



CAROLINE REYNOLDS

Collected Poems
and Selected Dramatic Reviews

1906–1914

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

CAROLINE REYNOLDS

*Collected Poems
and Selected Dramatic Reviews*

A Critical Reading Edition

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers · Los Angeles · 2026

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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CONTENTS

Archival Record	4
Introduction	8
Editorial Note	10
Poems	11
<i>Success</i>	12
<i>San Francisco, April 18, 1906</i>	13
<i>Maid o' Mine</i>	14
<i>The Song of the Buoy</i>	15
<i>Yesterday</i>	16
<i>Evenfall</i>	17
<i>The Last Act</i>	18
<i>The Player's Death</i>	19
<i>The Rain</i>	20
<i>Shadows</i>	21
<i>Dreams</i>	22
<i>Midnight and Dawn</i>	23
<i>Destiny</i>	25
<i>Spring Song</i>	26
<i>My Prayer</i>	27
<i>When We Two Ride Together</i>	28
<i>You and Love and I</i>	29
<i>A Fool's Paradise</i>	30
<i>Mirage</i>	31
<i>Love's Arbiter</i>	32
<i>Courage!</i>	33
<i>Hope's Uplift</i>	34
<i>Indian Summer</i>	35
<i>In California: a Winter Garden</i>	36
<i>Her Request</i>	37
<i>Soul-Racked</i>	38

<i>Love's Miracle</i>	39
<i>Call of the Open Road</i>	40
<i>Homing Time</i>	41
<i>At Gray Dusk</i>	42
<i>Unresponsive</i>	43
<i>Etching</i>	44
<i>Love's Litany</i>	45
<i>My Old Books</i>	46
<i>Spirit of the Child</i>	47
<i>Envoys</i>	48
<i>Yearnings</i>	49
<i>Plucked Roses</i>	50
<i>Afterward</i>	51
<i>Mystery</i>	52
<i>Attuned</i>	53
<i>Song</i>	54
<i>Where Peace Abides</i>	55
<i>The Lessons</i>	56
<i>Her Prayer</i>	57
<i>Pan Triumphant</i>	58
<i>In a Restaurant</i>	59
<i>Wanderlust</i>	60
<i>Unrest</i>	61
<i>The Passing Years</i>	62
Selected Dramatic Reviews	63
<i>The Squaw Man</i>	64
<i>The Price</i>	65
<i>The Man Between</i>	67
<i>Madame Butterfly</i>	68
<i>The Gamblers</i>	69
<i>Magda</i>	71
<i>The Woman</i>	72
<i>Ben-Hur</i>	74
<i>The Typhoon</i>	75

<i>Sarah Bernhardt</i>	77
<i>Peter Pan</i>	79
<i>Everywoman</i>	81
<i>The Concert</i>	83
<i>The Garden of Allah and Bella Donna</i>	85
<i>Bought and Paid For</i>	87
<i>The Blindness of Virtue</i>	89
<i>Kismet</i>	92
<i>The Blue Bird</i>	94
Sources	95

ARCHIVAL RECORD

Caroline Reynolds in the Los Angeles Graphic · 1911–1913

Rare Poetic Talent of Caroline Reynolds—By Samuel Travers Clover

CALIFORNIA has produced many poets who have sung in minor keys since the days of Edward Pollock, of Lyman Goodson, Herbert C. Dorr, Charles Warren Stoddard, Edward R. Sill, Richard Reiff, Ira D. Coolbrith—the latter of whom alone survived—and the unfortunate Nora French. Miss Coolbrith has written many pleasing metrical fancies, creditable alike to her heart and mind, and the unhappy Miss French gave promise of a depth of poetic expression that led one to expect great things from her pen, when, alas, she wooed and won death in the arms of the Pacific she loved. But of all the California poets of greater or lesser degree who have sung in the last half century, none has so appealed to me as possessing the true inspiration of poetry, the ability to soar to limelight heights as the young Caroline Reynolds of Los Angeles, whose gripping poetry renders *The Graphic* have been given simple opportunity to enjoy in the last three years.

Where gained she the wonderful insight into the human breast that her Indian verses reveal? Her rhythmic facility, her fine imagery, her metaphors, her delicious of touch evince anything but a pretence hand. She plays upon all emotions and in note does she sound a false note. From mine as is her theme, in the main, her venturing into the realm of nature are none the less poetical, lilting and charming. If she has a fault it is a proneness to indulge in sonnet bodings, but this is a tendency that the coming years will cure. Miss Reynolds is only 22. She has been writing since she was 15; it is only in the last three or four years, however, that her work has emerged from its chrysalis moribund and taken on the hue of the master poet. Is this undue praise? I think not. Who is there today in this country, save, perhaps, Lisette Reese, who could have given us the exquisite suggestion noted in "Spring's Courtesies":

Hear you not the south wind calling,
Where the first new leaves are falling,
Down the green-streaked aisles of wildwood where
The birds wing to and fro?
Hear you not the brooklet tinkling,
Where the apple blooms are springing,
Over the lark-latticed shadows in the meadows
Ying low?

Hear you not the spring's soft singing,
Down the fragrant pathway ringing,
Sobbing laughter, whilst it mingles chords you
Sought were turned to stone?
Like an old love's lips it touches
From the ashes gray ignited,
Burning with a flame far fiercer than your heart
Has ever known."

In your heart they find their answers,
Brook and wind and shadow dancers,
Bringing back the dreams of springtime with their
Whisper, mystic tones.
Hood you then the wind's low calling,
Follow where the brook is flowing,
Down the lane of sweet remembrance to the days
That are no more.

Is it not redolent of the reawakened earth, of brooks released, of mazy winds of mystic spring-time? Equally lilting, equally fascinating in its ethereal picturing is her "Song of April." It is not of a robust maiden she sings. Her April is a timid, virginal creature, whose eyes reflect gladness and grief alternately.

Through the valleys, perfume-laden,
Like a timid, virginal maiden,
April dances, softly, shyly, robed in veils of pearly mist,
Rough eyes, with mischievous laughter,
Fragrant mouth, with sweet beguiling,
Offers to the smiling sun and virgin lips as yet
Unkissed.

Through the nodding, shadowed grasses,
Singing, eyes-vibrant, she passes,
Bends to touch the crocus blossom, bends to kiss
The budding leaf;
And at times, beneath her lashes,
Fleeting joy fades into sadness,
And she weeps with silent sobbing, shaken by a
world-old grief.

Yielding to the wind's mad pleasure,
Over the hills she trips a measure,
Dancing with the daffodil flames through the
drowsy springtime haze;
Where she hears the wind's wild laughter,
Always she must follow after,
Till she finds the trail that darkness in the hand
of yesterday.

Many poets have sung of June. It lends itself to sweet music as naturally as the wild roses it calls into being exude delicate fragrance. Here

is this young California poet's tribute to the dreamy month:

Drowsy-eyed, the misty morning
Thrills a vibrant note of warning
Over wind-swept hills and valleys to the fleetly-
fading night.
Shadows slumber by the river,
Where the reedy willow quiver,
Earth awaits the kiss of sunshine, palpitant with
lily's delight.
Through the blowing branches winging,
Blossoms birds are softly singing,
Birds and bees and river chanting one exultant,
lulling tune.
O'er the swaying, sighing grasses,
Where the willow weep wind passes,
Like a rose the day has blossomed. Life is sweet.
The month is June.

Another beautiful touch is discovered in her eight-line stanza, "September," whose only fault is its brevity. Glance at this genre picture:

Haze of Indian summer shimmers
Purple, gray the faintly glimmers,
Purple, gray in clinging clusters peer from out
their dewy leaves.
In the meadow ripe for reaping,
Harvest ayes are shyly sleeping,
Linnets scold in shrill eloquence underneath the
hanging eaves.
House of bees in honeyed thickets,
Twilight plains of lonely cicadas,
Fresh sweet winds from feudal ranchos, salt sea
winds across the strand.
Golden days of golden splendor,
Nights of scented dusk and tender,
All the life at its zenith. Rich September rules
the land.

In her "Misty Interlude" I seem to detect a little sob, as of a prelude to a greater subject. Listen:

The ragged walls of wind sweep down
Across the chimney tops of town,
And hurtle and away swirls of smoke against my
shuttered pane.
They touch the leaves across the earth,
With undertones of elfin mirth,
And taunt with vagrant little gusts the creaking
weather vane.
In maddened glee they whirl on high,
And from the windows of the sky
They blow a wan and witful web—the curtains
of the rain.

Now, read her gripping poem, which she has fitly named "The Ghost"—the wraith of a dear, dead love:

I wandered through the midnight streets, where
sleaz had their feet in thrall,
And came into the dimming room—the fire was
sulfur.
The dreadful silence shrouded me with subtle, pal-
lid pall,
(Without the rain intoned a dirge, the music of
the dead.)

You sat and gazed into the flames, your eyes like
seething coals,
I saw your hands that gripped your breast in
agony of pain,
I heard the moaning, fearless sobs that break from
tormented souls,
(And slow and and against the roof, I heard the
autumn rain.)

I touched your face. You did not know that I stood
there—so near,
I whispered softly, "It is I, come back to me
from death."
You did not lift your head to me, you did not seem
to hear,
(And like a veil against the pane I saw the rain's
gray breath.)

And oh, the ache that tore my soul that you should
mourn me so
And I could give no peace to you, nor fold you to
my heart.
(The room was dark as I went out, the fire had
smoldered low,
I heard the wetting of the rain above the sleep-
ing mart.)

That eerie fourth line, with its recurring re-
train, is like the motif in one of Tchaikovsky's
compositions; its gray tone pervades, and grips
and holds with its insistent clutch. But what a
subject for a girl of tender years to have chosen!

I think, of all her wonderful poems—and they are wonderful to me, considering, as I do, the
diffidence, the shrinking modesty of this talented
young singer—the one that has greatest appeal
to my soul is her beautiful limning of "Twilight."

whose exquisite closing lines are of haunting dreamy beauty:

Twilight and silence steal from the sea, somber and
sad, and still,
Weird is the cry of the lonely loon, cutting his mate
from the hill.
Love, wrap us close in your kindly veil, whisper
your faith in our ear;
Lest our hearts faint with the dying day, lest we
grow craven with fear.

Whispers the wind in the shrinking reeds down on
the dusky lagoon;
Sad with the ache of its ancient grief answers the
sea's mournful croon.
Love, clasp our hands in a grasp of steel, whisper
your faith in our ear;
Tell us that hope shall not perish with day, lest we
grow craven with fear.

Wounds on the breast of the stumbrous night quiver
the roses like blood,
Petals that fall like the summer rain drift with
the murmuring flood.
Love, kiss our cheeks with your fragrant lips, whis-
per your faith in our ear;
Tell us our roses shall outlast the day, lest we grow
craven with fear.

Silver and gray fall the mad moon's rays, weaving
the black water's loom,
Uttering, glowing, the gleaming light shining
through the darkening gloom;
Love, hold us close while the dark hour fades, whis-
per your faith in our ear;
Lest our hearts faint with the dying day, lest we
grow craven with fear.

In a cheery vein is her "Song of the Wind-
ing Road," with its breath of outdoors, its glori-
ous escape from conventions, its exultant cry
of the long pent-in spirit that has found its wild
kin:

The streets lie broad and fair and clean, and yellow
with the sun,
The busy crowds pass up and down—and each face
a book to be read.
And women laugh like sweet-tinned bells that sound
in the moon's tone.
A thousand joys lie near to me—such one may
find his own.

But I—I know a winding road that runs across a
hill,
Where shading trees away to and fro and while
per tales of love,
The swift wind flaps among the leaves and all is
sweet and still.
And through the canopy of green I see the sky
above.

And I—I know a sheltered glen, where ferns and
mosses grow,
And when the raindrops patter down or wrath-
the misty creep in,
I build my fire of pungent twigs and dream within
its glow.
And feel the wild things of the woods to my own
soul are kin.

There's a keen swirl of women's skirts across the
city streets;
And the throbs hot and fierce and keen with
pulse of good and ill;
But in my heart a gypsy sings a song that's pass-
ing sweet,
And I go forth to find a road that winds across
a hill.

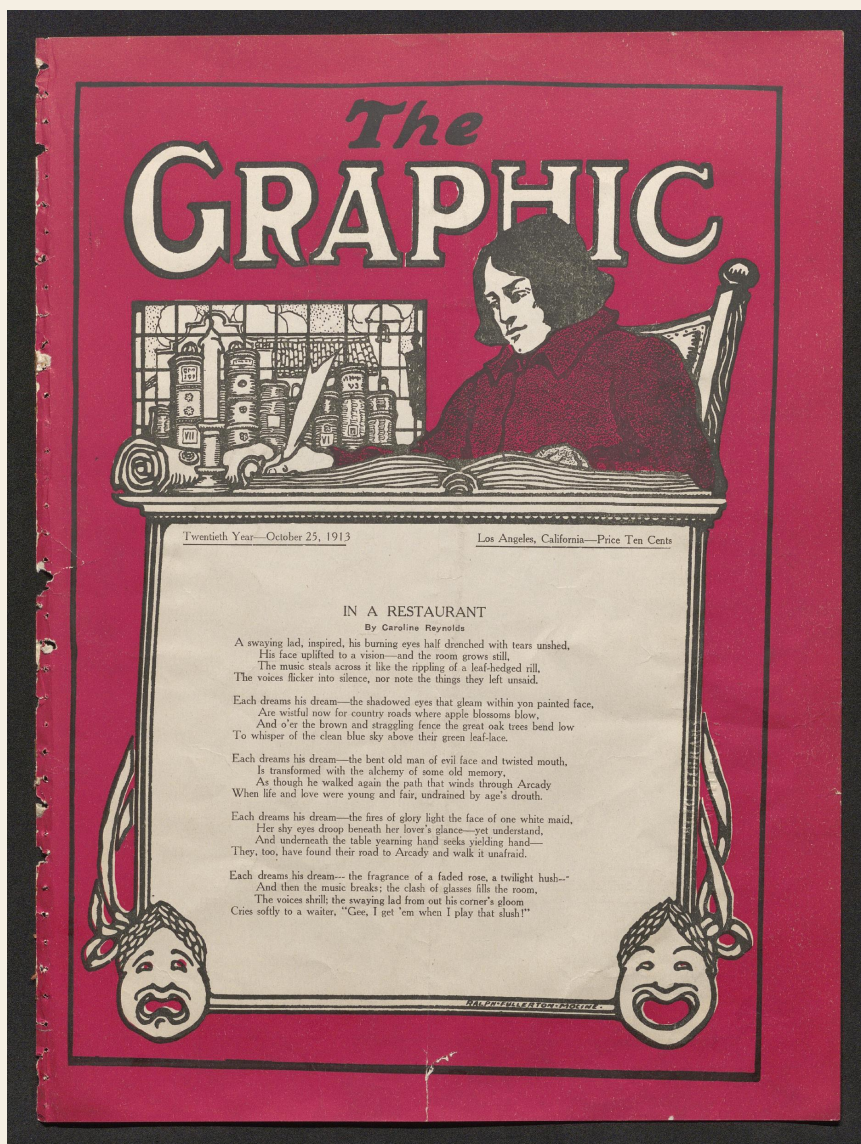
There is a pathos in her "Letter" that makes
one wonder by what inductive process this young
girl, so directly, so surely divined a tragedy that
only those who have suffered much could possi-
bly voice. What dead poet of the long ago has
been implanted within her breast, thus to utter
such heartbreaks?

