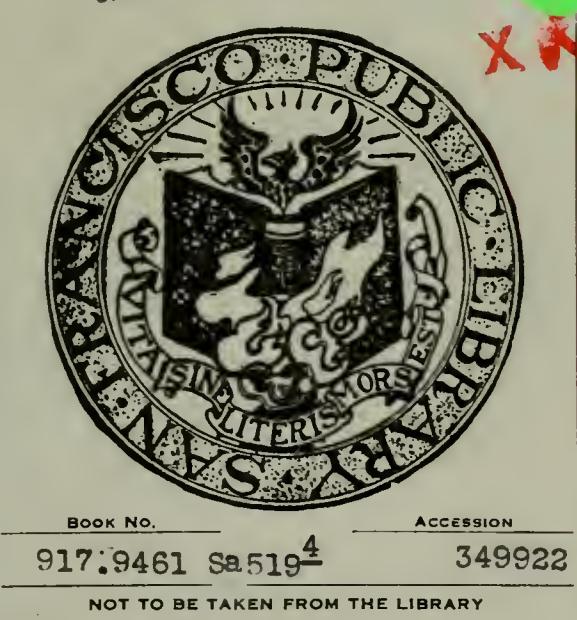


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JANUARY 1930 PRICE 25 CENTS



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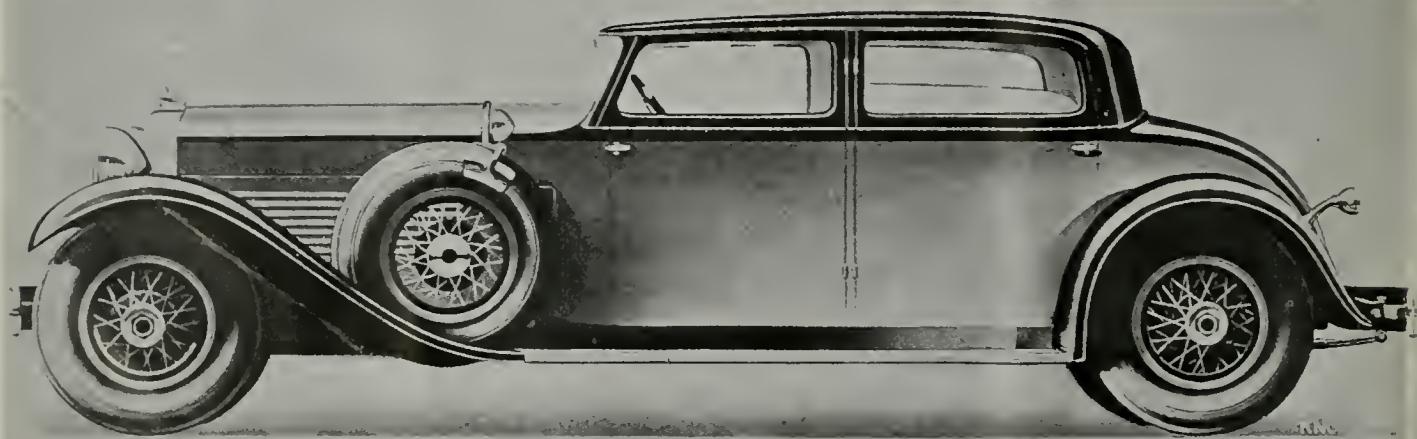
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yet the quiet charm

of quality



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WHERE TO



THE STAGE

Alcazar: Kolb and Dill revive discussions of six years ago with prohibition farce, "Now and Then".

Curran: A few more nights of Chauve Souris then the World Premiere of the Venetian operetta "Bambina" with Nancy Welford and Al St. John.

Capitol: Taking a fresh lease on life with a short run of the popular "Follow Thru".

President: Charlotte Greenwood plays to crowded houses week after week—the box office often says "no" to requests for seats to see "She Couldn't Say No".

THE SCREEN

California: "The Locked Door" starts the month but quickly gives way to "Sally" with the all-talking Marilyn Miller.

Davies: Enthusiasts gather around to hear Ted Lewis with his band and his inevitable question, "Is Everybody Happy?"

Embassy: George Arliss repeats his former "Disraeli" successes—the stage, the silent screen and now the talking screen, one of the best productions of the season.

Fox: William Haines in his first all-talking picture "Navy Blues".

Granada: Another first all-talking appearance —Norma Talmadge in "New York Nights".

Orpheum: "Broadway" follows close on the heels of "The Vagabond Lover".

St. Francis: The indefatigable public still flocks to see, hear and adore Maurice Chevalier.

Watfield: Janet Gaynor plays another Cinderella with Charles Farrell as Prince Charming in "Sunnyside Up".

DINING AND DANCING

St. Francis: Holiday festivities with the glamor of new foods.

Ye Mayflower: Colonial tradition mingles with Spanish atmosphere.

Post Street Cafeteria: Only the best is counted good enough at this or any other season.

The Fairmont: Choose your atmosphere—pick your chef.

Mark Hopkins: Peacock Court struts to an accompaniment of good music and better cuisine.

The Courtyard: Take the visiting easterner to January luncheon outdoors.

The Palace: Of course.

Sir Francis Drake: Gracious service and hospitality.

The Studio: One appreciates the open court yard or the cosy firelit dining room these tickle evenings.

New Frank's: A gilt-edge proposition.

Russian Tea Room: Sutter near Grant, where nothing makes you see Red.

Solari's: Geary, endorsed by all.

The Bib and Tucker: A Mecca for hungry shoppers.

MUSIC

January 10: Symphony breakfast 12:45; Italian room of the St. Francis.

January 10: Symphony concert Curran Theatre 3:00 p.m.; Alfred Hertz directing, Nathan Milstein, violinist, guest artist.

January 12: 3:00 p.m. repeat performance of the Friday Symphony concert.

January 13: Matinee Musicale at the Fairmont; Agna Enters, dance mime concert.

January 13: Opening of Columbia Grand Opera season with "Carmen" at the Columbia theatre. Followed by "Rigoletto", Tuesday evening; "La Forza del Destino", Wednesday evening; "La Traviata" Thursday evening; "Carmen", Friday evening; "Il Barbiere di Siviglia", Saturday matinee; and "Il Trovatore", Saturday evening.

January 14: Municipal Symphony concert, Alfred Hertz, conducting; Dusolina Giannini, soprano, as guest artist. Civic Auditorium.

January 14: La Argentina, Spanish dancer, in the first of two matinee concerts at the Geary.

January 15: Roth quartet at Mills College.

January 17: Young People's Symphony Concert, 4:15 p.m. at the Curran; Wheeler Beckett, conducting.

January 17: Sam Rodetsky, pianist, in concert at Scottish Rite.

January 19: Second matinee dance concert of La Argentina.

January 19: Symphony "Pop" Concert at the Curran, Alfred Hertz conducting.

January 22: Phyllida Ashley, pianist, in concert at Scottish Rite.

January 28: Abas String Quartet in concert at Community Playhouse, 8:40 p.m.

ART

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Closed during January for rearrangement of exhibits after sculpture show.

East West Gallery: Black-and-white exhibition of drawings by Frances Brooks and Sybil Emerson and wood block prints by Charles R. Gardner.

Galerie Beaux Arts: Water colors by Beaux Arts artist members. Honigbaum loan exhibition of sketches and paintings by Diego Rivera. Small showing of etchings of Agna Enters by John Sloan.

Gumps: Special exhibitions of California and other Western artists. Prints, old masters and contemporary paintings.

M. H. de Young Memorial Museum: Permanent collections.

Courvoisier Little Gallery: Etchings by J. W. Winkler, January 13 to 27. Special showing of modern glass.

Paul Elder's Gallery: Exhibition of water colors, prints, textiles and pottery by faculty students of Newcomb Memorial College, New Orleans.

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey: Portfolio exhibitions of fine prints.

The White House: Special exhibition of etchings by Foujita.

Loretta Ellen Brady: Etchings of well-known corners in Paris, also views of famous cathedrals and chateaux.

H. Valdespino: Color prints and etchings.

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Nob Hill Topics

OSCAR SCHORI has been employed as chef at the Fairmont Hotel. He has taken over his new duties since January 1st but already word of his special luncheons and dinners has spread and people are flocking to the Fairmont on any and every excuse to taste the dishes created by this international chef.

The specialties of Oscar Schori are the result of his experience in various capitals abroad—though born in Switzerland, he has worked in leading hotels in Europe, including The Terminus of Strassberg, the Palace Dorsee of Paris, the Grand and The Trocadero of London and the Kaiserhoff of Berlin. He was brought from Europe to the Commodore of New York and served at the Ritz before coming to California where he is delighted with the facilities at hand for the very finest cookery. In California, Schori says, practi-

cally everything is fresh at hand. Fruits and vegetables that have to be shipped into the capitals of Europe are available here direct from the garden. The result is that California is, to him, a chef's paradise.

THE Fairmont has also announced new prices for its special luncheons and dinners—most attractive! The new luncheon in the grill is only seventy-five cents and in the main dining room it is one dollar. The dinners are unusual at one dollar in the grill—one seventy-five and two dollars in the main dining room. Anson Weeks has recently returned from two weeks in New York where he went to gain fresh inspiration and to see the latest thing in entertainment there. He has come home with a bag full of tricks ready for the revelers in Peacock Court on Tuesday Feature Nights and for the College Carnival each Friday night. He has all sorts of surprises in store for the

coming events—things he'll not more than hint at in conversation.

RUDY SIEGER is planning a series of special dinner concerts for Wednesday evenings in the Venetian Dining Room. He will present unusually beautiful programs and the chef is preparing marvelous menus for each Wednesday dinner—the combination should be irresistible. And after dinner bridge will be played in Laurel Court.

The Fairmont Terrace Plunge continues to be one of the most popular play places in town. The very novelty of indulging in water sports in January appeals to the imagination. Tourists from the East join in with particular zest—somehow it spells C-a-l-i-f-o-r-n-i-a to them in a very charming way. A perfect plunge—within three minutes of the Wall street corner of the West!



CITY of PARIS

Some like it HOT

... where January is a gorgeous compound of sunshine, swimming, and golf ... in the southern playgrounds or the sunny islands of the Pacific. For the sun lovers of the smart world, the City of Paris Deauville Shop serves as an authority on resort fashions, and here they choose delectable fashions for active sports or graceful loitering in and out of doors.



Defy the cold in a sweater scarf and beret outfit of brushed wool.

The intrepid skier wears a dark green leather windbreaker, leather shorts, and helmet; and three-quarter golf socks.

THIRD FLOOR

A knit suit with finger-tip coat.

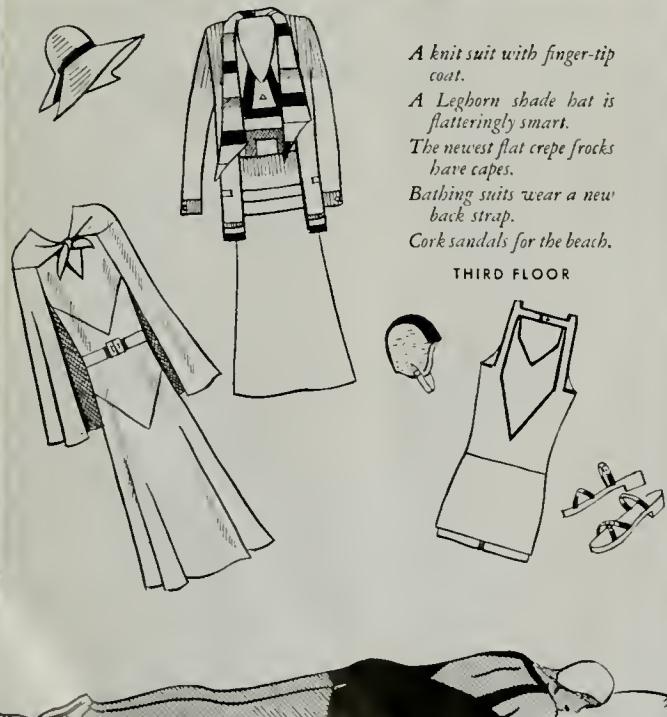
A Leghorn shade hat is flatteringly smart.

The newest flat crepe frocks have capes.

Bathing suits wear a new back strap.

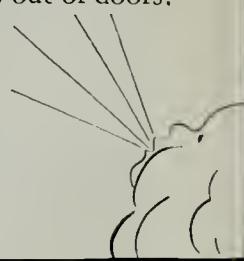
Cork sandals for the beach.

