



BY
CALLY
MARD.



Mrs. Maud Wellendorf

And if you be greatly interested, they will tell you they are making the wee things for the depot for comforts consigned to Babyland, with its depot at 305 Buchanan street, headquarters of the California Club Relief Committee.

And that's a new feature of veranda pastimes—an offset to the vanities, inaptitudes, hostilities and rivalries that usually find their settings here.

Among the Oriental travelers whose wanderings were abridged by the untoward conduct of nature are the Misses Sullivan, Alyce and Ada, who returned on the Siberia, with two months of their trip eliminated.

The young ladies will spend the summer with the family at the Phelan-Sullivan country place, near Santa Cruz.

The homecoming must certainly have been trying upon the young travelers, who found every fraside gone whereat the family had been wont to gather.

There is a rumor abroad that Miss Ada is now more at vely inclined toward a religious life than ever—the futility of worldly ambitions appealing unanswerably to the fair young zealot.

Richard Burke and his son, William P. Burke, of Tethard, Tipperary, Ireland, arrived in town last week to look over what was left of their possessions hereabouts. The quake and fire had as little respect for the feelings of gentry as for the rest of the common horde, and did several kinds of things to the Burke properties.

The visitors are staying at "Laurelwood Farm," Santa Clara County, one of the show places in the county of orchards.

Mrs. Krauthoff, wife of Colonel Krauthoff, quite the handsomest woman at Blythedale, albeit she is pressed closely for honors, has determined to spend the entire summer at the Mill Valley resort, and will return with the Robinsons when they open the new Knickerbocker in the early fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman entertained at a dinner recently in honor of the tenth wedding anniversary. The affair was held at the Claremont Country Club, a dozen guests enjoying the very pleasant occasion. Among those bidden were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mr. and Mrs. George Field, Miss Elizabeth McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alexander Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Robert Augustus Bray and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacy Brayton.

Mrs. Frederick Fenwick was a recent hostess, entertaining at luncheon and bridge in her attractive Berkeley home. Among the guests were Mrs. William Lindley Spencer, Mrs. Edward T. Houghton, Mrs. Jane Ewell, Mrs. Henry Lund Jr., Miss Ardella Mills, Mrs. Arthur Wallace and Mrs. William Perkins.

A permanent visitor in the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Louis Pattiani in Oakland is little Miss Pattiani, who arrived last week and is meeting with many warm greetings.

Mrs. Patti's up was Mrs. Evelyn Craig, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig of Piedmont.

Mrs. Florence Hardiman Miller was hostess at her home on Plymouth avenue, Oakland, last Friday evening, entertaining the Palette, Lyre and Pen Club.

Miss Maud Wellendorf, who leaves this month for a year's study abroad, was the guest of honor at a reception last Monday evening given by the Berkeley Piano Club.

A large reception was held last evening by Charles Dutton on his artistic studio on Hillebrand avenue, Berkeley. The guest of honor, Miss Enid Williams, is a young musician just returned from a two years' absence in the East, where she has been studying. A gathering of all the social and musical lights of the college town and Oakland greeted the young lady, who will establish herself in that vicinity.

The Friday Afternoon Card Club was entertained at the Piedmont Club house on Friday by Mrs. George Humphreys.

Mrs. Howard D. Swales of East Oakland entertained at a dinner last Tuesday in honor of two young Englishmen, Mr. Burnett and Mr. Russell, who are sightseeing in America.

Idora Park will again be the scene of a brilliant fete in August, when the Associated Kindergartens will take possession and offer many attractions on the afternoon and evening of the 18th.

This affair was planned for May, but so much untoward excitement prevailed at that time, the event was deferred till late summer.

All tickets now held will be honored in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Conradi (Carolyn Mellman) will make their home in St. Helena upon returning from their wedding journey. Their marriage took place last week in Oakland at the home of the bride, on Franklin street. Miss Gussie Mellman served as maid of honor, Rev. C. B. Brown of the First Congregational Church reading the service.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfield is spending several weeks in Berkeley.

Miss Katherine Potter is at home in Oakland from a pleasant outing at the Geysers.

Mrs. Harry Wells Thomas has returned from Bakersfield, where she has spent the past six weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Goodhue, who is spending the summer at Long Beach, will entertain her sisters, the Misses Elsie and Marion Everson, during July.