I have forgotten the scent of the rose that lurked in
the dusty lane,
The song of the bird in the whispering reeds, the
call of the summer rain.
I have forgotten the whispering corn that mocked
at the waning breeze,
The smell of the earth and the blossoming things,
the arch of the green-robed trees.

I have forgotten the story you told, that night in
the twilight glow.
The first timid kiss that I yielded you there that
night of the long ago;
I have forgotten the light in your eyes, your hand
on my burning cheek,
The throb of your heart and the thrill of your voice,
the words that you scarce could speak.

I have forgotten the song of the sea, the toll of the
old church bell.
That rang through the dusk of the midsummer eve
and gathered us into its spell.

Samuel Travers Clover's full-page profile, "Rare Poetic Talent of Caroline Reynolds," *The Graphic*, 6 May 1911, p. 4.



The illustrated cover printing of "In a Restaurant," The Graphic, 25 Oct. 1913.

12

By Caroline Reynolds

[illegible]

author's lines which throughout appraise and not the greatest art. Through the play one cannot forget that Miss Leavelle is only playing a part—she never becomes the woman she is portraying. Thomas McMarnie does better work than either of the stars, in the role of the disingenuous wife of the lawyer. Win, the prosecuting attorney, whose personal ambition has become a craze to which he sacrifices all things. McMarnie plays through the entire three acts on a false note, producing a truly admirable performance. Applebee is well suited to the part of Wilbur's father, William Wolbert does another of his fine character drawings as the welching partner, Howard. The popular comedian, George Jessel, is a delight and his "Mystasy" makes an intensely strong character out of the traitor. A good "bit" is the secret service man of Rich-

[illegible]

Good Fun at the Orpheum

Joe and Ernie Van are the champion funmakers on this week's Orpheum bill, which has many lighthearted moments. The Vans' patter is nonsense of the most absurd sort, but it is good for many a laugh, and is assisted by several really creditable musical interludes. Harry Armstrong's players offer a sketch, "Squaring Accounts," which appeals to those inclined to sentimentality. It is a sort of "Christmas Carol" in which an old miser, whose nature is suddenly broadened by contact with a small newsboy who teaches him how to "shoot craps." To those initiated in the game there seems to be rare humor in the scene.

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But to the outsider it is all Greek. However, the general effect of the sketch is good, with Richard NeSmith as Kilwaht and Verne Sheridan as "Sport" carrying their points to the amusement of the audiences. Bill Casare, a real name, came to be billed as "The Young Casaro," he has a voice as sunny and sweet as his smile, which is a compelling attraction. The songs are mostly in the form of one or two English ballads, and even the gallery appreciates the real music he invokes. DeWitt, Burns and Torrence revive the tiresome "Awakenings" in a new form, but the songs are in various forms since the early days of Drury lane. The dances and eccentric acrobatics are good, but the sketch itself is wearing. The Bradshaw Brothers, who have been doing the same sort of thing for years, are a little better. Torments, Mrs. Gene Hughes in "Youth," W. C. Fields, the silent humorist, and Charley Case are the holdovers.

Offerings for Next Week

Laurette Taylor will make her appearance at the Burbank Sunday afternoon in the first presentation of a Los Angeles stage of Haring Manera's "Baraza." This production was promised several times this summer, but it was not until the last of the season that "Heart" Manager Morocco considered it too good for his Los Angeles clientele to forego, and accordingly engaged the actress to appear in the new bank stage. Another feature of the production is the reappearance of Forrest Stanley, who has been playing the part of Frank with the "Baraza." "Baraza" was recently given a highly successful presentation in the north and south, and it is expected to be smooth and it until there are no hitches in its action. Miss Taylor in the title role has an opportunity to show her acting ability, and the dramatic writers in the north were so enthusiastic about her work that they have written a new play for her. Mr. Stanley will play the lord of the

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Lad Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
01465 Not coal lease
04543 August 28, 1913

NOTICE is hereby given that George
Melcher of Topanga, Cal., has
on March 23, 1907, made Homestead Entry No.
00401, and on April 16, 1908, for SE1/4NW1/4
E1/4SW1/4, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range
16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of
intention to make final five year proof
of said claim to the land office
situated before the Register of the
United States Land Office, at Los Angeles,
California, on the 8th day of October, 1913,
at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names
witnesses:

C. C. Cheney, August Schmidt, J. L.
Geisel, Mrs. Jack Wood, all of Topanga
Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Los Angeles, United States Land Office,
Los Angeles, California, August 1, 1932.
Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to
plat of fractional section 31, Township
North, Range 12 West, S. B. M., has
been filed for record in the office of the
United States Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal-
ifornia, situate in Room 53, Federal
Building, on Friday, October 4, 1932, by
the Register and Receiver of said office,
be prepared to receive applications for re-
entry of lands in said township, provided
that the same are made on or before
December 20, 1932, the date of procla-
mation placing said township in the Pub-
lic Reserve.

Sec. 31, Township 8 North, Range
12 West, S. B. M.

Any application sworn to and filed prior
to October 4, 1932, will not be considered
for reentry of lands in said township.

Register
United States Land Office,
Los Angeles, California.

manor, David Hartford will return a good part, and other favorites will congenially cast.

"Pomander Walk," the newest of Louis N. Parker's comedies, is to have its first performance in Los Angeles at the Mason Opera House Monday evening, to continue for one week. Lasker and Company, who present the play, have followed the wishes of the author.

Reynolds's signed theater page, led by her review of Charles Klein's The Gamblers, The Graphic, 21 Sept. 1912.

INTRODUCTION

A poet and critic in the weekly life of Los Angeles

Caroline Reynolds belongs to the first generation of Los Angeles writers whose careers can be reconstructed almost entirely through a weekly illustrated newspaper. In May 1911, *The Graphic* devoted a full page to “Rare Poetic Talent of Caroline Reynolds,” an unusual distinction for a writer who was only twenty-two. Editor Samuel Travers Clover identified her as a Los Angeles poet, said that she had been writing since fifteen, and noted that the paper’s readers had watched her development for three years. Those details place her birth around 1888 or 1889, but no securely matching birth or death record has yet been established. The uncertainty is worth preserving: the periodical record makes her public career vivid even while the person behind it remains partly hidden.

Her earliest recovered appearances use the byline “Carrie Reynolds.” Beginning in 1908 the more formal “Caroline Reynolds” becomes standard. The continuity of place, publication, chronology, style, and subject makes it highly probable that these names refer to the same writer, and this edition gathers them together while preserving the early byline in the source notes. From 1906 through 1914, Reynolds published at least fifty poems in *The Graphic*. Some are short lyrics of weather, flowers, desire, and parting; others make a remarkably cinematic use of roads, stage light, restaurant interiors, coastal fog, and California seasons.

Clover’s 1911 profile recognized both her fluency and her appetite for emotional extremity. He praised her “fine imagery,” rhythmic facility, metaphors, and ability to write across contrasting moods. His long quotations emphasize the range that still distinguishes her work: the spring brightness of “Spring’s Cotter,” the nocturnal unease of “Misty Interlude,” the dramatic monologue of “The Ghost,” and the outdoor release of “Song of the Winding Road.” The article is also evidence that Reynolds was not merely filling space on a newspaper cover. Her poems had become part of the magazine’s identity, repeatedly used as the visual and lyrical threshold to an issue.

The poetry is strongest when familiar lyric materials become spatial. “The Song of the Buoy” turns loneliness into a voice sounding offshore. “In California: a Winter Garden” makes regional climate an argument against inherited seasons.

“Call of the Open Road” places Pan’s pipes in wet Southern California greenwood, while “In a Restaurant” compresses social observation into an enclosed public scene. Reynolds’s poems often hinge on thresholds—dusk and dawn, stage and street, indoors and outdoors, memory and departure. Their regular meters coexist with quick cuts and sharply framed images that anticipate the visual habits of later magazine modernism.

By April 1912 Reynolds had moved from the cover to the theater page. Week after week, under the simple heading “By Caroline Reynolds,” she reviewed touring stars, local stock companies, melodramas, farces, operettas, vaudeville bills, and new productions at the Belasco, Burbank, Majestic, Mason, Morosco, and Orpheum. The assignment placed a young woman at the center of Los Angeles entertainment culture just as the city’s stage world and motion-picture industry were beginning to overlap. She could be severe: a script might be “a very bad play,” a production could be dramatically empty, and a famous performer was never beyond criticism. Yet she wrote with equal attention to scenic design, pacing, gesture, voice, ensemble work, and the expectations of a local audience.

The selected reviews gathered here show the breadth of that practice. Reynolds writes about Maeterlinck’s *The Blue Bird*, Barrie’s *Peter Pan*, Sudermann’s *Magda*, Belasco’s staging of *Madame Butterfly*, Sarah Bernhardt’s late career, and American problem plays such as *The Gamblers* and *Bought and Paid For*. Some judgments, especially around race, gender, and theatrical stereotype, belong unmistakably to their period and are retained as historical evidence rather than silently modernized. Together the poems and reviews reveal a writer moving between lyric inwardness and public judgment, and between the printed page and the living stage.

Reynolds’s signed theater column continues through May 1914; after that date the trail in the currently digitized archive grows cold. No separate book by her has been located, and no later literary career has yet been securely connected to this Los Angeles poet. That disappearance helps explain why she has been overlooked. She left no convenient volume to preserve her name, but she did leave a large and coherent body of work embedded in the weekly life of the city. This edition restores the fifty verified poems presently in the project corpus and a representative group of her dramatic reviews, while the archival pages retain the material setting in which Los Angeles first encountered her voice.

EDITORIAL NOTE

Scope, attribution, textual policy, and rights

SCOPE AND ATTRIBUTION

This edition contains 50 verified poem entries and 18 selected lead dramatic reviews. Early poems signed “Carrie Reynolds” are included because the continuity of venue, chronology, place, and style strongly supports identification with Caroline Reynolds; their original attribution remains visible in the source line. Reviews are limited to signed theater pages and reproduce the principal notice led by the title named here. No unsigned copy has been assigned to Reynolds.

TEXTUAL POLICY

Poem texts follow the project’s source-checked transcriptions of *The Graphic*. Original lineation, stanza breaks, spelling, and punctuation are retained except for evident printing or OCR errors. Review prose has been dehyphenated across newspaper line endings and restored to ordinary paragraph flow; no language has been modernized. The facsimiles allow the reader to see the typographic environments from which the reading text was prepared.

RIGHTS

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POEMS

Verified poems from the Los Angeles Graphic · 1906–1914

Success

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-03-24 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

A white-winged boat on Life's sea afloat
Sailed out past the gray sand bar;
At the helm was a Soul who steered for the goal
Of Success and Love's glistening star.

The waves dashed high: from the darkening sky
The wind of sweet Hope blew:
Fierce swept the blast, the ship sped fast,
But the helmsman steered her through.

And the star of Love in the heavens above
Shone down with a tender light,
Near the far-off shore of the Evermore
Glimmered the harbor bright.

From the cool green bank where the grass grew rank,
Temptation breathed a song,
But the helmsman true steered the brave craft through
Ne'er faltering to the wrong.

Like a babe at rest on its mother's breast,
The ship at length lay still,
The sea was crossed, the bark, storm-tossed,
Must rest at Success's hill.

Not daunted long, his purpose strong,
The helmsman cheerily turned,
And climbed the hill, at the top stood still,
And the heart within him burned,

For the star of Love in the heavens above
Had hidden itself from sight,
And the silent shore of the Evermore
Lay lonely in the night.

And out of place in the awful space,
Like a mortal on God's throne,
The Soul was left of all things bereft,
Successful, but alone.

San Francisco, April 18, 1906

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-04-28 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

At evening the city lay wrapped in its glory,
As fair as the white-pillared Athens of old;
With wide stretching bay, and sturdy green foothills,
And the sunset rays lighting its streets with gold.

Slowly came Night o'er the darkening ocean;
With bony hand grasping her sickle too keen
Came Death in her robes of heart-lowering blackness,
Close stalking to Night, but by mortal unseen.

The sky lighted up with the star gleam of evening,
The city streets brightened with song and good cheer,
But only the moan of the wide-weeping ocean
Gave sign that the reign of dread Death was so near.

* * *

Chased by the sunlight Night, scattered in silence,
When Death with derision and damnable glee
Stood forth in wild triumph, outstretching her talons,
And crying, "Ye mortals, heed ye unto me."

But the city, unmindful, slept peaceful and careless
While Death's cruel purpose in savage curse fell
Her cry was unheeded, and she in her anger
Screamed loud for her servants, the demons of Hell.

They echoed her laughter, they answered her bidding,
They shook all the beautiful, God-given world
Till its very heart sickened and quivered, was broken;
And into the darkness of Death's arms was hurled.

* * *

At evening the city lay wrapped in a mantle
Of horror, of anguish, of flame and of Death,
Of plague and of famine, of thirst and of darkness,
Till the very wind shuddered, and held its hot breath;

With wild shrieking cry Death stalked through the ruins,
And laughed at her horrible work as she ran,
"Man buildeth, Man planneth, but Man is a weakling,
And Death holds all power, and cares not for Man."

Maid o' Mine

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-06-23 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

Laughing, roseleaf, dimpled face,
Mocks from 'neath her golden hair,
Eyes as deep and shadowy
As forest pools, coquettishly
Droop 'neath lashes doubtingly,
And red lips pucker poutingly
Like blossoms sweet and rare.

Dainty mistress of my heart,
How she rules with wilful way,
Smiling—lo! the world grows light,
Frowning—lo! 'tis dark as night;
Winsome little maid o' mine,
Ever shall my heart be thine,
Till my body lies as clay.

In your eyes the mysteries
Of life in dusky shadows lie,
As yet you care not for the hours
That swiftly fly—they are but flowers
You pick and throw away to die;
We laugh at time, dear, you and I,
My laughing baby girl and I.

But when your sweet eyes drowsy grow,
And when your dimpled fingers twine
About my own, and soft lips seek
My lips, and dainty, roseleaf cheek
Droops low into my sheltering arm
That waits to shield you from all harm—
'Tis then I know you're maid o' mine.

The Song of the Buoy

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-07-14 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

Up and down on the dimpling waves, hither and yon toss I,
Loving the sunlight glowing warm, soft'ning my mournful cry,
Looking down through the rippling waves to the shadowy green sea-bed,
Where countless treasures lie in mounds, heaped with the ghastly dead.
Tossing slow in the evening light, bathed in the moon's soft glow,
Dreaming my dreams of the years gone by, sending my warning low;
Softly the wind of the southland sings, bringing the gray rain cloud,
And the moonlight fades in the depths of the sea, and the rain drops patter loud.
Ever I cry of my loneliness, I and the sobbing sea;
"Steer clear, ye ships, for the rocks stand high, and Death lurks near unto me."