THIRD FLOOR



Some like it COLD

... where the sky is blue and the snow is white and the intoxicating air promises rollicking hours. Skiing ... skating ... tobogganing ... each with its own particular appeal has its own individual costume ... and the City of Paris is ready with these correct sports outfits, swagger and sturdy, and authoritatively designed for these vigorous activities out-of-doors!



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T H E SAN FRANCISCAN

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DOROTHY WILDING, LONDON

Helen Wills

In spite of her marriage, December 23, to Frederick S. Moody, Jr., and in defiance to the fact that she is still honeymooning on board the yacht Galatea, it appears that this American heroine will continue to win honors under her own name. She will play tennis, write and exhibit her drawings and paintings as Helen Wills.

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



The Art of Living

• • • In San Francisco They Ask "Are You Charming?"

by LAWRENCE HART

SAN FRANCISCANS are traditionally negligent of native masters in the incidental arts but none love, as San Franciscans do, masters in the art of living.

Here there is the feeling that no art is vital save the art of living. All other arts are incidental until they accent the drama of our individual hours—until they waken a personal response to beauty and splendor discovered in daily incident, until they serve the art of living.

Those men achieve but little who prevail in lesser matters: in business, art or politics—if yet they fail to instill charm into their days.

Some, too wise for labored indirectnesses, build their personalities rather into daily living than into works of hand. And these are the greater artists. Poets revise endlessly, but none can edit hours he has lived. The charm and beauty of our days must be extempore. No art is vital save the art of living.

DO MEN ask in Boston what you know? In New York what can you do? In Philadelphia what you believe? In Chicago what you are worth? In San Francisco we ask only, "Are you charming?" "Interest us if you can," we say. "Charm us if you can. Make the hours spent with you vivid or hilarious, serene or beautiful—we retain you in our company. Bore us, and we cast you out whoever you may be, however great your name."

Our entertainment does not center on the theatre or club. Who wins our hearts we take into our homes. Elaborate diversions serve those who seek escape from one another. We prefer discussion, the intimate party; we gather at some fireside for companionship and conver-

The personality and heritage of old San Francisco has been told a thousand times . . . its flavor has been caught by great writers and poets of three generations who have looked on the city that was. We offer this in tribute to the young San Francisco that today draws unto herself masters in the great art of living.

sation. The ostentation of bewildered rich, the posing of the Bohemian, are equally naive. With almost identical fervor they pursue uneasy pleasures, collect sequences of acquaintances who never can be friends.

The true San Franciscan is a sophisticate; he has learned the technic of friendship, the beauty of simplicity.

The man of personal charm, although not often a materialist, is always a realist. He has met the tribulations of life with silent heroism, and avoided the mock-refuges of the introvert, the day-dreamer. He is a spiritual adult.

IN SO FAR as the San Franciscan is sophisticate, he is a journeyman at the art of living. He does not value "art for art's sake," nor wealth for its

display, nor position for the pride of position; but these he esteems as they make his daily living vivid and more real.

He is not appalled at the degradation of man, nor surprised at the heroism and nobility of man. He does not despise the unfortunate, nor is he servile before the great. Success in daily living is alone important.

Being thus socially independent, the San Franciscan does not strive with the traditional ardor for social recognition. He is socially and individually self-sufficient.

It is a self-sufficiency such as aristocracies have labored from the first to teach. This instinctive nobility, tainted by neither servility nor boastfulness, that they have striven to impress on the wealthy who swelled their ranks. And as each nation entered upon democracy, its greatness varied as it accepted the aristocratic ideal of the dignity and nobility of the individual.

The San Franciscan, insofar as he is sophisticate, follows the authentic aristocratic tradition, and devotes his energies neither to wealth, nor power, nor fame—save as these serve the art of living—but draws from each passing day that day's charm and vividness, and from earth, earth's unbelievable beauty.

AND those who have this magic sight shall labor all their days to shadow in the visible world their actual persons. Some record their true selves in books of poetry, and some in statues or in pictures they create; some build far-reaching businesses; a few have forced, throughout the climes of man a magnificent city.



THE WHITE CARD

BY NED HILTON



THE Boss dominates advertising; men are told to wear stiff collars, and use various mouthwashes, and wear such-and-such suits, and use such-and-such pens, and lather themselves with such-and-such an ill-smelling soap, and buy an alarm clock, and drink orange juice, and use a pencil which solves mathematical problems, and take cod liver oil, and drink substitutes for coffee, and use an electric razor, and do a thousand and one other standardized things because if he fails to do any one of them, the Boss will heave him out into the cold. Thus do gimcrack makers fatten in the purlieus of the lowest depth to which human decency can sink. We are always depressed by "the employee." "Here's my cigar," he says, "Take my pencil. Take my wife. Take my child. Take all the years of my life, so long as I can continue to say 'yes' to you for pay." We long for a series of ads which will tell the poor fellow to tweak the Boss' nose, kick him in the shins, and go out to throw artichokes over a windmill, or something equally silly.



"Here here! You'll have to stop reading Einstein!"

WE REGRET having missed the chance to review Carey McWilliams' scholarly study of Ambrose Bierce, but we congratulate him anyway. We would have liked to adopt the well-known Mark Twain title, and captioned our review *Mr. Mc Williams and the Lightning*.

A woman in Carmel has written a scathing letter to the papers denouncing Men (you know, the great old Generalization) as lacking in such courtesies as the doffing of the hat. This loss of gallantry in Men is unaccountable; we can suggest only that in the halcyon days when Men did doff the hat, the women were not of the sort who write "scathing" letters.



Now that long skirts threaten to return, we expect a return, also, of much of that silliness whose passing we celebrated when women loudly announced their emancipation. "Dammy," says a young buck, "but, gad, man, she has thighs!" "Sir, my glove," says handsome Roger, "you are an unmitigated cad, sir, and a bounder." What's so new, now, about the new woman? The fabric trade finds sales falling off; and it is decided that gowns, dresses, frocks, whatnot, must contain more material. The nod is tipped to Fashion. Fashion whispers that long skirts add a mysterious lure to the wearer, and the dress shops double their orders for salesbooks. Putting on an old tin helmet, I suggest that I have been told that women weren't interested in luring; I thought they said that the romanticizing of their sex was entirely the absurd invention of the men.

▼ ▼ ▼

Says Barbara Evans, in last month's San Franciscan: "They never actually asked me if I thought I could write." And damned decent of them, too, considering... .

▼ ▼ ▼

Sophistication, apparently, lies always in the East. Contributors to the SAN FRANCISCAN seem incessantly goggle-eyed in considering New York; writers and advertisers in the *New Yorker* go mawkish over Paris; and we suppose, though we're not constant readers, that the *Boulevardier* finds its *dernier cri* in Constantinople.



"Hey, Cousin John, where's the bathroom?"

Ex-WIFE was Bernarr Macfadden in pantie-ruffles, but Ex-Husband is little less than Petronius in modern (even moderne) dress. This alternately chuckling and guffawing book is, in their highest degrees, both burlesque and satire; and, as in the *Satyricon*, there is a very true picture between the crowsfeet. With the coming of the Frigidaire, Woman (we're generalizing too much this month; ah, well...) Woman discovered that not only husbands and ice-men were, comparatively, male.

Having looked in the icebox and found the cold logic of Bertrand Russell, she took on playwrights and prizefighters and others of the elite, calling this sudden expansion of her pelvic acquaintanceship her Emancipation. Science, gallantry and morality notwithstanding, this New Freedom is nothing but high comedy, the pivot of the humor being the specious rationalization, somewhat confused with the yet-retained tradition of martyrdom, with which the principals annotate their biology. Such caperings and maunderings called for a Petronius, and, lo, he has come forth. The simple truth, of course, is that human beings are not especially intelligent; and the mere act of marrying can not be expected to make one wise and strong person from two nitwits. When women have been Free as long as men have been, they'll be able to laugh, and we'll have civilization. Right now, as our Petronius points out, there are more nymphomaniacs than satyrs, there is a perturbing reversal of the natural roles, there are too many Gitons, and much too much philosophy.

The book (after all, this is a review) is evidently the product of a considerable intelligence and erudition, and a truly Olympian sense of humor. We're probably wrong, but we suspect Van Vechten.

Unconstitutional Preamble

Following Which the Curtain Also Rises

by WILLIAM JUSTIAMA

THE orchestra finishes playing, the audience starts coughing, the footlights go up but the curtain does not rise. Finally a man comes out in front of it, evidently to explain. After shifting his position several times he finds that he can see best if he takes off his pince-nez and straddles the footlights.

MAN ON STAGE: I regret, ladies and gentlemen, but the cast is a bit too tight to go on this evening. Some other time, perhaps . . . Sorry.

A MAN IN THE AUDIENCE: Some other time, hell! Give us back our money.

MAN ON STAGE: That's the sad part. They drank it.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: (*tossing a cartwheel onto stage*) Well, here's a dollar more for some black coffee. They can drink that and go on with the show.

MAN ON STAGE: (*picking up the money and handing it down to the bass viol who departs on the errand*) Why, thanks very much. If of course you don't mind waiting a bit until they sober up. You see, it's a play of, by and for bootleggers and everyone in it has to keep his head.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: You mean they're all going to just be natural?

MAN ON STAGE: Not natural exactly—sober.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: But why can't they just act sober? Being what you are isn't acting.

MAN ON STAGE: I hate to differ with a paid admission, but it really is the highest type of acting to be yourself. Most people are too self-conscious. Fortunately the cast in this play doesn't care what people think of them. If they did they wouldn't appear in a sober condition. No one in the play takes a drink on the stage. There can be no doubt of the artistry of the players in tonight's performance when I tell you that they took bromo-seltzers even before rehearsals. Could anything be more Russian? The situation this evening doesn't disprove their seriousness nearly as much as it proves their breeding. You appreciate that while they risk your scorn in not being seen to drink, that unless they maintained their poise by taking occasional little nips backstage they couldn't possibly look themselves in the mirror. And tonight even with your black coffee and patience I'm afraid that some of the cast will have to keep their backs turned. The star, La Phaff, will play her role lying down as usual. (*looks behind curtain*) Yes. The technicians are hitching a

couple of kiddie-cars together to shove her around on as the action requires.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: A kiddie-car! It would be more appropriate if La Phaff used a prairie schooner.

MAN ON STAGE: A prairie schooner? She never touches beer.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: No, no. A prairie schooner isn't a mug used on the desert; it's a wagon. But I suppose La Phaff gave hers to a museum which at this hour would be closed.

MAN ON STAGE: As to that I can't say, although I do know that she is very generous as are all aristocrats. And she is an aristocrat. She was drunk every night before anyone ever thought of prohibition.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Then her kiddie-car is a contradiction in terms.

MAN ON STAGE: Perhaps. But age doesn't harm acting—

MAN IN AUDIENCE: It's hell on kiddie-cars!

MAN ON STAGE: La Phaff's is a mellowed art. You'll notice tonight, even though she's flat on her back she'll be surprised at everything she says . . . that's art! Why if this play has been revived once its been revived a hundred times, sometimes by black coffee, sometimes by cold water.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Have you ever tried aspirin?

MAN ON STAGE:—but each time La Phaff brings the same freshness to her role. She reads her lines, if I may say so, like nobody's business—but her business manager's. Every year for the past twenty she has threatened to retire, being of a retiring nature. Yet at the beginning of every season she reappears fresh as a daisy.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Flat on her back.

MAN ON STAGE: What of it? Why did you come to see her? You came to see the real woman, didn't you? The great Artist—not this tawdry vehicle filled with gin, scotch and chartreuse.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Who, La Phaff?

MAN ON STAGE: No, the play.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: I thought there wasn't any drinking in it?

MAN ON STAGE: There isn't, but there's lots of talk about liquor. Some of the lines are brilliantly clever.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Such as?

MAN ON STAGE: O, I can't do them justice.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: There is no justice.

MAN ON STAGE: You've seen it before then? Because that's what Achilles Solari, king of the bootlegs, says in

the second act after he had been double-crossed by a cop he thought was honest. But I don't mean sad lines like that; I was referring to the smart cracks.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Such as?

MAN ON STAGE: Oh, for instance, when the maid of honor says to the best man "are you a drunkard or are you a ne'er do well?"

MAN IN AUDIENCE: I don't think that especially funny.

