could do that for her so well because I wass with her so close."

"It wass to thiss one I sent five pounds and to another a refusal or an acceptance of an invitation - help always to so many! She always helped women. She had a letter come one day from a woman and she said she had a husband very ill and I sent her ten pounds. Then another letter came soon and said he had died and that she wass in great sorrow and trouble and wass about to be a mother. And Miss Terry had me again send ten pounds. And then soon after another came saying she, the woman, had twins and then we were so excited! My joy knew no bounds. I wass to have those twins. I would be the mother for them and let thiss poor, sad mother get well and strong. I would allow her to see them but I planned it all

so fine. I went out to a child's outfitting place and bought many sweet, dainty things. Miss Terry said we must have plenty, as they were two. While I was gone shopping for the twins and also for the mother, Miss Terry's aunt, a dear old lady who lived with us, had beef-tea made and lots of comfortable things. And soon we were ready and took the carriage and I was going to bring those twins back. I was after all to have some babies! And we drove to the number where we had been sending all this money, and it was a man's lodging-house, Mrs. Denville! And not a woman about and that woman who had been was a man writing those letters! And it was all lies, and no twins at all! My chagrin was great. So we went home with our beef-tea and my baby clothes and never sent money after that. We had tickets from a charitable institution, where investigations always were made.

"'Twas sometime after Miss Terry suffered with her head and after the theater and between acts I used to rub her head and take all the pain away and she would then feel strong and well again. But I did not! I was tired all the time! And I did not know what was the matter, so I went to see Dr. MacKenzie- he is the famous physician- "Our Fritz's" physician, you know. Well, he said to me what is said in St. John, you know, and that I must change my life and go away. And I said I did not want to do that but he said for my health's sake I must go and so - "

Mrs. Denville joined her, and laughing, they both said:

"And so it was!" Mrs. Denville added:

"I have been telling you lately, you allow people to ab-

sorb all your strength. You should be alone at least one hour every day, absolutely alone!"

"That iss just it, what I know! And I cannot have five minutes to myself! You see here they come, those tourists, always they come! And I go over to town again, there it is, 'When can I see you again, my friend?' Yess, I must go and meet them."

And Mrs. Denville went down hill to The Barn and The Mistress went up the hill, to meet the strangers.

Chapter X.

The Denville children threw open The Barn door, excitedly.

"Oh! Mamma," cried Lucita, "Miss Held has come home--"

"And she has brought the dearest, queerest-looking people with her," panted Suzanne.

"The littlest lady had a bunch of holly in her hand," Lucita put in:

"And she shook it at us and said Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!"

"Miss Held said: 'These are our Barn children- Come I introduce you.' She kissed us and she said: 'This iss Lucita and this iss Suzanne,'" Lucita was still out of breath.

"But she did not say what their names were, Mamma! Wasn't it too bad?" I so wanted to know their names. The little old gentleman wears a hat like our Dean's at home."

"And O, Mamma! MissHeld told us to tell you that she was coming down after while to bring her friends to see you. So here they are!" Childlike, Lucita kept the most important statement for the last.

A knock was struck on the knocker and the latch string was pulled, because it was "hanging out for them". Mrs. Denville hastened to the door and was introduced to the quaint little people, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Holmes.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were enraptured with the artistic effects in The Barn and Mrs. Denville was charmed with them. The Mistress had been away for several days and Mrs. Denville knew nothing

of the outside world, content to live a dreamy existence with Pacific ocean accompaniments. She had seen no local papers or she might have read that the violinist and leader of the Symphony Orchestra of San Francisco was to give a concert in San Diego.

"Ah, Madame! You have the Glory of God about you," the dear old man said, as with his hands clasped together, he looked out of the broad windows upon the great ocean.

The wind was strong. Boreas was exciting old Neptune, who lashed about and made his misty hosts leap high into the air, laughing, singing, sighing and moaning, as they kissed and sprayed the faces of all the queer-shaped rocks and then fell back again into the sea, only to be tossed back high and higher, assuming ghostly shapes but for a second and then dissolving into--The Infinite.

"Yess, it iss lovely, issn't it? And here iss where Mrs. Denville writes. She will put you in her book too, won't you, Mrs. Denville?" And The Mistress turned around to Mrs. Denville with her merry wink.

"So these are the horses that live in The Barn?" Mr. Holmes was pointing to a large photograph hanging over the piano.

"The finest in the world, Rosa Bonheur's! And over there, you see, Mrs. Denville has her 'Arab Steed', her very own!"

"My frieze manifests my boys' industry," Mrs. Denville put in.

"Yess, our boyss got all those abalone shells with their own hands. Aren't they beautiful?" The Mistress was pointing to the shining frieze of peacock-tinted shells around three sides of the room.

"They are certainly beautiful," Mrs. Holmes agreed, "but, look, Henry, at the dear, good spider over this couch!"

"Yess, I made that," confessed Miss Held. "I had the carpenter the hole make and I wove the web and the spider stayss alwaysss."

"It does not harm you, Madame?" Mr. Holmes asked of Mrs. Denville. "I see you do not kill spiders."

"No," answered Mrs. Denville, "poor Arachne is allowed to live, although in this case her web was spun for her. Miss Held played the part for her."

"I never kill a spider," said Mrs. Holmes, "it but impedes nature and we have the more flies."

"I nefer kill spiders," Miss Held declared.

"I have not killed one lately," said Mr. Holmes, "I used---"

"Why, Henry," interrupted his wife, "do you mean to say that you have killed spiders? And I married you?" The dear little lady seemed much astonished, pained.

"But, my dear, that was so long ago! I would not do so now," Mr. Holmes said in a low, sweet voice.

"And it was all just like a play on the stage and we were there too," the children whispered, after the trio had departed.

Miss Held showed them out on to a little porch, from Mr. Denville's room. The little Studio snuggled down under the hill, below them. She pointed to the coming sunset. The sea was a mirror, with the opalescent light from the sun. The scene was one of beautiful quiet and sunset glory.

Sweeping her hand dramatically along the horizon, and including the little Studio, Miss Held confided: "The Lord and I made that! Isn't it beautiful?"

"The Lord made all things well, in making that and you," said Mrs. Holmes, putting her arm affectionately through Miss Held's.

"See that point out there," said The Mistress. "They call it Alligator Point. See the head? It is gone!" The waves had closed over the rock. "The wavess come ofer it! But now, see! See its big eye?"

"Yes, it is very like an alligator," Mr. Holmes agreed.

"Methinks it iss like a whale," The Mistress put in, with a Hamlet voice.

"Not at all, Mr. Hamlet," laughed the old gentleman, "Nor am I polonius."

"Come, let me show you my Continental Soldier," Mrs. Denville interrupted. "That is, if the tide is not too busy washing his face."

Mrs. Denville took them back again into her study corner and there was the old rugged face, with its cocked hat pulled over it. The stern, hard frown was seen at intervals between the foamy spray.

"I wonder how he came here," said Mrs. Denville, "over the vast country between! He may have been a Minute Man turned to stone, or one of the Boston Tea Party, sent to guard the Pacific coast, but doomed to be constantly sprayed by boiling foam, for some personal fault of his."

Giving proof to Mrs. Denville's remark, were many pointed rocks on the beach, forming a sort of cauldron just beneath the stern face of the Minute Man. One could see in the high round cauldron beautiful greens and blues, the rocks covered with mosses. At

times, it would look as though witches were brewing a dish of spinach and gold fish and throwing up the foam into the Guardsman's face.

"I wonder if he was here guarding the Pacific coast, when his brothers were fighting the English on the Atlantic," Mrs. Denville continued.

"Mr. Holmes looked thoughtful and finally turned to Mrs. Denville and said impressively:

"We are cousins, Madame."

"Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are English," Miss Held explained quickly.

"Yes, Madame, we belong to the great English-speaking countries and you belong to the greater. I admire a republic more than I can express and have ever since I have been a student and had thoughtful days."

Mr. Holmes was about to tell more of what he thought of a republic when Miss Held broke in, impulsively.

"I must take them with me now, Mrs. Denville! These dear, dear people. I must show to them The Green Dragon before it gets dark. I want them to see it. You come up, won't you, this evening, to The Den? We will be there."

The three started off but, after a very short time, there came a timid knock on the door and Mrs. Holmes' sweet voice was heard.

"Oh, I am lost! I started up the hill and I find I am down here at The Barn again. The fog is so thick I can't find my way. I am lost!"

So the little girls piloted her up the hill, as they had become proof against fogs and well knew each turn of the winding

paths.

After dinner, Mrs. Denville went up the hill to make the visit. She found the fascinating English people in The Den with The Mistress. Mrs. Delarmee's mother also lived in The Den and she had decorated it for the coming Christmas-tide. The dark, ^{redwood} wooden walls were festooned with vines of ivy ^{and} geraniums with great pink blooms. A bright fire was burning in the quaint fireplace and very attractive looked the little den that had sheltered so many great Lions in its day. The Mistress had the banquet table removed and they talked.

Mrs. Holmes had been told by The Mistress that Mrs. Denville was interested in psychology. Turning to Mrs. Denville, she exclaimed:

"You must read for me-- you do this I am told. Oh, you clever Americans! You bring up families, write books, everything! And I do so admire your energy!"

Mrs. Holmes said this quite unconscious that she was portraying as much energy in her own little body as any American could boast of.

"Read for me," she pleaded. "tell me my life's work!" At the same time, she thrust her handkerchief into Mrs. Denville's hand.

"I do not know whether I can or not," said Mrs. Denville. "It is always an experiment with me. But you must not ask me questions or tell me anything but allow the impressions to come to me unaided. I will tell you what I have thought you were, before taking the impression of your handkerchief.

"I thought you were from the Irving ^{company} troupe or that Mr. Holmes might be a clergyman, but, anyway, I felt that he must play

on a violin."

"Why a violin? I can't see why you say that," the little lady broke in excitedly.

"Because she does," The Mistress laughed.

"You have told her?"

"Not a word about you, but she will find out!" The Mistress replied.

"I have never been in a green-room in my life," Mrs. Holmes declared. "That is not right."

"Wait, I have not penetrated into your aura," Mrs. Denville smilingly remonstrated.

"Oh, if you will only tell me what I am, I will believe in you! Tell me, won't you?" said Mrs. Holmes looking intently at Mrs. Denville.

"I will," said that lady quietly, "if you will kindly allow me to find out."

"Oh, pardon me, but I am so interested! I do harm instead of assisting," Mrs. Holmes finally became interested in the general conversation.

"You were a sculptress," Mrs. Denville said after a few moments thought.

The little lady jumped up from her chair and said excitedly:

"Oh! You have discovered me. Henry! Henry! She tells me the truth. She says I am a sculptress! I believe in you," turning to Mrs. Denville, "there is something in this. I worked in my father's studio and I loved it so!"

Miss Held took her on her lap and turned to Mrs. Denville,

saying just as if Mrs. Holmes were a little girl and not the mother of four children nearly grown:

"Isn't she sweet? Isn't she cute?" hugging her hard.

Then they began to talk of London music and many noted people of London.

"Oh, yes, I knew Du Maurier well," Mr. Holmes said. "In his young days, he went out a great deal socially and then for many years I heard and saw little of him, until he wrote Trilby. You Americans made Du Maurier."

"I am glad to hear that we did," said Mrs. Denville heartily.

"Yes, in England Trilby was received coldly until the United States went wild over it and then we English awakened to pet and adore the author."

"That is where I think you Americans are great. You like a thing and make it!" This from Mrs. Holmes.

"I love Trilby, Taffy, Little Billy, and the Laird---"

"Oh, did you know the Laird?"

"Only in the book, Mrs. Holmes," Mrs. Denville smilingly replied to the interruption.

"We knew him well. Mr. Lamont was his name and he was one of my husband's dearest friends."

"The Laird is dead, Mrs. Denville," said the old gentleman, sadly.

"Iss he indeed?" The Mistress shook her head.

"Yes, he was my friend for many years. He was a fine artist. He used to come to breakfast with us often, after his wife

died, did he not, my dear?"

"Oh, all that happened when your first wife was living, Henry," the small lady replied.

"Ah, yes, I remember now, my dear. The Laird was married three times."

"I knew the Laird's mother, Mrs. Denville," Mrs. Holmes continued, "and she was a stern Scotch woman. I remember one day some of my friends were talking to me of my twins and she suddenly turned upon me and in a deep voice with hand upraised and forefinger pointed directly at me said: 'I was before ye'."

(The little lady enacted the story playing the part of the Laird's mother.)

"And I think the Laird was one of the twins," Mrs. Holmes suddenly added.

"I wonder in which widowerhood the Laird knew Trilby and the Latin Quarter?" Mrs. Denville asked. Nobody appeared to know or remember much of the Laird's life in Paris. Even The Mistress shook her head, unable to recall for the moment, but she turned to her friend and said:

"I must read it again, if you like it so much. I read it when many things were on my mind crowding and one can't always remember books when life's troubles come upon one's friends. But I remember Du Maurier well and his great triumph in London."

"Du Maurier's fortune," continued Mr. Holmes, "did not come to him until he was almost blind. You knew Swinburne, did you not," he said turning to Miss Held.

"Yess," said The Mistress.

"He writes very little now, for his health is much impaired. And you knew Joachim, too, did you not?"

The Mistress nodded her Beethoven head. "He and I were boys together and the dearest friends!"

The old gentleman turned to The Mistress and began talking German so fast that Mrs. Denville could hardly follow them, but she listened much interested. They were so animated, this little old man with long, white hair and his musical aura all about him, and Beethoven nodding approval at him! Such familiar names as Wagner, Joachim, Seidel, Liszt, Sarasate, Remenyi, Ysaye, and Paderewski were sandwiched in their speed-limit German, while the Pacific was playing a thunderous accompaniment.

