MODJESKA IN HER CALIFORNIA HOME

HOW THE DISTINGUISHED ACTRESS SPENDS HER SUMMER VACATIONS

mous Polish actress, has reconsidered her intention of giving up the stage, disposing of her Southern California home and returning to the land of her nativity, and has definitely decided to continue with her work for at least several years, and to make her permanent home in America.

Like migrating birds that slwevs fit back to last year's nest, Mme. Modjeska and her husband Count Charles Bozenta Chiapowski, annually return and ensconce themselves for a brief period among the luxuriant beauties of their mountain home, "The Forest of Arden," in Orange County, California,

They are there now, as happy and de-voted as a pair of doves, and perfectly content in the enjoyment of a life from which all the hurry and bustle of train catching, of theatrical engagements and late hours have been eliminated. Their happiness is that of children in a field of wild flowers, after having been rigorously restrained in the city, or of enged birds given the freedom of flight.

Isolated from fatiguing conventionalisms of the world, and snuggling with artistic abandonment in a mountainous, verdurened nest, this unique ranch, which is one of the most historically interesting and picturesque mountain homes in America, is a haven of rest for the weary actress after an arduous season of stage work. She finds an impressive wildness and ellent grandeur among the massive gnaried oaks that canopy the grass-grown mountain sides. Their great tangled roots creep and cling under and about the giant, moss-covered boulders, while their branches twine themselves above the corners of the bungalow, careasingly, protectingly, peck-ing in at the windows with faithful, sentineling devotion. Rustic bridges span the little stream, over which, in many places, spreads a canopy of whying ferns. Like a silver cord it winds its way through the canyon, its moods being variable. Sometimes it is noisy, froliesome, merry, again

niet, sleepy, impassive. The bungalow built especially for comfort, is unquestionably artistic with its low, rambling walls, its gay French win-dows, and its broad verandas, over which creep magnificent rose vines. Majestic palms cast their shadows over the emer-ald expanse of lawn that surrounds the house, and everywhere are rare plants and profusions of flowers, the whole mak-ing a kalaidoscopic display of color and

filling the air with fragrance.
Close beside the library window is an old well, possessing the proverbial moss-covered bucket, and garlanded with crim-son Henrietta roses, a daintily spiced va-riety that madame especially loves to gather. In the gardens fountains leap and play. Hammocks swing corlly among

the trees. Seats are placed in shady nonks along the stream, and outdoor life is made a thing of ideal perfection. The 25-mile drive from Orangs to this delightful retreat abounds in quiet, scenic picturesqueness as it passes through fertile valleys, where grow thrifty orchards of orange, lemon, olive, walnut and peach trees, and through vast stretches of waving grain, until at last the cultivated are as are blended in the uncultivated, and the road intrudes its presence into forest solitude, where one speeds along be-neath an almost continuous canopy of oak branches and tangled masses of wild

many distinguished guests have enjoyed the delights of Arden, as well as people with less pretentions to fame and wealth,

drive, they are ushered into cory rooms brass-legged table stands in one corner where they may eliminate the dust of travel. In a few minutes a maid knocks to see if anything is needed, and informs them that when they are ready, tea or and was presented to him by Joe Jefferoffice will be served in the library.

The library is Madame's favorite apart-

ON RUSTIC STAIRWAY.



MODJESKA TAKING A STROLL IN HER GARDENS.



GATHERING ROSES.

visitors. Always simply, but exquisitely and artistically gowned, she talks to one in a soft, melodious voice, with just enough accent to make the pronunciation fascinating. She is captivating, she is interesting, but so gracious and unassuming that one forgets the halo of fame that surrounds her life, forgets that for years she has been identified in dramatic circles as one of the most brilliant, powerful and magnetic of the world's impersonators, and simply enjoys the presence of a womanly woman, who with tactic art, adjusts her-self to the requirements of her guest. She serves tea from a quaint old table that once belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots. Its handsome polished top is supported by four lions' heads.

oak branches and tangled masses of wild grape vire. In the Spring the surrounding landscape is one vast, sun-kissed sea of fragrant bloom, over which nature has traced her paint brushes with their dainty loads of color, leaving in her wake myrinds of beautiful blossoms of many species and hues.