MAN ON STAGE: You should hear La Phaff pull it, very fast, with a sort of shining look.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: I wish I might.

MAN ON STAGE: (*looking off*) Just a moment more. She's coming to now.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Has she come to that? I thought she stayed drunk year in and year out.

MAN ON STAGE: So she does practically, but every once in a while she insists on playing a performance vertically. We don't encourage it though, as it's so hard on the scenery. The other night she leaned against the walls in the prison scene and they gave way. There was nothing to do but have the guard rush in. Since then we've provided for the possibility of a jail-break. Should she play the third act on her feet and go through the wall, all the rest of the cast now know what to say.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: What do they say?

MAN ON STAGE: They say she's fled.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Then what does she say?

MAN ON STAGE: Usually she says: "Who hit me?"

MAN IN AUDIENCE: And who did?

MAN ON STAGE: Nobody. All the rest of the cast are confined in different cells. But, you see La Phaff is very sensitive like all great artists, and she imagines she has many enemies.

MAN IN AUDIENCE: (*looking at his watch*) You can assure her for me that she has at least one. I've bought her a cup of coffee for the last time.

MAN ON STAGE: O, She's not taking a drop of your coffee. La Phaff sobers up by dancing and drinking light wines—

MAN IN AUDIENCE: Bought with our money?

MAN ON STAGE: Goodness, no. She carries her own cellar with her wherever she goes. No actress on the American stage has a finer background. Here they bring Madame now.

*The curtain rises.
THE END.*

Pudofkin

Will He Lead a Soviet Invasion of Hollywood?

by LUCITA SQUIER

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks was in Moscow he saw the first reels of *Mother*, a drama by Maxim Gorky. Doug was impressed. He had proclaimed *Potemkin* the greatest picture produced, but would *Mother* surpass it?

The release of *Mother* in Russia and abroad created a furor of debate. Both productions dealt with the Russian revolution of 1905, both marked a new epoch in Soviet kino-development. *Potemkin* and its brilliant director Eisenstein had already achieved world fame. But who directed *Mother*?

I went to Jacknina, executive secretary of Mejrabpom Russ, for an answer. A glazed caviar sandwich lay on her desk, the glass of amber tea was cold. No time for lunch as Jacknina manipulated two telephones and talked with a throng of visitors, but Jacknina is resourceful. Before I finished my question she smiled in welcome to a tall, handsome young man who pushed open the door. "Meet Pudofkin!" she said, "*Mother*, you know, is his first production."

Already leading director of Mejrabpom Russ, Pudofkin had no office. An empty projection room, walls gaily splashed with advertising paper, answered the purpose. But it takes persistence to interview Pudofkin—it means reading your notes backwards, for he tells about everyone, everything but himself.

PUDOKIN's ancestors came over with the Golden Horde, he is a living example of the famous saying, "scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar!" He has the straightforwardness and integrity of a Tartar, the Slav abhorrence of boasting. He is a dreamer, idealist, gifted actor and pastmaster in the art of pantomime.

The war found him a student of chemistry in the Moscow University. He was drafted into the Tsar's army and captured by the Germans. For three years he was overworked and underfed in a prison camp. Escaping after the Revolution he returned to Moscow and invented a much needed louse-preventative during the typhus epidemic.

There followed years of reconstruction and poverty in Russia, when Pudofkin joined a school of kinematography operating without funds, film or cameras. Working in a make-believe world, producing pictures in imagination, executing all the functions of studio life with nothing tangible to lay their hands on. Days of discouragement and hunger,

days when even their shadow world seemed unreal. Occasionally Pudofkin sold an illustration to some magazine to buy black bread, when he went out he borrowed a coat or shoes from a co-worker.

With his comrade, Tisse, now Eisenstein's famous cameraman, Pudofkin scraped away the mud from the floors of an old flooded studio. Great rejoicing when a worn-out camera and some film came into the hands of director Kilishov, instructor in the school of kinematography. They moved to the studio, started production in reality. Their first picture worthy of mention was *The Death Ray*, a jerky, slapstick revolutionary melodrama with occasional touches of genius.

Three years Pudofkin assisted Kilishov, perfecting his technique, developing his own theory of psychology. *Pa Zakon*, a grotesque tragedy produced by Kilishov from a Jack London story shows how far pupil has surpassed master.

Pudofkin speaks enthusiastically of his co-scenario writers—his assistant Zaraki, and the Ukrainian cameraman, Golovnis. Special praise he gives to *A Woman of Paris*, Chaplin's masterpiece in individualistic psychology; *Intolerance*, the first mass-production on a grandiose scale; *Potemkin* which created a monumental mass structure viewed from the standpoint of mass psychology.

From his statements one might conclude that everyone, from Griffith to the masses in *Mother*, was responsible for his success as a director—but no self-depreciation, only an overwhelming enthusiasm for other human beings.

THE unparalleled reception accorded *Mother* by newspapers and critics did not bring Pudofkin the complete satisfaction of work well done, but when letters began to pour in from the public with homely, heart-felt, intimate comments about the characters of his creation—he was content.

Unlike Eisenstein, he believes in artists and plays upon their sensibilities as a violinist upon his instrument. Balanovskaya came to him from the Moscow Little Theatre for her first motion picture role. A charming young actress whose work is a vital part of her life. She would report at the studio already the elderly woman of the role she played. So dependent was she upon Pudofkin to create inspiration that when for a few days he directed himself in the role of a

Tsar officer, she was incapable of going on with her characterization, her working partner was gone, in his place the face and personality of a stranger.

Batalov, of Stanislavsky's Art Theatre Studio played her son. At first he declared the role unsuited to him. Pudofkin argued, analyzed and interpreted the part until he visualized it mentally. His portrayal was superb. The role of the drunken father was played by a layman. Atmosphere, argument were useless. He was an automat, moving muscles as directed, yet he was a success.

If one asks for stills of the engaging young actress who played the revolutionist, Pudofkin apologetically replies that he forgot to take any, there were more important things to do. But he firmly asserts that she has a great future in pictures. She is a Cossack with determination inherited from the steppe people. Six times Pudofkin instructed her how to interpret a scene, six times she rehearsed it his way and when the camera began to turn she did it her own way. Cossack against Tartar! But Tartar was victor—after all he was her director and incidentally, her husband.

AFTER *Mother* Pudofkin was assigned an educational film entitled *Reflex of the Mind*, showing the discoveries of the famous Professor Pavlov, and now being exhibited in this country. Experiments with animals, analyzing the reflex reactions of parts of the brain. A trial to Pudofkin's sensitive nature. If one has the fortitude to sit through the first reels, the happy conclusion with splendid babies benefitting from the experiments are a reward for steady nerves.

Then came his great opportunity! Eisenstein was assigned the reproduction of the 1917 Revolution, *Ten Days that Shook the World*, with all the living historical data to assist him in a perfect portrayal of the Bolshevik Revolution. Mejrabpom Russ (which is half-government owned, and second in importance to Sovkino) told Pudofkin to go and do likewise—to make their contribution to the Tenth Anniversary Celebration of the Revolution. He was fired with enthusiasm. No one, he told me, had ever screened the city raised from a swamp by Peter the Great in all its historical significance and beauty. He wanted to show its three stages of development and call it Petersburg, Petrograd, Leningrad. But upon completion it was

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Nikita Balieff

For the third time Balieff has brought the Chauve-Souris to San Francisco—again he has stepped before the curtain to present his company, with the caution that "criticism is easy—but the art is difficult"—again he has said good-night with the well remembered assurance that "this is the happiest night of my life." This time his triumph was the result of the simplicity of each number. Even the *March of the Wooden Soldiers* relied less than ever before on the setting for its effectiveness. No presentation less perfect in detail would dare appear in so simple a guise. The Chauve-Souris is no longer a novelty, although it is a thing apart from other entertainment. Balieff has proved that his art is a thing of quality quite aside from the color and freshness of his programs. It is Balieff, the artist, whom Johan Hagemeyer presents in this portrait photograph.

“California”

In Six Elaborate Volumes . . . With Three More Yet to Appear

“O Californians! O Ladies and Gentlemen!”

IT WAS under this eloquent banner that Michael Gold once wrote a caustic article about the achievements of the Californians in that gay little magazine “gently brother” that gave San Franciscans two delightful numbers in the spring of 1924. As a matter of fact the Californians have always gone in for elaborate editions histories printed in private sets, local biographical compendiums, and such stuff. But it is only with the issuance of the set, “California,” that our vanity has achieved its final glory.

On the desk, as I write, repose six volumes in this set, recently issued by the Powell Publishing Company, and more volumes are yet to come. The books are handsomely printed, the general editor of the set is John Russell McCarthy, and the volumes are illustrated by such fine artists as Geritz, Simon and Virginia Litchfield. It is an imposing array: “Gold Days” by Owen Cochran Coy; “Spanish Arcadia” by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez; “Out Door Heritage” by Harold Child Bryant; “Oxcart to Airplane” by Rockwell Dennis Hunt and William Ament; “Land of Homes” by Frank J. Taylor; and “Pathfinders” by Robert Glass Cleland. There are three volumes yet to appear: “The Great Trek” by Owen Cochrane Coy, “Songs and Stories” by Edwin Markham, and “March of Industry” by Dr. Cleland.

The set represents a very adequate summary of the entire California scene, from the earliest times to the present date. Several of the volumes are of exceptional interest. Dr. Cleland’s book, “Pathfinders,” heads the list. It is a learned and sensible account of the trail of the pathfinders and it is dignified by a finely restrained enthusiasm. Heretofore the difficulty has always been that our historians have never been able to mention such names as Drake and Serra without bursting into incoherent and slightly ridiculous hosannas. Some of the stories Dr. Cleland relates, in truth, might well serve as material for epic poems, but he does not confuse his duties as historian with the susceptibility of the material for poetic use. Bancroft has dominated historical writing in this country too long: it is time that Henry Adams was used as a model.

BUT even of greater interest is the volume by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, “Spanish Arcadia.” It is by far the most readable volume in the series.

Mrs. Sanchez, by virtue of her own intimate familiarity with the scene of which she writes and by reason of her bilingual attainments, gives a rich and moving account of the Spanish regime in Alta, California. One cannot read Mrs. Sanchez’ account of life in California, during the Spanish period, without being impressed with the awful contrast which it suggests with the modern era. It is undeniable that a fine culture would have emerged from the pattern of Spanish California, but this outline was rudely brushed into oblivion by the discovery of gold. Despite Mrs. Sanchez’ rather weakly worded praise of the modern era, one can detect a note of regret for the passage of that splendid period of indolence, ease and song. Mrs. Sanchez is not easily shocked; in fact, she is not afraid of the apt phrase, the incomparable allusion. In this particular, she is vastly more civilized and intelligent than some of the authors of the other volumes.

“Gold Days” by Owen C. Coy deals with the rumors of gold prior to ’49, the discovery by Marshall of the gold flecks in the sluice box, and the rush that followed. The manner of narration employed by Dr. Coy unfortunately vacillates between straight-forward historical narration and a clandestine flirting with a more imaginative technique. It seems to me that his volume is unnecessarily pedantic and not a little prudish. Dr. Coy attempts a picture of the riotous days in San Francisco after the discovery of gold and summarizes the period in this manner: “Society in San Francisco lacked many of the finer things that make for man’s happiness.” Isn’t this rather unnecessarily juvenile? Dr. Coy white-washes the miner in an amusing manner. From all that appears in his hygienic and unsophisticated pages, the miner was a charming gentleman who possessed only a vicarious acquaintance with such civic institutions as the saloon and the bawdy house. Dr. Coy notes, with sympathetic interest, the effort of Mrs. Eliza M. Farnham to import a ship-load of young ladies bearing credentials from their pastors for the delectation of abstemious miners. What would Dr. Coy make of such a volume as that recently published by the young French author, Joseph Kessel, entitled “Dames du Califorinie”? When confronted with the ironic manner in which Sutter and Marshall were filched of their rewards, Dr. Coy merely notes: “great riches were within Marshall’s grasp but he lacked the ability to retain them.” As one

by CAREY McWILLIAMS

might expect, Dr. Coy writes in the manner of a Chautauqua lecturer. One gasps with relief when he quotes, as he does with frequency, from Bayard Taylor. Taylor’s “Eldorado” yet remains the best account of the period. “Gold Days” is, however, like the other volumes in the series, well documented, has an interesting bibliography, and is indexed.