"So you were lost," said The Mistress, in a pause in the conversation, to the little lady who was still on her lap. "Tell Mrs. Denville about it, Mrs. Holmes."

"Oh, yes, I will," said the little lady vivaciously. "We started for a walk, Henry and I, through the fog! You know we Londoners are used to that and also in San Francisco. We walked out this way," pointing behind her, "and when we turned to come back we went away past The Green Dragon and found ourselves at the depot. Henry wanted to turn this way and I that way, up the street. And there we were, when a man, you could hardly see him, but he was dark and broad-shouldered and had a pipe in his mouth, he was German, said: 'Let me assist you. You are lost.' He seemed to know where we belonged for he offered to take us to The Green Dragon."

"Was it the German gardner? I wonder," asked Miss Held.

"Oh, no, it was not the man we saw this afternoon. He was very agreeable and evidently a gentleman."

"Then it wass the professeur. He is a very fine artist. He iss back then from Los Angeles, thiss evening. He lives ofer there, ofer the caves. He and I are the only Germans in the place," Miss Held stated decidedly.

"And you have not seen him yet?" asked Mrs. Denville.

"No, I have not and still I lif! Mrs. Denville thinks for me she hass a beau. Thiss old maid! But she hassn't! We are good friends only except when we fight. He iss so conceited with hiss solitaire and so stubborn! He iss tiresome."

The dear Mistress looked much disgusted and they all laughed. Someone knocked and Miss Held called out "Come in". It was Tom Denville.

"Is my mother here?"

"Yess, she iss, and we won't run away with her. Come in, Tom, and meet my friends," The Mistress continued, without giving the lad a chance to answer, "but you have met them before?"

"Papa sent me for Mama. He is afraid she will get lost in the fog."

Mrs. Denville rose immediately and said in parting.

"It is a small world and I hope we will meet again."

Miss Held jumped to her feet and, in her inimitable way, took both of Tom's hands in hers, cap and all, and shook them saying:

"I am so glad to meet you. And, if I don't again meet you in thiss world, we, I hope, will meet in the next world!" Everyone laughed.

Some time after this, the San Francisco papers announced that, as they were going to press, Mr. Henry Holmes was dying. They published a short sketch of his life, which The Mistress gave to Mrs. Denville.

"Let us put it in our chapter of these dear people and then we may all know what he was in life to others. They gave to us such a beautiful visit." Here it is:

"Mr. Henry Holmes won his laurels and his rare experience. He travelled extensively on the Continent and everywhere was acknowledged a violinist of rare attainments. After a residence in Copenhagen and Stockholm, Mr. Holmes located in London and in a short time all possible honors were accorded him. For several years, he was director and leader of the Chamber Music concerts, called Musical Evenings, in Prince's hall, London. Afterwards he took Joachim's place as director of the Monday popular concerts. He created the orchestra of The Royal Academy of Music, which was pronounced one of the best in Europe by a committee of the world's greatest musicians. He has contributed many excellent compositions to the literature of music, among them four symphonies, two cantatas, a number of solos, quartettes and quintettes for stringed instruments."

Mrs. Denville stopped writing. "How have you it all?" The Mistress inquired. "It iss long but deserved-- The dear old man and that sweet creature, his wife! What grief! Let us not talk about it!" She was silent for a while and looked on the verge of tears. "What you write about me sounds as if I said it," she continued changing the subject entirely. "It iss like me! It iss

like me!"

Sometime after this came news that the dear old English gentleman was well and still on this side, playing his harp of life. The Mistress said: "Let us write again, in their chapter, of their joy- these dear people-- and of our gladness of it."

Chapter XI.

The mysterious trips to town were over and the packages from the express office were in sight, ready to be opened on the morrow. The whole Camp was prepared for the joy of Christmas-tide. The traveling grocer had come and gone and Chinaman Charley had shed peace and good will and oranges to everybody he saw, merrily shouting in his gleeful, liquid tones, "Melly Clissmus! Melly Clissmus!" as he climbed the winding path in the pinkish-blue gloaming. It was glorious weather. All of the cottages in the Camp were occupied and several families from San Diego had come out.

The Outlook was the Christmas gift of the dear Mistress to her "shy little widow", whom she had courted for seven years. It had been made sweet and clean and a very quaint little desk had been placed in the house, the gift of The Mistress to Rachelle, the widow's daughter. The Mistress was in high spirits. "Rachelle is to have that for her own and to take it back to town with her. Now," (as the last touch was given and The Mistress gave a satisfied sigh) "I will have my little widow to myself and I will now enjoy my own home. She is to me a great rest, when I am tired with the caress of my life with these tourists. And I go to her and she soothes.

"Oh, you need not shake your head at me," as Mrs. Denville smiled and shook her head at The Mistress, "you do not understand."

"No, I do not," Mrs. Denville asserted emphatically.

"Did you ever! I know it is queer to you. It is queer to me. She is not the friend of my friends, at all. She is just

the friend of myself. Maybe she iss the wife of my former life, yes that iss maybe it." She beamed triumphantly, as if she had solved the problem. "That iss it. I was her husband then, and -- Was Beethoven ever married? I cannot myself remember if he was, that iss if I were he. No, you do not know either," she said sympathetically. "We do not know so much of thiss man that we talk about. We must read of him together. We will find out. He must have been in love."

"Indeed yes, or he could not have manifested such soulful thoughts," Mrs. Denville replied.

"That iss true. But to return to that little widow. Oh, she is queer! She hass such moods. She getts so mad at me and I get provoked at her and sometimes we don't speak always when we meet. But now everything iss charming and we haf a fine visit, we are such good friends again. She comes tonight and I must hasten to meet her at the train. Good night, my friend. Auf Wiedersehen."

Chapter XII.

Christmas Day came at last. It was a bright and cloudless day and scores of tourists came out to camp on the rocks and bathe in the winter ocean. The sea had been very boisterous in the early morning and the 'Anna Held', the boys' canoe, had been forced out beyond the breakers. In vain the boys had tried to rescue her but finally they gave it up, knowing that with the incoming tide the canoe would be washed up on to one of the other beaches. The little white boat with its green trimmings, looked so pretty as it was tossed about on the dark blue waves, fringed with white.

The village was merry with Christmas horns and the voices of children made happy with gifts. The Inn was crowded with cottagers and tourists, awaiting the good dinner of which menus were posted at the depot and along the beach. As they had gone to the Inn for dinner, it was quite late in the afternoon before The Denilles saw The Mistress of The Green Dragon. However, as soon as the family came in sight, a kindly hand was waved on high and a Christmas Greeting in sweet organ-tones reached their ears. Miss Held was standing in front of The Green Dragon, with Mrs. Delarmee and her daughter and The Professor. She came forward to kiss her babies, Lucita and Suzanne.

"Tiss a bad habit I have and will always have, as long as there are children that will kiss me and love me as these do! But where have you been? And why have I not seen you before, this Merry Christmas day?" Her eyes sparkled with genuine mirth.

"We have been to The Inn for our dinner, among The Four

Hundred of La Jolla," replied Mrs. Denville.

"Oh, there?" She put her hand on Mrs. Denville's arm and, turning to the others: "Excuse me, I take her to my wigwam. Oh, let us fly! There comes that man, that pious man from town! And I hate him, he is so pleasant and pious."

"Who is he, Miss Held?"

"Oh, a minister of some religious denomination. I don't know what and I don't care what! For that sort I have no use."

"Reverent Chadband, I have no doubt," Mrs. Denville said sympathetically.

"The very same, as if Dickens had met him in the flesh! But come, let us dismiss him from our minds. Have you had a good day? Was the dinner good?"

"No, the oyster soup was scorched and-- but it was good enough. Tell me, did you see The Anna Held battling over the waves, this morning? The poor boys were so distressed. They think they probably will get her again on Second Beach, this evening, battered to pieces!"

"Yes, I saw the poor little boat! And her namesake has also had troubles today."

"I knew it, Beethoven! I hope nothing dreadful has happened?"

"No, nothing so very dreadful but just my love affairs. You know true love--"

"Oh nonsense, you funny woman! What has your 'shy little widow' been doing?"

"Doing! Why that iss it! She will do nothing. I had a fine dinner for her and, because we were not alone, plans were disarranged for others. And then there was the professeur! He had to have something to eat and I asked them all to come and take dinner with my old woman. It was going to be good. We have always to be good to old people, for sometimes we come that way ourself, and then what!" (All very dramatically.)

"Oh, never fear for yourself, you are good to everybody, you dear old musical soul!"

"I am not always musical. But where are we once again with my story now? But there you find among my presents Ellen Terry's gift." (Miss Held was always interrupting herself). "That little green coffee pot over there, with my holy of holies. You see also there, my friend, yours and the childrens' gifts. They are so nice!"

"What a cute little coffee pot," exclaimed Mrs. Denville, examining Ellen Terry's gift. It will do for Olive."

"Ellen Terry and I both like small, tiny, miniature things! How I wish I knew before it was such a big check inside. Always a check comes tucked away but not always as handsome as this! I would have bought me a fine bath tub for under the bed, you know. That iss my joy!"

"Your bath tub is very curious and nice just as it is, so don't worry."

"I won't. We will commence again with our story. Where were we? Oh, yes, I remember. I had to leave the stage. But it was not a pity for the stage as I was only a super. I had to leave

my dear friend. I then went with some young ladies who lived with their father in New York and we traveled this way and that way, all over Europe and they were lovely to me! I was so fond of them, only they were not children. That was the pity of it! When I told them I must have children about to take care of, they told me "nonsense". They said they needed me. But I said no and that I must go to the gentleman who so wanted me for several years, for his children. I felt it was my vocation."

"I think now your vocation is building houses," interrupted Mrs. Denville.

"Oh, no, not now. I will build no more houses."

"Until the next time," laughed Mrs. Denville.

"I cannot afford it. It is too much extravagance to build always for my friends who wish to come. It will give me a nervous prostration to keep on building. But now we have come to San Diego, where we stayed sometimes and then back to New York, or just outside of New York, in the country. And it was then on one visit I had an invitation from my young ladies. 'Could Olive and Drummy (Drummy was my dear dog and is still but those young ladies - *When they give him to me* have him now) spend Sunday with us? And will you bring them?' My friends were in New York and I answered, 'Yes Olive and Drummy could come but you send the butler after them! I am no butler.' And they did.

"Once when I was travelling with these friends, we were ordered out of the railway carriages to be inspected. It is a nuisance, that everlasting inspection for nothing! I said I am tired and will not get up. I stay here. The others did but I would not.

The officials spattered and sputtered French all about me and motioned to me to get up on my feet and I was silent and immovable. They motioned to my earss and asked if I were deaf and then I answered them in good French if you want me to get up, come carry me. They were little fellows and they sighed and groaned till it was time for the train to move on and I missed that inspection.

"Twass then we were on our way to Bayreuth, to hear Parsifal."

"Oh, that reminds me, Miss Held, of The Holy Grail. Tell me about it, won't you?" *I think this is what you're just*

"Yess, there it iss up there on the shelf! It iss with *you* The Holy Grail just as it iss with Olive. Some day The Holy Grail *me!* will be broken and some day Olive will and I shall not grieve my *Heart* heart out! One of the ladies from The Wednesday Club from San Diego *it* borrowed The Holy Grail. She had a paper to read on Parsifal. She *took* came for it and then brought it home safely. I love it. Mrs. Rowan and I prepared for bed the other night by the light of The Holy Grail. The other lumps were empty," she added blandly.

"What a sacrilege!" Mrs. Denville exclaimed.

"Oh, no, it issn't! I can't see why we can't use the sacred fire. It iss all make believe anyhow. And then you know I do not care for religion as it goes now."

"That looks like it." (Mrs. Denville was pointing to a little table with an illuminated cross hanging over it and on the table were a Thomas a Kempis, a bible and a prayer book)!

"Yess, they are mine and I love them. They represent those minor chords you once said I must have. The sad notes in my psalm of life and those of my friends so dear. You see on this cross

What Miss Terry has written in pencil. I had one made for her and she had this made for me. Always we have it each from the other." Over a bed hangs a lovely picture of Miss Terry as Ophelia and, in her own hand writing, was:

"Good night, Nancy,

God bless you---"

The Mistress handed the little phosphorescent cross to Mrs. Denville, tenderly.

"Read for yourself and you will know," she said.

On the upper part of the cross is a heart, drawn in pencil, and on the arms is written 'God is Love, Sep't. 28'88 and on the base is "Dear Old Nannie". On the base underneath is again written a message from the scriptures. "Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things---Love never faileth".

"How sweet that is," said Mrs. Denville, returning the cross to Miss Held.

"Yess, my friend, has had sorrow and it brings one close to God."

(Mrs. Held, I think)
"And then about The Blessed Lady, another minor chord, I will tell you later but not now. You must ask me again about these minor chords. It is strange to me how you get so much out of me that I have not told before! You make me talk."

"I find the well very dry sometimes but still I think I have enough to make a symphony with words this time."

"I am glad you find my life that way. To me it seems quite a jumble sometimes. But," (with her most serious air), "we cannot always see for ourselves!" Then, with a twinkle in her deep-set

eyes, she quoted. 'Oh, wad the power the giftie gie us'."

"To see ourselves as others see us," added Mrs. Denville.

"We must stop now for I must go to my family."