Old and gray and sea-moss grown, hither and yon toss I,
Breasting high the green wave's top, sinking with hoarse, shrill cry,
Up and down through the countless days, all alone with the sea,
Save when a ship goes sailing by and dips its helm to me,
Save when the gale screams overhead, and I hear an echoing cry,
And see a battered, somber wreck sink 'neath the waves and die;
Frowning, stern, with gaping mouths, the great rocks dimly rise
And scan the white-capped, tossing waves with eager, greedy eyes,
And loud I scream in the darkening night, "Ye ships, keep watch, take care,
For Death lurks near to my bidding place, beware, oh ships, beware!"

Yesterday

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-09-01 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

Without, the fickle South Wind roams as in a drowsy maze,
Within, the yellow sunlight falls in dancing, mote-filled rays;
The music of the mating birds, the lilt of saucy brook
Come through my open casement and invade my quiet nook:
But leave me to my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay
For Summer ne'er is half so sweet as it was Yesterday.

Without, the North Wind ruthless reigns and drifts the ermine snow
Within, the firelight's shadows fall, the candles' light burns low;
The music of an old, old song, with cadence sad and deep,
Breathes farewell to the dying day and bids the world to sleep:—
It leaves me to my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay,
While Memory paints indelibly the joys of Yesterday.

And so whatever blow the wind, and let there come what may,
There ne'er can be so sweet a time as in the Yesterday,
No love can be as true as mine breathed in the golden May,
No hearts can beat as did beat mine in that sweet Yesterday;
So let me dream my idle dreams, my dreams both sad and gay;
Yet even dreams are not so sweet as dreams were Yesterday.

Evenfall

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-10-13 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

A 'down the glen the red light shakes and shimmers on the river,
The lazy wind steals to and fro and sets the leaves a-quiver;
A 'top the hill a grey-cloaked haze like sea-born mist is lying,
And slipping softly down the slope steals color in its flying.
The sun seeks rest across the hill, the scarlet clouds go streaming
Far down the West to wake the Night that lies there idly dreaming;
The shadows creep from Twilight's grasp and settle on the heather,
And up the vale the dark-robed Night and Silence glide together.

The Last Act

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-11-03 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

The stage is dark, so dark it seems
As if the figures are but dreams
 Or shadows on the wall;
The one last act, when eyes must tell
The sorrow of that last farewell
 That comes once to us all.

With notes that thrill, so sweet, so deep
They wrench the heart and wake from sleep
 The days that once were dead;
With notes that break in sobbing breath,
Piped mockingly by grewsome Death,
 The orchestra is led.

A tattered mask of face once fair
Lies near—with eyes that vacant stare
 Into the vista of the days;
Across the stage the candle light
Goes dancing, and the gathering night
 Seems darker for the ghastly rays.

A silence now—deep fraught with pain;
The play is done—the dreary rain
 Gives answer to the broken calls;
The candle flickers, flares, goes out,
The shadows gather deep about—
 The curtain falls.

The Player's Death

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-11-17 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

At rest! Else why upon your lips that strange sweet smile?
At rest! Else why that peaceful brow, those folded hands?
The very silence seems to halt beneath Death's wile,
 As from the hour-glass slowly run the sands.

The mocking laurels rest against your hollow cheek,
The grinning masks slip low beside your somber bier,
Strange shadows of your masterpieces seem to speak
 Each in the voice we nevermore shall hear.

The dying echo of a mad applause still falls;
The candle burns serene and breaks the darkness deep;
And low from out the shadows Memory calls
 In vain—for none can wake you from your sleep.

Why say for you the lights are out, the curtain down,
Why say for you the great and glorious play is done?
For you no shadow e'er again shall sunshine drown,
For you the master play has but begun.

The Rain

Los Angeles Graphic · 1906-12-15 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

Slipping on through field and by-way,
Stealing soft down street and high-way,
 Tapping, tapping on the window, seeking entrance through the pane;
Driving gray before the night breeze,
Dripping black beneath the pine trees,
 Tapping, tapping on the window, comes the patter of the rain.

Through the graveyard in the gloaming,
Standing spectral, it goes roaming,
 Whispering to the dead, deep lying 'neath the grasses brown and dead
"Tis not yet the time for reaping,
Rest ye well nor break your sleeping,
 None save God shall e'er disturb you, raise you from your earthly bed."

Down the trail of night it follows,
Beating fast on hills, through hollows,
 Answering to the rising night-wind, sobbing with an endless woe,
With the voice of dead years calling,
On the graves of dead hopes falling,
 Touching chords with master fingers, soothing aching hearts bowed low.

Los Angeles, Dec. 11.

Shadows

Los Angeles Graphic · 1907-02-16 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

Ever the shades go brushing past, flitting on silent wing;
Wavering shadows of life and death, the shadows of hopes that sing
 Low to my heart with a wondrous ring:

Ever the shades come close about; shades of a yearning dream;
Bitter the cry of my empty heart, a cry that those shades might seem
 More than a mist in the sunlight's beam:

Ever the shades creep here and there, filling the fire-lit room;
Quivering back to my wistful sob, till even the drowsing gloom
 Calls to my dreams from their Grief-sealed tomb:

Ever the shades, the mocking shades, tearing my soul apart;
Shadows of Friendship and shades of Love, a-throb in my aching heart,
 Wounded and torn with their poisoned dart:

Fate must it be that naught but shades drift with the errant breeze,
Fate must it be that the cup I crave—the cup that I ne'er may seize—
 Yields but the dregs and the bitter lees.

Dreams

Los Angeles Graphic · 1907-04-06 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

A winding stream that murmurs in its dreams,
The whisper of the brush flowers to the breeze,
A low-hung hedge that sweeps the leafy turf,
The gentle rain of blossoms from the trees:

The fragrance of the night, the roses' breath,
The clamorous sweetness of the river's call,
The wistful sobbing of the waving pines,
The quiet peace of night-fall over all.

And the soft moonlight sends its pale dream-warp
In fairy cobwebs stretching like a screen
Adown the glen, and stealing here and there
Like shadow-fairies dancing on the green.

The siren of the wild—the blood's hot leap,
The longing for primeval life again,
The magic of the woods, the things unborn
That stir my soul with thrill half sweet, half pain.

Then, steals the moonlight back before the dawn,
The grim hills soften in the rosy light,
The first warm rays of sunlight waken life—
And yearning dreams must vanish with the night.

Midnight and Dawn

Los Angeles Graphic · 1907-07-20 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

The night without is still; no breath of wind;
No light to break the darkness lying deep;
The old clock slowly ticks the hours away
And echoes mockingly my cry for sleep.

The seconds burn into my brain like fire,
The ghosts of long-dead dreams glide slowly by,
My mask at last has dropped, my naked soul
Lies grim and bleeding 'neath my shrinking eye.

The vain desires of years, the "might-have-beens,"
The castles, dream-bricked, that I built in Spain,
The bitter uselessness of war for life—
The strife that in the end brings naught but pain.

Is there no rest? To lie down and forget—
Forget the bitter fruits that once were sweet,
Forget the haunting eyes of loved ones gone,
The gentle souls I nevermore shall greet?

Forget the aching void within my heart,
Forget the mem'ries that unbidden leap,
Forget it all, the joys, the surging pain,
The past, the yet-to-be—God send me sleep.

* * *

Across the sky the fingers of the dawn
Go creeping down to snare the loitering day,
And paint with skillful touch the drifting clouds
That ceaseless go their solitary way.

Above me swing the branches in the wind
And bend to brush the daisies on the lea;
Below the steel-grey waters of the brook
Go rippling out to meet the siren sea.

The long light shakes across the nestling hills,
A timid sunbeam scurries down the vale,
The white clouds burn with tender hue of rose,
From nodding cornfield calls the lonely quail.

The sunlight wavers into frightened nooks
Where dim and cool the cloistering shadows lie:
The mask again, the smile, the steady eyes—

The night is o'er; God speed the welcome day.

Destiny

Los Angeles Graphic · 1908-02-01 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

I am the deep-hidden chord, whose throbbing may not be stilled;
I am the master of Fate, whose life-beats may not be killed;
I am the being that slumbers deep in the hearts of men;
I am the wonderful thing that passes all earthly ken.

I am the warp and the woof, the mystical web of life,
Weaving with shuttle and loom, and waiting with upheld knife,
Watching the quivering thread from cradle to somber grave,
Cutting it where I may choose, nor tarry twixt knight and knave.

I am the will-o'-the-wisp, the siren to lure the bold,
I am the call of the blood, and I am the rainbow's gold;
No man may swerve from his fate, nor stay me for good or worse;
I am the Almighty Power, god of the Universe.

Spring Song

Los Angeles Graphic · 1908-05-16 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

A-down the vale the elfish Pan is piping rondelays,
A song of youth and joy and love; a lilt of sunlit days,
And deep the murmur of the sea moans through the leafing trees;
A call of Spring, the gypsy Spring that rides the balmy breeze.

And over hills and over dales the witching gypsy goes,
The sunlight tangled in her locks where rests a new-blown rose;
Her dusky eyes like forest pools where sips the thirsty deer;
Her wine-red lips that laugh or pout, and mock old Pan's weird leer.

And where she treads the flowers bloom and lush green grasses grow,
And when she laughs 'tis like the winds that through the lilies blow,
And when she weeps 'tis like the rain that drips in shadowed pall
Across the mist-hung pasture fields a-dream at evenfall.

And over dales and over hills and o'er the rim of day
Into the gray of twilight hours the gypsy goes her way;
And Life is Youth and Youth is Love, and Love is all in all,
When sweet above the Pipes of Pan there rings the gypsy's call.

My Prayer

Los Angeles Graphic · 1908-06-13 · originally signed Carrie Reynolds

Not in my vain assumption or my pride, but in my woe and weakness do I pray,
Just as the mendicant of Nazareth, just as a pilgrim weary of the way.

Give to me, Lord, the gladsome day of Faith. Hopeless am I when lost in Doubt's
black night.

Ever my aimless hands outstretched for aid, ever my being yearning for the Light.

There is a Light, I know. I saw its glow lighting the calm, sweet faces of my dead;
Gone were the lines of care and grief and woe; wondrous, the peace of Death shone
in their stead.

There is a Soul, I know. For deep within faints it for sustenance to bear its cross.
Body is but a husk that hides the spark burning divinely midst the flesh's dross.

Just as a beggar will I humbly wait. Grant to my wistful eyes the power of sight;
Teach me the creed of Love and Faith—not Fear. Lead me to find the glory of the
Light.

When We Two Ride Together

Los Angeles Graphic · 1908-12-12

Into the evening mist we ride; out through the purple heather;
And this one hour shall be our own: just You and I together.
Close by their fires the hill-folk sit and dread the North Wind's shiver;
But we are warm with love's deep fire and quickened with its quiver.

Into the evening mists we ride; the night comes forth to meet us,
From open doors the firelight falls across the path to greet us:
But what need we with light or warmth, for in your dear eyes dreaming
There lies the light that warms my soul and sets the darkness gleaming.

Into the evening mists we ride; the night lies cloaked in Sorrow;
But we have Joy to ride with us, nor reck the drear Tomorrow;
We two alone in all the world—I hear your fond heart leaping;
We two alone with sea and sky while all the world lies sleeping.

Into the evening mists we ride, the storm winds cut our faces,
But your strong hand clings close to mine, the hot blood madly races;
And what care we for storm or strife, for foul or pleasant weather;
The taste of life is deep and sweet when we two ride together.

You and Love and I

Los Angeles Graphic · 1909-01-16

The dreary rain drips softly down beneath the brooding eaves,
The wet wind whimpers sobbingly amid the rustling leaves,
The wistful twilight shrouds itself beneath a cloak of gloom—
But You and Love and I dream on within the quiet room.

The candles flicker drowsily, the firelight on the wall
Steals upward in a shining lance and mocks the twilight's pall;
There's summer in your heart and mine—a joy so subtly dear
It seems at times half tinged with tears, half tempered with a fear.

The sad wind moans an echo to the melancholy rain,
But in our quiet room there's peace—no thought of care or pain;
And while the moments drift away and dreams are born and die
We watch the visions in the fire—just You and Love and I.

A Fool's Paradise

Los Angeles Graphic · 1909-05-29

The water whispered drowsily that balmy night in June,
And high above the mad stars danced and mocked the lazy moon.

Into the misty shadow clouds that bounded every side,—
As in a dream just You and I went drifting with the tide.

From out the silent spaces came a lover's plaintive song,
And floated softly on the breeze that wafted us along.

I dared not sing my song to you, and yet I knew you knew;
Each wave that plashed against the boat had told my tale to you—

'Twas but a story ages old, yet in your tender eyes
I thought I saw an answer gleam as sweet as paradise.

I know I was a fool to dream—but could a foolish churl
Remember it was summertime—and you a summer girl?

Mirage

Los Angeles Graphic · 1909-06-12

Youth is a dream of Tomorrow's hope,
Finding a charm in each new-born day;
Gazing with shy and beseeching eyes,
Striving to fathom the Far-Away.
Ever the bliss of the unfulfilled,
Ever a dream of the days to come;
Joy that we never have known is best,
Love that is deepest is ever dumb.

Age—it is naught but a memory,
Tear-misted dreams of a day long dead,
Tender regret for the things that were,
Past-fading letters, a rose once red.
Tasting the fruit of fulfilled desire;
Living again in the phantom past:
Ah, for the dreams that could not come true;
Ah, for the love that could never last.

Youth is the theme of a book unread;
Age is the grace of a day long dead.

Love's Arbiter

Los Angeles Graphic · 1909-08-07

I thought that the highway of love was pleasant,
Merry with music and very fair;
A-shimmer with sunbeams and soft with moonlight,
Sweet with the perfume of roses rare.

I know that the highway of love is rocky,
Scattered with rose-petals bruised and torn,
A-shimmer with tears that our knowledge brings us,
Sad with the phantoms of dreams forlorn.

And yet, were I back where our love awakened,
Back to the days when my dreams were sweet,
And you were to open your arms in pleading—
Ask me to choose where the cross roads meet—

With peace I would travel the hard way over,
Knowing that road was my Paradise;
What matter the pain or the toil and trouble?
Life holds its meaning within your eyes.

Courage!

Los Angeles Graphic · 1909-09-18

You lost the fight, my soul. 'Twas in the dark you fought,
And now you shrink and hate the blinding light.
Your fight was brave, my soul. Until the end you thought
Your path was clear and you were in the right.

You shroud yourself and quiver in a cloak of gloom—
A coward you, to hide yourself away!
The call of life is piercing through your cloistered room;
Come forth and greet the dawn of new-born day!

The battle that is lost is sometimes won, my soul;
If hearts would try again the bitter fight;
The noon-time of your life is not yet done, my soul;
For in your first defeat was born your might.