The ranch, at an elevation of 2500 feet above the ses, comprises 2000 acres, 70 of which are under cultivation, olives being the principal production, while other fruits, grain, corn and vegetables occupy minor target on the second conspicuous place among this rare collection of volumes. The upper which are under cultivation, olives being the principal production, while other fruits, grain, corn and vegetables occupy minor areas. This unique home is situated about 50 miles southeast of Los Angeles in Santiago Canyon, a spur of the Coast Range Mountains, and was christened "Forest of Arden" by Mme. Modjeska in memory of her favorite Shakespearean play, "As You Like It."

Madame is noted for her hospitality, and Madame is noted for her hospitality. indame is noted for her hospitality, and is a tumbled, confused mass of dramatib works, scarpbooks of criticisms and the-atrical events, while all about are photowith less pretentions to fame and wealth, for Madame is a true woman and chooses and contemporaries of Madame. It is a her friends according to their real indi-When guests arrive, tired after the long gles of a human life. An antique little prive, they are ushered into come rooms

The walls of the dining-room are adorned

ous designs and clever workmanship. There are numerous javelins, mysterious-looking old swords, and sharp-pointed cut-

with a unique collection of arms of vari- people. The long, low room is picturesquepeople. The long, low room is picturesque-ly coxy, with its great brick freplace and wealth of flooding sunbeams.

Madame loves all things beautiful, and



MADAME MODJESKA AT HOME.

and revels in their joyous song sym-

otice the fearlessness of these birds, and

Madame explains by saying:
"Never do I allow anyone to bring a
gun to my place. I love my birds and
they love me. I call them my children,
and care for them and they repay ms
with sweet music."

Though Madame loves the birds she does not love the mischlevous gopbers that tear up the lawns and litter them with mounds of earth. "I suppose," she said, "that they must come up to get a breath of fresh they must come up to get a breath of fresh air and a peek at the sunshine, but they are such naughty, destructive creatures."

Then she asked if there was any way of extermintiang them, and listened attentively while being told how they might be smoked out. "Ah! That is what I will have dode." she said emphatically. "Oh the little torments. Just see," and she pointed to an immaculate piece of lawn on which bulsed six fresh mounds.

on which bulged eix fresh mounds.

To think of one of the world's greatest tragedians being worried over the escapades of a little insignificant gopher. And then there are other things. Madame's favorite dog has fleas, and must be isotited till he dispenses with the objection-ble flock.

"Yes," she said. "you might have taken steamer passage for the latter part of lated till he dispenses with the objection-

ally, "so many people insist on taking my picture with my pet pig, feeding chick-ens, or milking a cow. Now, I have no

ens, or miking a cow. Now, I have no pet pig (with a picture-sque little shrug), and as for cows, I am afraid of them. I never feed chickens, either, but I suppose the correspondents want me that way because it would be so unusual. "And do you know," she continued, "some of them accuse me of wearing top boots, a skirt above my knees, and a sombrero, and hoeing corn and cabbages just for fun. Is it not curious? The idea!" for fun. Is it not curious? The idea!"

When saked how she spends her time during the long Summer days, Madame

short wrapper and walk about in my garden looking after the needs of my flowers, and at about 10 o'clock I put on a long wrapper, a prettier one, and at-tend to my correspondence, which keeps me busy till noon, for I receive many letters from all over the world. Every kind of letter comes to me, many from strang-

features, and has a manner brisk, cordial and brimming with hospitality. When on the ranch he usually wears a picturesque hunting costume, and when not engaged in literary work he tramps over the moun-

August, when they will sail for Europe, where Madame's season begins. In speaking of her next year's work Madame sa "I do not know how long the season will last, but I know it will not be as hard as the one just finished. Last season i played every night, but the next I am to play but three or four nights a week. I do not know as yet what the engage ments will be. I shall of course visit England, France, Germany and my na-tive country, but in May I shall return to Southern California, and rest, as I always do, that I may be strong and fresh

MY LADY

STORY OF AN APPRENTICE SAILOR BY ADELAIDE FLEMING WILSON, OF PORTLAND (From the San Francisco Argonaut)

HE dreary rain had already wet him | jolly looking man, who provided him with dered vaguely whether umbrellas kept

As he was gazing curiously at the things inside, he felt a small, firm hand on his name, please?" shoulder, and turned quickly to see who it was. A bright-eyed little lady, with an umbrella and a shiny silk rain coat, was standing there looking at him.