"Wait a moment and I will go with you to The Outlook, to see my little widow. Now she will be all right and I will read to her The Master Christian. I think it fine! What a pen that woman has, Marie Correlli. Goodbye for the present! We have our concert at The Barn and so 'tiss only au revoir."

Chapter XIII.

The winter, or rainy season, was nearly over and the little colony had changed many times.

"And so you are to leave?" The Mistress was sorrowful over the departure of the Denville family. "How iss it everyone knows and I did not?"

"I only knew myself, dear friend, twenty minutes ago."

"Oh, my! That iss the way life goes! The world knows more than you do yourself about your own private affairs," and the dear Mistress put her arms around Mrs. Denville. "Savoir tous o'est tous pardonner," she said. "Come, I go with you to the train." And with her arm around Mrs. Denville's waist they walked to the little station. "And so it wass."

The Denvilles moved to San Diego and, although it was just fourteen miles from The Green Dragon, they saw but little of The Mistress. She would come to town to do some shopping, drop in and spend a few minutes with Mrs. Denville but that was all and not enough. The story of her life, as Miss Held called it, was not progressing with marvellous rapidity. Mrs. Denville wrote to Miss Held. "Come in as soon as you can. I want to see you, for I cannot write another bit until I have a talk with you. What is this I hear about you building? 'On dit' or at least many say that you have bought more land and are building more houses. Ah, my dear Beethoven, how is this?"

An answer came, "Dear friend, that is true! Did you ever! I am building. I am getting ahead so fast I am getting behind and I have never five minutes to myself. People will come and

want my houses and what am I to do but build some more, when the others are all taken.

"You will laugh now, I know, but Olive has gone for a visit to Madame Mojeska. She is having a beautiful time and next week Mojeska brings her home to me and think of it, I have no home! We have to stay in The Tent until the people come who have engaged it and then Mojeska and I have to go to the ^{T P H} poor house. You may not know where that iss. I tell you: across the way. I am so tired, but as soon as I have the time I shall come and spend a whole hour with you and, if you find the right key and wind me up, you will get your music from your worn out Beethoven."

The Mistress never had any time for she always gave it to the nearest friend. She had said: "It iss with time as it iss with money; always I borrow from Peter to pay Paul and Vice Versa."

One morning Mrs. Denville was standing on the corner, waiting for the Coronado Beachcar. The children were with her. Suddenly, the little girls shrieked and over the street they rushed, regardless of cars or vehicles, shouting, "Miss Held, Mother! Dear Miss Held!" And both babies were enfolded in a mass of brown corduroy, as The Mistress was enrobed (head and all) in this material of buffalo-color, which made very witty people who did not know her call her The Buffalo.

"Hello! How do you do? Wait, I shake hands with you, if the children leave anything of me. Ah, that's right! There iss something left. I am so glad to see you. Come with me shopping! I have such lots of shopping for my old man," and she beamed in her Beethoven way.

"Your old man! Why, are you married?"

"Married? No!"

"What are you doing with an old man then?"

"Oh, he iss my Englishman that lives in your Barn. He iss a curio. He is an English lord and very rich is he. He hass a new auto and I made him promise not to kill himself quite until I returned, so I could be convenient to nurse him. I am sure he will go over those cliffs and then what?" The Mistress spoke in her tragic manner, oblivious to the admiring public.

"There would be little left for you to nurse," Mrs. Denville said laughing.

"What a funny basket you have, Miss Held," one of the little girls remarked.

"Yess, one of the Indians at Warner's ranch made it for me. Just like the old woman's, 'that had eggs for to sell'. I have no eggs though. Listen, it talks!" And she held her basket close to the eager children.

"It's a clock," they exclaimed, in concert.

"Did you efer? Yess, that's it! My old man's clock. He says it won't go and so I bring it back. It does go, though, with a vengeance, doesn't it? Here we are at Jessup's and we will go in and tell them about it."

They went into the jeweler's and, as there were several people there, they had to wait. Miss Held sat upon a stool and shook her head, beaming at the rosy-faced little girls who were giving her devotional glances. "Now Miss Held, what can I do for you," said a smiling young man. "Is there something you want?"

"Yess, there iss! You see thiss clock?" And she put it on the counter and looked quizzically at the young man.

"Yes, I see it," he answered.

"You hear it tick?"

"Yes, don't you?" he asked, very politely.

"Of course, any fool could."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Held."

"Oh, you needn't beg my pardon for you have not done anything. It iss the clock! The old man said-" the young man's eyes grew very large, as he had known Miss Held for some time and he had not heard of her having such a possession before. She looked at him very seriously, despite her frequent avowals she was no actress. "My old man said," she repeated after a pause, "the clock will not go and I say, no it doesn't go! So I bring it to town. And, at luncheon, I took the clock out of my basket and put it on the table whilst I ate my luncheon. And my gracious, but didn't it go? And it hass been going efer since." She smiled modestly on the convulsed audience, adding: "Did you efer? That iss true!"

As soon as the young man could control his face, he asked: "What shall I do? Would you like another clock?"

"Yess, thank you. That iss what I want, if you will be so kind. That iss what my old man wanted. Iss not he a nice man, Mrs. Denville?" The young man shook with laughter but produced a new clock and assured her if that did not run correctly he would take it back. The Mistress thanked him and urged her friends to come quick as she had other errands.

The next place was Ingles', the hardware store. A young

clerk rushed forward here, too. It was very evident that Miss Held, The Buffalo, was very welcome wherever she went. "I am the woman who wants a hoe and, as you are the man with a hoe, I want to buy it."

"Yes, come this way, Miss Held," and he looked at The Mistress, smilingly.

"He appears happy today. He iss looking at me so hard! Are you looking at my hat? It iss a nice hat and quite new and I have had it only fifteen years, only the crown is much newer. I have that to match my gown. It iss all nonsense to buy a hat four times a year. 'Tis a pity women will do it. Young men might marry sooner, if they had not so many hats and dresses to buy. You need not laugh for I have another I wear that iss twenty-five years old. I have promised you, Mrs. Denville, to show them all to you some time!"

They had been walking through the long store. The salesman produced the hoe and Miss Held took it and felt its weight. "My old man wants it. He wishes to cultivate about The Barn himself. I let him. Iss that all right for you?" (she asked, turning to the young man and offering him the hoe.) "My old man iss about your height. Oh, no I am not married, so don't look scared. He iss just one of my Colony," Miss Held explained at last, as the young man looked perplexed. "Now, let me see, I want nails and screws but I don't know the number. Show me and I will find them. Also a plane and now I want a vise. What iss a vise? I know about Virtue but a Vice?" The young man was busy under the counter, laughing at The Buffalo.

"Here is the vise, Miss Held," the clerk said when he was able to talk. "Anything else?"

"No, thank you. I think that iss enough. Always my money goes here for my building but this iss not mine this time."

They went next to Sato's, the Japanese store. "How do you do, Miss Held," the little Japanese said.

"How he is smiling, too! What iss he smiling for, Mrs. Denville? Are you laughing at me?"

"Oh, no, that is, you are funny!"

"That iss what others say but I do not see it myself."

And The Mistress tried to look severe. The children and Mrs. Denville laughed aloud. "There now, don't. You give me away. I want to be very cross to this man. I have some things that are not always as they should be. My old man says this man must change them."

"I will, Miss Held. Anything you want," the little man said obligingly.

"All right. I smile then and be again pleasant." and she grinned her very best. "What am I like in Wonderland, my darlings?" She turned to the little girls.

"Oh, we know! The Cheshire Cat!"

"You are right. That's true! Now my grin will fade away and I return to my muttoms." With this, she put her hand in her basket and drew out some very dainty china, cups and saucers.

"Muttoms," the little Japanese man queried.

"Cups and saucers you call them."

"Oh, yes, yes!" And at last The Mistress had a hearty laugh, the first she had permitted herself as she is an artistic joker and never spoils her story by showing amusement.

"Look at these egg-shell things, Mrs. Denville! I wish

you could see the man that uses them. My things at The Barn were not fine enough for him so he buys himself. He looks a veritable tram, clothes and all, most of the time. And when he goes off up to the mountain, to camp, he has his blankets strapped to his back and his stick over his shoulder, with his coffee-pot dangling down. He looks as if he had not one cent to bless himself with and, to the contrary, he is very rich. ^{and he is a member of the Royal Academy! Did you see?} He has a chauffeur and his valet and all this nonsense. My old man says you have not matched these right and they must be of another kind. (The Mistress was now talking to the smiling and patient Oriental, who appeared interested in everything she said.) "So you match them quick, as I have many places to go and then to catch the fast express."

"To La Jolla? That train creeps along!" The Japanese spoke with authority.

"That'ss right," laughed Miss Held. "It creeps as you say but it starts on time and we must hurry."

They next went to buy some cigarettes. "I want some cigarettes."

"Certainly. What kind do you wish? Here is a mild blend of tobacco," said the clerk in the cigar store.

"Do I look as if I smoke? He thinks that I smoke, the ass!" (This in an undertone to Mrs. Denville.) "I want the Egyptian Goddesses or something like that, for my old man," she explained to the clerk.

"You mean Egyptian Deities, madame, your gentleman wants."

"Now he thinks I am married, too! I am not married and when I am every fool in San Diego will know it." The man looked dis-

concerted.

"Pardon, Madame," he said.

"Refer mine, you are all right. Give me the packages. They will do for my tenant. That's what he iss. It appears to be confusing to people when I speak of my English tenant. Now I have finished," she said, giving a sly wink, "and must go up to my Turkish bath and get over my tired feeling or I will have a nervous prostration."

Mrs. Denville and the little girls walked up Fourth Street with her to the baths. "Good bye, my darlings, good-bye, my friend! Soon we will meet again I hope. You have not heard much music today."

"I think I have, hardly of the Beethoven class, though," Mrs. Denville answered.

"More of the rag time, I confess. But we have had a good time together," said Miss Held, as she went toward her Turkish bath.

Chapter XIV.

"Sorrow is something of which I am afraid," The Mistress
of the Green Dragon had once said to Mrs. Denville.

"I have never been very close to grief. All that I have lost, I have been separated from at the time and I have always felt that sometime we will meet again on this side. It was so with my father and my mother. And also with the dear Lady of Glen Eyrie. And now I have just read of the death of a dear child in town and for his mother I grieve but I cannot go and see her just yet--- Oh, I am a coward! Such a great great big fool so to dead sorrow for others. For myself I think I could bear it but for others,-- no!" And she shook her head sadly, this big, great-hearted woman.

So, when Mrs. Denville's great grief came to her, she was not surprised that The Mistress did not come over to Coronado to see her. She received messages of love and assurance that she would soon come. But she never did. Just before leaving California, Mrs. Denville telephoned to The Green Dragon, at La Jolla.

"Yes, this is Miss Held. Oh, my dear friend! So it is you? How lovely! You will come and we will have a big day! Will you so much mind, my friend, if I meet you at the gate of The Green Dragon? Say so and I will come to the depot. Ah, yes, that's right! I am glad you come to me. Tomorrow sure, and I give you a great, big hug! Now I must say goodbye, as I am keeping the lightning express. The engineer and conductor will have nervous prostrations. Be sure and bring my children!" Mrs. Denville hung up the receiver and turned to little Lucita and Suzanne.

"That was really, truly her voice, sixteen miles away?"

Lucita was marveling.

"And from across the bay, too! I heard her! It sounded just like dear Miss Held," Suzanne interrupted.

"We will see her tomorrow," and both children danced away.

The Mistress met them at the gate of The Green Dragon and, after hugging and kissing the little girls, she took Mrs. Denville in her arms, off her feet, and squeezed her silently.

"Oh, but I must have you meet my little sister," The Mistress said suddenly in her cheerful, sweet tones, as though she had forgotten something. "She is crazy to see you! Here she comes, my little sister. Come Trudchen, here iss my friend. See, Mrs. Denville, thiss iss my little sister." Her voice gained strength, as she proceeded with the introduction. Her eyes only showed sympathy and unshed tears. Trudchen, Miss Held's little sister, came out of The Green Dragon, as she heard her name, and welcomed her sister's friends. Kindness and love beamed in her large round face, showing she too believed that "God iss love, all iss love".

"She makes me look small, does she not? My dear little sister!" and Miss Held patted Miss Tertrude's broad, expansive shoulders.

"I am so glad to meet you, Miss Trudchen. I have so often asked Miss Held if her sisters were as charming as she. She always told me much more so."

"Indeed we are not, any of us. She iss the best! I wonder to myself, now that I am here, how I ever staid from her so long away."

"Trudchen, don't talk so fast. You know your tongue will run away with you, if you begin with my virtues to recite.

"Then what will become of her, Suzanne? She thinks I am so nice."

"So do I, too," and the little girl embraced Miss Held's knees.

"Don't leave me out all together," Miss Trudchen said and she took charge of Lucita. They all laughed and The Mistress was comfortably happy and repeated the welcome lettered on the door knob, fashioned so carefully by the village blacksmith of Stratford on Avon, ushering them all into her picturesque house. "This is your day, Mrs. Denville. I have told everyone I must be excused to everybody. This is our day, all to ourselves!"

"Yes, I was afraid I might intrude," said Miss Trudchen.

"Nonsense," The Mistress interrupted, "you are ourselves, too. Isn't she, Mrs. Denville, isn't she dear?"

"Now she is here I am so glad to have something that belongs to me. She iss here only for a few days, off from the boat from San Francisco, bag and baggage! And with all the baggage you ever heard of-- together with her piano!"

"Anna, I had to have my own piano!" Miss Gertrude looked very worried until reassured by her sister.

