

Angelenos Who Can Boast of Royal Lineage

ANCESTOR hunting has become the national mania; everybody seems to have it. To be of any importance these days in democratic America one must have a family tree.

The pride of pedigree is new in this country, but it is growing. The men who made this republic, what it is thought little about it; in fact, class distinction was one of the things they came from Europe to get away from. Their children's children look at it differently, however.

To be merely the heir of rich James Smith, who can remember no farther back in the family history than that his horny-handed grandfather was a hard-working man, is not enough for Smith junior. He needs a family tree, a coat-of-arms, a crest, or his right to a position in the new aristocracy will be questioned.

Great wealth alone is not enough; family must back it. Of course, he must show good ancestry; but that is not difficult.

THOUSANDS OF ANCESTORS

"The lines of thousands of families in America can be traced back to English nobility," said Herbert C. Andrews, genealogist and heraldist, who came to Los Angeles recently. "It is a question of simple arithmetic. Every person has four grandparents; each of these, four; and so, by this natural process of multiplication, it gives every person 1024 ancestors 300 years back.

"Going on further to the thirteenth century the number of ancestors of each person equals the total population of England at that time."

With so many, to one's credit it would be hard not to discover some relationship to a noble family or two. The difficulty would be to escape the general distinction.

The chances of those who came by way of Ireland or Scotland or any other European country are just as good by the same process of induction.

AMERICANS OF ROYAL BLOOD

There are also in this country many of royal descent; authorities have figured it out that there are living today 1,000,000 descendants of Alfred the Great alone.

Thus the lump of royalty leaveneth the whole world.

Right here in Los Angeles there are, according to Mr. Andrews, at least twenty-five persons whose royal lineage can be proved beyond question. Think of it! Twenty-five in our city whose papas and mammas a few centuries removed sat upon thrones! What an exclusive society they might organize. S. R. D.—Society of Royal Descendants! The distinction of being an F. F. V., a D. A. R. or an S. C. D. would be nothing in comparison.

The president of such a society properly would be Frederick H. Rindge, president of the Conservative Life Insurance company, whose family history recently traced shows that his line reaches back to King David, the psalmist.

King Edward I also figures in this illustrious pedigree and princes and dukes cluster thick on the family tree.

BOOK OF RARE VALUE

An eastern publisher is now getting out an edition of the Rindge family history, which was recently compiled by Mr. Andrews. It will be an expensive work, costing several hundred dollars. It will be printed on vellum, embellished with illuminated lettering and illustrated with reproductions from photographs of scenes mentioned in the chronicles and of coats of arms and crests of the family emblazoned on parchment.

Mrs. Robert J. Burdette has a distinguished ancestry. She is descended from the Bradley family of Connecticut, which goes back to the landed gentry of England. There were many soldiers, scholars and churchmen among Mrs. Burdette's progenitors.

The family history of Mrs. Hancock

Banning shows that she is a descendant of one of the First Families of Virginia and of two royal lines. The lineage of C. J. J. Willett, city attorney of Pasadena, shows his descent from Capt. Thomas Willett, first mayor of New York.

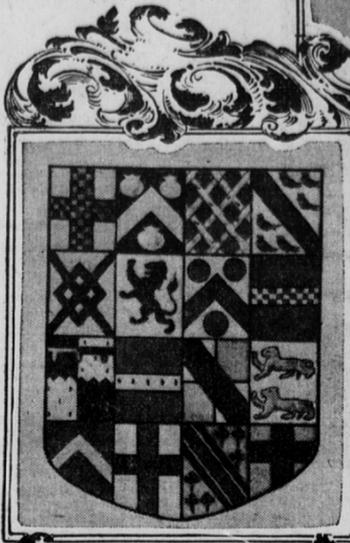
There are many others in Southern California who are having their descent traced by genealogists.

PIONEERS AND KINGS

According to Mr. Andrews, most Americans care more for going back to the pioneers than to royalty. To discover that an ancestor came over in the Mayflower interests them more than knowing that one farther back came from Normandy with William the Conqueror.

