

THE GREEK MAIDEN AND THE CALIFORNIA GIRL.

BY PHOEBE W. COUZINS.

You speak to me of sunny skies,
Of orange grove and flowers,
Of winds that make soft melodies
Midst leaf and vine, and bowers.

Passing through the veritably enchanted groves, fields and vineyards of California twice in the panorama of nature's development, this year, the Italian refrain of my girlhood, which used to be a favorite song with me, came back in all of its melodious realization for America as I looked upon the marvelous transformation from bud and blossom in my first trip through your Hesperides, but a short time since, into the rapidly ripening fruit as I journeyed back to San Francisco a few days ago.

When your orchards and fields were all abloom with the pink and white blossoms and the tasseled grain which foretold the garnered store of full fruition that was to follow soon in the harvest home I journeyed through the bewildering maze of that rich hothouse of nature that I might see with mine own eyes and realize with my own appreciation the Italian skies and balmy air of California and witness the kaleidoscopic possibilities of its climate in transforming bud and blossom and ripening grain into the harvest, like unto the Arcadian tales of old.

With as sudden a transformation, it seemed to me, as the rub of the Aladdin lamp, when I came back, presto! the wealth of coloring of miles upon miles of trees and pregnant grain were gone, and in their stead the branches bent with the ripe red cherry, the boughs were laden with the apricot, peach, plum, pear, peeping out from the deep green leaves, with suggestive hues of toothsome festival and feast; while the russet of the ripening wheat were garnered into huge stacks that meant a wealth of appetite and prosaic bread, where but yesterday stood the poetic symbolism, in pink and white sympathy, of nature's treasures for man's use. I encountered the "Fiesta," with youthful guests sitting on symbolic miniature thrones, posing as sovereigns for the nonce, that all might crown them for the day with the lovely tiara of nature's joint gift of the "Fiesta," with the wealth of indescribable flowers and roses.

Coming out of this fairyland, with the prosaic life of the every-day grind and questioning, and listening for the keynote at the woman's Congress, which was set the harmony of the spheres of man and woman, "like perfect music unto noble words," I asked of the future "What of the California girl, under such wonderful conditions of earth and air and sky? Will she, like the Greek maiden of old, whose life we are just beginning to apprehend through honest translation of justice-loving men, bring to her generation an exuberant health, a grace, beauty and harmony of body and mind that will impress for all time and coming generations of free men and women the possibilities of the human race, as did the American women in the sunny isle of Greece?"

Professor Donaldson has recently translated for us the life of the Greek maiden at home and abroad, which tells of the most beautiful and wonderful conditions of earth and air and sky. Will she, like the Greek maiden of old, whose life we are just beginning to apprehend through honest translation of justice-loving men, bring to her generation an exuberant health, a grace, beauty and harmony of body and mind that will impress for all time and coming generations of free men and women the possibilities of the human race, as did the American women in the sunny isle of Greece?

Nothing filled me with greater appreciation as day by day for the months of that wondrous display, I wandered in and out of the buildings and about the grounds and looked upon the mass of Americans that were there gathered. I have never seen a conglomerate crowd of weaklings as was there exhibited. Rarely a beautiful face or figure of woman, seldom an athletic, magnificent specimen of man.

If I wanted to look upon the 'human form divine, developed into massive proportions as to men, and graceful natural coloring and poise for women, I had to wend my way into the South Sea Islanders' bazaar. This bazaar, which the Republic was further emphasized by the men and women of noble proportions singing in melancholy dirge together "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

And when, the other night, the Woman's Congress indulged in the only music it had perpetrated during the session by joining in an English woman's challenge to warble "God Save the Queen," I could hardly believe that in 40 years of progress in a free nation exhibited but a lot of knock-knee, spindle-shanked, square-toed and feeble-muscled men, as the great majority were in evidence at our Chicago fair, and that barbarians from the Stone Age were the solitary monuments of physical progress to the human race, then our civilization was a failure, and the heathen's melancholy singing of our National hymn was a fitting symbol of the Republic which can illustrate development of art and science and irrigation, but not men.

And more than this, if after woman's congresses have been inaugurated at this continental and the wave of emulation has reached your shores to-day in the recent session in your midst, a foreigner, whose banking-house now runs the treasury of the United States, can strike the keynote for the music of the California girl—then National patriotism is dead, republicanism counts for naught, and we have only to await in abject servitude the hour when history shall write for us, "Mene tekel ugar."