"That iss right! She must have her very own! It iss her life. You think I am a musician, Mrs. Denville? I am not. But, Trudchen, she iss all that and more too! But what do you think, we have no home, Trudchen and I. The Green Dragon is rented and we have to the poor house go. Modjeska and I lived there and I am having it all fixed over and it will be fine!"

"Yes, fine," echoed Miss Trudchen. "But what a dreadful name it iss!"

"No, Trudchen, doesn't like to live in the poor house. We

will not have that name for it. We shall call it The Executive Mansion, for that, you see, is where I live. Madame Modjeska said last summer, 'Let us call it 'The White House' as that is where our executive lives.' So we did and then that mischievous woman, 'The Lady of Moody Castle', she came out and saw us there.

"'The White House, indeed! I think it iss the poor house.'
And so it hass been ever since. Everybody called it the poor house."

"Where is it, Miss Held? You know you wrote me about it."

"Why it iss Albert and Amanda's house and I am building it all over again," said The Mistress, who vowed vows that she would build no more houses.

"Still building, my dear Beethoven?" Mrs. Denville laughed.

"Yess, but this iss the last! Now that I have all that I have I call it no longer my colony. It iss the Camp of The Green Dragon now. Let us go and see all the new houses," suddenly changing the subject.

"Wait a moment and let me see the changes in this dear place. You have new chairs and a table, all very pretty and appropriate. But where are the old tables and benches?"

"Oh, we will sit on the same old benches and eat off of the same old table in the dining-hall at luncheon. See over the door iss something new."

Mrs. Denville looked and saw another of the versos so common on the walls of the Colony houses.

"A world of strife shut out;

A world of love shut in."

A. L. Bailey.

"And he said it wass true. He came here to rest and asked me to let him put something that was true, over the closed door," Miss Held explained.

Trudchen left them and went to the kitchen, to cook a huge barracuda, one of the finest varieties to be caught on the Pacific coast. The Mistress and Mrs. Denville wandered about toward The Wigwam. Lucita and Suzanne hurried to the beach, on a shell-gathering tramp, and so the two friends were all alone. "Now you have not seen my new fire place," said Miss Held after a long pause. "Take to yourself what is burnt therein.

"All those who enter here

Leave the blues behind them."

"You see The Wigwam is empty, waiting for a young man from Scribner's. He wass to have taken it but he has taken the appendicitis instead. But soon I hope he will be over it, poor man! And then he can take The Wigwam. I shall keep it for him." She made a grimace and shook her massive head.

"If I could have you always, I should not need your admonition," laughed Mrs. Denville.

"No, that iss true! We can't have our friends with us always. That iss one of the disadvantages of thiss life I have chosen. But it also hass its compensations and its pleasures. And I am independent. But it's an ever changing human panorama, every day new faces and characters and to be as it were 'mine host' tires my mind and body. Yet I love it and the people, bless their hearts! It iss a nice world and La Jolla a nice part of it and in so loving the people as I do, and wanting to do for them the best, I thought

I would play myself 'Noah' and build for them an Ark. And here you see the result!

"Go thou and thy family into the ark', iss on the inside of the door." The Mistress pointed to a veritable reproduction of that old life boat, on the side of the cliff, by the blue water.

"Am I dreaming?" Mrs. Denville rubbed her eyes.

"That's right," shouted the delighted Mistress.

"Where is 'Noah'?" asked Mrs. Denville.

"Oh, Noah iss not here now. Mrs. Noah is here inside.

Sh---" The Mistress held up her finger. "We make no noise."

They went quietly into the automobile shed. "Thiss iss now a habitation for the young man who went to the beach with our children. It can also be used for the Ark, too, when it iss crowded." And with that she deftly slipped a sliding door. "Now, take your peep into the Ark. Mrs. Noah won't care. I told her you must see it."

The view, through the door on the boat's stairway, over which Low Bridge was inscribed, showed a cabin curiously and fascinatingly furnished with edweb curtains at the port holes. They went to The Gables and to The Dining Hall and to 'Klein aber Mein' and all were entrancing, in The Mistress' own way.

"Every one iss taken for the season. Madame Modjeska and Count Bozenka (he is her husband) have your Barn." She looked at Mrs. Denville searchingly. "Shall we go down and see it?"

"No, not there, I think. I am hardly strong enough yet."

"Yess, I thought so! But we must be happy, that's a

dear! And let me tell you what one has written." The adroit Mistress was again changing the subject.

"What was it?" said Mrs. Denville putting her hand on Miss Held's shoulder and smiling bravely at her.

"Why just this: 'Look out for me sure next month and, if you have no other place for me, I will now engage the Camp Wagon.' Did you ever? My camp wagon, when we have plans to use it as it should be."

"Oh, you will be turning the camp wagon into a cottage soon."

"Never, I say never!"

"We will see," laughed Mrs. Denville.

"Fie, for shame! You make fun of me and my house building. You are a bad child and to punish you we will go to luncheon. I am starved."

"I am quite ready to be punished, as I am starved also."

The little girls came up the hill, their hair dripping sea water. "Now I see you have been bathing and you did not drown yourself. But come quick!" And she rushed into The Green Dragon, looking very much worried. Before the rest could follow her, she came out with a high chair unusually small and gave it to Mrs. Denville. "Take care of that, my friend, and stay here, and I will be back." She still looked worried and Mrs. Denville wondered whatever was the matter. She went into The Gables and they heard her saying: "Thank you so much. We will be very careful and take good care of Johnny and return him safe and sound."

The cloud had passed and The Mistress came up the hill

beaming. "Now we are all right. I have him to take luncheon with us. Bring his chair to the dining hall and we have a pleasant time. Isn't he lovely, Suzanne? I have at last found a true baby. Isn't his face sweet? He doesn't look like poor 'Jack' or 'Mother Hubbard' nor any of the rest. Here, you are the baby so you must have him," was the edict as she handed the doll to Suzanne.

They went into the beautiful open room, with all of the windows overlooking the ocean just below. Miss Held carried the high chair herself and put it down at a table in one corner. "Here iss my corner and you recognize old friends, don't you?"

"Indeed, I do," said Mrs. Denville, "the dear old table and benches."

"Yess, you sit there and I opposite," Miss Held had given Mrs. Denville a seat with her back to the ocean. The view was the same Mrs. Denville had enjoyed from The Barn. "You would rather look at me," said The Mistress, caring tenderly for her friend's memories, although paying assiduous attentions to the rag doll, she had so lately discovered.

"Put Johnnie in his chair. There, that iss right! Oh, take off his cap, darling," smiling at Suzanne, "he must be taught good manners early in life and he iss in the house now." They had a delicious luncheon, daintily served. "Oh, my darling, you have not given him anything to eat. Poor baby, he must be so hungry." The little girls shrieked with laughter at this, regardless of the guests in the hall. Miss Held shook her head. "Fie for shame! You must always take care of those younger than yourself."

After luncheon the little girls went to take the borrowed doll back to The Gables. Miss Held and Mrs. Denville went back to The Green Dragon and there they sat for a while, with Trudchen in the music room. "You have said always I should be in The Green Dragon. I am glad you came and found me here, as you think I am more becoming to it than any other." The Mistress gave her sly twinkle to Mrs. Denville.

"Yes, I do wish you would remain as The Mistress, for every room becomes you."

"You must see my bedroom. I remember you love my little nest on the tree tops. And there I allow few to go, as it is there I am to myself." She put away her tiny knitting ^(a tiny) toboggan-cap, which she always had convenient. It was a perfectly designed worsted shirt or sweater for some fortunate baby. The Mistress led the way above stairs. "Come, my friend, and be at rest," she said, beckoning Mrs. Denville to follow. Leave your sorrow behind and we will just be happy here. Sit down at my desk and write something for me in my guest-book." And she handed Mrs. Denville her big and precious autograph album, with many great names in it, with many pleasant memories. "Write something anywhere and take as much space as you like."

"I feel as if I should not write anything but an autograph. You have so many distinguished friends. Why look- here is William Lloyd Garrison! Here is all the Jay Gould family. When were they here? The book is too crowded now."

"Oh no, write for the day, this iss our day." Mrs. Denville wrote.

Perched above the ocean high,
In my friend's sweet nest;
Above all worldly cares,
In the place she goes to rest;
I am honored to inscribe my name.

The Mistress took the book. "Yess, this iss like a nest on the tree top, isn't it? That's good! Here iss another from Mary H. Wilmarth," and The Mistress read: "'I have found at La Jolla a new experience, a new interpretation of life and in Anna Held a new apostle.' See, she hass for me a new name. I am an apostle!" The Mistress' expression was a study. "Everybody hass his own ideas of me and do for me such queer things. A man came here and, when he went back to his home, he sent me spice enough to keep me for several years in cooking or even to embalm me, if I die. He must have thought me so nice!" And The Mistress began the old jingle about: "Sugar and spice and everything nice."

"He was the head of the largest spice house in the country. Another friend sent me this wonderful doll, all made of corn-shucks, asking me to please put it with my other dolls, just as if I played with them all of the time. These dear people! They give me great pleasure! Here is one you must surely see," Miss Held added after a pause, during which she busied herself looking through her great autograph album. "It iss the Dean's. He hass transposed the old poem to suit himself. He iss a grand man! I do not like his kind always, you know, but I do like him. He iss such fun and no airs. I was out on my balcony shaking that rug and he was coming from the dining hall and he saw me. 'Ha,' he said, 'Juliet, ho do you?' And I said to him, 'Good morning Romeo!

Here shake my rug for me.' And I tossed the rug down to him. It was dreadful of me. He in his great position did not mind. He caught the rug and shook it with a will and tossed it back to me. Whilst this was going on, his daughter came up the hill and I said, 'May the Lord bless you.' Then she said, 'Hush, you are wicked.' I asked the Dean if I was wicked and he said, 'No, it was a timely greeting.' I believe I would be religious if the reverends would all be not so sanctimonious. Do you go to prayer meeting," and The Mistress drew down her mouth, clasped her hands and rolled up her eyes, in correct illustration of the too pious man. "Oh, I just hate it."

"We don't have prayer meeting in our church," said Mrs. Denville.

"Oh, yes, I know you are like the little girl when she was asked if she was a Christian. She said: 'Oh no, I am an Episcopalian.' Let us go now and see the astrologers on Long Beach and have our fortunes told. They are just here from somewhere. They too think this part of the country is sacred or something like that. The Theosophists think Point Loma is part of the old continent Atlantis."

"Yes, I have heard that," said Mrs. Denville. "Oh, by the way, what was that about your writing Mrs. Tingley that you would not have her at the Colony?"

"Only this. I wrote I had no house for her. Not even the camp wagon, for I did not have it then, and Modjeska and I were living at the poor house. Mrs. Tingley is very pleasant and agreeable. She has her hobbies, children, and I have mine, houses. She

brings children from Cuba and everywhere to educate and I have my camp. Have you ever met her, Mrs. Denville?"

"No, but I have seen her many times both at Point Loma and in the court room."

"Did you go to the trial?"

"Yes, I did and I was glad she won her suit. I think the Press should pay sometimes for their careless handling of the names of---"

"Oh, they regard her as something royal in her position. I like her very much but you know I have no veneration for anybody of royalty. 'Tis like my old Englishman that gave me so much trouble with his everlasting cry for sanitation. He was crazy and worried me so I had to say to him, 'No, I will not spend another penny and, if you do not like it, consider to yourself everything that iss said to a person when you want them to leave your place.'"

"Oh, my gracious! What did he do, your poor old man?"

"Yess, it wass my old man but he iss not poor. He iss rich, as he can be and what did he do--- He just laughed at me and said, 'You think you are great as King Edward and that your word iss law.' And I told him that I was. Just as great and greater, too, then he in my own camp, as I wass here and he wass not. He laughed and said he would not go." Mrs. Denville shouted with laughter at The Mistress mimicking the old Englishman but she stopped suddenly.

"What was that whistle? What does that mean?"

"It means, my dear, that the last train hass left for town and you have to stay. I wass going with you but now we will go to Long Beach to see the astrologers."

Chapter XV.

But Miss Held and Mrs. Denville did not go to the astrologers on Long Beach. They went to the livery stable and Miss Held asked Mr. Upham if he would hitch up and take them to Long Beach, as they had missed the last train and must do something.

"Why don't ye let me drive you to town? It is as easy one way as 'tis the other," he said smoothing one of his horses, affectionately.

"We never thought of that. Shall we do it, Mrs. Denville?"

"I would like better to stay with you but I should be back in Coronado tonight," Mrs. Denville hesitated.

"Well, we will go." The Mistress decided. "Mr. Upham iss the wise lady from Philadelphia!"

"What are you calling me? I'm not from Philadelphia and I've never been called a lady before!"

"Oh, well, never mind. I am calling you nice names, saying you are a smart man. And then, if we drive, we can have our five minutes to ourselves!" Miss Held beamed on Mrs. Denville.

"Well, now," and the livery man scratched his head dramatically. "I will feed the horses some more and be around after you in an hour or two and take ye. I'll be darned if ye won't have more than five minutes for it takes a good two hours to get to town."

"The goose! Of course, I know that it takes longer than five minutes but that iss what I call it. That iss my way!"

"All right, call it what you want, five minutes and to yourself! Five minutes to town, when it is a good two hours' ride

X and with five people in the carriage." Mr. Upham thuckled to himself, as the ladies walked back toward The Green Dragon.

The little girls were disappointed to find they were not to stay all night but they were consoled with the thought of the moonlight ride and a good supper at Rudder's, when town was reached. And last, but not least, they would have their dear Miss Held all to themselves.