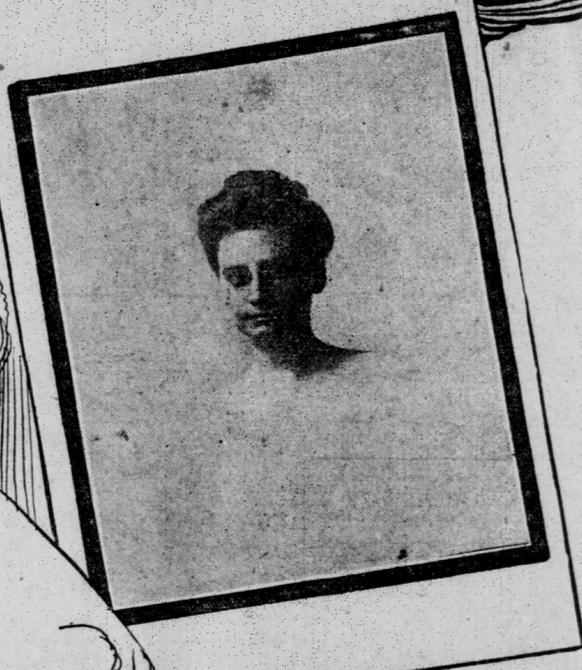
Mrs. Mark Requa is at Del Monte for a few weeks, going later to Salt Lake City to meet Mr. Requa.

Mrs. Frederick Dorsas leaves this month for Nevada City for a month's outing.

Mrs. Cora E. Jones, president of the Oakland Club, is passing part of the summer at San Jose.

Miss Etelka Willis is at home, after several weeks spent at Santa Monica.

Miss Maudie Langhorne is entertaining Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith. Miss Emma Greenwood is spending the summer in Grass Valley.



Mrs. Harry B. GAWTHORNE
SCHULTZ PHOTO

SOCIETY WOMEN, WHO ARE, WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SMART SET, AIDING IN MAKING CLOTHES FOR THE BABIES IN THE REFUGEE CAMPS.

The "mix-up" really hasn't had much visible effect upon veranda manners—or the lack of them.

Women stare just about as rudely as before, as if wondering how you got out of the quake with all those good clothes—should you chance to have landed your insurance and seen your tailor.

In fact, there seems to be a sort of suspicion attaching to folk who are conspicuously well gowned, which seems to furnish ammunition for these visual duels.

Jewels, however, are admittedly invitations for attack. They reek of the ostentation of riches; they mock the poverty of the hour; they are distinctly bad form, and she who emerges upon the hotel veranda with decoration more elaborate than a string of beads does so at her own peril.

The reason?

Expediency, perhaps.

If it isn't good form to wear your jewels then no embarrassing questions are asked concerning them. And you may take it from me that many "pararas" and dogcollars that flashed and gleamed that last great night of the opera are today reposing in strange vaults, with little pink cards attached, at 5 per cent.

Hence the tactfulness of this late dictum of the smart set!

Upon second thought, there is a distinguishing feature of passing veranda pursuits—in the polite pastime of needlework.

Last summer it became quite au fait to lug about over one's arm a silken bag, exuding the odors of Araby's perfumed gardens. Within lay exquisite bits of linen to be hemstitched and French-knotted, and wrought into the fetching lingerie that every smart woman must own.

But lo, the change!—the bag is there,

and the linen, and a sweet odor of lavender. But it's not lingerie that's in course of construction.

It's baby clothes.

Baby clothes for the refugees—tensin flannel gowns, the cunningest little booties, and tiny bonnets, and cute little bibs for chubby chins. These are coyly tucked away in these smart brocade bags, and if you're persona grata with the maids and matrons, they will show you.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN SUFFERS A GREAT LOSS BY WITHDRAWAL OF MATTHEWS

—BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

The passing of Arthur Matthews from the San Francisco School of Design and the Art Association, after sixteen years of service—sixteen years of superb, manliest service—is the last act of the drama that has been writ round the old school that has given to the world the Painters of the West.

The passing of Matthews was of his own doing. He sought surcease from the grind, from the daily toil of molding protoplasm into art—often artistry; from the sacrifice of his own art to the Cause. And hence his resignation to the board of directors, wherein he has long been "the light" albeit at times a light befogged.

But this, good friends, had precedence of the fire. Some weeks of precedence, as a matter of fact, and renewed after it.

"If I couldn't afford to continue in the school before the fire, how can I now, cleaned out of everything," asked the painter. And I was stumped to make answer, for I had heard—not from the Matthews lips, however—how hard he had been hit. How commissions, big in art and big in compensa-

tion, had been on the very edge of completion and had been wiped out. How over three hundred drawings of infinite value—building material, one may say—was licked up, not to mention the thousand and one essentials in the studio on the hilltop, gathered together in a lifetime of absorption in art and its requisites.

All gone! All gone! And canvases, too, that had lured the eye of the very critic who entered the old House Gallery that is no more. True, some have been saved, but until the end they shall bear the stain of smoke and the stab of the erring knife that cut them hurriedly from their frames. These are saved, but much of their value as triumphs of Western art has gone, and Matthews will not mend them.

"Rather would I paint a new picture," the painter made answer, "than to daub these up." And I had in mind the "Discovery of San Francisco Bay" done at the instance of James D. Phelan some six or eight years ago, and in spite of the limitations of its creation a superb canvas. It hung on the right of the entrance into the House Gallery, you will remember, and there it dominated its neighbors.

"Won't you fix up even that one?" I asked, half pleadingly.