“LAND OF HOMES” by Frank J. Taylor is no less disappointing than the volume by Dr. Coy. One picks it up with the hope that it will contain an adequate summary of architecture in California. But what it really contains is a smug, amateurish, hodge-podge of cultural history, civic vanity, and chamber of commerce blather. Not only is the volume commonplace: it is down-right misleading. Mr. Taylor realized, (as who does not?) the close relation between water supply and the history of Southern California. But with startling naivete he relates that Los Angeles, through the kindly offices of William Mulholland, secured an ample water supply from Owens Valley and he then smugly comments on the prosperity of Southern California and its gloriously prosperous San Fernando Valley. Can it be possible that Mr. Taylor is ignorant of the real story of that unutterably tragic occurrence? The story of how Los Angeles acquired that water supply is the most moving, tragic, and harrowing story of the west. I suggest that Mr. Taylor read a novel called “The Ford” and that he await the publication of Andrae Norksgrog’s “The Water Fight” and Louis Adamic’s book on the McNamara Case. If he does not blush with shame after reading these volumes, then he should join an advertising agency.

The remaining volumes fall far short of the high standard set by Dr. Cleland and Mrs. Sanchez. The volume by Dr. Hunt is written in his well-known portentous and soporific manner. Dr. Hunt is perhaps the most unimaginative man that ever wrote an editorial for *The Times*—an honest, hard-working, stupid pedagogue. “Outdoor Heritage” by Harold Child Bryant is a dud. Purporting to treat of the California outdoor scene, the book makes not a single reference to “The Land of Little Rain” or “The Lands of the Sun” by Mary Austin. The first named volume is a masterpiece—one of the finest books ever written by a westerner about the west. I find twenty-two references in

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Air Conquest

"Conquest of the air! what possibilities it holds. And it belongs to youth, youth who saw the vision first, youth who dared the first attempt, youth who will finally conquer." . . . This paragraph by Ruth Vassos accompanies the superb drawing of Icarus by John Vassos whose graphic comments on modern America are collected in "Contempo".

Another Year In Music

Some Notes and Comment

ARTISTS of high and low degree and of varied personality have presented nearly all the varieties of music in San Francisco this season. Pianists have been conspicuous, both numerically and otherwise; excellent singers made amends for the few who were not presentable; Jacques Thibaud, the aristocrat of violinists, gave one exquisite concert; a young and handsome tenor threw opera goers into a turmoil; the Young People's Symphony Association produced a child prodigy who proved to be a child genius; the local musical organizations put intelligence and hard labor into their seasonal activities, and several important names were added to the roll of the musically prominent who call San Francisco "home." The Symphony Orchestra, playing its last season under the leadership of Alfred Hertz, has risen to remarkable heights on numerous occasions, chamber music has flourished, under the tender care of the Abas Quartet, the New Music Society sponsored three concerts of very new music and Hether Wismet gave his annual recital. Thus, it may be truthfully said that the season began with due respect for the sanctity of tradition and the eminence of Art.

The season was officially born as Gaetano Merola raised his baton for the opening passages of the "Rigoletto" overture, shortly after the San Francisco Opera Company had invaded the magnificent distances of Dreamland Auditorium and camouflaged it to represent an opera house. The company gave notable productions of the standard operas in its repertoire on all occasions except one, the performance of "Bohème," whose slight eccentricities would surely have gone unnoticed if they had not been completely surrounded by the glories of "Trovatore" and "Aida." Several of the most important singers in the country were members of the San Francisco group, which included Elizabeth Rethberg, one of the greatest of contemporary sopranos; Tito Schipa, the universally popular lyric tenor; Leon Rothier, whose *Mephistopheles* is famous; Giuseppe Danise, one of the small handful of baritones capable of gracing the concert platform as well as the operatic stage; Katherine Meisle, whose voice and acting are so convincing that the odd ideas of her costume designer recede into unimportance; Nina Morgana, who was able to give life to the soprano role in "Pagliacci," a "tenor's opera"; Giuseppe De Luca, who clowns

delightfully at no expense to his remarkable voice; Queena Mario, whose *Manon* was simply grand, both in the matter of voice and delectability; and, of course, Lauri-Volpi, who sings like a Mohammedan angel (ordinary angels aren't supposed to be emotional), and, through some necromancy, manages to be melodramatic graciously.

therése

by H. L. Johnson

Perhaps piano notes are best;
Let them be thin; veined discs of ice,
That shatter under the feathered breast
Of marsh fowl seeking the autumn pools.

If these are notes of the violin,
Let them be brilliant silvery ares
Of needles flashing through lace, and in
The velvet blush of an amethyst gown.
And then, Beloved, to blend with these,
The low, sweet tone of the clarinet
Whose vaulted wood-voicer knew, in the
trees

Notes that were blown from their hollow
hearts

Whenever the gaunt musician Wind—
With sad lips cold on their beauty vain—
Imbreathed the deep tone, muted by skies,
Graeved by the cold, soft lisp of the rain.

If these make melody, Love, arise,
And then, sweet, end the song with thy
kiss;
Your hands. Sweet shutters over my eyes—
But why must I know the meaning of this:
That my brain soon burns at your finger
tips—
Some loredness dies when I touch your
lips—

THIS Symphony orchestra has contributed several outstanding concerts during the fall. One of these included a new and much-discussed piece of music, "The Planets," and Richard Strauss, "Zarathustra" made its debut at another. The third occasion was really three concerts, all important because of one man. Vladimir Horowitz won his listeners at his first concert, added to his following at the second, gave a recital, apart from the symphony orchestra, where he found it necessary to dodge gardenias, and, at his final appearance with the orchestra, was bullied, by the audience, into playing three encores—a nearly unheard of thing at a symphony concert.

The Season In Review

by ENID HUBBARD

Pianists of note have been unusually plentiful this season. Alfred Cortot made three appearances, at one of which he played a full program of Chopin. The evening stands out as an exquisite experience. Ignaz Friedman gave a joint recital with Paul Kochanski, a performance by two masters, which gave rise to the wish that more great artists might be so constituted temperamentally as to be able to share the honors of a concert with other great artists. A large bulk of works in the musical library permit opportunities to both soloist and accompanist. Many of them require as great ability of one as of the other. The Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata" which, for that reason, is seldom played, was a thing of beauty in the hands of Friedman and Kochanski. Joint recitals represent a trend of opinion which has been carried over from the less dignified synchronized movies. The orchestras of small theatres were not capable of furnishing a fitting background for pictures and, by degrees, people began to demand that the musical facets of the production be improved. It is to be hoped that the time will come when music audiences will feel the same way about accompanists. The usual accompanist of the present is considerably more competent than his predecessors of a few years back, and, if joint recitals by important people become the rule, the standard will certainly rise even higher.

SEVERAL nationally important San Franciscans gave concerts during the season. Henry Cowell, Ernst Bacon, Imre Weisshaus, Dene Denny and Gunnar Johansen, all of them pianists, appeared during the season. Their music was extremely diversified. Cowell has a style and a group of compositions which are inimitable; Miss Denny has her own style, with which she interprets the work of other moderns; Ernst Bacon is a competent performer in any field. Imre Weisshaus is inseparable from the spirit of the New Music Society, and Gunnar Johansen leans toward the classics. Johansen proved last summer that he was worthy of real interest, when he appeared as soloist under Bruno Walter, during the Summer Symphony season.

At least three veritable prima donnas sang here during the fall. Mary Lewis was a trifle disappointing, but the others, Elizabeth Rethberg and Amelita Galli-Curci, left nothing to be desired. Rethberg has become a beloved and admired figure here, in the space of two opera seasons, and Galli-Curci retains the en-

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The First Hundred Years

The following items were gathered from published chronicles of San Francisco fifty years ago ... next month we shall present notes that will appear in the press fifty years from now.

—by John Nordhof

NATHONIEL GRAY wishes to inform the public of the opening of his place on the corner of Sacramento and Dupont, where he will sell metallic burial cases, purchase gold dust, and give particular attention to the undertaking business.

A single japonica sold yesterday for fifty dollars. The purchaser was our well-known notarial friend, whose initials are N. B.

The surveyors engaged in defining the boundaries for the foundations of the Tehama House have been delayed in their work each day by the rising tide, which has made it necessary for them to move tripods, theodolites and chains or get wet feet.

Merchants will be interested in the news that a shipment of clothing has

arrived to be sold, wholesale, at the store of Samuel Fleisshacker, on Montgomery, south of Jackson.

The clipper ship Eclipse, Captain Hamilton, has arrived consigned to Beck and Elam. Our convivial townsmen have been amusing themselves determining how much they can drink and still say "clipper ship Eclipse" without lingual disaster.

Several newcomers have recently had their frames jarred by plunging over the edge of the somewhat irregular sidewalks on Kearny Street after dark. We suggest that newcomers explore these walks in daylight, ascertaining the nature of each different level and material before faring abroad at night.

A load of fresh oysters has been brought from Shoalwater Bay by Captain Russell, and will be sold by Toney Oakes, on Kearny street. We hope that the Captain will make several more such trips, as everyone is probably as tired as we are of canned oysters.

The sale of by order of the municipal authorities, on January 3d, of 434 water lots brought \$635,130.

Mr. Nathaniel Page was shot, but un wounded, yesterday by Captain Folsom. Mr. Page was unloading some lumber on the beach, at the point where Halleck street joints Leidesdorff. Captain Folsom, having been recently in a state of perturbation over the squatters, somewhat needlessly ordered Mr. Page to remove the lumber and vacate the premises. The Captain drew his revolver and fired, the ball striking the watch in the pocket of Mr. Page's waistband, from which it glanced off and perforated the side of a boat fifty feet away. The occurrence attracted a small gathering, but not further action was taken.

Mr. Henry M. Naglees' bank suspended payment on Sept. 7th.

We understand that the fire which destroyed three blocks on May 4th, causing a damage to a value of four million dollars, is being spoken of in San Diego as an "earthquake."

Indignation runs high at the extraordinary proceedings of the Common Council in voting themselves salaries.

Captain John Phoenix (Lieut. Derby, U. S. A.) has not yet been court-martialed.

Some unidentified rascal tampered with the Telegraph Hill semaphore yesterday, causing it to give the well-known and eagerly looked-for signal for a sidewheel steamship, which everyone

took to mean a P. M. S. S. Co. steamer, and mail from home. The rascal has not been identified, but suspicion points to the stranger who sold great quantities of corn cure to the crowd which immediately gathered at Adams and Co.'s office awaiting Ben. Moulton with the letter trunk.

Results of the election of January 8th:
State Senator—David C. Broderick
Member of Assembly—Samuel J. Clarke

First Alcalde—John W. Geary
Second Alcalde—Frank Turk
Ayuntamiento—A. J. Ellis, Talbot H. Green, Wm. M. Stewart, W. H. Davis, Samuel Brannan, James S. Graham, Frank Tilford, F. C. Gray, J. Hagan, M. Crooks, A. M. Van Nostrand, James Rolph and Hugh C. Murray.

The heaviest ballot cast was in favor of Col. Geary, who received 3,425 votes.

There has been some talk about the mule which foundered and was lost in the mud in Montgomery street a few days ago. We suppose we are overbold to hope that, sometime, finally, this street will be graded. The condition of the street has become a public outrage.

There is news of serious riots in Sacramento City on the 15th, when an armed body of squatters marched on the prison brig to release several of their number who had been arrested on the 13th, following resistance of an attempt to eject them from land belonging to Capt. Sutter under Spanish grants. Mr. Woodland, city assessor, was killed, and Mayor Bigelow, and several others in the sheriff's posse were wounded.

Further squatter riots occurred yesterday at Brighton, six miles south of Sacramento City. The California Guard, and Protection Fire Co. No. 2, properly equipped and armed with muskets, sailed under the command of Mayor Geary at 12 o'clock aboard the steamboat Senator for the scene of the riots. They arrived in Sacramento about 11 o'clock in the evening. Happily, order had by that time been restored, and their services were not actually required.

On the 28th, Mayor Geary, Vice-Consul Frederick A. Woodworth, Rev. Albert Williams, and other members of a committee appointed for the purpose, assembled on the platform in Portsmouth Square to present the Chinese residents with certain religious tracts, papers, and books, printed in Chinese characters. The China boys were richly clothed in their native garb, and made a fine and pleasing appearance.