'What ship are you from?" she asked. briskly, without further preliminaries than

"Steamer Queen Mab, of Glasgow, ma'am," he answered promptly. It never occurred to him to wonder how a lady of her station should recognize at a glance that he belonged to the sea. an accomplishment which he took as a matter of course in every one.

"And what are you doing up town?"
"Mr. Hoskins, the mate, said I might come ashore," he explained, anxiously. he explained, anxiously, - his life. He had been feeling a little lonely and did not want to give a had impression to

That's all right; I knew you wouldn't "When do you have to be back?"

"Eight o'clock, ma'am."
"Good. It is only 6 now. I want you to come with me, if you will, and perhaps we can find something to do." She spoke with an authority not to be resisted, and for the first time that after-

naked for a holiday. He turned obediently and went with her, the forlornness the had oppressed him vanishing in company of his new protector. Soon ed with a sizzling are light, and at the

to the skin. As he felt again of the soggy sleeves of his jacket, he wonThe plate he balanced across his knee, but pulled out the napkin and handkerchief, The plate he balanced across his knee, but what to do with the napkin he scarcely one a wrists dry, and wished he had some tar from the lamp-trimmer's locker to put on the chafes. But it was a long way down to the ship's berth, and the streets would happen next, when his lady—he had seemed a degree pleasanter, so he only already unconsciously distinguished her pulled his sieeves a little further up, to thus as he followed her movements in and pulled his sieeves a little further up, to out among a half-dozen other young let them rub in a new spot, and crept women—his lady came back with a big, close to a window for shelter from the fragrant bowl of clam chowder. "I hope you will like it," she said, as she put it down on his plate. "And what is your

"No'm."

"I thought maybe you had a name like 'Tom' or 'Jack'?' she suggested.

He stopped for a moment over his chow-der. "Sis used to call me Jim." he said, very softly, as if it were a memory. "Jim." she repeated, softly, too. Loen suddenly bending over him she put a dainty handkerchief into his hand. "Put that around your other wrist-Jim."

at a glance There were new people coming in all That was the time, and pretty soon the bright-eyed lady had to leave him, but not before they talked together about a good many things, a conversation which seemed to Sawyer of momentous importance in its bearing momentous importance in its bearing on his life. Then the fat man came again, and substituted a piece of hot meat for the chowder howl, empty on his plate. His hunger was fully appeased by the time he had exten this, and he leaned back comfortably to look around him a little bit.
Gradually the unaccustomed warmth made him very drowsy, and, leaning his head against the back of the chair, he was soon fast asleep. His rest was becoming un-easy (from sailor's habit), when he was shaken by the shoulders, and heard an imperious voice call "Sawyer! Bawyer!" He sat up and rubbed his eyes, "Half-past seven, Sawyer," said the lady. "Time

you were off."
The lad's face wrinkled into a smile 'You've saved me a lickin' from the mate, and I'm much obliged to you, ma'am."
"I'm glad of that. When do you sail?"

"On the morning tide, ma'am. For Kohe, I've heard." top was an open door, through which came glimpses of a cheerful room beyond.

At the doorway they paused a moment while the lady slipped off the damp rain cont. Then, with an encouraging little push, she launched him into the middle of the room, where the light and warmth made him blink dizzly.

"Come over here by the stove," she said, leading the way to a big, low chair that stood invitingly near the fire; and establishing him there without further ceremony, she handed him over to a fat, rather

Kobe, I've heard."

Kobe, I've heard."