There are about twenty-five families of Mayflower descendants in the state of California, and a society will be organized among them next spring.

One of the most exclusive of colonial societies is the Society of Colonial



BLISS

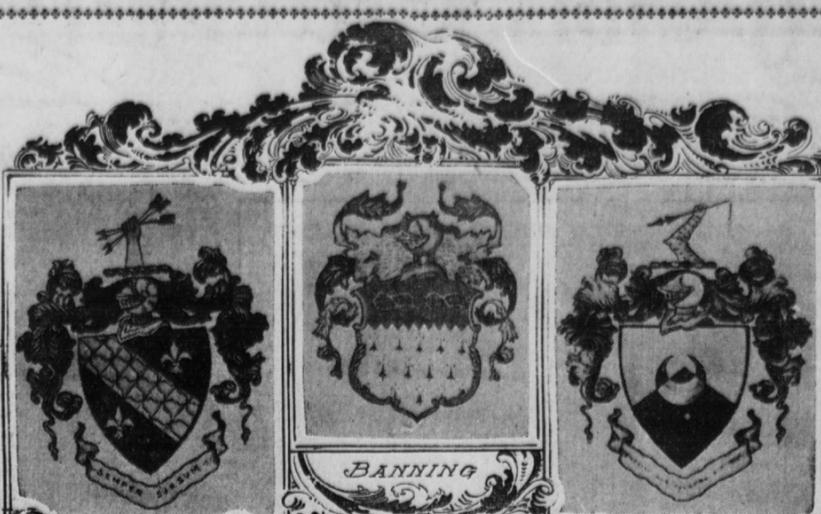


WHITNEY QUARTERINGS



HERBERT C. ANDREWS

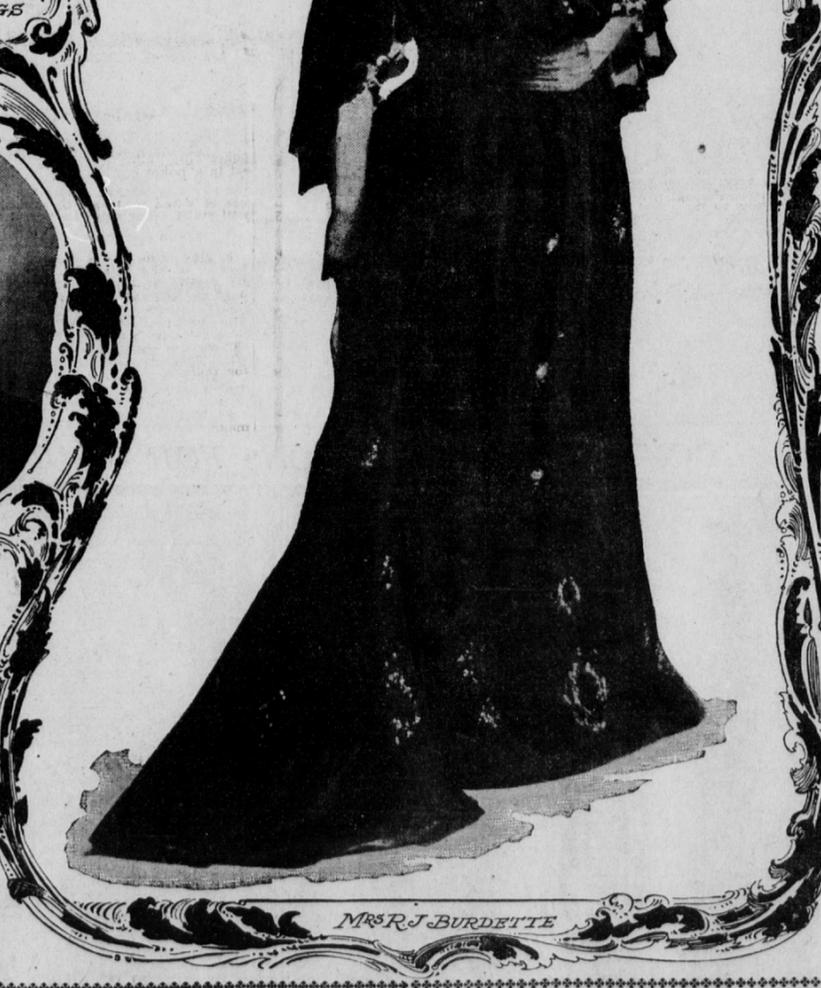
Wars, of which Attorney Holdridge O. Collins is the governor in California. In several of the large eastern cities