In the Gardens of Montalvo

The Temple of Venus at Montalvo, the famed estate of James D. Phelan, assumes added loveliness when flooded with light against the dark canopy of night. The shrubberies and vines trace intricate silhouettes against the marble whiteness. This is one of several camera studies recently made by William Horace Smith of Montalvo at night.

R. Porter Ashe

Who of All San Franciscans Deserves a Monument for His Contribution to its Traditions

by ZOE BATTU

THAT R. Porter Ashe, who died within the month, should be stricken with apoplexy while playing bridge, was somehow symbolical of the man and his life. Doubtlessly, Ashe could play every known card game, and doubtlessly, he had won and lost round sums at them all. But death did not catch him at poker, rummy or seven up, which are often as not played in dubious places by proletarian persons, having small knowledge and even contempt of bridge. Ashe, when death approached him, was engaged in bridge, which is never played in dubious places by uncouth persons, but is always inseparably associated with the elegance and amenities of the drawing room.

This is as a gentleman and aristocrat should be stricken and Ashe's claim to both estates was of extra width and weight. He was the son of an old, distinguished North Carolina family, a goodly number of whose members had been Revolutionary War generals, statesmen, scholars and fine gentlemen. His father was Dr. R. Ashe, who came to San Francisco in gold rush days. The elder Ashe was here but a short time when he was made Naval Collector for the port. During the middle 1850s, when the Vigilantes were giving the town a moral cleansing, he lent his support to the Law and Order Party, which held that the Vigilantes were a rabble of self-righteous Yankee shopkeepers. For some years, Ashe was associated with Judge David S. Terry, also a Southerner and Law and Order man, who will always enjoy a certain fame by reason of his killing, in a duel, Senator David Broderick; his legal defense of and marriage to Sarah Althea Hill, abandoned consort of William Sharon; and his own violent death.

So much for the ancestry of Richard Porter Ashe. His own career as a sportsman, attorney and the initial husband of the much wed Aimee Crocker, places him in the front rank among those who have created a tradition for San Francisco as a city of hospitality, of quaint, unexpected romance, of gallant, magnificent, if somewhat erratic gestures. Porter Ashe had an instinct for the dramatic and opportune in events and

people. But his breeding and temperament saved him from mere vulgarity. His coups, triumphs, sins and departures from conventional norms were those of a gentleman and done with admirable finesse and dash.

IT WAS in December 1883 that the marriage of Porter Ashe and Aimee Crocker provided San Francisco society with a royal feast of gossip. As the beautiful daughter of the very wealthy Judge F. B. Crocker of Sacramento, Aimee had many suitors. She looked with special favor upon Porter Ashe and William Wallace. These two had been college class mates and were fast friends. Both were paying ardent court to Miss Crocker and each was aware of the suit and intentions of the other. That fact, however, made no difference in the friendship. It remained loyal and unmarrred by jealousy.

Finally the joint courtship of Miss Crocker came to such a pass that Ashe and Wallace agreed to shake dice to see which of them would continue as the lady's sole suitor. Wallace won. He shortly proposed marriage to Miss Crocker to which she agreed. A secret wedding was planned and upon the appointed day Ashe, Wallace and Miss Crocker met in Sacramento and succeeded in boarding a train for Oakland without arousing suspicion. Ashe accompanied the pair as a mutual friend and witness to the proposed ceremony.

On the trip to Oakland, Wallace evidently wearied of his future wife's company and sought the smoking car. His absence was Ashe's opportunity. He again became suitor to Miss Crocker. His plea was eloquent and irresistably dramatic. Miss Crocker changed her mind and forgot her vows to Wallace. When that young gentleman returned from the smoking car, Aimee and Ashe were missing. They had gotten off at Martinez and had been wed.

After a wedding journey, the pair established their home in an imposing mansion on Van Ness Avenue. The marriage lasted barely three years. In June 1887, Mrs. Ashe secured a divorce and the custody of a daughter. The grounds of the divorce and the testi-

mony of the suit were kept strictly secret.

But a vast amount of rumor had it that Ashe had dipped too freely into his wife's fortune. After his marriage, he settled down to a life of elegant leisure. He maintained expensive strings of racing ponies. His thoroughbred bull dogs were the envy of all dog fanciers. He dabbled in politics and was defeated for the state legislature. He backed prize fighters and was said to have "discovered" and financed Gentleman Jim Corbett in his first battles.

To these extravagances Mrs. Crocker Ashe objected strenuously. The rumor hounds had it that she cut down her husband's spending money, forcing him to sell his horses and dogs and return to the practice of his profession. Ashe, on his part, was rumored to have made sensational charges against his wife's character during the divorce hearing. The probability that the Crocker family settled a fair sum upon him in return for secrecy and his withdrawal of counter charges was openly discussed in social circles and the newspapers.

Some years after the divorce, Ashe married Mrs. Emilie Rathbun, from whom he separated in 1918. The one time Aimee Crocker has subsequently acquired a truly remarkable store of glamor through the facility with which she has acquired and discarded husbands. To date she has had five and is just now the Princess Galitzine of Paris. Her story deserves individual attention, which it will one day receive.

PORTER ASHE's legal career, covering some forty years, was as picturesque as his social and personal life. In that time he had some part in practically every legal battle of major importance in San Francisco and which was widely discussed by reason of its sensational nature. Following his graduation from Hastings Law College, Ashe entered the offices of Judge Terry with whom his father was also associated. He helped Terry conduct the defense during the Hill-Sharon suits.

In 1907-'08 occurred the Reuf-Schmitz graft trials and the exposure of franchises obtained by bribery by the United Railroads from pliant members of the board of supervisors. Tiley L. Ford headed an imposing array of legal counsel for the railways and Patrick Calhoun, president of the company. For a number of years Ashe had been a member of this legal staff and concerned primarily with fighting damage suits in the police and lower courts. During the graft trials he was advanced to greater responsibilities.

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HELEN MACGREGOR

Charles Caldwell Dobie

Not because he is one of America's foremost short story writers, with the distinction of several novels to his credit—not because he has been a brilliant columnist—not because he is one of the few western authorities on the drama—and not because he is one of our most distinguished Contributing Editors—but because, during our first struggling year of publication, his advice and encouragement lead us on, we present this picture of Charles Caldwell Dobie.

Spotlight

Concerning Imported Plays that are Becoming American Institutions

by CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE growing importance of San Francisco in the theatrical world is marked by the world premiere of the new operetta "Bambina" at the Curran. This production by Daniel C. Blum was assembled in Hollywood where it was directed by Edward Royce of "Sally," "Irene," "Kid Boots," and "Rio Rita" precedent, costumed by Madame Katinka De Justh Baross, who worked with Reinhardt in Europe, and set in scenery designed by Conrad Tritschler, of England. The past week, its cast, headed by Nancy Welford and Al St. John and extending to Maire Wells, Ernest Wood, Laurel Nemeth, Wilbur Evans, Pepter Pope, and various others, arrived in San Francisco together with scenery, costumes and special orchestration of the musical score. Final rehearsals are under way and all is in readiness for the presentation of "Bambina," the first time on any stage. "First Nights" of shows from elsewhere are common enough occurrences but a world premiere is a bit different. One wonders if maybe there isn't some special etiquette for the occasion—but there's hardly time to write to Emily—and anyhow San Franciscans usually prefer to inaugurate precedents rather than follow them. It's rather good to get the first sip from the theatrical loving cup but we shan't be overwhelmed by it.

WE WENT to see "Journey's End" with considerable trepidation. We had been told that it was depressing. It has been a long time since a play has shaken us so emotionally but we should not call it depressing. Only pieces of sordid art, if one can use the term, are really depressing. "What Price Glory" and "The Front Page" and "Strange Interlude" depressed us because they were grounded fundamentally on the mean and trivial impulses in human nature. Whatever else is the mainspring of Mr. Sheriff's illuminating play it is not the ignoble impulse. To be sure, its characters often fail to measure up to heroic proportions in crucial instances but, when they fail, they realize their failure—one of the first steps toward ultimate victory.

Like most profound plays, "Journey's End" moved slowly toward its first crackle of dramatic fire. Once this opening shot pierced the monotony, the onslaught upon our emotions kept up relentlessly, so relentlessly that, by the time death made its appearance, we had nothing more to give. Or did death seem the least tragic thing of all the sorry mess? . . . For a moment, anyway, we

sonnet

by Elisabeth Leslie Roos

*At night I ponder on the cares and strife,
The many burdens of a busy day,
The din, the turmoil, and the traps that may
Spring shut, making me prisoner for life
In their firm grasp; then turns my mind to you,
To your dear ways, and quiet voice and eyes;
I think of all your work and realize
How much is yet undone, how much to do.*

*Oh that my thoughts could fly to set you free,
And that tomorrow I might see your face!
But I know well, that in some far off place,
Creator of beauty, your fine gift is spent
On greater things than if you came to me,
And so I dream of you and am content.*

caught a glimpse of that Valhalla which our barbaric forebears reserved for heroes slain in battle and we felt the rushing wind of the horses of the Valkyries sweeping by with their precious burdens. Whether this vision be true or false it is impossible to have seen it and come away from "Journey's End" depressed. The longer we live, the more convinced we are that these poetic answers to the riddle of existence and the questionable reward for valor, which were invented by primitive people to make existence bearable, come nearer to truth than we realize.

Looking back over the performance, the two scenes that stand out most vividly are the scene in which Osborne and Raleigh wait for that nerve-racking five minutes to pass before they are released for action and the scene where Stanhope "rags" Raleigh for dining with the enlisted men. It would be hard to match these situations in either art or life. Mr. Basil Gill's admirable diction made us wish that everyone in the company had been as articulate. The British school of acting seems to be suffering from the same malady that has so long afflicted the American stage. The younger actors sacrifice enunciation to an alleged naturalness in speech. Added to this, the present-day English performer, seems to be developing a very exaggerated accent. Mr. Gill's English speech was perfect.

It was understandable to his own countrymen and Americans alike. And he knew how to use his voice. Hugh Williams as Stanhope was a sterling actor but his diction left much to be desired. We lost a good half of what he was saying. Wallace Douglas as Raleigh contributed a splendid impersonation of a young and eager soldier but, he, too, had exaggerations of accent that fell barrely on American ears. Forrester Harvey, on the other hand, put over his cockney dialect perfectly. The grimness of war—its squalor, its monotony, his soul-searing strain—was brought home without the appearance of a single trollope or the use of an expletive stronger than a very mild damn. In short, "the cock-eyed world" got the essentials without vulgarity. Perhaps that is why at least one of our American Legion friends characterized the play as "a lotta tripe for sob-sisters to cry over"? But surely it is not necessary, if one lays a scene in a stable, to provide the smells, also. Or at least not to our way of thinking.

IF THERE is a better bit of theatre than a play called "Macbeth" by an English playwright named William Shakespeare we have never seen it. The show is actor proof. Which doesn't mean that the Stratford-upon-Avon players did it indifferently. They gave about as well balanced a performance as we have ever seen although we must admit not an altogether inspired one. But what a fine old gangster play it is! And what a typical ward healer friend Macbeth was! The way he hired gun-men to do his dirty jobs would have done credit to a Chicago rum runner. . . . Richard II was a different kind of guy, entirely. Something of a nance was Richard. He tapped the floor of his throne very impatiently with his pointed slippers whenever the conversation turned on personal encounters. Only once during the entire course of his life, if we can believe Mr. Shakespeare, did Richard grow rough and that was in the final moment when he got sore at the tray which his jailer brought in from the Tower's diet kitchen. At least, we think that was what made him sore. Admirable though Mr. Hayes' diction was, at this point we got tangled up in the blank verse and we never did know what made friend Richard so peevish. . . . The whole experience was a new one for us because it was the first time that we had ever gone to a Shakespeare play knowing nothing of its con-

Continued on page 38



BOYE

Edith Bentley

One of the most popular of the season's debutantes was Miss Bentley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Bentley of San Francisco.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

WEDDINGS

McCoy-McBRYDE. On December 14, in Woodside, Mr. Donald Crawford McCoy, son of the late Dr. Alba McCoy and Mrs. McCoy of Pasadena, and Miss Mollie McBryde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde.

DE LA CHAPELLE-CLINTON. On December 14, Mr. Henri de la Chapelie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de la Chapelie of Englewood, New Jersey, and Miss Irene Coffin Clinton, daughter of Mr. James C. Clinton and the late Mrs. Clinton of Los Angeles.

BORDEN-CLAY. On December 31, in Piedmont, Mr. Arthur Bradley Borden, son of General and Mrs. Howard S. Borden of New York and Miss Marietta Clay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Clay of Piedmont.