That's a long way, Jim," said the lady, a little sadly, as she looked down at the small form. "But you'll be a good boy, and won't forget what I've told you?"

Sawyer looked up in surprise at such a question. As if he could forget a ringle of the room, where the light and warmth word that had been said to him by this, the most wonderful and gracious being who had ever entered into his chilly little list in whom he dared confide, and even be, life! Something of this face, for she smilled down on him course of time the Queen Mab.

In the course of time the gum to himself what Chips had often told him: moment in the compressor springs of a little sadly, as she looked down at the small form. "But you'll be a good boy, and won't forget what I've told you?"

Sawyer ruefully reduced the sum to hillings and pence. As his in-come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come was precisely one shillings and pence. As his fire come

he turned to go, when, suddenly, he reand started to give them to her." "No, no; keep the handkerchief," she

It's too nice," he objected, fingering At's too nice, he objected, fingering the lace on it cautiously. "That"—pointing to the napkin—"is better for me."
"But it is not mine to give," she answered. "This is—take it." And she wrapped it carefully around the arist that seemed most chafed. Sawyer left it there it has not controlled to the transition. till he got outside in the atreet, then folded it up and put it inside his jacket to

when he reached the ship he found that there were still five minutes to spare, so he sat down in the lee of the galley to breathe, after his quick run. Inside the cook was talking to the steward, and Sawyer caught a sentence that aroused 'em something on the other side," cook was saying, "These ladies that takes an interest in us deserves some at from us as appreciates what they do."
"True enough, cook," answered the True enough, cook," answered the steward, "and I always makes it a point to do it. Too many never thinks of their

"Now, steward," said the cook, instpu-atingly, "what do you call and consider a genteel gift to make a missionary-to-sea-

Well, others has their likes and disillies." responded the latter, judicially, "but I always considers a kimono the most genteel for one's lady."

An illuminating thought struck Sawyer as he listened. That must be what his

lady wab—a missionary-to-seamen lady. He had not thought of a definite repayment of her kindness but as he went off to report to the mate he turned over the matter in his mind. By the time he sought his bunk in the starboard alleyway he was firmly resolved to get a kimono for his lady when he reached "the

As the monotonous days at sea went by and memory brightened the joys of that night with the missionary, the re-solve deepened into a vow. But here difficulties multiplied. "Chips," the car-penter, told him that kimonos cost from \$5 to \$40 in Hong Kong currency, and Sawyer ruefully reduced the sum to pounds, shillings and pence. As his in-come was necessary one shilling a month

neared the Japanese coast. It was the lofty souring sweep of the ship threw him typhoon season, when every hour may into the very teeth of the full blast and bring disaster. Therefore, when, late one dried his face in terror. By the time he bring disaster. Therefore, when, late one afternoon, Sawyer was told to unbend the canvas "dodgers" on the bridge and the canvas "dodgers" on the bridge and to make the boat lashings fast, he took occasion to giance at the barometer in the chartroom. The brass needle which marked the last reading, and the black needle marking the variations were an inch apart. "Falling like lead!" pro-claimed Sawyer to the cook. The latter for answer stared at the sky and went of steel that rode on the rudder head and for answer stared at the sky and went aft to look at the chickens and sheep. Sawyer lingered till he was called away again by a sharp command. Accustomed tasks gained new significance under the tasks gained new significance under the sober eye of the mate, and many times the hard-driven boy cast a curious glance at the captain, slowly pacing the bridge. By the end of the dog-watches all was stowed and made fast, and the carpenter was taking a few last tape at the hatch-battens before turning in. Strange thoughts stirred in the boy as he leaned on the rail and watch out the area spread. on the rail and gazed over the sea apread-ing atlently to the horizon in dark splen-dor. There were pictures of a home he had never fully known, dreams of joys he had never tasted; most vivid of all the memory of the lady in the shiny rain coat, a memory which had become a cherished part of his life. He was still gazing at the darkening horizon when Chips passed by "Botter turn in, younge-ter; gleep while you can," he mid, good-naturedly. Sawyer remembered then how tired he was, and, turning in, soon dropped off into a sound sleep.

