

quired with an upward glance at a certain second-story window.

"The same as ever, Otto," returned Hilde, pleasantly. "And your wife?"

Then, with an admiring air of showing a treasure, she drew forward her "dear friend, Frau Sanitas Rat Lucan."

Otto and the deaconess said "*Auf wiedersehen*" together, and departed with the boys. Sister Elizabet glanced back from the end of the walk. The two friends were still at the gate, hands clasped together, little Frau Sanitas Rat leaning against the stronger Hilde. As the deaconess waved a last "*Auf wiedersehen*" Hilde fled.

"*Ach Himmel*, the Herr Doctor!" thought the deaconess. "Poor Hilchen! At least," she reflected with the same feminine inconsistency which caused Luise to smile upon the postman, "the Frau Sanitas Rat has had a husband. Hilde has had nothing—only a home and the terrible Herr Doctor. And men laugh at female friendship," went on her thoughts, "and here 's this Otto here who gave up such a woman as Hildegarde the day that he knew he must live there. *Ja, ja*, Otto," she said aloud, for he was asking questions about the Herr Doctor; "he is quite the same. He always will be, and he may live on to be a hundred."

For fourteen years Otto had always been openly solicitous.

"And Hilde?" he continued, with patronizing interest.

"Hilde 's a saint," said the deaconess, tartly.

"About the Herr Doctor?" Otto's tone was one of surprise.

The head in its black cap and white tie nodded.

Otto Arndt set his lips, his expression increasing in consequential expression.

"I find it right, Sister," he announced. "What, tell me, is a daughter for if not to wait upon her sick father?"

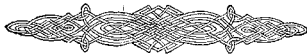
The deaconess flashed him a look from her keen, unfeminine eyes.

"On her husband, perhaps, *nicht wahr*, Otto? When a daughter or wife does her duty, it seems she must always obey some man, if she 's German."

"*Ja wohl*," said Otto, missing the irony; "why not? To cook, to be a housewife, to obey her parents, then, her husband, is my ideal of a true German woman." And he rubbed his hands together, and gazed at the deaconess from the eyes of a face whose expression and coloring would not indicate that his virtues were purely domestic.

"*Ja?*" The deaconess raised her dark eyebrows. "Here is my street. *Auf wiedersehen*, Otto Arndt, and my best greetings to your wife."

"*Auf wiedersehen*," said Otto, amicably; "*auf wiedersehen*."



ONE SOUL

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

COULD any little lamp, though lifted high,
Lighten the void abysses of the sky?

Could a faint rose-leaf, blown into the sea,
Perfume the oceans of immensity?

Could one chord sound in melody so far
That all space echoed to the farthest star?

And yet your soul, amid the infinite,
Makes all a fragrant harmony of light!

THE GARDENS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD PARKER

NATURE having prepared in southern California an immense amphitheater of encircling mountains sloping to the bluest of seas, with softly rolling foothills and spacious plains plentifully set with live-oak trees, what could the imagination suggest for the completion of the picture but the terraced villas of Italy and southern France, and the marble courts and fountains of the Alhambra?

To-day we have that coveted fulfillment. Not a single feature of the landscape, not a tone of its wonderful color, not a breath of its joy-giving atmosphere, is wasted on those who have built their houses on the hilltops, while their gardens riot over the slopes in a wealth of bloom which out-rivals that of any other known spot on earth. Here are the gardens of Italy without their grim suggestion of tragedy and gloom—the terraces, the fountains, and the marble courts.

From an esthetic point of view it is as important that certain localities should be settled by a class of people who will fit it to themselves as that they should be settled at all, and it is equally desirable that the improvements which are made should be along the lines which Nature had in mind when she arranged the setting for us.

At Montecito, near Santa Barbara, one may look out over a greenery which scarcely varies with the seasons, and which is a growth of live-oaks, gnarled of limb, with tufts of glossy leaves, waving palms, magnolias, orange-trees, bananas, bamboos, figs and olives. This dark growth is varied with the light-green of the lace-like pepper-tree, and is pierced at fre-

quent intervals with the spires of the Italian cypress.

At one point a low, white villa crowns a hill thus covered. There the evergreens seem to grow with a joyous abandon and to crowd up the steep slope to the house. Through the thick foliage a glimpse of the white stone steps of the terraces and their balustrades is caught; the pink tiles of the roof are left unshaded to the sun, and on the broad stone terraces at the top are silent pools of water which reflect the sky and the southern façade of the building. Down the hillside every terrace has its fountain or its pool, and at the foot of the steps and the base of the hill is built a casino with a Persian fountain at its entrance.

Mr. Joseph Waldron Gillespie spent a year in travel with his architect before the Persian garden of this place was laid out or his house was built. A great part of this time was passed in Persia, and the outcome of their stay is a Persian water-garden which fits perfectly into its surroundings.

When Mr. Gillespie selected a foot-hill of the mountains on which to place a villa of purely Italian construction, he chose it with a foresight for which one should be absolutely grateful. Looking off to the sea, with billows of green surrounding it, and nothing within view less pleasing to the eye than the white columns of its numerous pergolas, its stone steps, and marble seats, it seems to furnish the correspondence for which Nature called in the completion of this portion of her work.

Then, too, this garden not only surrounds the house; it penetrates to its in-