Hope's Uplift

Los Angeles Graphic · 1909-10-02

Somber and grim is the twilight's gray,
Sad with the shade of the waning day,
Stretches the valley far away

 Out to the shore of the moaning sea.
Shrill pipes the quail from the soughing trees,
Weird is the sigh of the evening breeze,
Life seems a chalice of dregs and lees
 Offered by Fate to the lips of me.

Yet, in the west, where the sunset glows,
Bathed in a glory of gold and rose,
Raising their heads to the deathless snows,
 Glimmer the hills, majestic and grave,
Wrapped in a mantle of sea-born haze,
Splendid and mute in the sun's last rays,
Sentries on guard through the countless days,
 Ever they whisper, "Be brave! Be brave!"

Somber the Vale of Despair may be;
Strewn with the wrecks of my ships at sea,
Sad with the sorrows and woes of me,
 Dim where the fingers of sunset grope;
Yet, in the west, where the sunlight dies,
Peaceful and calm 'neath the evening skies,
Watching serene while the glad day flies,
 Stretches the hill of eternal hope.

Indian Summer

Los Angeles Graphic · 1911-12-02

An autumn day that glimmers like a jewel set
 Between a yesterday of gray, a morrow drenched with rain;
A day when lingering summer bares her luscious breast,
 That all the earth the fountain of her love may drain.

A day of scented winds that breathe a rhapsody
 Beneath the throbbing passion of a dreamy haze;
Of roses, warm and fragrant, red as wounded hearts—
 A rich, rare day of life and love—a day of days.

In California: a Winter Garden

Los Angeles Graphic · 1911-12-23

The roses, heavy-headed with their shining pearls of dew

Bow low along my garden path—a memory of June

The melancholy mignonette is redolent and sweet

A silver sickle in the sky, there swings a ghostly moon

The reckless red geraniums that climb the garden wall

Flaunt gaudy buds and blossoms from their frames of velvet green

They splash their scarlet pools of flame upon the brown-ribbed fence

And riot in a blazing mass above my window screen

A gaunt and leafless skeleton, dull gray—a shadow thing

The sycamore stands wearily—a lifeless withered husk

And, rustling in the winter wind that stirs its laughing leaves

The coral-berried pepper tree makes merry in the dusk

Her Request

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-02-10

I burn my waxen tapers at thy blessed shrine
And ask a boon of thee, O good St. Valentine

A little time ago, within my breast
The fast-locked heart of me lay quietly at rest
Then love came knocking—ah, to see his roguish eyes
Grow soft with tenderness, to hear his yearning sighs!

Sweet pain it was, dear saint, and yet I was afraid
And would not let him in—and now I am repaid
For love turned brigand then, and stole my coward heart
And left within my empty breast his poisoned dart

I do not ask my own heart back, sweet Valentine
It has no place within me now, it is not mine
But, gentle saint, in suppliance I bow my head—
Let Love retain my heart and give me his instead

Soul-Racked

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-02-17

How slowly ticks the clock, a sullen, patient loom
That weaves the warp of time—how slow, how dully slow
How long and dark the night, how deadly still the room
Yet sounds with phantom feet that softly come and go

But, Love, how short the night, how easy borne the pain
Of throbbing, aching brain and eyes that may not weep
If on my cheek your hand might rest as it has lain—
If I might have it so—I would not pray for sleep

Without, the creeping fog steals through the sleeping land
Her hair of misty gray entwining field and fold
Her garments flutter by, I hear her searching hand
Seek entrance at my pane, with fingers wet and cold

Dear Heart, if you were near, how sweet to feel the breath
Of fog against our cheeks, to hear the rising wind
I would not fear her hands that tremble as with death—
Your arms would hold me close, and fear would lie behind

How slowly ticks the clock! Dear God, can's't thou not hear
My soul's impassioned prayer that it shall have release?
The whole world seems asleep, my dear ones breathe so near
And I, alone, awake, but ask for sleep's deep peace

Dear Heart, if you but lay upon my breast again—
Your dear head cuddled close within that hollow deep
That God hath given us to cradle babes and men—
If I might hold you so, I would not pray for sleep

Love's Miracle

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-03-30

My garden drooped and died beneath the fallow sun
The roses lost their fire in shrouds of ashen dust
All day the hot wind blew from bending hills of dun
My lilies bowed their heads before the scorching gust

Then through the haze of dusk there came the springtime rain
Across the stirring leaves and through the flower beds
Its cool lips kissed the rose until she blushed again
Its tender fingers paused to lift the lilies' heads

All night its soothing tears fell on the thirsty grass
(I heard its broken sob throughout the midnight gloom)
And, lo! a miracle at dawn had come to pass—
The garden that had died was sweet with bud and bloom

My heart a garden was, high-walled with phantom fears
Its flowers buried deep, shut out from sun and rain
Its roses faded gray beneath my burning tears
Its lilies blackened stalks beneath my gusts of pain

Then through the pall of dusk there came the breath of spring
The springtime of your love—O, faint, sweet ecstasy!
As wakes the woodland life when nesting robins sing
So thrilled my heart to you that day you came to me

The sunlight of your eyes, your love like gentle rain
Have made my garden bloom—its graves are green with grass
And though the springtime fade and winter come again
The blossoms will not die, their fragrance will not pass

Though I may watch you go with summer's dreamy haze
Or autumn's golden glow may mark our paths apart
Yet I shall tend my blooms, remembering the days
You wakened into life the garden of my heart

Call of the Open Road

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-04-06

I have heard the Pan-pipes playing
Where the forest-god was straying
Through the winter-sodden greenwood, deep with husks and leafy mold
I have seen his goat-hoof traces
In the bare and wintry places
Where the sunlight through the branches showered sheen of gleaming gold

I have seen the dryads springing
From their tree trunks, heard them singing
High and sweet the song of springtime; gypsy lilt and wild refrain
And beyond the sea-marsh rushes
Where the surf-foam hurls and hushes
I have watched the nymphs of Neptune dancing to the mad sweet strain

Where the ribboned road is reeling
I have seen him slily stealing
Fleeting o'er the dawn-gray hilltops, dancing ere the day began
Shall my heart take pause to reckon
When his lifted fingers beckon—
Nay, the Open Road is calling—I go forth to follow Pan!

Homing Time

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-05-11

The fields are carpeted with green, knee-deep in waving grass
The sunlight slants its paling beams where shrouding shadows lie
The cupping sky is like a sea where white-foamed breakers mass
And far beyond, the placid bay is like a cloud-flecked sky

The lowing cattle patient wait before the pasture bar
And from the grayness of the downs the cottage windows gleam
A mother calls: "Tis homing time," and faint and clear, afar
The sound of children's voices purl in rippling, crystal stream

The lilac's purpling cloud is lost as dusk creeps o'er the hill
But still its fragrance fills the air with perfumed breath of spring
The mist comes in across the dunes—a weeping mist and chill
But in the shelter of a bush the drowsy thrushes sing

At Gray Dusk

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-06-01

Gray dusk! Heart of Mine, and a road across a hill
Deep grass! Roses' breath! and a twilight perfumed, still

West wind! Brooding sky! and a gleam of sunset's flush
Bird notes! Slumber songs! and the night's enthralling hush

Dim stars! Singing bells from the church beside the sea
Ships' lights! Mewing gulls, and a mist above the quay

Men's songs! Mighty chants! and the chain-clank on the docks
Stark cliffs; Whirling spray! and the breakers on the rocks

Dark sails! Shadow ships against the sky-line limned
Mystery! God seems near, and our eyes with tears are dimmed

Strong hands! Tender eyes, and the vibrant pulses thrill—
Gray dusk! Heart of Mine, and a road across a hill

Unresponsive

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-07-06

The Spring has come, the Spring has gone,
 Ah, wistful-eyed and sweet was she!
When first she came across the hills
 I heard her calling—calling thee!

She sought the rose-walled orchard path
 Where birds sing low a threnody,
And drifted it with apple blooms—
 Forever calling—calling thee!

She touched with silver-green the hills
 Where goes the honey-laden bee,
She scattered gold adown the slopes—
 Forever calling—calling thee!

She lavished bud and bloom and scent
 Upon the poppy-sodded lea;
She laughed and danced and sang—and wept,
 Forever calling—calling thee!

And I had thought when came the Spring
 Thou, too, wouldst come—that it must be
That thou wouldst wake from death to hear
 The Spring tide calling—calling thee!

But Spring has come, and Spring has gone,
 Nor brought my loved one home to me;
And thou, who loved the Spring so well—
 Thou couldst not hear her calling thee!

Etching

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-10-19

The sunset paints the western sky, the meadow lands grow dim
The purple mists of twilight creep adown the foothills' rim
The tinkling bells of lowing kine sound faint and clear afar
And through the rosy veil of clouds there gleams the evening star

Beneath the shelter of the eaves the mourning pigeons brood
The clean west wind sings low and sweet—a twilight interlude
And down the quiet country roads, through fields of brown decay
The sad-eyed Summer softly goes into the fading day

Love's Litany

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-11-16

There's mist o' the morning upon the sea—
 A salt white mist, like the tears of the world
A keen wind blows and the surf is gray
 Where the crashing combers are caught and hurled

But dawn o' the morning is in our hearts
 A dawn exultant with love's new day
A song on our lips, and your hand in mine
 And the low, dun hills seem sweet with May

There's gray o' the noontime above the sea—
 A dull, dim noon and a sullen sky
The white gulls wheel to the swirling waves
 The bar moans low and the curlews cry

But red o' the noontime is in our hearts—
 The hot sweet noon of a summer's day
Your eyes are warm with the light of love
 And the low, dun hills seem sweet with May

There's chill of the evening upon the sea
 A stark ship frets at its anchor chain
The road is dark and the keen wind blows
 And in from the night comes a breath of rain

But peace of the evening is in our hearts
 The twilight peace of a lovers' day
The rain is soft on our lifted eyes,—
 And the mist-wrapped hills seem sweet with May

My Old Books

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-12-14

These are my friends, these worn and winnowed books,
Each like a living thing of blood and breath;
These are my friends in dreamy days in shadowed nooks,
These are my comforters in stress of life and death.

Here where their gentle faces smile at me,
Mute in companionship—before my fire I sit
Feeling across my eyes a wind-blown breath of sea,
Drinking the heady ale of broad and ancient wit.

Here I may thrill once more with Love's sweet dream,
Voiced in the haunting cadence of a poet's rhyme;
Here I may watch the swords of battle gleam,
Here may I mark the mighty march of Time.

These are my friends—to feel the nuance of my mood,—
Soft whispering in the dusk of inglenooks;
Each like a thing of soul within the solitude—
These are my friends—these worn and winnowed books.

Spirit of the Child

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-12-21

There's scarlet holly on the streets, and silver mistletoe
The surging, jewelled, ragged crowds forever come and go
And here a silken woman laughs—and there a beggar asks—
And O, the faces, tense of lip, like mad and mocking masks
 (Who thinks of Bethlehem today and one bright star above?
 Who sees the humble manger-bed where breathed the Child of Love?)

There's fragrant scent of evergreen upon the chilling air
There's tinsel'd tawdriness that shows beneath the sunlight's glare
There Want and Plenty, Greed and Pride—a hundred thousand souls—
And O, the weary eyes of them, like dull and lifeless coals
 (Who knows the town of Bethlehem once gleamed beneath a star—
 The wondrous light that shepherds saw who watched their sheep afar!)

And yet above the city streets—above the noise and whirr—
There seems to come a vagrant breath of frankincense and myrrh
I saw a woman, worn and wan and on her face a light—
The look that Mary might have worn that other Christmas night
 (And as the little children passed, and one lad turned and smiled
 I saw within his wistful eyes the spirit of The Child.)

Envoy

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-12-28

One day we two must watch the waters wash between our ships

Yours will sail westward where the sunset glories lie;

Mine will go eastward where the dusk's great shadow dips—

And I shall strain my eyes to watch your sail against the sky

O, but this world will seem an empty place when darkness falls

When I can see no longer that your eyes speak love to me

When I can hear no longer that your dear voice faintly calls

One last farewell across the wistful, twilight sea

O, but the night will throb with bitter pain—and yet, dear love

Always my heart will thrill in memory—that sunlit morn

When all the world was lit with rosy dawn, and far above

Glimmered the laughing summer sky, white-flecked with clouds new-born

Dear, it was sweet to sail together in those dreamy days—

Laden with love; with close-clasped hands and touch of gentle lips

Though now the fog-wrapped harbor lights mark different ways

Have we not known the joy of sending forth our ships?

Yearnings

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-03-01

Perhaps, the sloping hills are gray with rain today,
 With mist-clouds lying low where cupping canyons dip.
Perhaps, the new-leaved trees are burgeoning in bloom,
 And droop their fragile buds beneath the rain's soft drip.

Perhaps, the cabin door stands wide for me today,
 Perhaps, the jeweled drops that gleam against the pane
Are red with firelight sheen and gold with candleglow—
 And on the bending roof there comes the drip of rain.

Perhaps, the valley lights are haloed with the mist,
 And o'er the meadow lands the brooding sky is gray.
Perhaps—O, Heart of Mine, the soul o' me is sad,
 The rain is on the hills, and I am far away.

Plucked Roses

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-03-08

He plucked from the dewy bush a rose
That blushed in the garden bed
He laid it close to her warm white throat—
“Ah, give me thy lips,” he said
(The wind was soft with the bloom of spring—
The rose at her throat was red.)

He kissed the rose and the pulsing throat
“Nay, droop not thy modest head
My love for thee shall be true till death—
Ah, give me thy lips,” he said
(The moonlight glowed with a silver sheen
The rose at her throat was red.)

He kissed the rose and he took her lips—
Her lips that were sweet and red
“And thou shalt be rose of the world to me
Till time is no more,” he said
(The moonlight faded across the sky
The rose at her throat was dead.)

Afterward

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-03-15

It seems but yesterday we sat here—you and I
 And yonder cushion resting in the easy chair
Still holds the hollow where your head was wont to lie
 (I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

The pipe you loved lies close beside an open book
 The scent of nicotine still hovers in the air
The driftwood fire is purring in the inglenook
 (I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

The old piano's keys seem yearning for your hands
 To fill the quiet room with music rich and rare
And in the dusk nearby the worn old stool still stands
 (I need but close my eyes to see you sitting there.)

These things are all the same, but, dear, the fire is low
 The dust lies thick upon the pipe and easy chair
The keys are mute—and O, I know, I know
 That when I lift my eyes you'll not be sitting there

Mystery

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-03-29

With what mad magic have you wrought this thing?

But yesterday I had not seen your face

And yet today my shy heart sings of you—

You kiss me and I thrill with sweet disgrace

But yesterday we two were worlds apart—

Nor dreamed my eyes would ever droop beneath your own

And yet today I know that all my life

My lamp has been kept trimmed for you alone

Attuned

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-04-19

You played to me!

Dim through the open window gleamed the tree-arched, twilight street,
Red were the roses on the sill, their fragrance subtly sweet.
Shadowed the fire-lit room, the dusk, enwrapped in mystery deep
Breathed in the air the drowsiness of poppy-scented sleep.