A sudden lurch of the steamer threw

him upon the deck. He rose to his feet just as Chips stepped in. Through the door, which opened into the alley-way, he heard the shrill whistle of the w "When did this strike us, Chipe?"

bunk till your watch is called. Must be nearly midnight now." The carpenter lifted up his mattress, got some tools from beneath it, and was away again immedi

nibbled a biscuit, and swung out into the sliey-way. The motion of the steamer was steadily increasing, and overhead the boy could hear the straining of the tiller boy could hear the straining of the tiller rods. He listened a moment, climbed up, and by the dim light of the lantern watched their play. The rods gave, took up, jerked through the guides, and buckjed angrily. He knew the workings of the steering gear, and now repeated to himself what Chips had often told him: "Too much play: the compressor springs

of steel that rode on the rudder head and carried on their flange the tiller chains. They jumped and sprang over the strain-ing seas that thundered against the rud-der below. As the ribbed arcs swept around above the deck, the lad thought man who should fall beneath them, The steel door clanged behind him, and he clung to the grating, while a dizzy toss

of the laboring steamer strained every piece of gear into slience. It was the carpenter who had come in and was crawling up beside him. "Get for ad." Chips shouted in his ear. "and ask the third mate to come and help me connect the But just then a booming wave crashed overhead, and the water drained down through the shattered plates. Both knew that it was death to try to make the bridge now, "We've got tot do it alone, Sawyer," cried the carpenter. "Work!"
"How long will the steam-gear hold?"

asked the hoy.
"Don't waste time; we're getting into
the trough of the sea. Work!" They set themselves to do what they had practiced so many times. Sawyer threw off the lashings of the wheel, and hung to it like grim death. On a level

hung to it like grim death. On a level with his eyes was a port-glass, across which the spume flew in clouds of white. Behind him he heard the groaning of the quadrants, and knew that their Chips was working for his life.

The heavy clutch of the hand-gear almost engaged the jerking rudder-head. "Hold her!" shouted the carpenter. Sawyer held on. The violent pull which he expected to follow the connection of the wheel to the rudder did not ensue. Instead the wheel swung idly away under him to the lurch of the steamer. A stifled cry reached his ears. He turned fearfully and peered aft. The carpenter fearfully and peered aft. The carpenter had vanished. It came over the bay with a rush that the oft-repeated story

had come true. Chips must be in that shricking, groaning trap below him. With a wreckless leap from the grating he made the narrow rim of the starboard quadrant, and, kneeling unsupported on the swinging ledge, looked down. Chips lay huddled beneath one of the ribs that ran like wheel-spokes across the awerving courter circle. quarter circle.

"Are you hurt?" cried the boy.

Chips tried to rise, but fell over, and
Sawyer saw death before his eyes. With saryer saw death before his eyes. With scarce an instant's pause he swung de-liberately down into the death-trap, seized the man, and with all his power thrust him up into safety.

When Sawyer came to himself again,

hours later, kindly faces were close to me this handkerchief." Then suddenly his. "Feeling better, lad?" said the cap- he looked up into the captain's face, and "The ship?" murmured the boy.
"Weathering it in fine style," was the

"Are ye in pain?" asked the steward. Sawyer thought a moment. "My arm,"

he said at last.
"Poor lad! poor lad!" cried the captain, and the old steward bent over him again.

and the old steward bent over him again.
"It's only broken, Sawyer, my boy, and praise God for that!"
"Let's see." demanded the boy.
The captain tenderly lifted his head, and Sawyer looked at his bandaged arm. Around the wrist was a lady's handker-chief, solled and stained. "My lady's!" he sighed, contentedly, then gave a pain-ful gasp as they laid him back in his bunk. "It's something more'n my arm,

I guess," he muttered. In the weeks that followed, while he lay helpless in a foreign hospital, each day brought some of the ship's company to see him. They told him stories and cheered him as best they could, until the lad's heart was filled almost to bursting with gratitude for all this unheard-of

When sailing day came, the skipper visited him. The lad caw the and divined the meaning. "Blue Peter flying, sir?"