BANNING



CHAPMAN



MRS. R. J. BURDETTE

Russian Wedding in Los Angeles Colony

DOWN in the vicinity of East First street, not far from the new bridge of the Pacific Electric railway, a little band of Russian exiles have found a home in this land of liberty, where they can worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

This little colony, commenced about six months ago, now represents twenty families and in the number there are forty stalwart men, besides women and children and a few young men and maidens.

Last Sunday, in a ceremony lasting more than five hours, Theodore Khomoutoff, a blonde-haired, beardless Russian lad of 18, plighted his vows with Audoftha Boutchraff, a young girl of about his own age.

It was the solemnization of a marriage such as has never before been witnessed in Los Angeles. Beginning at 10 o'clock, the preparatory service took the form of a religious meeting with many fervent prayers and exhortations and the singing of hymns, the meeting being held at the home of one of the leaders of the colony, Basil Ievrilostoch Pivavoroff, a man of intelligence and the spiritual guide of the flock.

After this service, at which there was much weeping and lamentation, probably due more to homesickness than conviction of sin, the entire company of fifty or sixty set out for the home of the bridegroom's parents, a little cottage several blocks away. They were met at the door by a fresh-faced young matron, clad all in blue and wearing on her head an embroidered blue silk handkerchief. She invited the guests to enter and then, when all stood in lines around the room, more psalm singing and praying followed before the entrance of the bridegroom to seek the consent and benediction of his parents.

Bridegroom a Captive
Finally the bridegroom was led like a captive between the best man and the maid of honor (who are always young married people), his wrists bound to theirs by two embroidered

Russian towels to denote his submission. Then, reverently and respectfully, he knelt before his father-in-law and received the patriarchal blessing. In faltering words he asked their forgiveness, saying that perhaps he had sinned against them. Here the leader interrupted by saying that there was no "perhaps" about it, of course he had sinned often against them. Meekly the young man repeated, "I have sinned against thee," but evidently his mother thought differently when she embraced him as he arose from his knees and devoutly kissed his father and mother.

The next step in the ceremony was to go to the home of the bride, some half a dozen blocks away. It was a motley procession that sallied forth. In advance, with the bridegroom still led in captivity by his chains of embroidered towels, went the leaders of the peculiar community, grave-faced Russian moules, many of them wearing the Russian costume with its blouse of bright red or blue, long vest, high topped boots and full trousers; others were in the ready-made suit such as the American laborer arrays himself in on Sunday, for the strangers have been long enough in Los Angeles to awaken a desire to cast aside the national dress of the Russian peasant. Behind these walked the sad-faced peasant women, their heads covered with embroidered handkerchiefs and their gowns made with full skirts and loose waists, similar in style to a dressing sacque worn as a negligee. Over the skirt was the blue embroidered apron of white linen. And in the rear was a group of American women who were the special wedding guests.

Down the middle of the street the procession moved, the men with bared heads and chattering psalms as they walked along. The tones were strident and the voices untrained, but one can imagine the power of this national music when sung by the Russian soldiers as they advance into battle with the Japanese foe.

As the procession moved forward the street gamins, chiefly Mexicans, with here and there a well-dressed boy,

evidently on his way home from Sunday school, helped to swell the number, and when the bride's home was reached these unbidden guests were not at all abashed because they had not on the wedding garment. They crowded the hallway of the little cottage and darkened the windows in their eager curiosity to see what was going on within. But the participants acted as if a Russian wedding was not attracting the attention of the whole neighborhood.