"Now that you are leaving, Mrs. Denville-- here in The Green Dragon I say-- when you come again, and you will come again-- everybody comes again. You will be my guest and six months you shall have The Green Dragon as your very own."

The children clapped their hands and Miss Held's eyes scintillated, "Every word I mean it!"

"The dear Green Dragon-- but that will be making money backwards?" Mrs. Denville smiled at The Mistress.

X "Never mind, that iss my way and it will be my extravagance. You will be my extravagance-- every woman hass a right! Don't you think so, my darlings?" The children agreed.

"But here is Mr. Upham now and we will our journey to town begin. Come Trudchen! We are going! What are you doing in the kitchen?"

"I will come as soon as I have for you finished a package," Miss Gertrude called from the kitchen, where there was a great rattling of paper.

"I wonder what iss in that package, Children? We will wait. You need not hurry Trudchen."

"That iss too bad- thiss paper iss so noisy - I could

my secret surprise to myself keep! But go away, all of you, for you will not know what is in here until the package is opened and don't guess, don't guess! I won't tell!" Miss Gertrude was firm.

"We can guess all right," said her big sister. "Trudchen will never starve nor will she allow anyone else to starve. She does not like to be hungry any more than she likes the poor house."

"Anna, you said that never more would you call the house that," Miss Gertrude laughed and handed the little girls an enormous package.

"I will not and I will have the name fixed tomorrow -- The Executive Mansion - and nail it up and he can finish the house after." The little party bade Miss Gertrude goodbye.

"Don't for me sit up, Trudchen. I will have my coffee with you in the morning, God willing." The Mistress gave her little sister an endearing smile.

"Don't for me hurry back, I will not be lonely," and the genial Fraulein waved farewell to the rapidly vanishing carriage. Before they had passed the post office, Miss Held gave a comfortable sigh.

"Now, we are fixed all so nice and Trudchen can't see us and we will now indulge ourselves her secret surprise. Suzanne, I will take a lettuce sandwich for a beginning. You have one of ham, Mrs. Denville? Or what you will, no matter. We will both have some pickles.

"Oh, how did you know what was in it?" The little girl looked bewildered, as she unfolded just what The Mistress had called for.

"I have eyes that can see through things -- I certainly can through my dear little sister. Is she not dear, Mrs. Denville? I cannot tell if she is to be happy here but I hope so and she wants to relieve me ^{of} much care. She may be a fine manager, as she is a fine cook and loves it. But time will tell and, if she is not economical, why, she will just have to be my extravagance!"

"One of them, you mean," suggested Mrs. Denville, laughingly. "You know I am else to be one."

"Indeed you are! And the Lord will send you back sometime, I know He will! We will pray He will - I never believed in prayer much, although I had been so taught to have faith - So? One time I was in great trouble and I just got down on my knees and said, 'Now Lord if you ever did answer a prayer, now is Your time. Help me and send some one to help me right away.' And He did. Before I could get off my knees, there was somebody to help me. No, it was not for myself I was worried. It was for others.

"Oh, take care, Mr. Upham. You will dump us all out. Are you asleep?"

"No, ma'am, I'm not! And I have driven you over this arroyo before and I should think you would learn that I know how to drive--"

"Oh, now he is mad," gleefully shouted Miss Held, interrupting the irascible driver. "He is a dreadful man! I am afraid, when he is mad. You had better give him some of your fruit, Lucita, or maybe he will have a sandwich with jelly, to make him sweet."

"I don't know whether I can or not, but I will see," said

Lucita opening her package.

"Give it to him quick," The Mistress commanded, pretending great alarm.

"Thank you, little girl, I have had my snack at home before starting. No, Miss Held, I don't need sweetening," and his hearty laugh burst forth and the old ocean seemed to echo the mirth in which all joined.

Then came a long and comfortable silence, as they drove along through Pacific Beach, along past orange and lemon farms, then by the old, deserted race track and club-house, with its deserted banquet-hall. The aspect of the landscape began to be forlorn for it was now twilight. The driver for the first time seemed interested. He had been an old-time horseman, he explained, and the sight of a race track, no matter how deserted, always moved him.

"Ah, that was the time that this part of the country was worth while! The old track was always going full blast, winter and summer, during the boom days of San Diego." The old man was well started. "The sight of an abandoned race track is a pitiful sight to one who has seen one when it was going, one who has run and ridden horses over it! About ten years ago, that place was full of people. The clubhouse full of sports from town,- the stable full of jockeys and trainers- every stall filled! Oh, that was the time! In the afternoon, the grandstand was a sight, full of cheering crowds, cheering the horses as they dashed around the track. But the betting ring was the place! It was always crowded with people, anxious to risk their money on their horse. How the men on the

box in front of the betting booths hollered! Then would come the shout from the grandstand, 'They're off' and then the crowd would rush out to the fence to see the race!" Here Mr. Upham seemed suddenly to remember where he was and he stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

The carriage bowled easily along the smooth beach of False Bay, a silvery, unruffled water looking falsely deep. Its false look of depth had lured many a boatman to his undoing in the rapids where the bay ~~made~~ ^{merged} ~~gress~~ into the ocean. But in the moonlight it seemed a very beautiful picture, to The Mistress and Mrs. Denville and the little girls, who were enjoying themselves every mile of the drive. Next came Old Town, the San Diego of fifty years ago, before many Americans had even known of its existence. The Mistress sat upright and began an imitation of the professional guide of Old Town.

"Here we are, Ladies and Gentlemen, at the historic Old Town of San Diego. Over there, to the left, you see the ancient palms, planted by the Mission fathers one hundred and fifty years ago. They are now fenced in and braced about so that accidents may not befall them. There stands the once famous hostelry, where many a 'balle' has lasted until dawn, with the dancers singing as they danced to the music of the guitars. And how you see"- (she dropped her voice in mock respect) "the sacred edifice, in which the immortal Ramona was married-- sans roof, sans windows, sans everything. As little as there is now of the house left, it is much more there of truth than there was in Mrs. Jackson's novel of Ramona! What a romance that was! And made out of a mere thread.

And how the tourists enjoy it-- they are all eyes and ears over Helen Hunt Jackson's book. How much she has to answer for!" The Mistress had now awakened from her reverie and was overflowing with fun and good humor.

"If you will excuse me, Miss Held, I will water the horses here." Mr. Upham drove up to an antiquated pump, with a worm-eaten trough. It was in the very middle of The Plaza of Old Town.

"That's right and may they be refreshed, as Alessandro was when he and Ramona finally arrived at that same pump, after their perilous journey."

"What did you say, Miss Held?" asked the driver. "I was busy with the horses and did not hear you."

"Oh, just some fool nonsense that came out of a book -- isn't it too bad of me, Mrs. Denville? I have the whole story told and Upham should have told it himself. It is the driver's prerogative, isn't it, Mr. Upham?"

"Now you are talking Greek to me, Miss Held. But you are all right. You have said a whole lot tonight that I have not heard or told before."

"Ah, yes. That is my way," and The Mistress smiled humbly, "but you must tell us about the old church and the bells, for I have forgotten." She gave Mrs. Denville a sly wink. "It was a great shame," she added on the side, "they all do so love to tell their regular story."

"Now you see the old church?" Mr. Upham held up his whip, a la attention.

"Ah, yes, how interesting," Miss Held said sympathetically. But he did not continue.

"Everything looks so old about here, even in the moonlight. It is seared and old-- only the sea and sky are brand new every day, with a freshness unsurpassed," Mrs. Denville remarked.

"That iss true, my friend, and it iss lovely here-- all around and about and I love it."

"O, here we are, in town again," the children exclaimed.

"Yess, drife uss to Rudder's on The Plaza, please, Mr. Upham."

"All right, Miss Held. I'll call for you in about an hour. Is that time enough?"

"Yess, that will do very well. In the meantime, we have our supper?"

The party was courteously seated by a very serious looking waiter. "He must have just come from a funeral. I will give him some cheer," The Mistress whispered to Mrs. Denville. She turned to the waiter.

"Have you anything to eat in thiss place?"

"Oh, yes, madame! Here is the bill of fare. I think we can fill the order."

"Ah, yes. Did you ever?" and The Mistress took the menu and held it upside down much to the amusement of the children and then finally right side up, apologizing prettily. "I am blindt." She looked at it, as if she had never ordered anything before from a card. Then called: "Waiter! We are from the country. You may not have recognized uss from our stylish appearance, but it iss

true-- right from The Green Dragon in La Jolla-- and these are the Babes from The Woodss. We are starving and bring us the finest porter-house steak, for which Mr. Rudder is so celebrated and we will let this lady here finish the order and then present the check to me, as I am the hostess-- and bring it quick or we shall be obliged to eat you! Now I think he feels already better! He looks not quite so depressed." The polite waiter went off shaking with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, Miss Held, you are so funny," Suzanne exclaimed.

"There is just one dear Miss Held in the world," Lucita added.

"No, there are several."

"We mean," both children explained, "Miss Anna Held."

"There you are wrong again! There are two of us-- the long and the short-- the super and the great little actress-- the German woman and the French danseuse and how we have been mixed together up! Once I was travelling on the cars and processions passed up and down, peering at me. But I did not mind. I thought I must have gotten suddenly pretty or may be otherwise and soon the conductor came up to me and touched me on the shoulder and said: 'Pardon me, Madame. Iss your name Miss Anna Held?' And I said, Yess, that iss it! What do you want? But then he rushed off without answering and soon a woman came up and stuck her autograph album under my nose and timidly asked me if I wrote my name. And I said Yess, I know how to write-- but what do you want me to do it for? And she said: 'Oh, please be so kind. You are so cele-

brated." And I then understood. I said to her, Do you think me I am the French actress? She said: 'Why, yess.' Well, I am not, I said. I am just a plain German woman, not celebrated at all, and I laughed. I could not help it. And then that ass of a woman insisted that I should write down my name and I did and after that it wass all, as I have told you, in the paper. But here comes the waiter and from his burden I think we will not have to eat him.-- So now we return to our muttons.- Be silent and eat. And so it wass!"

Too soon, the little party had to separate. Mrs. Denville and the little girls boarded the Coronado car with the dear Mistress on the corner of the Plaza waving affectionate Auf Wiedersehens. As she was in the beginning, now and ever shall be - a symphony of words-- a feast of reason and a flow of soul--and Mrs. Denville's Beethoven.

The next day, Lucita sent a fashionable gift to her Miss Held, a Battenburg center-piece for The Green Dragon dining-table. This is a copy of the letter of thanks that made her so happy.

Green Dragon, La Jolla, Cal.,
Sunday, June 7.

My dear little Lucita:

How could you send me such a lovely spread! I shall have to save it until you come out on your honeymoon. Now, don't laugh, dearie, such things do happen and the time flies so! I wonder how you got home the other night? I had to wait a full half hour but after we started we had a fine moonlight ride and a ride with G.D. about half past eleven. Found dear old Trude sitting up for me and, after a bit of lunch, we went to bed. I slept like a top (why like a top? They spin and are not quiet). Now goodbye and lots of love for your Mamma, Suzanne. And lots of love for yourself. I am always

Your loving friend,

(facsimile signature.)

Chapter XVI.

Not long after the moonlight ride with the ludicrous jolly supper at Rudders, Mrs. Denville received another letter from Miss Held. It was a character-revealing letter and, enclosed with it, was a missive written by Modjeska for Olive, the famous doll, who was away on one of her visits.

Green Dragon, October 18.

My dear Mrs. Denville:

It is a shame to let you wait so long. You are so patient but really I am busier than ever. Since October first I have the dining room on my hands and, although at first I felt that I could not add another care to my many, I find it goes fine. And of course the boarders enjoy it. At present my little sister Trudchen does the culinary part and she is a fine cook and enjoys it. Really she loves to cook. And I have a good dish-washer and a fine waitress. And with me to boss all runs as smooth as a mill-pond. This is the dull season and yet we have still fifteen in the dining room and the tourists are beginning to come and so I have to run away first for a week's rest. I go tomorrow up to Smith's Mountains and to Warner's Ranch, to live with the Indians a bit. And the little papooses love and don't worry me. But here I rattle and don't tell you what you want to know. You ask about the 'Blessed Ladye'. Yes indeed, that is a chapter all to itself but not for the public, bless their hearts! I love them all; so does the 'Blessed Ladye' for she writes for them and they love her. That is enough.

Olive's visit to Modjeska's ranch? I will find a letter to explain that. The little white cross which hangs near the 'Blessed Ladye's' picture was given me by Ellen Terry long ago. It shines in the dark at night and when I feel blue-- no, not blue, (that's indigestion)-- but when I feel discouraged with life in general (not often but once in a great while), then I look at the little cross and her picture. And the sun shines again. Bless her heart! I have not seen her for four years and still I live. The 'Holy Grail' also stands at her shrine. That I had copied for her at Bayreuth, one for her and one for me. Now for the photographs. I do not know which one you mean I gave to you and took back again. I have to have some printed. Have you the one with the dolls? The dear girlies-- give them my love and the boys, too, of course.

Hurray for Lucita, studying German! I shall have to polish mine up so we can converse and I shall be delighted to get her German letter and shall certainly answer it. Now I must leave you and attend to a lot of people who have collected down stairs, while I have been writing in my nest in the tree tops. You are one of the few privileged ones to peep into it. I must have my bedroom for myself. Goodbye with lots of love.

Anna Held.

Arden, October 11.