ENGAGEMENTS

deLAVEAGA-SOMAVIA. Miss Juanita de Laveaga, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Vincent de Laveaga, to Mr. J. Ramon Somavia, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.P. Somavia of Salinas.

WHITE-BUSWELL. Miss Edith White, daughter of Mr. William Temple White of New York and Virginia, to Mr. Walker Buswell, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Buswell.

SIMPSON-WALLACE. Miss Eleanor Simpson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Simpson to Mr. Charlton Wallace Jr., son of Dr. Charlton Wallace of New York and Mrs. Peters Wallace of Cincinnati.

RAYMOND-LANGHORNE. Miss Edna Raymond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Raymond of Napa to Mr. John Langhorne, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Langhorne.

WALKER-HENDERSON. Miss Harriet Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker of Piedmont, to Mr. Wellington Smith Henderson, son of Senator and Mrs. Charles B. Henderson of San Francisco.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Henry Stevenson visited with her mother, Mrs. William Henry Smith Jr. and Mr. Smith recently.

Mrs. Frederick McNeal gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu. The luncheon was given at the McNeal apartments at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. William D. Thomas (Helen Marye) are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzhugh Whitehouse of New York were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at New Place during their recent visit from New York.

Mrs. Hermon Underhill of Oswego, N. Y. spent several weeks in San Francisco recuperating from an illness. Mrs. Underhill stayed with her father, Mr. Eugene Lent.

Mrs. Percy Morgan recently revisited San Francisco after an absence of several years. She divided her time between her home in Los Altos, and that of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morgan at Beverley Hills.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw spent several days with Mrs. Shaw's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Deahl in Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Scott and their daughters, the Misses Anne and Betty Scott, were house guests at the home of Mr. Scott's sister, Mrs. Almer Newhall, during January.

During her visit here from Boston, Mrs. Jefferson Coolidge (Katharine Kuhn) was entertained at a luncheon given in Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker spent several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee of New York were honor guests at a dinner given by Mrs. John Drum at her apartment at the Fairmont.

Miss Barbara Parrott, who now makes her home in Paris, visited with her brother, Mr. John C. Parrott, for several weeks at the Parrott home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst Jr. spent a fortnight visiting with Mrs. Hearst's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker, in Piedmont.

Mrs. Ernest Leopold Heebner, who is in San Francisco on a visit, is being constantly entertained by her friends here. Mrs. Heebner is staying at the Hotel St. Francis.

HERE AND THERE

Miss Edith Bentley was presented to society at a large reception given by her grandmother, Mrs. Robert Irving Bentley, at the Francesca Club during December.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson gave a dance at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Mary Whitman and Fred Whitman.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Gallwey have returned from their honeymoon and are established in their San Francisco apartment.

Mrs. Foster Thierbach gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club recently, the affair honoring Miss Eleanor Christenson and Miss Barbara Cates, debutantes of the winter.

Miss Claire Gianinni gave a bridge party in honor of Miss Marcella Bricca who is leaving shortly for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were hosts at a small dinner party in Burlingame where they entertained members of their family, Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown Jr. and several other guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin gave a dinner party at their home in Burlingame in honor of Miss Genevieve Six, debutante niece of Mr. and Mrs. James Jackman.

Miss Evelyn Salisbury, one of the winter's debutantes, was honored at a luncheon given by Mrs. William Duncan in Burlingame.

Mrs. Vera de Sabla Payne and Miss Amy Brewer who have been abroad for several months, are expected in Burlingame this month. Mrs. Payne will stay with Miss Brewer who will reopen her peninsula home.

Miss Josephine Grant has returned from New York where she visited for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Bruce were hosts at a tea for forty of the younger married set.

Miss Dale King made her debut at a dinner dance given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club on December 20.

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee of New York, who are spending the winter at Pebble Beach, were hosts at a large luncheon party on New Year's Day.

Mrs. John Drum entertained at dinner recently in honor of Miss Isabel McCreery, debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery of Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope and their family are spending the winter at the Pope estate in Burlingame, following the disastrous fire which destroyed their Pacific Avenue home.

In honor of her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Raymond, who was in San Francisco during the New Year's holiday, Mrs. Charles Felton gave a dinner party at the Felton home in Pacific avenue.

The week preceding her marriage to Mr. Frederick S Moody Jr., Miss Helen Wills was honor guest at a dinner party given at the Hotel St. Francis by Mr. James D. Phelan.

Mrs. Harry Hill gave an elaborate dance at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club where she entertained the friends of her debutante daughter, Miss Harrie Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Houser (Elizabeth Magee) have returned from their honeymoon in Europe and will be for a time with Mrs. Houser's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee at Alder farm, in Fruitvale.

Miss Barbara Bliss was presented to society at a large tea given by her mother, Mrs. Richard O. Bliss at the family home in Pacific avenue early in December.

In honor of their niece, Miss Frances Tuckerman, Captain and Mrs. Edward McCauley gave a dinner dance at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Grace Hamilton entertained at a dinner dance in the Red Room of the Hotel St. Francis recently, in honor of Miss Harriet Holbrook, her cousin, and a debutante of the winter.

Miss Alice Cooke of Honolulu, whose engagement to Mr. Roger Kent was recently announced, was honor guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. William Kent Jr. at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ashe McLaren of San Mateo entertained at dinner on the night of the Spinster's Ball, later taking their guests to the Burlingame Club. The dinner was given at the home of Mrs. McLaren's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Poett.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger D. Lapham and their daughter, Miss Carol Lapham, held a reception at their new home, formerly the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brawner.

Miss Elizabeth Forderer was recently hostess at a luncheon for members of the debutante set. The luncheon was given at Miss Forderer's home.

Captain and Mrs. Powers Symington entertained at dinner at their home in San Francisco in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

January 25 has been named as the date for the debut of Miss Margaret Hanchett. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett will give a tea for their debutante daughter on this date at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Edward Bosqui entertained several members of the debutante group at a luncheon at the Francesca Club recently. Miss Harriet Holbrook was guest of honor.

Mr. Gordon Armsby entertained at an interesting luncheon in January at his ranch home in the Carmel Valley.

In honor of her niece, Miss Patricia Tobin, Mrs. Tobin Clark gave a dinner party at the Clark home in San Mateo preceding the Spinster's Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a "baby party" at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of their debutante niece, Miss Patricia Tobin.

Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot also honored Miss Tobin, who is her niece, with an elaborate affair at the de Young home on California street. This occasion was a New Year's Eve party and a "radio program" was the entertainment feature of the evening. Mr. Peter McBean was host to Miss Tobin at dinner before the party entertaining his guests at the McBean home.

Another important occasion planned in honor of Miss Patricia Tobin was the Spanish ball given by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron in the new ballroom of the Cameron house in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman gave a Sunday luncheon for Miss Patricia Tobin at the Burlingame Country Club during January.

Mr. and Mrs. Kilbourne Moore gave a dinner dance at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in honor of Miss Dorothy Bostwick.

Preceding the New Year's Eve ball given by Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Henderson entertained at dinner at their apartments in Powell street.

Many farewell affairs were given for Miss Julia Van Fleet shortly before her departure for New York where her marriage to Mr. Allyn Ward Maxwell will take place. Mrs. Mark Gerstle Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Hunt Jr., Mrs. Alfred Oyster, and Mrs. James Rupert Mason were among the many who honored Miss Van Fleet before her departure.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Miss Anne Howard was at Pau, France, when last heard from, visiting her cousin, Mrs. Anthony Bryan and Captain Bryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Gayle Anderton are spending the winter in Switzerland, enjoying the winter sports.

Miss Evelyn Barron has returned to her Paris apartment after spending some time in London. Miss Barron will return to California in the spring.

Miss Azalea Hastings, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings of England, formerly of San Francisco, made her debut on New Year's Day at the West Somerset Hunt Club in England. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Brugiere gave a dinner party for the debutante before the ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rice Bostwick and their two daughters left for the East and Europe on January 11. They will travel on the Continent for several months, returning to California in summer.

Miss Laura Coffey was one of a party of San Franciscans who left on January 7 for the East and Europe. Dr. and Mrs. Bricca, and Miss Marcella Bricca were also in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watt Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller spent the holidays in Havana, according to letters received by their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller were met later in New York by Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and they proceeded on to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leib (Arabella Scherwin McCreary) have taken an apartment at Biarritz, following their motor tour of Spain.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, who are cruising the Mediterranean, were in Cairo at Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent enjoyed the winter sports at St. Moritz during January.

Mrs. Preston Scott and her daughter, Miss Nancy Scott, have left for Europe. They will join Mrs. Scott's son, Mr. Preston Ames, in Paris where they will remain until late in Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Braden were in Rome at last accounts.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Miss Beth Sherwood, who is in New York at present, recently took part in a benefit performance given at the Hotel Plaza in the interests of the peace work of the International Council of Women.

Mr. Daulton Mann is in New York and Mrs. Mann will join him in the East this month and establish her new home.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Raisch are visiting in New York at the present time, guests of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Foster of Forest Hills.

Miss Marcella Clay of Piedmont was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Anne Crawford to John B. Ballantine in New York City. Miss Clay has since announced her own engagement.

Mrs. Charles Crocker was among the hostesses at Pierre's on the evening following the Army-Notre Dame football game.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril McNear were among the guests at a supper party given by Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Benedict of East Seventy-second street in honor of Henri Deering, the pianist.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander gave a brilliant dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Whitridge. Mr. Whitridge has just been appointed to a new diplomatic post in Guatemala.

Mrs. Wood Armsby was one of the guests in Mrs. Christian R. Holmes' box at the opera recently.

Colonel and Mrs. Arthur F. Schermerhorn have been at "Spring Lawn", their house in the Berkshires, for a visit. They are now at the apartments at the Barcay.

Comtesse de Buyere was one of the guests at a dinner party given in the East by the French Ambassador and Mme. Claude.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur spent two days in New York recently, making the Hotel Pennsylvania their headquarters.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. James Rupert Mason spent several days in Los Angeles recently.

Judge and Mrs. F. M. Angelotti and their daughter, Miss Marion Angelotti, enjoyed a sojourn at Palm Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Black visited in Santa Barbara recently, guests of Mrs. W. A. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Spreckels spent several days at the Santa Barbara Biltmore recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Howard were among the group of San Franciscans who went south for the polo tournament at the Midwick Club.

Mrs. John B. Casserly spent several days in Santa Barbara with her sister, Mrs. William P. Nelson, and Mr. Nelson recently. Mrs. Casserly motored south with the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, G. B. E., and her daughter, Lady Craik of London.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

IF a certain member of the latest group of lawyers that was turned out at one of our nearby universities does not go far in the legal profession, every one has our permission to make faces and throw rocks at us. His first case was slated to come up before a local Judge who is noted for his positive opinions and domineering disposition.

"Don't question his word about anything," his lawyer friends counselled. "Agree with anything he says even if it is detrimental to your case. Take another tack and come back at it from another angle. If you cross him you'll get nowhere."

Determined to win this first case, the young lawyer did as he had been advised. Whatever the Judge said was perfectly all right with him. All went well until the lawyer attempted to read something from Blackstone to the court.

The Judge's eyes narrowed. "You don't have to read anything to me," he snapped irritably. "I know the Law."

The young lawyer was much taken aback. He felt that it would greatly enhance his chances of winning the case if he were allowed to read the opinion.

"Yes, I know that you know the law, your honor," he said after a few moments' hesitation, "but just to clarify the issue I want to read for you what this damn fool Blackstone has to say about it."

CHEWING gum has long been one of the great institutions of American life. It has made one of our best known millionaires and has enriched countless others not so well known. It has built skyscrapers of commanding height and beauty. It has given poor but ambitious young swimmers fame, fortune and movie contracts. Out of the necessity of keeping chewing gum before the public, have been born sublime triumphs of American Advertising Art.

For all of this, though, gum chewing has always been a sort of secret social sin. Persons of shallow mentality, common tastes or of doubtful social and moral standing are, according to popular association, inveterate and somewhat noisy gum chewers. It is only in recent years that the socially well bred and the intelligentsia have practiced the habit more or less in privacy. Before going out in company or in public, one threw one's

gum away. One did not tuck it away on the underside of chairs or tables for future reference—a habit of those of low taste.