Respectfully the bridegroom greeted his future mother-in-law and father-in-law, bestowing in this case two kisses upon each one and bowing completely to the floor three times. Then, there was a moment of silent expectation awaiting the coming of the bride. She was brought forth with the same towels that had led her lord in captivity and placed face to face with her future husband. But no blushing countenance could as yet be seen, for over her head and covering her face was a black woolen shawl. Slowly the leader lifted one end of the shawl and revealed a pair of sad grey eyes that looked "all teary round the lashes." Then the gloomy black shawl was removed and the bride stood forth in all the finery of the Russian peasant costume. A yellow embroidered handkerchief was on her head; the gown was full in the skirt, made of sprigged muslin and had two rows of yellow lace around the bottom. The inevitable apron was of black and reached to the bottom of the skirt. The loose fronts of the muslin sacque seemed to give the bridesmaid some concern for she fre-

quently adjusted them, pulling them down to their proper place. The ceremony seemed never ending, interspersed as it was with exhortations and psalm singing, but finally the place was reached where the bride was to don the insignia of the married woman, and she was led away to her room, where Tatana Aphanasie, the bridesmaid, removed the yellow handkerchief and brushed out the long braid of hair and plaited it in two parts, entwining the braids around the head. Over these was placed a coquettish little round cap of blue silk and white lace, and embroidered with bright-colored beads. A red ribbon was pinned around the throat of the bride and she came forth to stand beside her husband, and for another ceremony lasting for half an hour. Then, in a darkened room by themselves, Mr. and Mrs. Boutchraff with their attendants partook of the wedding feast, while the guests were served in adjoining rooms. Outside, in the back yard, six brass samovars, brought all the way from Russia as hand baggage, steamed and bubbled, and inside in the little kitchen over a kerosene stove, a la Americaine, the noodle soup and boiled beef was cooking.

When the bride and bridegroom left the room they gathered up all the gifts from the mother—two tumblers, one half filled with dry tea, the other with cut sugar, the loaf of bread and the dish of salt—and tied them in the table cloth by the four corners. This was the bride's dowry and emblematical of her expected housewifely duties. Then the tables were made ready and

the shining samovars, which required a man's strength to carry, were brought in. The first course was Russian tea, bread and raisins. The tea was served in tumblers, and some of the glasses were refilled six or eight times. Then came the noodle soup, each guest helping himself with a polished wooden spoon as large as a small ladle and eating out of the large dish placed in the center of the table. These soup spoons and the tumblers were the only individual utensils used, there being no plates or knives and forks. During the meat course each guest helped himself with his fingers and placed the generous slice on a piece of bread. It was like a little bit of the medieval ages when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors dined in a similar fashion. A complot of prunes and dishes of quartered apples ended the feast.

Before the final adieu were said the special guests were presented each with a handkerchief by the bride's mother, and then the maid of honor passed a plate for a collection of money to be given to the bride.

The paying service had begun at 10 o'clock. It was now past 4. The bride looked tired and almost hysterical as she was forced, hand-in-hand with her husband, to bow three times to the floor, standing almost upon her head, and rising and turning to the north, south, east and west, and repeating the performance.

Then the couple departed to the home of the bride, where they are to live under the paternal roof. Throughout all the ceremony the lessons inculcated

genealogical societies have been organized.

President Roosevelt is a member of the New York Genealogical and Biographical society, of which is also Pierpont Morgan, who has a handsomely illuminated chart tracing his descent from Morgan, a Welsh king who ruled 700 A. D.

LIBRARIES OF GENEALOGY

The New England Historical and Genealogical society of Boston has a library of 20,000 family histories, and in the Newberry library of Chicago

were concerning filial obedience, for the reign of the mother-in-law is supreme.

A part of this Russian colony came to Los Angeles about six months ago, but new arrivals are constantly added, for the account of their contentment and chances for prosperity has gone back to the friends in Transcaucasia, near the Turkish border.