Dearest Mammie:

Thinking you would like to know something about my adventures after you left me, I hasten to inform you. First of all, you ought to know that when you were talking about Olive and Margaret they thought you meant the kittens. The ideal How absurd! So you see when I was thrown into their arms I came as an absolute surprise. Was greeted with a shriek and roars of laughter. In fact, so great was their joy that they laughed until the tears came. It made me a little nervous, I must confess, but I remembered that I was a doll of the world and had encountered all kinds of mechanical, hysterical dolls in my time. So I looked quietly and with dignity over their heads and thought of you and dear La Jolla.

Now comes the most remarkable part of my experience. If I gave you fifty guesses, you would never light upon what they did to surprise and delight me. They arranged a thunder storm in the mountains. How I wish you could have been with me! We had to wait in El Toro for a belated train that brought us a gentleman, Count Bozenta, who treated me with the greatest politeness and consideration, lifting me carefully into the carriage and placing me in Aunt Joe's arms, where I rested during the drive to fairy land. We had hardly started when the thunder began to roll. It seemed very far off at first and I looked and felt quite calm but, just as we got into the mountains, the lightning flashes came very close to the thunder claps and something told my sawdust heart that we were in for it. But mark you a strange thing happened. We reached the enchanted castle of the heavenly drums and rockets and no sooner were we under its shelter than the water works were turned on. The fires of heaven flashed all around us. The bass drums rolled out their deepest, loudest tones and I almost think my Aunt Helene (Madame Modjeska) was afraid she had overdone it for I overheard the Count say to Aunt Joe 'I will follow Madame, she is a little nervous.'

Thereupon I made my escape to Aunt Joe's room and went right to bed. You should have seen the expression on her face when she found me tucked up snugly in her bed. We were soon in dreamland but in my dreams I could hear the words 'La Jolla, Anna Held is a love' and I thank her for her sweet hospitality.

Lovingly your ownest,

Olive.

(Of course this note was written by Mme. Modjeska, as Olive had never cared to learn to write.)

Conclusion.

(By O. P.)

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But one night she slept in The Den and the mattress went down in the middle, so she called it The Oriole's Nest, which names continues even until this day.

The Green Dragon Camp is another's now and, assuredly, it is a very special privilege to visit it in company with its former Mistress and to have explanations and reminiscences on the exact spot. And so much of her is still there, aside from the legends and the many books (most of them showing her wood-engraved bookplate or that of Ellen Terry, by Gordon Craig) and the curios and the prints once here and which, when she moved away, she left lavishly scattered among all the cottages.

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The Mistress explains that Anton Rubinstein gave two hundred concerts in New York. There was no touring across the country then. The distances between the music centers were greater, because traveling was harder, hotels less well conducted and managers were curious and unreliable beings, who called their companies "troupes" and their appearances "performances!" To hear great musicians then, one had to journey to the great cities.

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Of course Anna Held is still a fire worshipper and, entering any of her houses (after having pulled the latch or used the knocker), one is immediately fascinated by the fireplaces. All are different and all are quite right, magnificently hospitable, comfortable. In her houses, there are always superlatively comfortable chairs and couches; plenty of new and good books; writing materials (for the owner is an accomplished writer of notes and letters, soon to be one of the lost arts!); plenty of unique and pretty dishes. There are always an ideal kitchenette and a well-stocked pantry. There is always a grand piano.

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Immediately after the exchange of their marriage vows, Max Heinrich went to the organ in the church and the merry little wedding party listened, smilingly, expecting to hear the strains of the regulation wedding march. But to the surprise of everyone (and to the bride's entire satisfaction), it was "Ein feste Burg ist Unser Gott" that echoed through the church!

Although Paderewski was then staying there for a rest, Madame Modjeska insisted upon lending her charming country-place to her happy friends. And so, while Madame Modjeska returned to The Green Dragon in La Jolla, quite calmly and unconfidingly facing the waiting, curious crowd at the station, Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich journeyed away from the sea, toward the mountains, and entered into The Forest of Arden.

The bride of that October day is now widowed (all of her friends are privileged to call her Tante Heinrich) but she often gayly recites the details of her "elopement" and of her hurried wedding, about which of course there are numerous, unauthorized versions.

The sparkle in her merry eyes is dimmed for a moment and there is a tremor in her voice, when she recalls that her hero avoided the obvious and chose the noble old Lutheran hymn for their nuptial song.

"And so it wass!"

THE JOYOUS CHILD

(" Das froehliche Kind ")

- The Last Thirty Years

Max in all essentials was the typical "artist." A robust physical specimen, blessed with abundant energy, strength and vitality. Not handsome, but with good features and with a manner and bearing that instantly commanded attention and distinguished him from the usual. Emotional, impulsive, with moods that shifted as easily and swiftly as the wind veers. He was in many respects close akin to the Joyous Child herself. He was just the kind of man to appeal to her sufficiently to sweep her off her feet and into matrimony. She never would have been content with the average male-- one of the purely conventional type. Such a man would have annoyed her by his docility, and his acceptance of the conventional. And she, in turn would have driven him wild by her irresponsibility and her disregard of established forms and ways. But in Max, she found all that appealed. First and foremost with him, stood his music-- the ability to sing and to play the piano. Anna often has said that it was his music that won her, and that it was with it and not with him that she first fell in love. His music was all in all to him. Everything else ranked more or less secondary. When busied with it, either in rehearsing, performing or composing, he was wholly absorbed. And all that was finest and best in him, rose then to surface, and made themselves felt. Then it was, that one sensed the poetic ideality, the big dramatic feel for emotion, the sensitive responsiveness to beauty, and the compelling sincerity of the man's spirit. His music presented him at his best. Away from it, he became the German male of the older type. Jovial when in good humor or among congenial companions; correspondingly unsocial, even to ill-manneredness, when bored or uninterested. Fond of wife and children, and loving of them when they were not in the way, or he not busied with other matters. Generous and wholly irresponsible where money was concerned, giving his last cent to a friend without question, and in turn taking the friend's last cent-- also without question. Tender, thoughtful and loving when in the mood; inconsiderate to the point of roughness and capable of driving a hard bargain, especially in matters connected with his art and work when he deemed such a dealing necessary. He would go gladly and with no thought of pay, into a humble cottage to sing for a sick person, or into a school where the pupils were poor. But he would demand the utmost farthing for appearance in a house of wealth, or in any undertaking where moneymaking by others was chief or sole object.

He and Anna thus suited each other admirably-- not as a

permanent and lasting association perhaps, but for a while. They both loved activity, they were never happier than when among congenial folk, and the more of them the better-- especially if these folk were music lovers. Then, Max and the others could "make music" all the day and all the night, hours without end. Suddenly they would stop, rush off down to the beach for a swim, lie on the sand in the sun, go to a restaurant and order up everything in the place, or return to the Green Dragon Camp for a meal of whatever was available, and eat it with the gusto that best of health and untroubled digestion supply. Then a nap perhaps, then more music, more to eat, more laughter, more song, more conversation, and finally to bed with the consciousness of a day well spent. Such were those gladsome days in Wahnfried, and both Max and Anna were happy in them and because of them.

Europe called soon after the wedding. Max wanted to show his bride to his friends in the east; Anna wanted her relatives and friends to see her "Mann." An unutilized strip of land at one edge of the Camp was sold and the entire Camp rented to a man who agreed to a rental that would go far toward covering the costs of the trip. Investigation as to his responsibility and honesty was of course not made. Off they gaily started. A brief call on the Palmers in Colorado Springs and then on to Chicago where Anna met all the Heinrich children and loved each and everyone of them. At a recital in Kinball Hall a sort of reception was held, all the prominent music folk of the city being present, curious and eager to see the new bride. Then on to New York and jolly hours with the many musical friends there. It was winter time and therefore handsome fur coats had to be bought along with many other outfittings and gifts. The Royal Suite on the Emperor, then the finest ship afloat (later named the Berengaria) was engaged and the voyage to Germany was begun.

Berlin was reached just a day or two before Christmas. Max's sister was married to Carl Fischer, a chorus singer in the Royal Opera. Soon after reaching the hotel-- it was of course the Adlon, the finest and most expensive in the capital-- they started forth to find her, but discovered they had not the correct address. So on to Police

Headquarters they drove and there within a few moments were supplied with the number and street of the Carl Fischer apartment. The reunion with the sister and her husband and daughter was gladdening and promise was given that the Christmas Eve would be spent with them. The purchasing of necessary gifts followed and later the Heilige Nacht was celebrated in simple, hearty German manner in the Carl Fischer home. But soon as they could well do so, the two Americans said Good Night, and drove to the home of Leopold Godowsky, the eminent pianist, then resident in Berlin and at the height of his fame and success. There a scene of different character awaited them. A huge tree, brilliantly lighted and hung heavy with gifts formed center decoration in the salon, while in the adjoining dining room, stood a table laden with food, wine and delicacies. Musicians of prominence were present or came and went-- singers from the opera, instrumentalists, composers recitalists many of whom Max knew and with all of whom he liked to be. The celebration lasted until well toward the dawn, and Max and Anna returned to the Adlon happy as two children who for the first time had experienced Christmas cheer.

Toward noon, the following day, Anna was wakened by a peremptory knock at her door. When she answered, there stood a German policeman in all the splendor of his official uniform. He demanded to see Herr Max Heinrich. Anna informed him Max had gone out but would soon return. She asked what was wanted and was told that the police records showed that Max Heinrich had left Germany years before without having done military duty. He should report at headquarters at once for examination.

That afternoon Max made clear to the authorities that he left Germany before he was 20, that he had been for over thirty years in the United States and that he was a naturalized citizen of that country. There was extensive questioning and explaining, the matter was taken "under advisement" and a few days later Max was notified that he might remain in Germany for a period of three months but not a day longer.

Anna rented an apartment, and furnished it and the Heinrichs were "at home." She was not widely experienced as a cook but when the maid was out, she occasionally prepared a meal for them. And Max, in his good humor used to tell her that she

flavoured it with Love, and therefore it was all right.

They established Wednesday evenings as "open house," and music, and genial cordiality made their apartment a pleasant place to visit. Their "at homes" soon became rendezvous for much of the tonal and artistic life of the city. The Godowskys were regular visitors, Joachim often came, Mischa Elman then a budding genius of eight was invariably present, Fritz Kreisler often dropped in bringing with him his American fiancee, Richard Strauss, then in the first flush of his youthful fame, was frequently there and little was it thought then that a few years later Max would give in America, with Strauss at the piano, one of the most impressive and compelling recitations of "Enoch Arden" with the illustrative Strauss music that has probably ever been achieved.

Max announced a recital in Beethoven Saal. It attracted an audience of distinguished quality and goodly proportions. Anna was at the peak of happiness that night. Her "Mann" was being recognized and acclaimed. She sat with Joachim and Mischa Elman and musicians of prominence were all about her. Max was in finest form and gave a recital which won for him commendation not only from the immediate public, but from the critics as well. His artistry, his voice, his whole being were just of the kind that appealed to German taste and fully satisfied it.

But Max was not wholly comfortable in Berlin. He had an idea that the police were keeping eye on him. He began to think of America. And his thought turned especially to Blue Mountain, Maine where a group of New York and Boston musicians used to congregate every summer. Henry Krehbiel, critic of the New York Tribune was regularly there, the Kneisel Quartet members came every year, instrumentalists from the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic Orchestras had cottages, and singers from both cities were established residents. Max loved to spend the summers there. For there was always abundance of music since musicians

whenever and wherever they get together for a " vacation " invariably make it a busman's holiday. And the people who assembled were naturally most congenial to him. Max had promised that he would assist in a benefit concert that had been planned for the summer and he therefore made this excuse for leaving Berlin. He sailed for New York before the three months of his permitted stay had expired, and never returned to Germany. The dread of the Berlin police seemed ever to linger with him.

Anna stayed on in the apartment in Berlin until summer when she went for a time to the Spreewald, where she had royal fun living with the peasant folk of that picturesque region. The autumn came and Max sent word he was not returning. Anna by this time, had reached the end of her money, for the man to whom she had let Green Dragon Camp had not sent the rent as he had agreed to do. She turned to the good friend Godowsky who gave her the needed funds, she disposed of the apartment and its furnishings not without some considerable loss, took a fast steamer and was soon in New York.

Max had concert engagements for the fall and winter, so she hastened on to La Jolla. There she found that the renter had built a row of cottages on the land she had sold him, and had devoted himself to the renting of them rather than those in the Camp which he had promised to do. Finances were at the vanishing point but the Joyous Child started laughingly and bravely in, soon had Green Dragon Camp in running order, and by early spring when Max arrived, all was merry and easy-going as before. Nearly every musician of prominence touring California, came to La Jolla as guest of Max and Anna. It was during this time that the Kneisel Quartet first visited the Camp. Franz Kneisel, who for years was concertmaster of the Boston Symphony Orchestra formed a string quartet which in time became the finest in the United States, and for years held place as such. Its members gave up their positions in the Orchestra and devoted themselves wholly to chamber music. Max knew them from the east and especially from his association with them at Blue Mountain, Maine, and when they came to Wahnfried for a week-end, hours of jollity and fine music-making were the result.

The second evening of their stay, they sat with Max and Anna, Count Bozenta and Mme. Modjeska and two or three others. Dinner was over, the room was in darkness save for one or two

candles on the mantel, for out of doors a flood of moonlight swept across the calm Pacific sea, the moon being just at full. Almost unnoticed, Kneisel and his three colleagues stole away. A little later, from an upper balcony, came the sound of string quartet music. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven-- played with the artistry and the technical perfection the Kneisels brought to their every performance but with something additional-- the inspiration and lift which a night of such splendor and the consciousness of listeners wholly in tune with what was being offered, could give. It was an unforgettable hour, and it stands out in the memory of the Joyous Child as one of the greatest moments experienced by her in Wahnfried.