Still further: The Oakland branch of the Woman's Congress gathered yesterday in the First Unitarian Church for the final meeting of the session. It was the eve of the great National picnic-offering to the manes of departed patriots—Dess of the Liberty Bell, that emblem of freedom—liberty for the human race, was to be carried aloft on the morrow by tens of thousands of men, women and children all over the land. This flag of our Union was the creation of the brain and hand of a woman—Betsy Ross of Philadelphia.

failing a second plan, coming, it is said, from the executors of the stolen will, was passed around among the attorneys. This plan suggested nothing less than the withdrawal of the holographic will, allowing the stolen will, or a certified copy of it, to be admitted to probate. The original executors were to be allowed to hold office under it for a year, and then, one by one, they were to withdraw and allow the children to name their successors.

But an unexpected obstacle cropped up as soon as this latter plan was broached. In case it was adopted, Dr. Marc Levinston, executor under the holographic will, would lose all the large emoluments which would be his should the holographic will be proved and he refused to hear of any such juggling with his rights. He would listen to no plan by which the holographic will would be shut out, so that, too, it was decided to send East to Mr. Oelrichs.

Mr. Oelrichs, it seems, would not hear of the first affair, and as Dr. Levinston would have none of the second, negotiations for a compromise in the Fair case are at a low ebb just at present. Both sides claim to be sure of probating the stolen will, and so say they can see no reason for talking compromise with any one.

Mr. Goodfellow resents particularly the imputation conveyed by the first plan—that he can be bought off. "I am not in that business," he told the attorneys who came to see him about the matter, nor would he discuss the question with them. As a consequence both plans are off and

opposing sides have again settled back to strengthen their cases.

JESSE JAMES' VIOLIN.

It is a Battered Instrument With Rattlesnake Buttons in It. Jesse James' violin is on exhibition in a Walnut-street music-store window. The instrument belongs to Charles Alkins of Pleasant Hill, Mo. He brought it to Kansas City to sell. The fiddle is of ordinary pattern and while it is still intact shows signs of rough usage. The bridge is out of position and the sound-posts have been moved.

Jesse James held the belief, common in the country districts of Missouri, that no fiddle, however fine, was of value until it had been furnished with at least two sets of rattlesnake buttons, and around the narrow strip of wood between the two F holes still remains, in a dirty and decayed condition, the pieces of cord by which he tied two bunches of rattlesnake buttons in the instrument's body. One rattle of five buttons still swings by a string in the left-hand F hole. The other rattle of seven buttons, tied originally at the F hole on the right-hand side, is loose in the instrument, and when the violin is shaken it gives forth an uncanny noise, says the Kansas City Star.

The violin strings are all of wire and the

GLEE SINGERS GO FORTH.

The University and Stanford Clubs Start on a Joint Concert Tour.

THROUGH THE COAST STATES.

An Engagement at Victoria After the Trip to Recuperate at Castle Crag.

The University of California Glee Club and the Stanford Mandolin Club will leave tomorrow morning on a joint concert tour, to be made through Northern California, Oregon and Washington, besides meeting one engagement at Victoria, B. C.

The trip has been under contemplation ever since their successful joint concert, given on March 29, but no definite action was taken until the early part of last month, when Managers Graham of Stanford and



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA GLEE CLUB.

Parcells of the U. C. met and formulated plans for the present undertaking. The great success with which the Glee Club has met in its tours through California has been the means of affording a stimulus to more extended trips, and with past success as a criterion they feel assured that the present undertaking will prove satisfactory to the most sanguine.

There has always been a glee club at the university in Berkeley, but only during the last eight years has it been in the habit of giving public concerts and making periodical journeys through the State.

The first time the club ventured far away from home was on a trip made to Pacific Grove to provide music for the Chautauqua Annual Convention, and so flattering was their success that they went to Lake Tahoe the following year to sing for the same organization.

Since then there has been hardly a month that the club has not given a concert in some town adjacent to San Francisco or in the interior. Three years ago the boys went through Southern California and gave several performances, repeating the trip in the year following. Their last jaunt of mention was made in last December and January, when they gave a series of concerts at Woodland, Marysville, Chico, Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose. The Stanford Mandolin Club was organized

clubs, the soloists will be, Guy C. Kennedy, baritone; Frank D. Stringham and Raymond J. Russ in comic songs; Charles K. Field, who made such a hit at the joint concert given on March 29, will again appear as Calipso Cardinals in female impersonations, and Charles E. Parcells, violin.

Following is the personnel of the two clubs: Blue and Gold, U. C. Glee Club—R. G. Somers (director), T. V. Bakewell, C. R. Morse, Charles A. Elston, F. P. Taylor, Douglas Waterman, R. J. Russ, F. D. Stringham, O. P. Wedemeyer, George H. Whipple, Power Hutchins, Dwight Hutchinson, E. Rickard, H. P. Veeder, C. E. Parcells and W. B. King (accompanist).