For forty years these primitive people have endured persecution because of their peculiar religious faith. It is a brotherhood similar to that of our early Quakers.

Those red-bearded, bearded men who

there are 10,000 volumes for genealogical reference.

In "Crossier's General Army of American Coats of Arms" there are shown 2000 coats of arms of American families whose rights to them have been authenticated.

The only ones for whom there can be no ancestral hopes are those descended from serfs. Of the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" no records of any kind were kept. They died as the weeds of the fields and their names died with them.

Choir Singer's Vain Quest

Written for The Herald by One Who Has Sought a Church Engagement

THE ROAD to a choir engagement in Los Angeles is a long one and many are the byways in which the feet of the aspirant for the honors of a church position must wander ere the longed for goal is reached. The supply of singers far out-numbers the positions to be filled. Therefore competition is keen, and as in any other business, all sorts of scheming and connivance is resorted to. One would not suppose that a "pull" would have much to do with getting a church position, but it seems that many times a "pull" is of more importance than a voice.

There are various ways in which a singer may get an engagement in a church choir. Sometimes the power of choosing singers is given entirely to a choir director, who is paid a certain sum to furnish the music. Then the singers may be engaged by a music committee—members of which know very little about music. But the committeemen are "pillars in the church." The minister sometimes has a good deal to say about the music, but if he is a wise man he will keep clear of all musical matters—for was there ever a church in which there was not more or less trouble over the music?

Many choir directors are vocal teachers, and they usually have pupils to whom they give the positions in their choirs. Very often the pupils are paid for their services in vocal lessons—which is naturally a great saving to the director.

One of the favorite money-saving schemes of the director is to keep on "trying singers" for several months, thereby saving the salary that he would be obliged to pay a regular singer.

The only singers who find it easy to get engagements are tenors. Tenors are scarce and consequently they are "tenners." Ten dollars a Sunday is considered a good wage for a tenor in the choir singer to receive, and in most churches five dollars a Sunday is considered very good pay. Prices range from ten dollars down to one dollar a Sunday. Once a year most of the churches have a sort of house cleaning process whereby the old musicians are all discharged, and then there is a general scramble among the "outs" and there is high rivalry over the vacancies.

Shortly after arriving from the east some months ago the writer began to go the rounds of the churches hoping to obtain a position. Director after director was visited, fruitlessly. "Yes, your voice is very good," said one director, "but all my singers are European trained, so I could not give you a position." "I thought New York was a pretty good place in which to find vocal teachers, but it seems that one must go to Europe before making any pretensions as a singer." "I am sorry I cannot give you a position in my choir, but if you will study with me I will guarantee that in six months' time you can go on the stage."

All this was very discouraging, as I did not want to study with any one, and had no desire to go on the stage, but it seemed impossible even to get a hearing in any of the churches without the special intercession of some teacher, so I bethought me of the wily scheme of taking a few lessons to obtain the influence of my instructor.

This plan was very successful, for in a short time, through the influence of a friendly teacher, my teacher obtained for me a hearing in one of the smaller churches.

I said to myself: "Now is the golden opportunity, I must make the most of it," so when Sunday rolled around I sang to the best of my ability, and was engaged to sing in the church quartet. The choir was composed of a quartet and chorus, and the soprano was everything seemed to be going smoothly, and apparently there was not a ripple of discontent. Then one Friday very few of the chorus appeared at choir practice. Those who were present seemed sulky. Gradually the number of chorus became less and less, until it was decided that it would be best to have a quartet choir.

The reason the chorus deserted the choir was that the singers wanted another soprano for their director. This woman was a member of the church, and she spent most of her time making mischief for the incumbent quartet. Every Sunday she would sit in a conspicuous place in church and we could feel that she was radiating all sorts of unkind thoughts.

The church members wanted a chorus choir, but the chorus would not return unless the old director resigned. She said she would resign if her year's salary were paid, as she had been engaged for a year. The music committee tried to get her to compromise, but she would not do so.

