

## A Recollection

(Of Owen Wister)

It is always a saddening experience, this seeing ones contemporaries gently fade out of the long familiar picture of one's life. Owen Wister, aside from being very near my own age, was one of my favorite writers of that time, and was doubly interesting in that he was "a sort of cousin", as she expressed it, of my step-mother, who was a granddaughter of the famous Sarah Siddons, and thus was also some relation of the famous Fanny Kemble, as well as being related to the celebrated Mary Scott Siddons, who was also a Siddons of that same line.

It must have been when on his visit to Germany in 1882, that Owen Wister called on Excellenz von Zglinitzki, nee Wilson, and daughter of the Sanserit Professor Horace Haman Wilson, of Oxford. He was ushered into the drawing room, and my hostess received him, waving rather indefinitely to any chair that seemed handy. He was a tall, very elegant young man, faultlessly dressed, one might say, a typical American aristocrat. He was slightly self-conscious — probably uncertain as to which language to address his hostess in, and, while shaking hands with her, he gradually backed toward the fragile little gilt chair that stood near the hearth, and, before his hostess could more definitely wave him toward a more suitable chair, he confidently seated himself on this ornamental little affair, and—crash! he promptly splashed right through it onto the hearthstone, and rested among gilt legs and other members that go to make up a purely ornamental, perfidious gilt chair! My step-mother although English, as one is wont to say—had a keen sense of humor, as well as of the ridiculous, but she was far too wellbred to give any expression of either, in the face of his keen mortification. She tactfully reproached herself for having "such a silly little fool of a chair about." And he gradually arose from the debris

and straightened himself out, and then they both laughed openheartedly at the mishap, and all was well. He showed himself the cavalier which his birth and his education and travel had made him, and my step-mother retained a most delightful memory of him. Many years later, in response to a letter of introduction, he called on me when I was in Philadelphia, en route to my home. He smiled roguishly after the first greeting and said, "I have a never-to-be-forgotten recollection of my call, in Hannover, on Madame von Z.—my cousin, in some way—and shall always recall her hearty English laugh, when we both recovered from the first shock of my sudden downfall."

—Hilda von Siller.

Tryon, N. C.

W. M. Mebane has arrived in Tryon to spend his vacation with his family.

Miss Katherine Holmes of Spartanburg is spending part of her vacation in Tryon as the guest of Mrs. S. T. Wood.

Robert H. Millikin, Jr., of Spartanburg is spending his vacation at home in Tryon.

B. K. Couper of Charleston, S. C., is visiting his mother, Mrs. B. King Couper at the Rock House Art Gallery.

### Negro Methodists Meet Here

The Charlotte district of the Colored Methodist churches will open their district conference on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at St. Luke's C. M. E. church. The conference will continue every day through Sunday with services morning and evening. Rev. C. R. White is pastor of St. Luke's church and Rev. C. R. Galphin is the presiding elder.

MAID WANTED to do general house work and cook for family of two. Apply at Bulletin office. —Advertisement 26.

WANTED to rent three or four room apartment, unfurnished or partly furnished. Apply at the Bulletin office or phone Woodrow Hague, 128.—Advertisement 26, 27.