The night of rare music had an amusing corollary however. That night, Franz Kneisel was ill and in great pain for some hours and in the morning appeared looking rather woe-begone and bedraggled. Just as he was finishing breakfast a messenger arrived with a telegram. It was from Boston and brought him word that his wife had given birth to TWINS! None of the company would concede that Franz's illness during the night was attributable to something he had eaten. They swore by all that was real in family life and love, that that from which he had suffered were Father Pains!.....

It became rule in Wahnfried, that every guest of prominence, and some who were not so prominent, should write his or her name on the rafters or the walls of the great room. Anna soon conceived the happy idea of burning these inscriptions into the wood so that they might be permanent. A tiny pyrotechnic equipment made this possible. Gradually the Great Room thus became a veritable autograph album of celebrities. Unfortunately when later Green Dragon Camp was sold, the purchasers had little understanding and less appreciation of such decorations and they were either painted over or planed off. Only one door from the original Green Dragon cottage itself was saved. On this door Ellen Terry had written her name, a loving message and a quotation. This door Anna took when the Camp was sold and later builded into a cabin which she erected in the pine woods on the heights near Julian in San Diego County.

Max loved Wahnfried and the comfort with which Anna surrounded him. He also enjoyed the stream of musical company that flowed through its Great Room. He tried doing a little teaching of such pupils as came to him from San Diego and Coronado. But Max was no teacher. His was not the temperament that knew aught of the patience or perseverance which the slow shaping of growing ability demands from both pupil and teacher. He furthermore was not a master of the secrets of tone production. His own voice was one largely of natural gift, and he bothered little and knew less about exactly how he produced and used it. His field was that of interpretation. Anyone who came to him with a voice already schooled, could gain much from his instruction if she or he stood ready to put up with his sudden changes of mood ranging from the most enthusiastic praise over things well done to outright abuse and name-calling when they turned out otherwise. His daughter Julia, exceptionally gifted as she was in both musicianship and voice, had to go to Europe in order to perfect her art of singing. As she used to say: "From father, I can get nothing. Usually he has no time for me, and if he does he wants me instantly to be the finished artist without ever showing me how to be it." It was in Germany she learned to sing, and her career as recitalist and opera singer was just commencing when one day she received a cable from Max commanding her to return to New York at once. Thinking something terrible had occurred, she rushed to the first steamer, and upon reaching New York, Max met her with open arms, and when she anxiously asked what was the matter, he calmly replied: "Oh, nothing! I just wanted you here!"

Therefore, he being such as he was and the local material such as it was, there is little wonder that Max's teaching in Wahnfried resulted in comparatively little in time-filling, money-making or artistic achievement.

The life in La Jolla idyllic as it was, was not for him. Engagements in the east called, and when the fall came, he started. It was destined that he should never return. His work kept him away for a couple of years, and just when he finally was planning to come for a stay in Wahnfried, he was taken ill, was sent to the hospital and shortly after, died.

Thus ended for the Joyous Child her married life and that to which she refers as her Great Romance. " I waited fifty years for the right man to come, and he came! " is the way she smilingly puts it...

Julia came from time to time on concert tour, and always spent as long as she could with Anna. But she too lived not long. A strange accident cut short her life and a career that promised much. On tour, she stopped at a small station in Louisiana to make change of train. As she stood on the platform waiting for the approaching train, a baggage truck on which was her trunk, chanced to be placed so that one end of it protruded over the rails. The engine pulling into the station, hit the truck. It was violently shunted across the platform, struck Julia, crushing her against the wall and killing her instantly.

Edith, Max's second daughter, came to Wahnfried while her father was still there. For a time she ran a tea room in Green Dragon Camp making good success of it, for such was her energy, her brightness of spirit, and her liking for people and they for her, that she quickly established herself and made her undertaking popular. Later she moved to San Francisco entered into business and is still resident there.

Anna, left alone now in Green Dragon Camp, carried joyously on, welcoming all who came, establishing new and strong friendships, and calling about her people of artistic ability, such as her nature and spirit had ever been able to attract and hold.

La Jolla grew into a resort of marked attractiveness and wide popularity, and winter guests abounded in the many hotels and boarding houses. But Green Dragon Camp ever held its own and the managing of it furnished Anna with plenty to do. It also earned her enough so that she could go east or to Europe every year or two, and life was gladsome and held much for her.

Ellen Terry came to the United States for the last time after the Lyceum in London had closed and she and Henry Irving had ended their artist association. Anna went to New York to be with her and it was while there that she "arranged" the marriage between Miss Terry and the youthful actor James Carew-- a marriage that the great actress' family and friends agree was rather ill- advised and which unavoidably ended in something close to disaster. But the Joyous Child defended the marriage even to this day. "She wanted it. It made her happy for at least a while. Why shouldn't she have had it? I'm glad I helped her!"

It was during this visit to the east that Anna again met Mrs. Spencer Trask wife of the New York banker. They had known each other in former days and had kept up their relationship by letter. Mrs. Trask invited her and Miss Terry to dinner, and afterwards when they were chatting the hostess said: "Come, let's go hear Spencer play the piano."

"Why, I didn't know that Spencer played!" exclaimed Anna.

"He has learned it since you were last here," was Mrs. Trask's reply.

As they approached the drawing- room, music faultlessly performed reached their ears. They listened until it ceased. Entering, they discovered Mr. Trask sitting smiling before a player- piano, the operating of which he had "learned" since Anna last saw him!

The story of the Trask family is one of the most dramatic in Anna's experience. As banker and financier, Mr. Trask had won success and the New York home on Washington Square was of beauty and the "country place" at Saratoga Springs was one of the show places of that resort. The family life was of unusual harmony and sympathy, two children-- a boy of four and a girl of six-- rounding out and complementing the love and understanding that existed between husband and wife. It

was during Anna's visit in New York to be with Miss Terry, that Mrs. Trask was suddenly stricken with scarlet fever. The children had to be removed from the home and Anna assumed care of them. Mrs. Trask recovered and when she was convalescing, Anna used to take the lad and his sister for a walk in front of the Trask home and the mother sitting by the closed window could see and wave to them. When the recovery was complete and the physicians declared all danger past, the children returned to the home. A week later, both of them were down with the dread disease and within a week, died. Mrs. Trask was heart-broken but Anna tried to console her by pointing out that she still had Spencer and their beautiful home in Saratoga Springs and that she should find relief in caring for him and it. Time passed, and Mrs. Trask's longing for another child grew stronger. Anna admonished against it but despite her admonitions, in due time a little one was born. Joy was but short-lived however for within a month it too, died. It was but a brief time after that that the great house in Saratoga caught fire and was burned with all its contents among the latter being countless little tokens connected with the children. Anna again came to Mrs. Trask and endeavored to comfort her, once more pointing out to her that she still had Spencer and that his happiness was now all important. One night a few weeks later, Mr. Trask was coming from New York in his private car attached to a fast train. There was an accident, the private car was smashed although the rest of the train was unharmed and Spencer Trask was killed.

Associated with Mr. Trask in business was Mr. Peabody, a man much younger than both Mr. and Mrs. Trask but who was like a son to them. Following Mr. Trask's death, he devoted himself to the helping of Mrs. Trask and caring for the estate. It was decided to carry out the plans Mr. Trask had already made for the rebuilding of the home in Saratoga Spring. This was done and the new house was named "Yaddo," a word meaning "Shadow." A year or more passed and Mrs. Trask and Mr. Peabody were wed. Their married life was brief however, Mrs. Trask passing away within a few short months.

"Yaddo" later was transformed into a home for students and musicians.

Anna's life busily and joyously spent, was passed mainly in Green Dragon Camp. The father and mother and the youngest daughter Helene, had moved to San Francisco and established their home there. Helene later married, and with her husband Mr. Fred Hample and their three children are resident in Oakland. It was to their fiftieth wedding anniversary that the Joyous Child went by airplane-- the first time she had ever flown. She went up one day from Los Angeles and back the next, but she was the center of attraction in the celebration everyone deeming it a wonder that a woman of her age-- she then was 871-- would undertake such a journey and in a plane. But she "loved it" and flying became thenceforth one of her favorite forms of transportation.....

Anna's father and mother died one summer while she was in Europe. Clara, the sister had passed away some time before and all three were placed at rest in the cemetery in Oakland. There too Grete came a few years later...

Grete and Anna had a home together in San Diego-- a frame house of rather old style situate on Front St. and rented to them by the old-time friend, Mrs. Strong. Here for more than a quarter of a century, the Joyous Child had one of her "homes." She was not constantly in it for much of the time was passed in La Jolla. Furthermore she and Grete were two temperaments which could not comfortably be too closely associated. Grete was all orderliness and neatness; Anna was disorder and carelessness personified. Grete was conventional and restricted in her every thought and action; Anna was impulsive and broadminded in all she felt and did. Grete was the typical German spinster-Fraeulein; Anna was cosmopolitan in every fibre of her being. They could not therefore live well and happily together. Anna maintained the home however and Grete spent her entire time there happy in keeping it neatly in order. Anna came for brief stays and they both rejoiced when the time came for her return to Green Dragon Camp, to Los Angeles or her going to Europe....

One summer, Anna took Grete abroad with her. Everything possible was done to make the outing pleasant, but it all rather failed in accomplishment. Grete found little or no enjoyment in the things Anna liked and took her to see.

Visits to friends and relatives in Berlin and elsewhere did not interest as had been hoped, and they both returned to California rather relieved and conscious that the summer trip had been much of a failure.

Grete's chief joy during the latter years of her life was her singing. Although past 60, she possessed and developed a voice of uncommon sweetness and clarity which she learned to use with enjoyable skill. She sang regularly every Sunday in a little church in San Diego, in which her singing master was organist, and Anna saw to it, that the lessons which were Grete's keen happiness were continued without interruption up to the time of Grete's sudden death. Anna one morning had message that her sister had been found unconscious in the San Diego home lying close to the piano she had so loved. Taken to a hospital, she lasted but a few days, and then passed leaving Anna and Helene as the sole survivors of the August Held family.

But for some years after the establishing of the San Diego home, Anna continued the managing of Green Dragon Camp. It was the center of her life and thought, and it became one of the "sights" of Southern California, almost as well known and as frequently visited as was the Mission Inn in Riverside. Gradually she came to be called "Tante" by all her friends and acquaintances, and "Tante Heinrich" grew to be one of the widely recognized individualities and personages of the sunshine land of California. She was a well busied woman for the Camp had grown to its full proportions and the cottages were never without tenants. She superintended everything, seeing to the renting and the up-keep and always having solicitous eye to the comfort and pleasure of all who resided there or who came and went. But the burden became a bit heavy as the years went by, and finally when opportunity came to dispose of the Camp at a fairly favorable price, she did so. The land which she bought "back before La Jolla began" for one hundred and sixty five dollars, she sold with all the houses and furnishings for thirty thousand.

But the Joyous Child had to have a home-- something more than the house in San Diego and the Room 518 which was "her room" in the Hotel Van Nuys in Los Angeles. She required a place which she herself had built. There was a little

triangular lot on the boulevard leading northward out of La Jolla, just at the juncture of the street that led down to the ocean and to Wheeler Bailey's much-talked of Indian Hopi House. This Anna bought and there she erected a helter-skelter house such as she liked and put up a tiny cabin as guest place near by. Into the larger structure she moved her grand piano and certain of her personal belongings and Green Dragon Junior was established.

Life now became for Anna one of playtime rather than duties. But her little house and its guest place were rarely without visitors and occupants for friends crowded about her as they ever had done and strangers coming to La Jolla were curious to meet the "Mistress of Green Dragon Camp" and came to call. And anyone of her friends had to be in great haste did he not on his way from Los Angeles to San Diego and back, draw up at the top of the steps leading down to Green Dragon Junior, and call out "Hello, Tante!" And if Tante was at home there was ever immediate response, followed usually by insistent invitation to come in for a meal or to spend the night. Steady was the stream and it seemed never ending. To list those who came would be to name the majority of the musical and literary folk of Southern California.

Carrie Jacobs Bond was a long-time friend of Anna. They had met the first year Mrs. Bond came to California from Chicago-- when she was little known and before wealth and world popularity had been won for her by her "The End of a Perfect Day" and other songs. She and the Joyous Child became devoted friends and many were the times when she would stop at Green Dragon Junior and carry Anna off with her to her home in Hollywood or to Nestorest, the house she had built on Grossmont fifteen miles east of San Diego. Three trips to Europe together the friends made, albeit one of these was not made together. Mrs. Bond wanted to visit the Orient; Anna had not the least desire to do so. So Mrs. Bond sailed from San Francisco for China, and a few weeks later, Anna sailed from New York for Germany. The day the latter arrived in Berlin while she was unpacking her bag, the maid came to say a lady had that moment arrived and wished to see her. "Who is it?" asked Anna. "Mrs. Bond," answered the maid. "But that is impossible!" exclaimed Anna. "Mrs. Bond went to China!"

" But she is right here now, " called out Mrs. Bond laughing. They had journeyed round the world in opposite directions and had met in Berlin within the hour.....

Charles Wakefield Cadman and his mother were regular visitors in Green Dragon Junior. " Charley Boy " as she fondly calls him, was and still is one of her favorites, and their relationship is of exceptional closeness, and of an affection and understanding that results in regular exchange of letters and of frequent visits and outings together when they chance to be in the same vicinity.