You played to me!

Hushed was the hum of voices, listening to dreams divine,
Yet were we two alone in all that throng, your eyes held mine.
Yellowed the keys—how soft your touch—with tenderness profound
Weaving a web of melody with golden threads of sound.

You played to me!

Ah! how it sighed and rippled in its reed-like melody,
Whispered your heart to mine—you might not speak of love to me,
Yet as the surging sweetness of your music swelled anew,
Beating against my yielding heart, ah, Love, I knew, I knew!

You played to me!

Dark was the street without, and gathering the evening gloom,
Yet was there radiance within that dusky room.
We should not meet again—must walk apart the long, long way,
Yet we had drained the sweetest depths of love, that one dear day

You played to me!

Song

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-05-10

All the world is young and gay
May comes over the hills today
Fragrant breath and starry eyes
Deep as sunlit, springtime skies
Crocuses adown the field
Scorn her coaxing kiss—then yield
Rippling like the golden sea
In the wind's soft threnody
Daffodils in yellow mass
Light their flames among the grass
Mad with joy the mockers sing
All the world is blossoming
Love is born anew today
Over the hill comes blithesome May

Where Peace Abides

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-05-24

This is a place of peace—a leafy road that dreams at dusk;

A sunset like a pagan pyre within the west;

The first faint glory of the stars across the sky,

A little wind that whispers low, “O, tired heart, rest!”

This is a place of peace—of drowsy shades where one may feel

The pulsing heat of Nature’s heart against the breast;

Lie in long grasses with the tree tops overhead,

And hear the thousand voices of the brook that whisper, “Rest!”

This is a place of peace—the mist’s soft footsteps in the grass,

The deep and fragrant winds that sweep from mountain crest;

The tawny hills, serenely watching from their splendid heights

Uplift the soul and whisper, softly, “Tired heart, rest.”

Arrowhead, California.

The Lessons

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-06-07

It took me such a little while to learn—
A tender, foolish word, the strong, sweet clasping of your hand
The clinging glance of eyes that only lovers understand —
And lo! my eager heart was taught to love and yearn

So short a time to learn, dear one, and yet
Since we two said goodbye, through all the silent days of pain
My anguished fight to still my need for you has been in vain
It takes so long to teach my heart how to forget

Her Prayer

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-07-12

God keep you dear, so passionate my prayer
That He must surely listen as I sue
God keep you, dear—Ah, for myself I could not dare
To ask that in His mercies I might share
And yet before His throne my soul is bare—
For Love has taught me how to pray for you

Pan Triumphant

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-08-02

Gypsy heart, can you not hear, faint and far adown the glen
Muted notes of lilting reeds? Pan has found the road again!

Close your door to hush his song, draw the curtain at your pane
Hide your eyes within your books—Gypsy heart, 'tis all in vain!

You who said that Pan was dead, nevermore his reeds should sing
Did you think he would not wake with the first, shy kiss of Spring?

Pan has found the road again—hearken to the reeds' low call
Rippling waters, brooding birds, whispering trees—he sings them all

Morning fires across the sky; morning dews upon the grass
Pungent breath of foam-fringed sea, where the distant white sails pass

Hot sweet noons when blossoms blow; drowsy hum of brigand bees
Pillowed head upon my breast; sleep beneath the arching trees

Hushed gray dusks when fireflies glow; shadows where the campfire gleams
Smell of woodsmoke in the pines; dreams and songs and songs and dreams

Gypsy heart, the door swings wide; reeds are rippling down the glen
Ah, my heart calls low, to thine—Pan has found the road again!

In a Restaurant

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-10-25

A swaying lad, inspired, his burning eyes half drenched with tears unshed
His face uplifted to a vision—and the room grows still
The music steals across it like the rippling of a leaf-hedged rill
The voices flicker into silence, nor note the things they left unsaid

Each dreams his dream—the shadowed eyes that gleam within yon painted face
Are wistful now for country roads where apple blossoms blow
And o'er the brown and straggling fence the great oak trees bend low
To whisper of the clean blue sky above their green leaf-lace

Each dreams his dream—the bent old man of evil face and twisted mouth
Is transformed with the alchemy of some old memory
As though he walked again the path that winds through Arcady
When life and love were young and fair, undrained by age's drouth

Each dreams his dream—the fires of glory light the face of one white maid
Her shy eyes droop beneath her lover's glance—yet understand
And underneath the table yearning hand seeks yielding hand—
They, too, have found their road to Arcady and walk it unafraid

Each dreams his dream—the fragrance of a faded rose, a twilight hush—
And then the music breaks; the clash of glasses fills the room
The voices shrill; the swaying lad from out his corner's gloom
Cries softly to a waiter, "Gee, I get 'em when I play that slush!"

Wanderlust

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-11-22

Love locks the city's outer gates; the white streets chain the soul of me,
Love's arms are strong about me; yet—my heart is hungry for the sea.

My heart is hungry for the sea—the long, slow swell of green and gray,
The wet brown sand, the hanging cliffs, the sea gulls' cry, the stinging spray;

My heart is hungry for the sea—the bay that curves beyond the slips;
And limned against a twilight sky the spreading sails of outbound ships.

My heart is hungry for the sea—the ceaseless tides that wax and wane;
The clean, salt smell, the clean, fresh wind, a thin cool mist of silver rain.

Love's tender words are sweet to hear—and yet above them comes to me
The surf's wild call—I must obey! My heart is hungry for the sea.

Unrest

Los Angeles Graphic · 1914-01-24

O, warm and red are the shaded lamps; and you on the hearth in your easy chair,
The firelight playing across your face and the smoke wreaths curling about you
there;

Your dear eyes dreaming their gentle dreams—I love your eyes and the curve of your
cheek,

The sweep of your brow and your strong, fine hands, the way you smile and the way
you speak.

The fire hums low to the wood-sprites' song and the rain-hands brush at the window
sill,

The storm steeds race on the strand below, the wind cries out, but the room is still.

The kettle murmurs a lullaby—but there in the dark is a sobbing sea,

And the night without is a thing of strife, but hark, how it calls to the soul of me!

O, warm and red are the shaded lamps; and you on the hearth in your easy chair,
And your arms would welcome me to your knee, and your eyes would smile as you
held me there.

Within there is love and a singing fire; and out in the darkness the wind grows chill;

Within there is love and your arms—and yet, my road tonight lies over the hill.

The Passing Years

Los Angeles Graphic · 1914-03-07

Once when the glad Spring breathed her fragrant mists across the bleak, bare land
And underneath the melting snows on sheltered slopes the green of new grass
sprang

Our hearts were thrilled with that blind ecstasy that only Youth may understand
And all the world seemed tremulous with joy because in woodland deeps the
robins sang

And yet, this year, though Spring has touched with bud and bloom the dewy,
upland glades
Somehow, the grass seems not so green, nor skies so blue where fleecy clouds are
ranged

Though all the sweet sad magic of her touch is on the hills, somehow, the glamour
fades—

And yet the old, sweet mystery of Spring is wrought again, my Heart; 'tis only
we have changed

SELECTED DRAMATIC REVIEWS

Signed criticism from the Los Angeles Graphic · 1912–1914

The Squaw Man

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-04-06

Edwin Milton Royle's play of the west, "The Squaw Man" is holding the boards at the Burbank theater this week, with Forrest Stanley in the leading role—that created by William Faversham. The organization is highly successful in the piece—after the hurdle of first act has been safely jumped. In depicting smart English folk none of the members is successful, unless it be Charles Giblyn, who plays the polite villain of the piece with excellent bearing and accent. In the last three acts, which really contain the action of the play, the first being merely a prologue, good, redblooded acting is produced, with Forrest Stanley moving his audience to the luxury of tears. Mr. Stanley's work is in no sense maudlin—its depiction of manly emotion is sincere and touching, the honest, repressed grief of a man who must give up his son, the one thing in life that remains dear to him. It is in this scene that Mr. Stanley does his best work. It is a well known story, this play of the young Englishman, who for the sake of a woman, takes upon his shoulders the guilt for a crime which he has not committed. He goes to America, out west, and buys a ranch, which proves unsuccessful because of his inexperience. An Indian girl saves his life on two occasions, and devotes herself to him, so that when he learns she is to bear him a child, he marries her. Then of course, comes the opportunity to go back to England. He will not leave his squaw, and he cannot take her with him, but he will not let his son forfeit his right to live life as an English gentleman and sends him away. Of course, his release comes before the final curtain, but in a pathetic manner that brings forth more handkerchiefs than hand-claps. Despite a make-up that makes him look like the bad man on a dime novel's lurid cover, Robert Leonard gives one of the best drawings in the production. There are numerous "bits"—the Cash Hawkins of Franklyn Munnell, the Tabawana of James Corrigan, the Baco of George Field, the Shorty of Henry Stockbridge, and one or two others of intrinsic merit. Genevieve Blinn does not suggest the sweetness of Lady Diana, giving the role a preponderance of angular characteristics. Lola May is a shadowy, but poignantly pathetic figure as Nat-u-ritch, the squaw, and little Riena Graf lends unusual value to Stanley's best scenes by playing up to him with childish naturalness. The scenic environment is of that excellence which always marks Burbank productions.

The Price

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-06-08

In “The Price” George Broadhurst has penned his greatest work, a dramatic gem polished almost to the point of perfection and shining with a luster attained by none other of his excellent productions. Yet “The Price” will never reach the heights of popularity. It is too Ibsenic, too gray, too shorn of the idealistic, too pitiless in its reality to please the greater portion of the public. Its production by Helen Ware at the Mason Opera House this week shows but little change from the drama as first offered at the Belasco in this city. Mr. Broadhurst has had the keen dramatic sense not to cater to public opinion by throwing a sop to Cerberus in the form of a happy ending, therefore keeping his values to the final curtain. “The Price” indicates in its title the exact nature of the play. Ethel Toscani, alone, friendless, buffeted by the world, finds work as secretary to Stannard Dole, artist. She has been so long apart from the gentle things of life that Dole’s studio to her is a haven of rest. In her he finds inspiration that brings him fame. He is kind which is balm to her bruised heart. His friendship blossoms into love, and she mistakes her gratitude, her fondness for him, for a similar passion, and, finally, the big moment sweeps them both off their feet. Dole’s wife, a slatternly, uneducated, unrefined woman, with no talent except for housekeeping, will not listen to his plea for divorce. Eventually, it is revealed to Ethel that not Dole, but Dr. Ethan Bristol, his friend, is the man who has awakened real love in her heart. She gives Ethan her promise, but begs him to keep it secret. In the end, she is forced to tell Dole the truth, and the shock kills him, as his physical strength is at low ebb. Ethel and Ethan are married and for a time live in paradise. Then comes Mrs. Dole, like a black shadow across the sunshine of their happiness. She is the avenger. A word here, an insinuation there, and she makes Ethel’s life a misery. Finally, she produces a diary kept by Stannard and reads from it the notes which incriminate Ethel. Ethan’s Puritan soul rebels; he regards Ethel as unfit. But her pleas move him, and he is about to take her in his arms when a chance remark leads to the discovery that to the shock of Ethel’s confession was due Stannard Dole’s death. He regards her as a murderess and goes from the house. Then comes the discovery that Ethel has been tricked; that Mrs. Dole invented the entry in the diary. The curtain falls as the woman faces the poverty of her life without love—her lips voicing the cry of her heart that Ethan must come back. It is not a pleasant tale, but it is worth while, and it brings home with force the old truism, “He who plays must pay.” Helen Ware is a new star to local audiences. Without physical beauty it is hard for an actress to succeed, but Miss Ware has overcome this great difficulty. She is an emotional actress in the best sense of the word. There is no shrieking, no

beating of breast and hair-tearing. Hers is the heartwring grief of a human woman. No pyrotechnics, but a steady flame in her acting. Her lighter moments are just as pleasing—one does wish she had more of them in this dismal play. Our old friend, George Barnum, is given a rousing reception, and his work as Professor Damaroff is delightful in every sense. Harrison Hunter is inclined to staginess as Dr. Bristol, and is not physically suited to the role. Jessie Ralph has not quite the cold cunning of Mrs. Dole, although she gives a good superficial rendition. There are minor parts of worth. The scenic pictures are wretched, especially the artist's studio.

The Man Between

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-06-22

Rupert Hughes should blush at the accusation that “The Man Between” is from his pen, for its one claim to sufficient merit for production is its presentation by the Belasco company this week—the organization doing such excellent work that the situations gain a value not formed by their construction. Lewis S. Stone has the role of John Stoddard, self-made man, a bridge-builder of great ability. Stoddard, through building a bridge for Van Nest, a big railroad man, becomes acquainted with his daughter, Janet, and wins her heart. Father naturally objects to a “man of the people,” but is defied until he gives forth the ultimatum that if Janet will give up John, or vice versa, he will yield to the demands of John’s workmen for higher wages, and thus avert a catastrophe to the bridge. John makes the sacrifice for himself and Janet, and at the last moment Father repents and adopts a bless-you-my-children attitude. As Stoddard, Stone creates a big character—a clean, capable man, suggesting the great virility, the physical and mental strength of such a being. With the mediocre material given him he has achieved a tremendously fine presentation. Next to his work ranks that of William Wolbert as Lazinski, to which part his tempestuous methods are eminently fitted. Harry Mestayer has a brief, but none the less excellent role of a Bohemian workman, and Thomas MacLarnie’ plays Nathaniel Van Nest in a melodramatic atmosphere probably induced by the lines. Robert Ober as Kenneth Stuyvesant, and Richard Barbee as an eager youngster are capital in their roles. Muriel Starr’s comeliness and personality do wonders with a saccharine character, and Bessie Barriscale is warmly welcomed as Edith Stoddard. One of the best bits of the production is the slangy society maid depicted by Beatrice Nichols. The scenic environment, especially the big bridge scene, is of the best, but the decorative scheme in Van Nest’s den inclines the onlooker to a headache.

Madame Butterfly

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-08-03

David Belasco's scenic triumph, "Madame Butterfly" is being presented at the Orpheum with all that wealth of scenic detail, of ingenious stagecraft, of lavish completeness that has made Belasco the wizard of the theatrical world. First of all, Belasco creates atmosphere—by views of Japan, skillfully shown and with unusual lighting effects; then slips his audience into the real story. Clara Blandick plays little Cho-Cho-San, the butterfly who breaks her wings when she finds that her American lover has deserted her for another. It is a pitiful little character—the humble, devoted little maiden, with the quaint, broken English which she speaks—and makes all her attendants speak—because of her love for Lieutenant Pinkerton, from "dese beeg Unided Stat." Miss Blandick should have been more petite and winsome for the role and she has not quite mastered the evenness of accent necessary, but considering her natural handicaps she does well—that is, her acting shows her ability and perception, although the effect is not yet a polished one. Excellent as the production is, it is sad to relate that the audience does not award it one-half the warm applause given a mimic of no ability and little charm in the person of Edna Luby, who does not suggest in a single detail any of the characters that she portrays, yet who garners a richer harvest of handclaps than the Belasco playlet—of which the stage accessories alone should be good for a hand. Ray L. Royce has been here a number of times in his capital character impersonations, but we are growing rather weary of the same bill of fare season after season and would suggest a change. The Five Original Piroscoffis are as wonderful and weird as their names in their juggling act, and have several new effects. The Scotch players, Ed Wynn, the Elliott Savonis and the Boudinin Brothers are the holdovers.