PASTORS AND CHURCHES. News of the Various Denominations in This City. It has been decided by the Board of

Methodist Bishops that Bishop Goodsell shall visit the missions of the denomination in Europe next year. The Berkeley Presbyterian Church propose to erect a \$20,000 church in the Gothic style of architecture. Rev. C. L. Miel has decided not to accept the call extended to him by the St. Peter's parish congregation of this city.

Rev. A. K. Crawford has resigned the pastorate of the Oakland Adolphus Mission. A reception will be given next month by the young people of the First Baptist Church to the students of Cooper Medical College. Right Reverend Nicholas, the Bishop of the Pacific Coast diocese of the Greek church, has gone to St. Petersburg on an official leave of three months. During his absence the services of the Russian cathedral will be conducted by Rev. N. S. Greenkerich.

The dedication service of the Japanese M. E. church will take place next Sunday at 3 p. m. Special Administrator Appointed. Edward Everett has been appointed by Judge

TOLD WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF HER. But She Didn't Have the Satisfaction of Knowing What She Was Doing. When the car stopped at Monroe and Dearborn streets a stout, matronly-looking woman, with her arms full of bundles, got on. She dropped one of the bundles as she did so and another portly female picked it up for her; their eyes met and a confused look of recognition came into them, says the Chicago Times-Herald.

"It's a nice day," tentatively remarked the woman who had picked up the bundle. "Yes, indeed. I declare, your face is so familiar, I must have met you somewhere." "That's just what I was thinking. At church, maybe, or some kind of a meeting."

NEW TO-DAY-DRY GOODS.

(ESTABLISHED 1862.)

DON'T FORGET

That the best place for campers to buy their BLANKETS, SUMMER WEIGHT COMFORTS, SUMMER UNDERWEAR AND NEGLIGEE SHIRTS AT THE RIGHT PRICES IS 911-913 Market St., WHERE THE CHOICE OF THE NEW GOODS OF THE KENNEDY BANKRUPT STOCK Is to Be Closed Out This Week at Still Further Reductions.

PROPRIETORS OF HOTELS AND SUMMER RESORTS Are Doing Themselves a Positive Injustice by Buying SHEETINGS, BLANKETS, SUMMER COMFORTS, TOWELS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, READY-MADE SHEETS and PILLOW CASES WITHOUT GETTING MY PRICES.

- 5 bales GRAY BLANKETS, large size and heavy weight at... \$15 a pair. 5 bales GRAY BLANKETS, extra large and heavy... \$2 a pair. 10 cases SUMMER WEIGHT COMFORTS, light cheerful colorings on silkaine, at... \$1 and \$1 50 each. 200 PAIRS LACE CURTAINS at... 75c a pair. 175 PAIRS LACE CURTAINS at... \$1 a pair. 250 PAIRS LACE CURTAINS at... \$1 50 a pair. 250 dozen ALL-LINEN TOWELS at... \$1 a dozen. TURKISH BATH TOWELS at... 15c, 20c and 25c each. 25 pairs EXTRA LARGE TURKISH BATH SHEETS... reduced from \$5 to \$2 a pair.

C. CURTIN, 911-913 Market Street.

First Dry-Goods Store West of 5th Street.

splendid athlete his aid was both efficient and agreeable. When, however, the party reassembled after dressing it was rather a slow discovery that her water friend was on land, the driver of the carriage in which she had ridden to the place.—New York Times.

IN AN IRISH MUD CABIN.

Little Light Penetrates the Dignity Building—No Disagreeable Odors. It consists of two rooms and possibly a small semi-detached outhouse, which is used as a storeroom for perishable articles. There is not a chink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose; the doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools stoning for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

HOW TO REMEMBER. Advice to Those Wishing to Commit Songs or Music to Memory. "I wish you would teach me how to commit to memory the songs I want to sing," said an amateur musician to a friend. "I have never been able to commit my music to memory—at least, have never done so—and I think it would be of use to me if I could."

STANFORD MANDOLIN CLUB. GRAHAM, KAUFMAN, FIELD, WELLS, WILSON, WEAIGLE, MCGUIRE, LONGWELL, CODE.

FOR THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. The Trustees Have Purchased Dr. Stevin's Valuable Collection of Historical Works. The trustees of the Free Public Library recently purchased the valuable library acquired by the late Thomas E. Stevin, LL.D. It consists of 1200 volumes, of which some are very rare.