But it has been discovered by those who devote themselves to profound researches in the interests of American Advertising Art that an old Aztec beauty secret was the daily chewing of gum to ward off flabby wrinkles about the mouth. This momentous and invaluable bit of science is currently set forth in full page advertisements in such swanky publications as *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vanity Fair*. Gum manufacturers have hitherto confined themselves to the confession, movie and wood pulp magazines, to newspapers and bill boards, which as everyone knows, have great weight with flappers and the proletariat, who constitute 99% of the gum chewing public. Never before has gum advertising appeared in the elegant publications of the *haute monde*, nor delved into the wisdom of ancient civilizations. Wherefore, the complete social elevation

of gum is, indeed, begun and will shortly be an established fact.

WHILE the Christmas eve festivities that took place in Union Square were in progress, a lad who looked about eleven or twelve was leaning against the buffalo fence which a vigilant civic board had erected to keep people off the grass. He looked longingly at the lush grass inside and then, with a shrug of his shoulders he sagged back against the fence as restfully as possible, produced a cigarette and lit it. He had taken perhaps three puffs when a stout, bespectacled lady of middle age approached him.

"Does your father know you are smoking, little boy?" she inquired, biting.

The boy regarded her open-mouthed. He took a few more puffs from his cigarette and looked her up and down steadily. Suddenly he caught sight of the wedding ring on her hand.

"You're a married woman?" he said.

"I am," snapped the woman, "if that's any of your business, young man."

"Then," the boy snapped right back, "does your husband know you speak to strange men?"

AFTER listening to a great deal of hullabaloo in connection with the question of subsidizing university athletes, we come to the conclusion that the whole business was merely another situation in which theory and practice are fundamentally and inconveniently opposed to each other, as in the case of prohibition, politics, Democracy and peace conferences. In theory the schools are opposed to subsidies. In practice they find them convenient and, under the prevailing order of things, indispensable. The theory is, therefore, upheld with much shouting. The practice, if ever publicly discussed, is condemned.

We seem to be sustained in our conclusion upon reading the proceedings of the Fifth Annual Convention of the National Students' Federation of America, which met a few days ago on the Stanford campus. This occasion brought together 145 delegates from 80 American colleges, who unanimously adopted a resolution against direct or indirect subsidies to college athletes or the favoring of athletes when giving employment on the campus.



JANUARY, 1930

The convention also dipped into national and international affairs. By way of something special, it was addressed by the worthy George Creel, Chairman of the Public Information Commission during the war. From Mr. Creel's discourse we learn that America is really a nation of dreamers; that Wall Street, Rotary and materialism are superficial, passing phases to which no importance can be attached in understanding America and its people. We are further informed that the thing that made America universally esteemed after the war was the conviction that, out of the victory would come world peace and world brotherhood.

Mr. Creel and the Convention in general said ever so many other lovely things. But at this point, we stop to remark — how very interesting — and amusing!

THIS may be only political propaganda and we can't vouch for its veracity but the fellow who recounted it to us swore that he was an ear witness to the incident.

Two members of the Board of Supervisors, according to our informer, were discussing how strict had been their early religious training and how they had departed from it in late years.

Said one: "I don't believe you even remember the Lord's Prayer, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I do," boasted the other, "I'm not such a backslider as that."

The first one replied: "I'll bet a dollar you cannot say the Lord's Prayer straight through."

The other promptly declared that he would win that dollar and, after a moment's thoughtful hesitation, repeated slowly:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

"By Jove," said the first one, "here is the dollar; I didn't think you could do it."

IN view of the visit of Edna St. Vincent Millay to San Francisco, and her recital at the Community Playhouse this month, may we not hope that interest in her work will be so stimulated as to bring about production of "The King's Henchman" during the next Opera season?

Such renewed interest is deserved. For may we venture to assert that Edna Millay is one of the greatest living poet of the English language? Some critics have held otherwise . . . but Millay is the one poet with a truly universal appeal.



At the Knox Shop
exclusively in
San Francisco . . .

MCAFEE'S London-Made Shoes for Men

These are the shoes that are known 'round the world as the world's finest. Included in the presentation are wonderful golf shoes, and extraordinarily smart styles for business and formal wear. Also, riding boots.

KNOX
51 GRANT AVENUE

Air Prospects

Aviation Country Clubs and the Light Aircraft Market

by HARVEY WILLIAMS

INVESTORS in aviation securities and those actively engaged in the industry, have given up the idea of quick and easy profits and are putting new creative energy into their work. Aircraft producers and operators are intent upon products and services that will meet with public approval, and they are systematically developing more effective selling methods. Even the conservative thinkers regard the present condition as satisfactory. Aviation Country Clubs are directly in line with this movement of sound and substantial growth.

The light aircraft industry has for some time recognized the fact that it must depend to a large extent on the aviation schools to develop a popular market for its products. Except in a few cases, the managements of flying schools have not made special appeals for students from groups of men with leisure and sufficient means to own and operate airplanes for sport and business purposes. Aviation Country Clubs are doing this very important thing. The Clubs are selling private flying to people who can

afford it. Selling aviation to people who cannot at the moment afford it will bring results later when airplanes, their operation and maintenance are cheaper. But the immediate necessity is to stimulate sales of small airplanes already built or for which manufacturing facilities have been set up.

Aviation Country Clubs have recognized the fact that it is much harder to recruit mature people of means for the ranks of flying schools than it is to enlist young men and girls with nothing but enthusiasm. The Clubs are wisely meeting the natural resistance of mature conservatism by providing surroundings not unlike those to which all successful men and women are accustomed. A hangar, flying field, and some airplanes constitute the only marked difference between the Long Island club, for example, and any other modest country club.

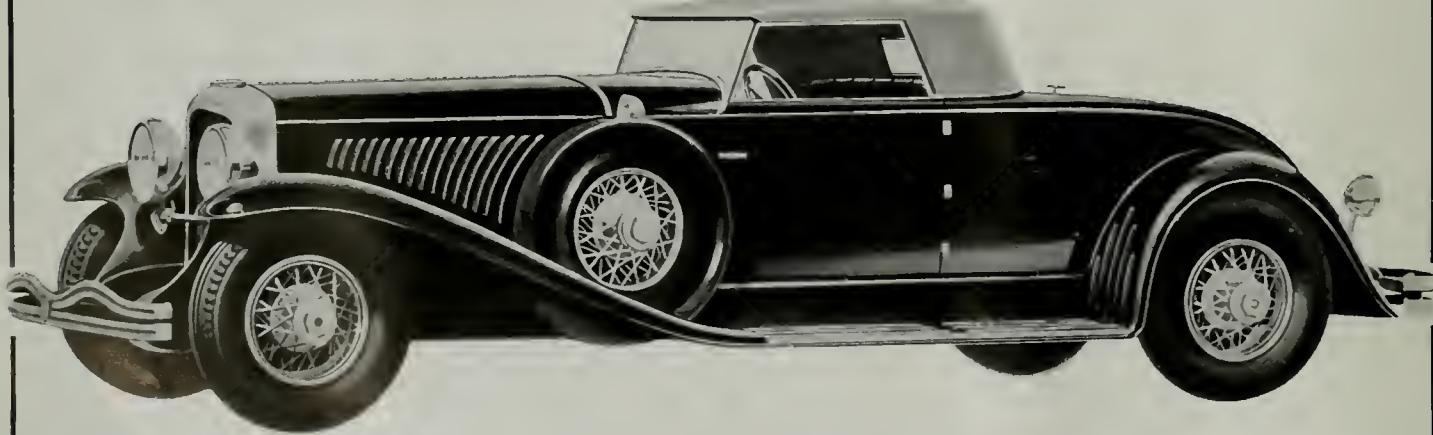
Nearly all of Aviation Country Clubs' members are men actively engaged in industrial or commercial enterprises. Although they may begin flying as a pastime or as a sport they will soon be

thinking of practical uses for the airplane to further their own interests. The publisher will become personally aware of the advantages of air distribution of his newspapers; the executive will begin to provide airplanes for company business travel; service department managers will send representatives in their own airplanes to answer calls. Thus, many uses for commercial airplanes come to mind. Each usage will gain followers, because of the necessity to meet competition, until aircraft in substantial numbers are performing the commercial services for which they are obviously suited.

The Long Island unit of Aviation Country Clubs, already well established and being viewed as a model for the growing national organization, has established a remarkable and probably unequaled record in light aircraft sales.

During 1929, 54 of a total 180 members affiliated with the Long Island unit purchased airplanes for private use. The 54 airplanes totaled in purchase price \$584,540, or slightly less than \$11,000 each. Orders for the ships were dis-

The **INCOMPARABLE**



DUESENBERG

*The ownership of a Duesenberg reflects
a discernment far above the ordinary*

JOHNSON-BLALACK, INC., 1906 Van Ness Avenue

tributed among nineteen manufacturers. More than \$1,000,000 worth of airplanes were purchased by members of Aviation Clubs last year.

ALTHOUGH aircraft production showed an increase of 35 to 40 per cent in 1929 over 1928, last year's output of between 6,000 and 7,000 planes was only 50 per cent of estimates made early in the year. There are several reasons why these estimates were not reached, but two are particularly significant.

First, the light aircraft manufacturers as a group do not seem to have made sufficient effort to sell the public on the safety, comfort, and advantages of private flying for business and pleasure. These manufacturers appear to be aware of the need for such effort and are planning accordingly, as witness their increasing advertising in popular publications.

Second, it is the belief of many thoughtful laymen that the present types of small aircraft are not designed with the stability, ease of handling, and comfort necessary to make them feel able to operate such craft with confidence while gaining experience. The Guggenheim Safe Aircraft Competition is our best evidence of conscious effort toward improvement in this direction.

But the fact remains that there are fewer pilots in the United States than there are airplanes. As of December 31, 1928, there were 5,100 licensed and identified planes and 4,800 licensed pilots, or 96 per cent as many pilots as planes. In the first six months of 1929 there were 2,854 commercial planes manufactured, 2,330 licensed and identified, and 1,874 pilots licensed. The number of pilots licensed was 66 per cent of the planes manufactured and 81 per cent of the planes licensed and identified, which resulted in the number of licensed pilots being reduced to 90 per cent of the planes licensed and identified as of June 30, 1929. It can readily be seen that the number of pilots must increase at a considerably higher rate if airplane production is also to be stepped up to any such rate as was estimated during the early part of this year.

The production of transport and combat aircraft is supported by established airway operators, and by the Army and Navy. Air transportation for the most part, has the assured support of air mail poundage, and increasing passenger travel. But light aircraft builders must depend on increased popularity of private flying and on further development of commercial flying. The work of Aviation Country Clubs is and will be a valuable influence for the advancement of their market.



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A Farewell to Books

Harassing Details of an Editorial Conference

by BETH WENDEL

Now, Beth this is January and . . .
It is?

All reviewers are making lists of the twelve best books of the year.

They are?

Yes, they are, and you must make your list at once—to-day!

To-day?

You know very well that we went to press a week ago.

We did?

Certainly, and we are practically off the press.

Practically off?

I told you ten days ago that all copy should be in the following day.

That's tomorrow, isn't it?

No, Mrs. Wendel, it is nine days ago.
It is?

Come, come, tell me what you consider the twelve best books of the year. All Quiet On The Western Front? Scarlet Sister Mary? The Return Of The Fugitive? Elizabeth and Essex? Henry The Eighth? Dark Journey? She Stoops To Folly? Galaxy? The Natural Mother? Wolf Solent? John Brown's Body? Carl and Anna?

They are?
I'm asking you

What?

You know very well that all reviewers will make lists of what they consider the best books!

Then why can't I wait and copy their lists?

How can you suggest a thing like that? Didn't I tell you that I must have it at once? With the exception of your material, the dummy is complete.

Now you are being mean to me. I bet you wont even get me passes for Argentina or let me interview Edna St. Vincent Millay. All you tell me to do is make out lists, and making lists is what caused all my trouble. Yeh, I made out a list, a great big, fine, long list, and the day after Christmas, when people thanked me, they said, "I only gave children and servants this year." I'll never make out another list, I wont.

But this is a list of books, Beth. If you can't think of twelve, name six.

Six?

Or three.

Three?

Well, then, just name one! Whenever I'm around, you're always talking about books—

Sure—

And now you can't even give me the name of one good book.

The only book I can think of at present isn't good.

What is it?

My Check Book.

Your Check Book? Ah, I think I understand.

No, sir, I don't believe that you can. It is dizzier than James Joyce.