John Doane, the New York organist, spent all available free time during his summer visits to San Diego in the little guest house. He was fond of the ocean and swimming and countless were the jolly hours he and his friends and " Tante " with them had in the surf. Then in the evenings there was music galore, for John enjoyed playing and the Joyous Child loved to listen. She and John made three trips to Europe, much of the time in each of them being spent in London, where they enjoyed the lavish and gracious attentiveness which Dorothy Palmer's unlimited hospitality ever extended to her beloved Tante and to anyone who came with her.

On one of the trips with John Doane they were joined in Europe by the New York organist Arthur Gibson and the three had great joy in each place they visited in seeking out the older churches and gaining permission to play the organ. Tante in the seventh heaven of ecstasy would sit alone in the church or cathedral while her two " boys " took turn in playing for her...

One year she came to Germany and since her sister Kathe would not venture riding in an automobile, Anna hired a carriage with two horses and a driver and she and Kathe and the latter's little daughter drove for an entire month, visiting different points of interest and beauty and spending a goodly time in Bayreuth attending the Wagner Festival performances.

Ultimately, Green Dragon Junior too was sold and Anna

built a cabin amid the big pines on the heights near Julian in San Diego County close to the edge of Imperial Valley. The structure was of the customary type-- harum- scarum in interior arrangement as well as exterior appearance. In it she installed some of her pictures and books, a collection of her phonograph records, such furniture as comfort and necessity demanded and as chief treasure the door from the original Green Dragon on which Ellen Terry had written the inscriptions. To this cabin she used to go chiefly for week- end outings but occasionally for more protracted stays. Here it was that one of her " boys " George Leffingwell, the actor, spent no inconsiderable time during his lingering illness, attended by a nurse, and hoping that the pines and the higher altitudes might prove curative.

There too came latterly, " Wally " a Los Angeles friend who for some three years showed unflinching considerateness in taking Anna for drives, outings and to dinners and concerts. Into his possession has now passed the cabin with all it contains.

Anna's two " homes " after the sale of Green Dragon Camp and Green Dragon Junior, as well as for some time before, were the house on Front Street in San Diego and Room 518 in the Los Angeles hotel which for many years was known as the Van Nuys but is now called the Barclay. For decades she had been accustomed to go to this hotel for stays of indefinite duration-- whenever she wanted to get away from Green Dragon Camp and its responsibilities, whenever she had desire to visit friends in Los Angeles and vicinity, whenever there were concerts or operas she wished to hear, whenever she was en route from La Jolla to Europe or the east. 518 was " her room, " and the management of the hotel kept it practically reserved for her all the years round. Any transient to whom it was assigned during her absences, was given to understand that he had to " change " if at any hour of day or night Mme. Heinrich put in appearance and wanted her room. It was not large-- just the average hotel room with bath. But it had a nice big window and there beside this window, Anna would sit and write her letters or knit. And here in this room she would entertain any friend or friends who came to see her. Here she would have them to dinner or lunch, and although the smallness of the room not infrequently necessitated the

seating of visitors or diners on the edge of the bed, or on all edges of it, such discomforts and inconveniences were laughingly met and borne just for the joy of being with her and just because it was "Tante." To her here came musical celebrities-- Godowsky, Kreisler, Elman, Damrosch and others-- as well as intimates-- Cadman, Carrie Bond, John Doane, Mariska Aldrich, Olive Perival, Margaret Goetz and countless other friends. Five Eighteen was her "town house" and as the years passed and she went out less and less frequently, those who loved her came more and more often to see her and to take her for drives or outings.

The San Diego house was much larger and more complete. It was furnished with many of her old-fashioned things, with her pictures her books and the countless souvenirs she had collected during the years. Here, too she had a big window that she loved. It looked out on Front Street and there she could sit and write or knit and see all that passed. She carried on an extensive correspondence and the postman who used to bring her the mail each morning soon formed the habit of coming in, seating himself in the rocking chair that was proffered and indulging in a cigarette a supply of which Anna kept in the drawer of her writing desk just for his especial use. That the folk further along the route were a bit delayed in getting their mail was of little importance to Anna nor to her smiling, kindly postman. Numerous were the hobbies, the Joyous Child cultivated and which lent interest and pleasure to her life. Knitting had of course been her delight ever since childhood days. And no one dared in later years mention any relative or friend who had a baby or expected to have one, if he wanted to escape having either a complete baby outfit knitted for the newly arrived or the anticipated one, or at least a doll-dressed in charming little knitted garments for the baby to play with. Or if one knew of a person who suffered with cold knees or feet, this should not be revealed. Otherwise knee warmers or bed socks would be forthcoming. How many thousands of such things Anna knitted during all the years no one could estimate. Neither could one figure the cost of the yarn that has been used! But it was her "only extravagance" and therefore she was justified in indulging it!... The purchasing of nearly every new phonograph record by any prominent musician, playing it a few times and then giving it away, was another of her indulgences. So was the purchasing of most of the new books. But all she

bought and all she had accumulated she sooner or later gave away to others-- often without any reason for their receiving them but just the joy it gave her to bestow. One could but regret certain things that went thus-- among others some 300 personal intimate letters from Ellen Terry which she had received and which could but have reflected some of the less well-known sides of the great actress' nature. These were scattered indiscriminately about among any who chanced to express the slightest interest.

One other hobby which resulted in a collection of some value, was the asking musicians of prominence to compose a setting for a little saying which Anna especially loved. The saying was inscribed on an earthenware plate which hung on the wall in her living room. It was in German and read " Gott sei Dank, dass wir so weit sind " (God be Thanked, that we're thus far along). With strips of music paper containing a couple of staves, she sent this text to musicians she knew in Europe and the United States and asked them to set the words to music. The result has been some hundred of " original compositions " by folk known in the music world. It is a collection of rather unique interest and the slips are to be bound into a volume which later it is understood is to become the property of Charles Cadman.

Anna maintained the house in San Diego until the spring of 1938. She went frequently to the Barclay for visits of varying duration but gradually she came to enjoy more and more being in San Diego. Cadman was living there at the time and was frequent visitor, Louis Bangert and other local musicians frequently came to see her, older associates from La Jolla and members of the Grant family resident there, were seen, and a kindly, finely-competent young woman, Frieda who was a distant relative, was companion and housekeeper for her during the final year and did much to contribute to her comfort. For the years had demanded a certain toll of the Joyous Child. Not in any lessening of the mental cheeriness, or of the indomitable will, or the set determination to have her own way. But rather along the lines of sight and agility. The eyes began to dim with cataract, and abhorring as she does everything that in any wise pertains to surgery or medicine, she would never for

an instant consider the operations that would have removed the hampering of her vision. She also found walking growing more difficult for her. She yielded to this, instead of resisting it, with the result that the mounting or descending of stairs is trying for her, and the getting into or out of an auto is not easy.

But the urge to see Europe once more grew keen. The Joyous Child wrote to her beloved Dorothy who for years had so generously supplied her with liberal allowance, word came back from London for the voyage to be undertaken if it was thought it would not be too trying. Then the plans were made which resulted in Anna and the writer of these lines making the journey together. When it was suggested that a ship direct from Los Angeles to Germany would save the exhausting railroad trip across the continent, Anna was all for it, until she was told that such a voyage required four weeks! On all her previous 44 voyages she had used only the fastest possible boats, had gone to bed the moment she went on board and remained there until the steamer docked. The thought of four weeks called forth the horrified exclamation:

" But, um Gottes Willen, I can't stay in bed for
FOUR WEEKS! "

She was informed that she was not going to be permitted to stay in bed for four weeks-- that she was expected to be up and about, not miss a meal and forget that such a thing as sea sickness existed. Reluctantly she agreed to the plan but it was with no slight skepticism and mental perturbation that she entered her cabin on the Portland, in Wilmington (Los Angeles), that 18th day of March 1938. The ten days along the Mexican and Central American coast on a sea blue as the Mediterranean and calm as an inland lake made all thought of sea sickness impossible, and when the somewhat rougher waters of the Caribbean and a storm in the North Atlantic were encountered, so accustomed had Anna become to the motion that there too no discomfort was experienced. She missed not a meal during the entire four weeks, breakfasted in her cabin but went to the dining room for lunch and dinner and had her afternoon coffee either there or on deck. And was she proud

of the " record " she thus made? It was a triumph for her to know she could cross the ocean without being ill.....

Landing was made at the Hook of Holland, and a rosy- cheeked jolly young Hollander who, thanks to an Irish grandfather, rejoiced in the surprising name of Johnny Rooney!-- took the travellers in his new De Soto auto, across the loveliness of Holland just then in the first beauty of tulip time, into Germany to Cologne. There night stop was made and in all the bell- ringing and wonder of an Easter Sunday, the ride down the Rhine Valley was continued the next morning. That afternoon the little town of Heppenheim on the Berg Strasse was reached and welcome was being extended Anna and her companion by her niece Gretel and her son Walter. There was much about which to talk and not least among the recountings by the Joyous Child was the wonder of her four weeks voyage " without a moment of sea- sickness " the excellence of her stewardess who rejoiced in the name of Frau Pumpe and whose physical build was well described by the cognomen, of the kindness of the Captain and the crew of the Portland, and of the exhilarating motor trip across Holland and southward through Germany....

And in this way the Joyous Child found herself once more in her native land. In the little inn of the Halber Mond on one of whose chimneys a family of storks has nested for nearly twenty seasons, and which as a hostelry has existed for more than two centuries, Anna found comfort and home. She looked out of her window into a garden planted with flowers and with huge chestnut trees just coming into bloom. Gretel came daily bringing with her sweet understanding, affection and tenderness and a presence like unto that of some delicate flower. Walter, busied as lawyer in Darmstadt, returned home once or twice a week; Elsie another niece came with her daughters from their home in Darmstadt and with auto rides, trips to Heidelberg and dressing of dolls, knitting and writing, eight enjoyable weeks came and went.

Then the longing to see Dorothy waxed too strong to be longer resisted. One morning in June, auto was taken to Frankfort, fifty minutes in plane landed the travellers in Cologne, another fifty minutes brought them to Brussels, and a

little over an hour found them on Croydon Field in the suburbs of London. Dorothy's faithful servitor and helper, Stanley, was there with the car, newspaper reporters sought for interviews with the lady 88 years old who had just flown all the way from Germany, and an hour later the Joyous Child held Dorothy in her arms and was at home in the charming " guest house " at 10, Oakley Gardens.

There followed weeks of happy visiting. Daily, Dorothy came to spend time with Tante or had her to lunch or dinner in her lovely near-by home in Swan Walk. There was a deal of shopping, and although Anna could not do much walking about, she could enter the great stores, be wheeled about in a roll-chair, or else be seated and have the things she wished to see, brought to her for inspection and selection. There were frequent drives about the city and in the Parks. One afternoon Hampton Court was visited and tea taken in the Mitre Inn where she and Ellen Terry had so often been. Accompanied by one of her " boys " from San Diego, Emery Shepherd, a day of interest and delight was spent motoring to Small Hythe in Kent where Miss Terry spent her last days and where the Memorial her daughter Fdy has established in the cottage she occupied, holds a great collection of mementoes and souvenirs. Especially interesting to Anna were the costumes which the great actress left, and when the caretaker brought her the Lady Macbeth costume which she herself had so frequently donned when substituting for Miss Terry in posing for the Sargent painting, fond memories and associations came flooding back. There was, on another day, lunch with Fdy and the living over of many hours of the past. There was a Joyous visit to Flsie Palmer now wife of the widely- recognized writer Leo Meyers their home being the Old Rectory situate not far from Harwich, a lovely rambling house with beautiful gardens and a wealth of flowers.

Seven weeks slipped by. The writer felt he must return to the United States and Anna decided she would go too. August 6th they set sail on the Europa and nine days later were in Los Angeles. The house on Front Street in San Diego had been let for a year and therefore was not at disposal. But Room 518 was always available and there the Joyous Child established herself,

her kindly Frieda coming daily to care for her and her needs, "Wally" appearing morning afternoon or evening to chat, take her for drives or outings, and countless old-time friends dropping in to see her and hear of her trip.

Autumn merged into winter and with the approach of spring, the Wanderlust again woke in the spirit of Tante. She wanted to go back to London! This time, she was going there to stay-- to "wait for the undertaker" as she laughingly phrased it. Dorothy was consulted by post and cable and as usual said "Come." Plans were made, decision was reached and the house and all its contents in San Diego were definitely disposed of, being sold to the tenants and to Mrs. Strong. Anna was now "free" -- there was nothing that bound her longer to California. She could go to England with the feel that no place or belongings called her back. On April 21, 1939, the Super-Chief began the rush across continent, on the eve of the 26th the Europa steamed out of New York harbor and the afternoon of May 1, Anna was landing in Southampton. The little "guest-house" at 10, Oakley Gardens was occupied so a week was spent in Southampton, and then, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, began the delightful drive with Stanley at the wheel, through the wonder of English springtime in the County of Kent. London and Dorothy! And the homey comforts of the charming little house!

There the Joyous Child has been all the summer through. When the crises came in September, she was "evacuated" and found congenial home-like living place in the lovely little Swan Hotel in Lavenham Suffolk, some three hours by motor from London.

And thus comes on November Third, the Birthday Ninety!

Its celebrating will be quiet, but richly heaped with love, fond wishes and gracious evidences of devotion. Messages from near and far will bring assurance that the day

has not been overlooked, and that affection has not forgot.....

And as the ninetieth- and- first year begins, Anna will sit there in sunshine at the threefold window in the Swan, and look smiling back across a life of wondrous richness, variety and content, and forward to happy, peaceful days that are yet to be-- the genial, loved, keenly alive " Tante " to all the world, and The Joyous Child.....

Lugano, Switzerland
October, 1939. H H.