Short and sharp came the answer, "No—none of them. I'll paint new ones." And in softer, tenderer tones,

"If I only had my drawings left it wouldn't be so bad."

And now you can see why Matthews, the greatest draughtsman in the West and, incidentally, no slouch at composition and color, cannot afford to give more of his time to the school, which he has already given the better part of his life. And why he must now work for himself.

And what will be the result? Assuming that the School of Design will again resume activities—and I hear that the students are impatiently clamoring for admission—many will mourn the passing of the Dean, and there are those who will not.

There are those honest folk, too, who have long rebelled against the domination of the great mural painter over the spirit of the school; over what they term the singleness of its methods, over its narrow interpretations of nature, of its consequent discouragement of originality. They have found much to cavil at in Matthews' gruff, bluff methods of criticism; of his seemingly cold, unsympathetic attitude; of his complete domination over the school and staff; in fact, of the existence of the "Matthews clique."

These honest folk, to be fair, had some of truth upon their side, enough of it to make what in an organization is called "a minority report."

Even Mr. Matthews' warmest friend will admit him no mincer of words, no "lady" in expressions, no exquisite in voicing what he thinks is just. But they also know that the hob-nailed words that have so often bruised the feelings of art aspirants have been uttered from the noblest of motives, from a desire to bring the student "to," to save the untemperamental aspirant from the fate of following a "blind lead." All who would like to become artists, or who hold a reverence for art, are not equipped by God with the elements that are needful to make one.

Without perception, imagination, originality, feeling—an inadequate word, but the best I have—and a capacity for work, no man or woman has the capital with which to set out to become a painter.

And no one knew this better than the passing Dean of the Art School. And while some of us might question his hob-nailed methods, none could question his motives. They were honest, fearless and sincere, and emanated from a kindly heart and a conception of duty, unpleasant as he often declared it to be.

But the Matthews heart is kindly; the Matthews brain is virile; the Matthews art is masterful. And in the days to come, laurels will be woven about the name of him who for sixteen years has given of the best that a man hath to give to the art development of San Francisco.

And his passing from the deanship of the School of Design is a matter of intimate and personal loss to the student body, the teaching staff and the Art Association, but a distinct gain to the Art of the West, for now, unshackled from duty, the Matthews fancy is free to follow where nature leads.

And great things may be looked for to issue from the cosy little Webster street studio, where a sympathetic and an understanding wife—God's choicest gift to a man—hovers by to "lend a hand," suggest and criticize. Indeed, the great mural painter proudly proclaims her help upon his latest work—a superb allegorical panel, a before-the-fire commission, but now uncertain as to its future.

Alas for the well-laid plans of mice and men!

Naturally, now that Mr. Matthews parts company with the Institute of Art, the question arises, "Who shall come instead?"

Eliminating the instructors (of whom Will Sparks is easily in the lead in point of eligibility) there is Amadeo Joulin, formerly of equal rank with Mr. Matthews as instructor in the institute, but for many years out of joint with things on the hill—a sym-

pathetic teacher and a class A painter. Then there's Charles J. Dickman, a technician, a man of breadth, versatility and general knowledge, and a powerful painter—a salon exhibitor as often as he chases to compete. Moreover, he can impart his knowledge understandingly and with ease—to which truth I hasten to testify. And methinks he likes to talk, he talks so well.

Xavier Martinez, a pupil of Matthews and still showing his influence, an exponent of the "suggested in art"—the "unfinished" theme. A painter that made the big men in Paris prophesy great things for him, some of which have come to pass, with more in the future.

Then there's Keith—the poet-painter, "twixt whom and nature no membrane of unacquaintance is." I stray suggestions caught on the passing breeze. Perchance the painters mentioned are in the same position as Matthews finds himself; they cannot afford to give their time to the school. And perhaps they may—who knows—for there's a tremendous field for good in that same little school.

J. W. Clawson, whose Market-street studio went up early in the fray, with everything in it, including the street of his fair sitters, finds himself in Los Angeles.

Here each day he and Joseph Greenbaum gather themselves together for commiseration—after business hours, to be sure—and canvass the future of California art. From the solemnity of late letters, methinks they are homesick, albeit they are in the hands of the kindest sort of people, and are executing commissions for portraits.

But there's only one San Francisco. And there's a hollowiness in the heart when one's away from it!

Mr. Clawson may be reached at the Jonathan Club, and his confrere—happy-go-lucky Joe Greenbaum—at Blanchard Hall—their temporary addresses, you may be sure. The lure of the city, heat and broken and twisted though it be, will bring them back again.

Lillie O'Byah, chipping as a lark on an April morning (omitting this April), is working away as if all sether wasn't swept away. Likewise all she had borrowed, for many of the miniatures in her studio when the soldiers blew it up were there by the grace of the owners.

She is now at work upon a miniature of Colonel Torney, he who has been "canonized" by the destitute sick at the Presidio; likewise upon a portrait of the late Dr. Cachot, a duplicate of one destroyed.