"Aye, we're off again. But we'll be back in nine weeks, Sawyer." "I'd like to be going too, sir," said the boy, looking up wistfully into the captain's face, but making a manful effort to keep the homesick teers from his

"Impossible, I am afraid, my lad, But get well as fast as you can, and we'll take you off the next time, sure." he added with a confidence that he by no means felt, for the boy looked frail mough, as he lay there on the white cot. manliness it's my wish, and the wish of the ship, that ye be given this. Lad, lad, but ye did a brave deed, and I'm proud of yel" And the captain ended with a sky warmth that was very unofficial,

Face aglow with delight and boyish shyness. Sawyer fingered the package the captain gave him. "It's what, sir?"

"English gold, Sawyer, four pound and over. And you're to do what you like with it."
"And how many China dollars would

that beT' he inquired, diffidently.

The captain paused a moment. "At present rates of exchange, and seeing it's you, I can make it forty-four dollars, Hong Kong, if you want it that way." Sawyer dreamed blissfully awhile, then turned to the skipper.
"Would it be too much trouble, sir, for

you to take this and buy kimono and

ers, who make such funny requests, but I try to answer them all. After lunch I take a nap, put on another wrapper-one of my afternoon wrappers, you know," and Madame laughs, "always wrappers at Arden; they are so comfortable. Then I take my embroidery, or a book, for I read much, and go out on the veranda among my birds and roses. They are my pets, and not the pigs and the cows. Af-ter dinner my husband and I usually walk about the grounds. He is so busy all day," and Madame sighs, "I call him my encyclopedia, for he is always study-ing, or writing for magazines and newspapers."

Count Bozenta is a large, sturdy-looking man with iron gray hair and pleasing

for my next year's work HELEN LUKENS JONES.

he looked up into the captain's face, and saw that there that made him forget his of him. With a voice quivering with excitement and weakness, he confided to him the whole story of the gracious lady, her words to him, and the dream he had so fondly cherished of carrying some present back to lay at her feet. it's no use thinkin' about that now. You tell her why I didn't come, sir, and my lady'll understand."

The captain nodded; and because a

lump began growing in his throat, which bade fair to choke him, he made his farewell hasty and rushed out of the hospital without giving the final charges to Sawyer's nurse as he had intended doing. He atoned for this omission, however, by purchasing the most gorgeous kimono the bazaars afforded, royally irrespective of its price. And this he delivered four weeks later to a bright-eyed little lady, who listened with a quivering lip to the story he had to tell, and who, after he had gone, almost ruined the splendid pat-tern by letting her tears fall over it, quito regardless of its beauty. "Poor little child," she murmured, "my

heart aches for him. If I could only tell him how proud I am of him! If I could only let him know! And it will be five weeks before I can get back word to him, and then it may be too late! The captain must bring him home next time. I will tell him that he must bring him home, and I'll keep him till he gets well."

For she did not know that already Sawyer had caught a glimpse of the flag flying for another voyage, and that with another captain he had made his final

ADELAIDE FLEMING WILSON. San Francisco, July, 1902.

Flowers.

I will not have the mad Clytic, Whose head is turned by the sun; The tulip is a courtly queen, Whom, therefore, I will shun; The cowslip is a country weach, The violet is a nun: But I will woo the dainty rose, The queen of every one.

In too much hasts to wed, and clasps her rings on every hand; The wolfshame I should dread; Kor will I dreary rosemanys. That always mourns the dead; But I will woo the dainty rose, With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white like a saint, Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves, And the broom's betrothed to the boe; But I will plight with the duinty rose, For fairest of all in she.

"And who is 'my lady?"

The boy painfully unknotted the Norshausen, Prusia. The same owl the night freshly washed handkerchief from his before picked out the eyes of a whole litte wrist. "A missionary lady, sir, who gave of kittens which were in the same building. Eighty pigeons had their eyes picked out by an owl which entered their loft by night at Norshausen, Prussla. The same owl the night before picked out the eyes of a whole litter