Finally, owing to the insistence of the ex-chorus, the music committee engaged soprano number two as director, and soprano number one was still retained in the choir. Imagine the spectacle, soprano number one (lean and forty); soprano number two (fat and forty) arising each Sunday and trying to see which one could scream the loudest. With the advent of the new director, the chorus had all returned, and now there were some lively tilts. One night we were practicing Farmer's Mass. Soprano number one soared up and tripped over the high notes. "I am sorry," said soprano two, imitating her; "Don't sing joy-hoi-hoi-hoi with a hitch over every note."

Soprano number one glared and the chorus giggled. After several weeks of this sort of thing, the music committee came in a body and requested soprano number one to resign, as it was said she was a disturbing element in the choir. Poor woman, her spirit was pretty well broken, so she left, but she brought suit against the trustees of the church for the remainder of her year's salary. To the best of my knowledge she has never received her money.

Disturbed with the whole proceeding, I resigned from the position. I had worked so hard to obtain, and now I am wondering what my next experience in a choir will be.

sat at that wedding feast and chanted psalms hour after hour, with tears rolling down their cheeks, have good cause for emotion.

One broad-chested fellow was especially overcome. He was thinking of the wife and little ones he had left behind when he escaped across the frontier. For four years, against his religious principles, he had served in the czar's army. After a brief vacation granted him to see his family he was again commanded to go back to the army.

But there came to him a broadening of the skies, a vision of liberty, and instead of fighting the Japs before Port Arthur he is eating noodle soup in Los Angeles. But of the welfare of wife and children he knows nothing. Another recent arrival, an athletic, black-bearded fellow, in a typical Russian dress, with his dark red blouse belted by a cord of blue, is thinking sadly of the companion who fell wounded from the shot of a frontier guardsman as in company with two others he crossed the line that gave them freedom. The three men reached this country in safety, but whether their companion is dead or alive they do not know. Letters are frequently intercepted by the Russian government and communication is uncertain.

There are several families now on route to the Los Angeles colony, some detained at Hamburg and others in New York. It is expected that because of the wide-spread agitation now going on in Russia that there will be an exodus that will bring 2000 people of this brotherhood to California within the year.

The new minister of the interior, who controls the granting of passports, is said to be much more liberal than the murdered von Helvig, and there being no plates or knives and forks. During the meat course each guest helped himself with his fingers and placed the generous slice on a piece of bread. It was like a little bit of the medieval ages when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors dined in a similar fashion. A complot of prunes and dishes of quartered apples ended the feast.

Consequently, these Russian immigrants have not much money with which to establish themselves here. But they are frugal and temperate, industrious and persevering, and with these thrifty habits are sure to make good citizens. They are looking for available land where a community may be founded and firmly believe that God has directed them to this country.

One of the hymns they sing was written by a member of the brotherhood some forty years ago and it foretells the coming of the Anglo-Saxon southern land where peace, plenty and prosperity awaits them. They are convinced that the prophecy is now being fulfilled and that the promised land is California.

A CORNER IN PUZZLES

The City of Killemere

(A rhyme of transposed initials.)
There are twenty words in the following verses that have lost their initials, and twenty other words to which they have been transposed. Find these twenty letters and put them back in their places:

There's a city called Killemere,
Hose inhabitants tall tare lack,
Cruel war bloodthirsty; and how
Nor pole a death errand receives.

For they say that strangers dare ade
To work thirty days a day;
But receive ominous fifty cents,
Which there his he union pay.

Furthermore they get nothing to heat;
Wants to rise instead of temperate,
They have to wait for a shower
And pen their mouths in the train.

They are ever allowed to talk,
Except by deaf and dumb signs;
But ten their fingers bare tied,
Which, to me, seems retty hard lines.

They care dressed in he queerest lothes,
Made out of banana leaves;
Every one as to keep is suit green
Nor pole a death errand receives.

Such a life is too full of care
The coverage mortal, I fear;
So in love with his earnest haviour:
Keep way, boys, from Killemere.
G. M. L. BROWN.