The Gamblers

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-09-21

To dissect “The Gamblers,” Charles Klein’s play of modern American life, from the standpoint of dramatic literature would uncover many flaws—would be a grievous post-mortem. But analyzing it merely as a play appealing to human interest, with thrills of love and action, pithy lines, strong, if melodramatic situations, reveals the fact that it is one of the best plays of its kind on the boards. Wilbur Emerson and his associates have borrowed their banks’ funds on their notes in excess of the legal limit. The big financiers set the federal machinery in motion to bring ruin upon the Emerson banks by arresting Wilbur and his partners for their offense, which is punishable by a sentence in state’s prison. Wilbur is *deus ex machina* in the system, of which his father is the nominal president. Learning of the danger, Wilbur attempts to save his father from disaster, knowing the old man is in absolute ignorance of his colleagues’ methods. The son manages to get enough money to pay back the borrowed funds and recovers the notes—only to find the papers are forgeries and that one of his partners has turned traitor and has given the real notes and an affidavit of guilt to the prosecuting attorney, James Darwin, who is Wilbur’s deadly enemy. Discovering that Darwin has left for Washington and has not yet received the incriminating documents, Wilbur goes to the Darwin house to steal the papers. He is found by Mrs. Darwin, whom he loves and who inwardly reciprocates. She refuses to betray her husband by giving Wilbur the notes, despite his pleas. Then Darwin returns, and accuses Wilbur and his wife of a liaison. Driven by his sneering cruelty from aversion to hate, Mrs. Darwin defies her husband’s threat publicly to divorce her, and finally manages to give the papers to Wilbur. The play ends as Wilbur leaves for prison, with her promise that when he is free she, too, will be free and waiting. It may not be art, but it is big and bold and red-blooded and holds audiences by its intensity. The character drawings are excellent, although Mr. Klein is too fond of giving his puppets exclamation of “My Gawd!” The production at the Belasco is a disappointment in its principals. Perhaps it is because expectations were raised so high by the press agents that dissatisfaction followed. Orrin Johnson, the new leading man, who plays Wilbur Emerson, is an actor of discretion and perception, but is at his best in the quieter scenes, where he plays with a natural gentlemanliness that is charming. But he overdoes his bigger scenes, his emotions and his climaxes. He blinks his eyes and tremolos his voice too obviously—which is a pity, as his voice is a rich melody of modulation in the repressed moments. This over-acting may be accounted for by the fact that he was very nervous at the opening performance. He is an extremely good-looking man,

with strong personality and a presence of rare charm. If he did not try so hard to be natural in his bigger seems he would be splendid. Marguerite Leslie- is the greatest disappointment. She has not that warm allurements which a leading woman must possess—unless she is a Mrs. Fiske. Her gestures are theatric, and she does not work up her climaxes. She “fell down” in her best scene Monday night—it was the author’s lines which brought applause—not the actress’ art. Throughout the play one cannot forget that Miss Leslie is only playing a part—she never becomes the woman she is portraying. Thomas McLarnie does better work than either of the stars, in the most disagreeable role of James Darwin, the prosecuting attorney, whose personal ambition has become a craze to which he sacrifices all things. Mc Larnie plays through the entire three acts without a false note, producing a truly admirable etching. James K. Applebee is well suited to the part of Wilbur’s father, William Wolbert does another of his fine character drawings as the welching partner, Howard Scott’s sportsmanlike banker is a delight and Harry Mestayer makes an intensely strange character out of the traitor. A good “bit” is the secret service man of Richard Barbee. One continues to be appalled at the interior decorations achieved by the Belasco scenic artist. He should take a few lessons from Robert Brunton, who is a true genius.

Magda

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-10-26

“Magda,” Sudermann’s preachment of the doctrine and the danger of individuality, is holding the boards at the Mason this week, with McKee Rankin as the parental tyrant, Lt. Col. Schwartz. Rankin’s company is not giving a good production of the play. Lines are lost, cues ignored, team work a thing unknown—all this in a baronial setting of crude tawdriness. “Magda” needs a good company to send its points across the footlights. It is a little old-fashioned for these days, but there is a relentless lesson in it—all summed in the one line of the kindly pastor, “Have we the right to seek individual happiness if by so doing we bring unhappiness to others.” Then, too, it is the world—old conflict of children and parents—the young blood feeling the wine in its veins; the older mind which seeks to bend every will in its household to do its bidding. The old and the new—yesterday and today battling for tomorrow—it is a theme as old as time. McKee Rankin has much in his favor histrionically, in naturalness of bearing and delivery, but never for one moment does he suggest the austere dignity of Lt. Col. Schwartz; nor is there pathos in his picture of the broken-down old man. His emotional scene in the last act becomes maudlin through the noise of his assumed grief, combined with au- Ethel Barrymore, at the Orpheum dible sniffles. It is not artistic, as it fails to suggest the pivot upon which the drama turns. Margaret Drew, who is exploited in the part of Magda is woefully unsuited to the role. Either she has not sensed the real meaning of the part, the worth of her lines, or she lacks the power to give them to her audiences. Her gestures are strained and her delivery is reminiscent of recitations; but her work is never marked by individuality. Lloyd Ingram has possibilities which have not been developed, hence the part of Hoffterdinct loses much of its worth in his hands. Maude Monroe has a girlish charm and a pleasing voice, and is therefore grateful to her audiences. Sidney Diamond, a veritable Jack Dalton, moustache and all, has but one thing in his favor, a musical and mellow voice. Carrie Clark Ward plays Franziska, the meddler, just as she played Norah, the “president of the cook ladies’ union,” bringing all her low comedy methods to bear on the part, which procure several laughs, but lower the tone of the play. Many more rehearsals under the iron hand of Mr. Rankin are needed before the play is given any further productions.

The Woman

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-11-09

Dramatically considered, William C. de Mille's political play, "The Woman," which is at the Mason, is a very bad play, but theatrically, it is a very good one. It has every element needed to insure popularity. The public is fond of political twistings—it likes to see vice unhorsed while virtue goes safely over the hurdle; it likes platitudes disguised as epigrams; it likes love stories—particularly the "king and the beggar-maid" sort, so that, undoubtedly, "The Woman" will be rolling the the really good plays of the day fade into forgetfulness. It is an interesting story—a sort of "best seller" of the drama. It is melodrama of a good sort, and if one's sense of verities and dramatic values can lie dormant, one can find intense enjoyment in it. Briefly, the story is of a clique of politicians who find themselves baffled by an insurgent who has the whip hand. They discover a weapon at the eleventh hour—Standish, the insurgent, has a blot on his apparently spotless escutcheon. Five years before the opening of the play, Standish, then a bachelor, has registered under an assumed name at an upstate hotel, with an unknown woman who, he declares, is his wife. The girl and he are really engaged, but circumstances—an absurd feature of the drama—render it impossible for their immediate marriage, so on the eve of leaving for a European trip, the girl decides to have a honeymoon with Standish, without the benefit of clergy. Then she discovers that her love is not real, and refuses to marry him. Congressman Jim Blake, the political "boss," Mark Robertson, and Ralph Van Dyke, corporation lawyer, form the real soul of the clique opposed to Standish. They know if they can spring the scandal story, making him out as a blackguard, he will be politically dead. But, to give the story value, they must find the name of the mysterious woman. In the hotel which the political lights make headquarters, is a clever little telephone girl—Wanda Kelly, with whom Blake's son, Tom, is in love. Blake tells Standish that they have discovered the skeleton in the closet, knowing that Standish's first impulse will be to warn the woman—which he will have to do by telephone. Then he offers Wanda a bribe to reveal to him Standish's number and conversation. She gets the number then, to her horror, Mark Robertson, who also is Blake's son-in-law, calls up his house in New York to communicate with his wife—and his call and Standish's are identical. Mrs. Robertson has left for Washington, so that the attempted warning is in vain—until Wanda takes matters into her hands and tells Mrs. Robertson the truth. The little telephone girl refuses to reveal her information. She is cross-questioned, blackguarded, threatened with prison—but at that moment Mrs. Robertson confesses, and Robertson and Blake are left with the realization that their weapon against Standish is but a boomerang.

Then, of course, Robertson's forgiveness of his wife is promised, and Wanda's happiness with Tom is assured. There should be a stronger situation than the Standish-Robertson affair to base the play upon. At present the situation seems cheap and tawdry, the woman not worthy all of Wanda's loyalty. There are improbabilities galore throughout the three acts, but there is also much of surface entertainment, a good many catchy lines, and as the company is capable if not brilliant, and the scenic effects and accessories unusually good as to detail, it will win favor throughout the country.

Ben-Hur

Los Angeles Graphic · 1912-12-28

“Ben-Hur” seems out of place under a roof, surrounded by brick walls. This divine circus should be housed under a billowing tent, with the roaring of lions and the screeches of the menagerie pealing in the distance. Even the slogan of its press agent is that of the circus — “bigger and better than eVer.” The production at the Mason Opera House this week is certainly a feast for the eye. It is an elaborate series of scenic pictures, complete in accessories, and the whole thing is rather sensuously picturesque. “Ben-Hur” is also excellent melodrama; in fact, the cleverly conceived chariot race works the audience into such a state of excitement that one young man was heard to shout, “Come on Ben, don’t be a piker.” How could Ben refrain from defeating Messala with such modern encouragement? Histrionically considered, the production is not of startling merit. Thomas Holding is acceptable as Ben Hur, but Wedgewood Nowell is not in sympathy with the character of Messala. The Esther of Alice Haynes is a colorless bit and the supposedly sensuous beauty of Iras is not effective as portrayed by Muriel Godfrey-Turner, who is inclined to over acting. But after all, the acting is not so important in “Ben Hur,” which is more of a religious pageant than a play, and is given every detail to make it a blaze of color.

The Typhoon

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-01-18

Indefinably fascinating is “The Typhoon,” the Japanese play presented by Walter Whiteside at the Majestic this week. It is not a cheerful drama and it leaves the theatergoer with a sense of foreboding, of gloom and oppression. The yellow man of the cherry blossom country is figuring largely in drama, literature, and in diplomacy today. He is becoming a factor in Caucasian life; his culture, his knowledge is amazing—for instance, how often are we shocked when our “cook-boy” converses in Italian with the fruit vender, speaks Greek to the delighted sloe-eyed boy who cuts the lawns; and how surprised to find on his shelves everything from Cicero to Bret Harte. Menyherst Lengel, a Hungarian who is familiar with the Japanese of the world-centers, is responsible for the play, and Emil Nitray and Byron Ongley for the translation, differing in many respects from the original, which is not so compact as the American version, and far more daring. Perhaps Lengel has exaggerated the characteristics of the Nipponese as they are today—but he probably has drawn a faithful portrait of the Japanese of tomorrow, for without doubt the “yellow men will sweep down like a typhoon” and at least make the world sit up and take notice of a dominant factor. The action of the play is so inexorably pitiless that it racks the nerves. There is a dramatic force about it that never lags—except when the character of Lindner, a German artist, is on the stage. The trend of the Japanese mind is absorbingly and interestingly shown; the devotion to country, the intense patriotism that converts each citizen into a fanatic; the sacrifice of home, family, self, of every individual taste, to the country. But it is demonstrated that even the self-controlled Japanese has a weak spot in his armor; just as it is shown that the machinery of state is so well oiled, that the damaged link is immediately protected by another cog. It is the old tale of Samson and Delilah; for Tokeramo, little, yellow, apparently retiring, is as strong, as mentally big, as masterful as though he were a veritable giant of long locks. Tokeramo has been deputized by his Mikado to undertake a mission in Berlin—a mission which means long, weary hours of close concentration, of laborious toil. He has won a high place for his services; his elders applaud him, his juniors reverence him. But Tokeramo has amused himself in his few leisure moments with a fascinating cocotte, Ulona Kerner, a warm, palpitating, sensuous creature, of beauty and hot blood, whose vacillating affections are enmeshed by Tokeramo’s Eastern inscrutability. For months, Tokeramo has kept her as a plaything, but gradually she comes a Woman, without whom his life is not complete. Slowly, she begins to be first; his work takes a secondary place; the look in her eyes, the fire of her lips captures him. He attempts to send her from him, and when she would go,

sobbingly, tempestuously reproachful, he calls her back, unable to put her out of his life. But when he yields, the fascination is gone for Illona—she wants to be conquered, not the conqueror. She taunts him with sly words, until, enraged at his weakness, his failure, he springs upon her and strangles her. He is not allowed to suffer for the crime; a countryman confesses to the murder, so that To- I keramo may complete his work. He is ill, suffering, but his country waits for the fruits of his toil; he is driven pitilessly to its completion; then his spirit goes out like a shadow across the light. Meanwhile, Ernest Lindner, j Illona's lover, also torn with grief at her death, loses his grip on life; he I will go down into the gutter, a drunken I derelict, accomplishing nothing; giving the contrast between the yellow man and the white man which the author has taken as the dramatic keynote of the play. Walker Whiteside's picture of Tokeramo is as masterful as the play. It is the best thing he has done—he can dominate a scene by merely standing with his back to the audience. There is not a false note in the entire three acts of his playing; yet the monotone of his voice is seldom changed—save in his outburst with Illona; he is quiet, little, shadowy; yet always the crux of the action. It is an enthralling portrait—to borrow a slang phrase of an ardent admirer, “it gets you.” Florence Fisher plays the character of Illona just as the author must have conceived it. She is beautifully alluring; her gowning is perfect; the one thing that detracts from the perfection of the picture is the clangor of her voice, which reminds one of the vocal efforts of a youth who has reached that difficult stage between man and boy when his voice plays him strange tricks of inflection. She has two distinct registers; one of which, preferably the lower, should be cultivated, and used alone. The character of Lindner is too floridly played by Hubert Wilke; it reminds one of a musical comedy hero. The Japanese men are well made up and excellently presented particularly the Joshikawa of Stephen Wright. The one setting is an invaluable factor in getting atmosphere, and the musical selections of the orchestra are particularly well chosen.

Sarah Bernhardt

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-03-08

Sarah Bernhardt has so long been regarded as the eighth wonder of the world that all the words of praise in the vocabulary of man have been exhausted. That she is one of the most marvelous women of history is undoubted; and the achievement of Martin Beck in persuading her to enter vaudeville is Napoleonic. And yet there is something pitiful in the sight of Sarah Ber.'hardt playing the marvelously beautiful creatures which her roles characterize. For Age is there— at times when that liquid, magic voice breaks a trifle—it is in the lines of the face, the sad eyes; at moments, even in the lissome youthfulness of her movements there is a gesture which betrays her years. And yet her powers as an actress are undiminished, and as Lucrece Borgia, which she played Monday afternoon, she held even a vaudeville audience breathless—an audience which, in the mass could not understand one word of the act. The throbbing sweetness of her voice, which is like a strain of music, still alternately thrills and touches the heart; the wonderful grace of her is still a feast for the eye. At the conclusion of the act one almost expects the audience to rise to its feet and hurl its bravos across the footlights. The staging is in harmony with the importance of the offering, and the company is of an excellence that is gratifying. Monsieur Tellegan, who plays D'Esta, the sinister duke, is one of the most commanding actors of the decade. He wears ancient costume with perfect grace, he has a most excellent presence; he has voice, personality, appearance; and his denunciation of Lucrece and her people is a brilliant moment. To him belongs a goodly share of the success of the act. M. Terestri, while slightly inclined to redundancy of gesture, even for a Frenchman, is youthfully appealing as Gennaro, Lucrece's young son. A bill of excellence surrounds the famous actress. Josie Heather is indeed a winsome comedienne, a clever entertainer, even though she has a music hall trend toward slight suggestion in her songs. Ignatius Cardosh is a musician in the best sense of the word. He plays without affectation or mannerisms, nor does he attempt to throw a sop to Cerberus in the form of ragtime ditties—he offers the best, with scholarly technic, and the audience accepts him at his true valuation. Dorothy Brenner and Joseph Ratcliffe have a foolish little patter and song act. The dimpled, delicious Dorothy is a fascinating creature, especially in her little-girl make-up, but Mr. Ratcliff is excess baggage. A silly absurdity with small excuse for existence is a burlesque entitled "And They Lived Happy Ever After;" while Mc Mahon Diamond and Clemence do a singing, talking and dancing feat in their turn, "The Scarecrow." The Symphony orchestra does its usual excellent work with a program of French selections, and its rendition

of that stirring, tragic song of freedom, “Marseillaise,” is a fitting compliment to Madame Bernhardt.

Peter Pan

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-05-03

If Barrie never writes another line either in the form of drama or novel his “Peter Pan” has assured him place in the galaxy of Men Who Have Done Things. Recurrence of his delightful fantasy at the Mason this week, with the temperamental Maude Adams as the Boy Who Would Not Grow Up, has been greeted by capacity houses at each performance, the charm of the production vying with the deserved popularity of the actress, who won her way into public esteem as Lady Babbie in “The Little Minister,” and again as Maggie in the same author’s play of “What Every Woman Knows,” thus indelibly connecting the talented Miss Adams with the Barrie creations. Perhaps it is this constant association with the Scotch character that has imparted a distinct burr to the Peter Pan tongue. Whether it is an unconscious trick of the star or is a subtle tribute to the playwright’s nativity is immaterial. It is there. Nobody should go to see Peter Pan who is wholly devoid of imagination, who has forgotten that he ever had a childhood, who never wanted to see a fairy and never believed in sprites of any kind. Because to such the evening will be wasted and the Barrie fancy a woeful failure. To enjoy it thoroughly one must project himself backward a few decades—how many shall remain a locked secret—and revel again in Jack-the-Giant-Killer days, of nursery ditties, of pirates, of Indians, wild beasts and all those other fantastic creatures that people the juvenile brain. Barrie has succeeded admirably in producing the atmosphere of natural unreality, aided by Maude Adams’ interpretative genius. She is half sprite and half human with the unforgettable little wistful smile and big, sad eyes that carry their own appeal. Peter Pan, as everybody knows, is a boy who strayed from his mother at an early stage and flying off to the Never, Never, Never Land lived with the fairies of that region. Occasionally, he revisits the earth at Story Telling Time and listens at the open windows for tales of Cinderella and Prince Charming which he regales to his Never Never comrades. Once, the three Darling children woke to find him in their nursery and they are so fascinated that he easily persuades them to hie away with him to his country of the fairies. My, what a wonderful visit they do have! And the audience is carried along to see how Peter Pan’s little friends force the wolves and the bears and the lions and tigers to beat a retreat by their trick of looking between their legs at the oncoming beasties who thereupon turn tail in terror. O, what bloodthirsty pirates strive for the possession of the Never, Never, Never children! And the friendly Indians, how they try to prevent the capture of their little associates. But all unsuccessfully. The motherless ones are carried off including the three Darlings, Wendy Maria Angela, John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas who,

however, perform prodigies of valor aboard the piratical craft when Peter Pan hastens to the rescue. Wendy is a solicitous little mother who never forgets her responsibilities, and after they all return to the nursery she is allowed by her kind mama to revisit Peter Pan once a year in his tiny hut in the tree tops among the fire flies. Miss Adams is surrounded by a capable company whose members are thoroughly imbued 'with the spirit of the fantasy. Robert Peyton Carter's James Hook, the pirate captain, is a faithful reproduction of one of the rovers of the Spanish main and his ferocious crew' is worthy of its chief. Little Ann Pittwood is a sweetly serious little mother and her brothers, Masters John and Michael, have been well trained. Of course, Peter Pan is the whole play and Maude Adams, the embodied fairy, the pervading spirit of the creation. The stage settings lend verisimilitude to the design of the author, the underground dwelling, the deck of the pirate vessel, the home in the treetops imparting a realistic atmosphere that aids greatly in the mental illusion sought to be established. May Peter Pan be a perennial favorite! We all grow old so and fast and youth is so elusive. Let us hold on to Peter and Tinker Bell as long as we can, by making believe we believe in the little fey folk.

Everywoman

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-06-07

Morality, sugar-coated, reigns at the Majestic this week in Walter Browne's allegory, "Everywoman," of which there is so much that is good to be said that the faults may be dismissed with brief mention. Mr. Browne had a poetic insight, a delicate imagery, that is strongly evident at many moments of the play, and this fact makes one wonder at times if certain crudities of diction have not been interpolated by stage directors and theatrical artisans rather than by the author himself. There is a simplicity about the story that is almost childlike, and at times the point of view is strikingly naive. One feels, however, that had Mr. Browne lived—it is a tragic instance of the irony of fate that he should have died before he knew of his great success—"Everywoman" would have been more complete, more poetic than it stands today. The play is a sermon, yet the audiences do not feel that they are sitting under a preachment, wherein lies a great part of its charm. The playwright was skillful enough to lay his scenes in the present day, with glimpses of stage life and of the Great White Way, with the unmasking of vice and passion in Broadway surroundings, rather than in the sloughs of despair, etc. "Everywoman," with her three maidens, Youth, Beauty and Modesty, is cajoled by Flattery to go forth and seek King Love, and although Truth implores her to remain at home, the voice of Flattery is the louder. Youth leads her to the stage, where Wealth and Power bow at her feet, and where Modesty flees at the moment when Passion, disguised as Love, wins Everywoman's lips. In the midst of high revel Beauty dies, succumbing to the long hours and ill treatment. When Beauty dies Youth remains but a little while; and Everywoman, unloved, unwanted, is an outcast. Then, for the first time, she sees Truth—not the misshapen, ugly Truth of other days, but shining, beautiful and straight. Truth leads Everywoman back to the firelit home, and there, sleeping by the fire is Love, who has always been waiting, who has kept the embers ablaze on the hearth, the curtains parted that the light might fall out across the path, the door on the latch, so that if Everywoman returned, she might not find a deserted hearth. It is a play with the peculiar property of carrying to each individual its own message, and it is curiously interesting to note its effect on various people. Yet it must be confessed that probably nine out of ten persons who witness it and declare their high opinion of its values will admit under pressure that they became bored, because they didn't understand it, even though they found beauty and uplift in certain moments. The masterpiece of characterization in the play is Nobody, strange whimsical creature of imagination whose vivid portrayal by H. Cooper Cliffe is a perfect work. Mr. Cliffe is evidently a master of elocution without becoming elocutionary. His voice

is perfectly pitched and is strangely like a cello, his inflection is wonderful, his mien dignified, and in appearance he might be the incarnation of Dore's Dante. The "Everywoman" of Adele Blood is a creature of striking physical charm and musical voice, although she is inclined to overacting and to the elocutionary. This is a fault that may be found with many members of the company, particularly in the case of Youth. The trio of pretty girls in Youth, Beauty and Modesty may be forgiven their lack of dramatic inspiration, however, because of their abundance of charms. There are many striking features to the play—so many that the pity of Walter Browne's passing out seems doubly cruel, for the beauty of his first effort indicates that there surely would have been born a real poetic drama had he been spared.

The Concert

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-06-14

When a comedy is so deliciously clever and so delicately satirical as “The Concert,” the suggestion of risqué situations is not offensive; especially when the situation is a logical sequence and not dragged in merely as an appeal to sensation. Therefore, a discussion of the moral qualities of this scintillating comedy by Herman Bahr—adapted by Leo Ditrichstein for his own use—would be as absurd as an objection to the nudity of the Venus de Milo. There is more to “The Concert” than an excuse for laughter. The little foibles, the childlike eccentricities which are so truly masculine, but which belong especially to genius are held up to the light and gently satirized; as is the foolish adoration of feminine folk for the dreamy eyed musician or actor who approaches their ideals. And the other side is the devotion of the wise, kindly woman whose love is so complete that it is that of both mother and wife, whose husband is both husband and child. Gabor Arany is the genius, a musician of the type which attracts women as a honeypot attracts bees. Gabor is of a temperament truly artistic—the conceit, the naive worship of self, the lovable childishness which so endears genius. Love is as necessary to him as the breath of life. He adores all women; he worships his wife. For many years she patiently waits in the background, sure of the true quality of his love for her; knowing that his wild fancies for other women are but flames that soon die. But patience topples from her pedestal at last when Gabor announces that he is going off on a private concert tour which Mrs. Arany knows is merely an excuse to take a pretty, foolish young woman to his cabin in the mountains. Through the jealousy of one of Gabor’s pupils, both Mrs. Arany and Dr. Fred Dallas, husband of Gabor’s little fairy, are apprised of the situation. Dallas is a wholesome, sane man; he is determined that if his wife really loves Arany and Arany loves her, he will not stand in their way and makes a pact with Mrs. Arany that she too will step aside if their love is real. In the mountain cabin, however, Flora Dallas discovers that to Arany she is simply “one of many,” and just as she is regretting her foolish escapade, her husband and Gabor’s wife appear with the astounding news that they have discovered an affinity between themselves and are prepared to divorce Gabor and Flora — otherwise simply trade husbands and wife. This prosaic translation of their romance does not appeal to Gabor and Flora. Gabor is appalled at the idea of losing his wife. It is well enough for him to wander down pleasant by-ways, but his wife must stick to the straight road of matrimonial duty. Of course, the little plot concocted by Dallas and Mrs. Arany works to perfection. Flora escapes with her husband from Mrs. Arany, whom she terms “a designing woman,” while Gabor, thrilling with gratitude, makes all sorts of good

resolutions—which we know will be broken— and turns to Mrs. Arany like a helpless child. Women may learn much from “The Concert;” not merely the wives of genius, but the wives of all men, for it expresses the truth that after all men are but grown up boys, and must be treated as such. The production at the Morosco takes audiences back to those old delightful days when histrionic performances of well balanced excellence were assured by our stock companies. Harrison Hunter in the role of Gabor Arany proves once more his value. Hunter gives us a new Arany, patterned not the least after Ditrichstein’s, which shows a rare discretion. He is at once the musician and the man; with the artistic side of his nature slightly subdued to the masculine. His delightful enunciation is one of the charms of his performance. There are but one or two moments in the three acts that Mr. Hunter strikes a false note. One of these is in his imitation of playing the piano, which lacks conviction, and the other is his slightly hysterical protest against growing old. Frances Ring is seen in a new role as Mrs. Arany. She deftly suggests maturity—the lovely, mellow maturity of the gracious, loving woman, and her little touches of emotion are very appealing. Grace Valentine has an excellent role as the foolish Mrs. Dallas, although she dresses the character in bad taste; and William Desmond has the best part of his local engagement as Doctor Dallas. The adoring damsels are pictured by a bevy of pretty girls and there are minor roles of excellence, including the ludicrous Miss Merk pictured with capital effect by Fanny Yantis. The mountain cabin of the Arany family is a weird conception of the scenic artist and not an effective background.

The Garden of Allah and Bella Donna

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-07-05

When Robert Hichens penned his two novels. “The Garden of Allah” and “Bella Donna,” they aroused heated discussion; for while their strongest appeal was of the flesh fleshly—which at once placed them in the list of best sellers—they had an impelling fascination of word painting that almost redeemed the coarser fibre—in fact, many a staid matron of unimpeachable morals excused her devouring of the tales with the remark: “Ah, but the descriptions of the desert, of the Nile—they are masterpieces.” Robbed of this element, however, the stories are purely physical, and particularly is this true of “Bella Donna,” dramatized by James Bernard Fagan and which Madame Nazimova is presenting at the Mason Opera House. There is not a flash of soul in the entire play; it is all of the body; exotic in atmosphere like a perfume of a heavy pungency that affects the senses and yet is without fragrance. The play is episodic and the dramatist seems to have relied to a great extent on the familiarity of the audiences with the novel, for his character introductions and his transitions are amazingly abrupt and so poorly sketched that they are not even shadow shapes on the wall. At times, the melodrama of it is almost ridiculous, and never once is there an appeal to the heart, to the soul; and even what appeal may have been intended for the senses is lost through the utter materialism. Where it should have been sensuous it is merely sensual. Bella Donna herself has not even a gleam of soul; she is at the mercy of her senses which fact probably led to the divorce which removed her from London society. After being cast out of the garden of conventionality, she has a career in which men ruin themselves for her sake. When she meets Nigel Armine, of the type of fine, clean-blooded young Englishman that worships at the shrine of women and is ready to defend all of them; she sees that she can persuade him to marry her. He is not rich; but he is in direct line to inherit the fortunes and title of his invalid and childless brother. Despite the warning of his friend, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, who sees the woman as she really is, Nigel marries her and takes her with him to Egypt, where he is at work reclaiming the desert. Here Bella Donna is captivated by Baroudi, an Egyptian of unusual physical charm. He has the strongest attraction that she can possibly find; that of the sexual; and she is untrue to Nigel. When Nigel’s brother becomes the father of a pair of lusty boys, Mrs. Armine’s motive in marrying him is rendered futile. She loathes her husband, and yielding to Baroudi’s suggestion she sets about slowly poisoning him, and he is rescued only by Dr. Isaacson, who has an uncanny psychic sense. When Nigel is informed of his wife’s diabolical scheme he refuses to believe, until she flings the truth into his teeth. She goes forth to find Baroudi, but he will have none of her; and when she

comes back to Nigel, Dr. Isaacson closes the door in her face, leaving her to face the night alone. This is rather cheap material from which to embroider a good play, and the performers are not skilled to any great extent in such needle work as is demanded of them. Nazimova herself is undoubtedly a wonderful actress; she has proved that beyond cavil in other widely varying roles. But she is no more the luring, seductive English adventuress than she would be a short-skirted soubrette. She might be a Russian countess or a French demi-mondaine; but every motion, every gesture is so distinctly foreign to the Bella Donna of the English that it cannot be reconciled. Charles Bryant falls just as far short of interpreting Dr. Isaacson. The part of the Jewish doctor is equal in importance to that of Bella Donna; but Bryant does not for a moment suggest the cultured, magnetic Jew, the man of wonderful poise, of great knowledge, mysterious, keen; the polished physician of souls and of bodies. Mr. Bryant makes him a gentlemanly English doctor, whose facial expression consists chiefly of a wide opening of blackly penciled eyes; which to say the least lacks subtlety. And where the part of Nigel Armine should have been given to a big, ruddy, boyish Englishman, it is taken by Herbert Percy, who might be one of your next door neighbors in dear old Boston. Robert Whitworth is a stalwart Baroudi, but there is none of the swarthy, animal magnetism about him that should be there; he is always the actor, never the part. There are one or two minor roles well rendered; and the scenic accessories are unusually interesting.

Bought and Paid For

Los Angeles Graphic · 1913-09-20

George Broadhurst has written a most excellent bad play in “Bought and Paid For.” He has penned a sheaf of the funniest of comedy lines, has created one of the most side-splitting comedy characters that the modern stage has known, and he has evolved tensely emotional scenes to thrill his audience. It is in the emotional scenes that Mr. Broadhurst resorts to theatrical trickery, but it seems a necessary step in order to thrust home his points. Men will probably always disapprove “Bought and Paid For,” but the attitude of women theatergoers is vastly different. The story of the play is too well known to require detailed discussion. Virginia Blaine, a telephone girl in a large hotel, is of unusual refinement and talents. Robert Stafford, millionaire and financial power, looks upon her, loves her, and even though she does not love him, persuades her to marry him. Love comes afterward; but Stafford, with the weakness that all big men have in one spot or another, almost wrecks her love by his periodical sprees. In his sober mind he is an ideal husband; in his drunken moments he is a beast whose embraces fill his wife with loathing. To submit to him in his moment of drunken passion becomes an unspeakable revulsion; it is no longer love that sways him, it is mere beastly desire. The climax comes one night when she runs away from his whiskey-defiled caresses and locks herself in her room. Stafford brutally breaks down the door, and his violence destroys the thread between them. She demands from him a promise that he will never touch another drop of liquor—knowing that his intense will power will force him to keep his word. He refuses to be “driven,” even when she leaves him. She goes back to work, this time as a shop girl. She gives up the insidious luxuries of wealth and works for seven dollars a week, fighting for her principle that only through purest love may a woman yield her body to a man; for the sake of her own self respect and for the sake of the next generation. But when through circumstances Stafford seeks her, she does what any loving woman will do; she creeps into his outstretched arms and puts her weary head on his breast, just content to have him again, promise or no promise. However, in this instance, Stafford makes his promise, and the future glows rosily for the lovers. Perhaps, Mr. Broadhurst destroys all the force of his argument by Virginia’s surrender; nevertheless, he paints a human emotion in a striking fashion, as only a woman can realize. For the love of a woman for her husband is that of mother and wife and mistress; and Stafford’s very weakness but endears him the more; the necessity of over-coming it knits a closer bond for the woman. There are a great many clever lines in the play, although several of the situations are long drawn out, particularly Stafford’s drunken scene and the “morning after” discussion between Virginia

and Stafford. But as a whole the play commands interest, even though it is critical interest. The work of Charles Richman as Robert Stafford has already received the highest commendation, and Kathleen McDonald, who plays Virginia, is well equipped for the requirements of her role. Remembering the unique portrait drawn by Frank Craven, who played Jimmy, the comedy character, with the last production, audiences are inclined to be critical of William Harrigan, and to say that this player carries the house with him on a crest of laughter is to credit him with a worthy achievement. Marie Nordstrom as Mrs. Gilley reaps a brimming harvest of laughter, and Allan Atwell as the Jap boy and Dorothy Davies as the French maid assist in the perfect balance of the cast. The stage settings have become worn and tarnished and fall short of the illusion necessary to the atmosphere of a rich man's home.

The Blindness of Virtue

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Although Cosmo Hamilton has enunciated no great new truths in his play, “The Blindness of Virtue,” and although many of his arguments lack proper foundation to lend them real value, there is so much worth listening to, so much of earnest effort apparent in the drama, that the audience of Sunday night, which witnessed the production at the Majestic theater, became an insult to the intelligent. It was obvious that the advertisement that the play would deal with the sex problem in a new way brought to the theater many prurient minds in search of a sensation, and the disappointment of these crude, shallow, sensationseeking mediocrities was painfully demonstrated through giggles and snickers at moments when only the raw, ugly souls of life could find reason for mirth. How terribly such people condemn themselves, revealing to all who will look the common clay of which they are fashioned. And it was not the men who laughed in the majority of cases—it was women! Los Angeles has cause to be bitterly hshamed for such an audience—and it is much more bitter to be ashamed for a thing than ashamed of it. To return to the play. Mr. Hamilton has put into a dramatic situation and a large number of words a problem that has been presented to mothers and fathers for solution in the last decade. It is a preachment for the enlightenment of our youth, our boys and girls who are left to acquire the primal facts of life through the murky byways of adolescent minds which revel in the suggestive. And there could be no suggestion, where there is truth, there could be no curiosity to seek unhealthful information, were there knowledge. This is the gist of Mr. Hamilton’s play. For bringing his argument home he uses the household of a kindly and righteous Vicar, whose religion is brotherhood. To the Vicar is sent a wayward boy, whose natural hot blood is mistaken for viciousness. Through the fine friendship of the man for the lad, the youngster begins to find himself. The Vicar’s daughter, Effie, a pretty English maid, as sweet as a rose in a hedgerow, and Archie, the boy, find that life has taken on a new meaning since they have looked into each other’s eyes. With the old hallucination that innocence must necessarily mean ignorance, Effie has been given no inkling of the mysteries of sex; and at seventeen is supposed to be as unknowing as a child of seven. The Vicar has quite believed in this attitude, until the wrong of it is brought home when one of the village girls returns to him, and tells him that she is the mother of an illegitimate child, and that the man who has cast her off blames not himself, not the girl, for the gratification of their natural instincts—he blames the fact that Mary Ann was left in ignorance and did not know enough to defend herself against him. And then the Vicar, seeing a new light, insists that his wife shall unfold to Effie, as

gently but as plainly as possible, the beauty and purpose of sex, and the necessity for a girl keeping herself undefiled for the one man. The mother promises, but she has lived so long in the shadow of false modesty that she falters, and does not tell the girl. Archie has gone to London for a day with a school chum. Effie innocently waits in his bedroom half the night for him, and when he returns the following morning, goes in to him, and only in her nightdress and dressing gown, to hold him to account for his absence. With unconscious passion she declares her love for him, and the Vicar opens the door to find them locked in each other's arms. Naturally, the Vicar draws but one conclusion, especially as he thinks Effie knows into what a compromising position she has put herself. But the innocence of the youngsters is proved by the mother's confession that she has neglected to prepare Effie, and there is the usual happy ending. Mr. Hamilton makes a glaring error in his characterization of Effie. No girl, however innocent, but what has certain instincts at the age of seventeen. If she is a healthy, normal being, she is already a woman, and with the development of the sex instinct, she also has an innate refinement that would not permit her to show herself to any man, in- I deed hardly to her own father, in the scanty attire that Effie affects. By the time a little girl is seven, if she have any trace of refinement, she develops modesty—which Effie does not at the age of seventeen. Girls and boys should be told—there can be no question of that—of their bodies as well as their souls, but surely Mr. Hamilton would not have us believe that ignorance is so much to blame for the misfortunes of girls who yield to passion. Of course, the sex instinct is the primal thing in nature; the maternal is at once a girl's wonder and her curse, for it is the maternal oftentimes, the desire to gratify every desire of the man she loves, which leads a girl into mistakes. But with this instinct, there is another—the instinct to guard herself, to keep her body untouched, to hold herself as sacred until she enters the state of wifehood, and then to yield herself, not as a sacrifice, but as a glorious tribute. Effie was an innocent girl, her sheltered life would make her more than commonly so; but, surely, from her inheritance of grace and beauty and refinement, she would not have been the Effie Mr. Hamilton portrays. The play is an interesting one—a little inclined to be talky at moment, and a little less illuminating than it would have been had Mr. Hamilton's original version been used. The best player in the organization is Pollie Emery, who supplies the comedy of the piece as Cookie. Frank Elliott makes an excellent Vicar as a whole, except when he attempts to deliver lines that have a real significance, when he becomes oratorical and misses their meaning. The Effie of Vera Fuller Mellish is a disappointment. She has not that delicate, rosebud innocence that the playwright intended; there is a touch of the bold in her appearance and in her speech that destroys much of the atmosphere of the scenes between Effie and Archie. The

latter role is capitally played by young Rutherford Hermann, who is a bit inclined to explosive speech, but who has intelligence and fire. There are minor roles performed with no great quality.

Kismet

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“Kismet!” The name suggests veiled houris peeping slyly from windows curtained with rosy silk, and stolid eunuchs, clouds of incense and silken robes. And there are all these and more in Edward Knoblauch’s “Kismet,” which Otis Skinner is giving at the Mason Opera House this week. “Kismet” is not a play; it is a pageant, a series of wonderful pictures. There are men and women, love and hatred, wisdom and foolishness, cruelty and tenderness, and one man, who in the round of one day touches the heights and drains the dregs of all life. But all of these things are merely threads, skeins of red and gold and drab and wondrous colorings for the weaving of a tapestry to delight the eyes and to wrap one around with silken softness and splendor. There is a curious unreality about the action of the play— it is like the vision of Camelot the Lady of Shalott must have seen in her mirror—a glory of sight and color and sound, but only a reflection. There is Hajj, the beggar, an engaging rascal who sits before a mosque and whines and wheedles and smiles and curses and taunts the passersby. Comes Jawan, an outlaw, who in earlier days has stolen the wife and child of Hajj, who has sworn vengeance. Jawan is old and broken and would buy his way into heaven with alms and charity. Hajj takes the purse that the rascal throws him, planning to use it to avenge himself. He goes to the bazaars to buy beautiful things for himself and his daughter, Marsinah, but loth to give up his gold, steals the stuff and escapes. But he is arrested and Mansur, chief of the police, sentences him to dismemberment of his right hand. To prevent this Hajj offers to put the hand at the service of Mansur. The latter is in sore straits because of his embezzlement of public moneys, and desires that the Caliph be killed, as in this way Mansur may conceal his peculations. He promises to wed Hajj’s daughter in return for Hajj’s knife thrust that shall do away with the young ruler. Hajj is lifted to the seventh heaven, and not even the woe of Marsinah, who is secretly betrothed to a young man who has strayed into her garden, can turn him from his plot. But the Caliph is saved from Hajj’s knife by his coat of mail, and Hajj is thrust into a dungeon. Here he finds Jawan, who has been arrested for his past sins against the law. Hajj breaks his bonds and strangles Jawan. When the jailer brings the latter a pardon, Hajj dons the dead man’s clothes, and rescues Marsinah from the foul clutches of Mansur. Then it is revealed that Marsinah’s lover is the young Caliph. For a moment there are wild dreams of wealth and luxury flitting across the mind of Hajj. But the Caliph Vanishes him from Bagdad; and Hajj takes the vow to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and there wash away his sins in the sacred well. And the story ends where it began, with Hajj snoring peacefully on the steps of the mosque. It is a tale from

the Arabian Nights, and its success is made possible only by Otis Skinner as Hajj and the wonderful scenery so lavishly provided. Skinner is a subtle Hajj, a creature of flashing eyes and white teeth in a skin of bronze, a sly, engaging rascal, with a naïve vanity and a childlike humor, and the bitterness and wisdom of manhood. His characterization is developed with infinite pains and attention to detail, so that Hajj is not the cre- “The Candy Shop” was so excellent that it served as an appetizer for the Gaiety shows, but “How D’ye Do” does not come within calling distance of the standard that the Rock and Fulton aggregation set. In the first place the show is filled with what in theatrical parlance is termed “old stuff.” The jokes are so ancient that they are frosted with rime, and there are not enough of singing and dancing novelties to carry the offering to any great success. Bickel and Watson are the chief comedians, and repeat the prize fight stunt and the piano moving episode that made such a hit with Anna Held. Their Dutch band conception is the funniest thing they do; next to Walter Catlett it is the funniest thing in the show. Catlett, who is remembered as one of the Ferris Hartman company, has developed amazingly since his engagement here. He has a staircase dance which he does so well George Gaul, a villain straight out of the thousand and one tales. The scenery is wonderful—in fact, it is marvelous. The bazaar street, with its beggars and venders, its processions and its largesse, its quarrels and its kindnesses, is given with a completeness that is little short of astounding. There are a dozen scenes of entrancing color, and one melodramatic bit, laid in the dungeon of Hajj, that is thrilling. David Belasco never achieved the equal of “Kismet”—the wonder is that any manager anywhere ever had the courage to expend so lavishly on so frail a being.

The Blue Bird

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Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is a companion for the soul on a quiet afternoon by the sea or a gray day by the Are. It is so rich in symbolism, so subtly mystic, that its beauty endures and grows more poignant with each new reading. Nor do any two people interpret it alike—each man reads into it what lies in his own soul. It never should have been put on the stage, taking the purely artistic viewpoint. The mechanism of a stage production necessarily destroys mysticism, and unless one can orient oneself purely into the spirit of the pageant and the symbolism, the spectacle of soiled and ragged draperies and shopworn scenery takes the shimmer off that fine glamor that is as delicate as the coloring of a butterfly's wing or the faint frail blush at the heart of a rose. The only value of it as a stage production is that it will reach many, many people who would take neither the time nor the application necessary to read the book. Last year, when the production was new and fresh and unstained, there was more excuse for it than this season. It is a blow to atmosphere and illusion in any play to give it an unclean and shopworn environment; but it is an unforgivable offense to find these flaws in the investiture of Maeterlinck's fantasy. Beauty does not lie in perfection, for beauty cannot exist without the flaws which make contrast possible; but to see the costumes of the "Blue Bird" characters torn and draggled and patched, to see curtains with great holes in them, and flowers soiled and sullied—it would be like watching a pale, exultant bride, clothed in a mist of white satin and tulle, and carrying a cluster of broken, bruised lillies. The story of "The Blue Bird" has become too familiar to require recounting; nor should anyone be brave enough to translate its individual message. Much or little may be gleaned from its pages; and not even the vagaries of staging can take away the gentle sadness of "The Land of Memory" scene, where the dead may waken from their sleep only when the living think of them; nothing can utterly destroy the thrill of little Tytyl's triumphant cry, "There are no dead"; nothing can mar the exquisite fancy of "The Land of the Unborn Souls." The actors are nearly all familiar in their roles. Burford Hampden is losing the childish timbre of his voice and fast developing from a little lad into a stripling. He is an exceedingly clever youngster, but he betrays the fact that he has played the part so long that it has become mechanical to him. Little Editha Kelly has retained her childish freshness. Cecil Yapp continues in his striking characterization of the cat, and the remainder of the long cast is in capable hands.

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