Why James Joyce is the greatest living writer.

Yeh? well, he wont be the greatest dead one. I'm really very sorry, dear Editor, that I can think only of my Check Book this month, but it's poignant tragedy is with me day and night. It is a tale of the artistic temperament, generous and impulsive, battling with a cold world.

Ah yes.

In the beginning of the book, the figures bore considerable interest. Then

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JANUARY, 1930

they became rather carelessly drawn, then overdrawn.

There was the love element, too?

Yes, one of my resolutions for 1930 is Farewell To Arms. When I think of all the neckties, mufflers, handkerchiefs . . .

But forget it all, Beth, and think of other books.

What books? My Date Book? I threw it away today.

It may have been dull, but surely it was better than staying home.

Oh yes, I started a new one, a pale green one this time. My telephone number is Skyline 6989. Would you like me to review the Telephone Book? All Pacific numbers have been changed to Skyline or Evergreen. Dial the first two letters, then the numbers. If your finger slips on the last number, start in all over again. If you want to swear at the Operator, even if it is your own fault, dial the letter O. If you want to send a telegram, write instead. If you want the Police Department or the Fire Department, Faint.

S-s-sch! Calm down, dear one. I can see that you need a good rest and maybe a tonic and some iron and arsenic shots. I wont bother you any more about the twelve best books.

Thank you, sir. I promise that it will never happen again. All my material will be ready on time this year, and what's more, I promise to review only those books which I have actually read.

Pudofkin

Continued from page 12

re-christened *The End of St. Petersburg*. Eisenstein went to work scientifically, with his famous mass structure and dynamic technique—emphasizing the external elements of drama. Pudofkin concentrated upon the intense elements of human emotions, his completed film became an orchestration with rhythm and vision where art and space are unified. At first three themes struggle for importance, then two, finally the major cord of the revolution alone remains.

The two completed films of the 1917 Revolution brought a repetition of the earlier discussion over *Potemkin* and *Mother*. We in the West have seen *The End of St. Petersburg* and have contributed to its sensational success—but the fight still is waging on the New York front where both films are at present exhibited. Many of Eisenstein's followers, who have never heard of Pudofkin, are bewildered, for opinion seems to be swaying unanimously in favor of Pudofkin's *The End of St. Petersburg*.

Eisenstein's neo-classicism builds up to a metallic climax like a cry, or clash of a brass band. Pudofkin's climaxes

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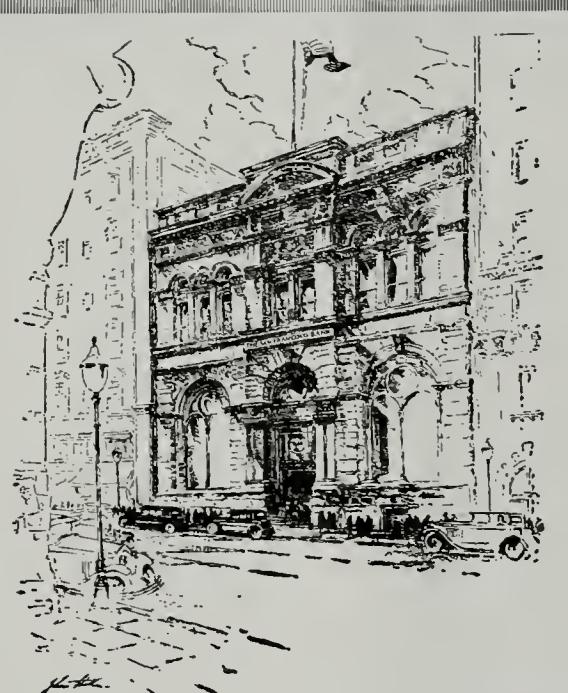
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Continued on page 32



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Tin Types

Continued from page 19

One of these was the defense of Tirey Ford, who had been brought to trial by Francis Heney for jury tampering, an offense also charged against Ashe. While this trial was in progress, Fremont Older, editor of *The Bulletin*, instigator of the graft exposure and leader in the clean up campaign, was kidnapped but shortly rescued from his captors. Ashe was arrested and indicted for engineering this coup. The charge, like a great many other incidents in the graft trial, came to nothing. The kidnapping, however, found no favor with Ashe's chief, Calhoun. In a heated, private session Calhoun denounced Ashe for his bungling tactics in staging a kidnapping and removed him from the Tirey defense. Later, though, he was re-instated as a member of the United Roads' legal staff.

In 1908, the Barnett case, another phase of the clean up frenzy, engaged Ashe as one of the defense counsel. Walter J. Barnett, former vice president of the old California Safe Deposit and Trust Company was charged with embezzling \$90,000 worth of securities and the failure of the institution. The District Attorney's office made the startling charge that the affairs of the defunct trust company had been managed not by business principles but by spiritualism. Barnett, it seemed, was "chosen" to receive messages justifying his management or rather mismanagement of the company. Barnett, the District Attorney's office further charged, had deliberately employed spiritualism to deceive and bend his credulous associates to his will without putting too much faith in it himself. Accordingly, the jury members were closely questioned in regard to their views on spiritualism.

Testimony, as given by Barnett's former associates, had a great deal to do with seances in which a spiritualistic syndicate directed the trust company's officers in its management and as to how the state bank commissioners could be deceived, how books could be safely falsified and how money might be suddenly materialized to make up shortages. The spiritualistic syndicate was composed of Collis P. Huntington, Jay Gould and James Fair. Huntington was familiarly designated as Uncle Collis. At the seances Uncle Collis always gave special and solicitous attention to the bank's affairs and the welfare of its officials. Letters of Barnett's were introduced in which he made mention of spirit messages and the consulting of Christian Science practitioners to relieve his worries over the bank and his own precarious position.

Ashe and his fellow attorneys sought



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to have the spiritualistic element of the case ruled out but they were never wholly successful in this. It persisted in bobbing up to the immense amusement of court room spectators and the irritation of Ashe. For the reporters it was a heaven sent opportunity. The public fought to buy extras as they poured from the presses and shook its head at these incredible revelations and proceedings. The jury deliberated forty-five minutes and pronounced Bartnett guilty.

AT THE time of the Preparedness Day Parade, Ashe was legal counsel for the Chamber of Commerce. He was thus associated with the involved proceedings growing out of this tragic and hysterical affair.

During the late war, Ashe joined the Red Cross. He was appointed to a captaincy and sent to France. There he busied himself and gained considerable prestige driving ambulances, helping in hospitals, conveying nurses about the country and seeking out San Francisco boys to clasp their hand, thump them upon the back and otherwise fortify them for the struggle to preserve Democracy to the world. And, finally, lest it be forgotten, he was founder of that staid institution, The Family Club.

"California"

Continued from page 14

"Outdoor Heritage" to John Muir but not one to Mrs. Austin. It is a sufficient comment on the book. Even Mrs. Sanchez is not free from the charge of being incredibly ignorant of the California literary tradition. She tells, very charmingly, the story of Rezanov and yet never so much as mentions Gertrude Atherton's classic novel based on the story!

"O Californians! O Ladies and Gentlemen!"

VERSE

by Dearest Joy Liston

In time I too shall turn
To another's love,
Shall find a strange delight
In being faithless.

Why should I disdain
A new and potent draught
When your once brimming cup
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Pudofkin

Continued from page 29

have the harmony of a stringed orchestra, a violin, a song expressed through the medium of the screen.

Two new productions are scheduled shortly to arrive in America. Eisenstein's *The General Line*, an agricultural film again featuring the mass. Structures that ignore style and convention—now an individual hurled out of the peasant mass for a brief appearance, now vanishing again into oblivion. And Pudofkin's *Descendents of Jengiz Khan*, a theme that appealed to his highly sensitive imagination. A descendent of the Khans himself, who could be more capable of conveying this fascinating theme to the screen? Pudofkin gives to his work not one moment of humanity—but humanity itself.

Here we have the two outstanding directors who have stepped out of the Soviet film firmament to challenge the attention of the Western world. Eisenstein is soon to take up new work in Hollywood. And will Pudofkin follow?

The Year In Music

Continued from page 16

viable position she has always held. Both of their concerts were well attended and both were artistically excellent, although Galli-Curci may have erred a little in the direction of frivolity, when she selected her program. What she sings makes no important difference in the pleasure of listening to her. Her voice would justify anything she sang, whether it was an exercise, a bird imitation or an intricate aria.

Alexander Akimoff, who has expressed his intention of making his home here, proved to have a splendid voice and an engaging personality. His voice is round and bass, with enough of the baritone qualities to make it responsive to delicate nuances of feeling. Perhaps he will appear here in opera at some future date. Dino Borgioli appeared in two successful concerts. His coming was delayed for a month or more, because of an injury to his ankle, sustained in Italy. Fortunately, ankles seem to have no influence on voices, in his case at least. The perennial John McCormack and another Irishman, John Charles Thomas, added their names to those of the famous ones who had previously sung from the Dreamland boxing-ring. Thomas, like De Luca, is a member of the select group of concert-wise baritones, and McCormack remains as he always was.

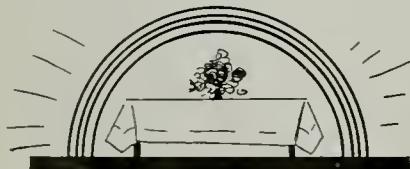
THE Young People's Symphony Association has already begun its season's work, which will be carried on throughout the winter. The concerts

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Now It Can Be Told

Once upon a time January was a synonymous term with Annual White Sale in the minds of housekeepers and department stores. But the great wave of color that has inundated the domestic world raises the embarrassing question this season . . . "when is a White Sale not a White Sale?" Obviously when it's a Color Sale. Very well, then, we as progressive moderns are willing to let customs be bygones when we do our linen replenishing this month. From now on let us bathe, eat and sleep with our favorite colors.

And why not? Not just because it's as easy now to buy colored sheets as white ones, and a bit smarter, but because color is a nice thing to have around. Lots and lots of it. Just as a great armful of flowers is better than a solitary blossom, and a great deal more apt to catch the beauty-loving eye.



Of course, the day of pioneering in color for the home is long past. All the steps from black horsehair, up through mulberry curtains and polychrome candlesticks to lemon wood furniture and black floors, have been taken. But, alas, we do remain conservative, unoriginal, afraid to get very far removed from the great American chesterfield set. We're colorful in spots, quite a few spots, just as much as Mrs. Nextdoor Neighbor, no more. But now that the ground's been broken there's no reason at all why we should be any more reticent about expressing our inborn love of color than we were before a few centuries of civilization gave us funny ideas about being unobtrusively drab.

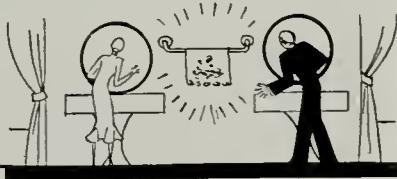
You can't excuse yourself by lack of material. It's all here at The White House. We've been talking about our really excellent collection of pastel sheets for a long time, now, having been among the

first to promote this pleasing feature of the twentieth century. If you haven't so much as one pair to your name as yet you have no legitimate right to consider yourself a contemporary of this age. And neither have you experienced the delicious sensation of awakening in the sometimes cold, gray dawn to a rose colored world, or a refreshing world of cool green, as the case (the linen, we mean) may be.



Well, and then what? You see, the idea grows. Curtains to match, we mention in passing, since our Drapery Shop is one of those delectable places of chintz and sheer, ruffled gauzes and brilliant modernistics where one lingers and loafers. Equipped, too, to carry out ideas to the last efficient degree. Rugs, too, in any period from Omar Khayam to Kem Weber. These, of course, are just side interests to a January Color Sale.

Bath towels, face towels and the untouchable guest towel have tried out this color idea until they would be quite as much at home in our Objects of Art department as the Linens. Do come and see. We get objectionably poetical trying to do word-portraits of them.



Don't think that the friendly huck towel is scorned in this company, or the comfortable cotton sheet, or that prices are out of touch with this thrifty, materialistic period in which we live. No! Call it a White Sale or a Color Sale, our theme song remains the same familiar tune of good old White House values, practical to the end.



The Bride: Oh, Harry! I phoned to tell you the bad news. The cook has just given notice. What shall I do, dear?

Harry: First, don't worry. And second, just as soon as you finish talking to me, call the Examiner, ask for an Ad-Taker and let her help you write your ad. You'll have more cooks by tomorrow night than the Palace Hotel.

[The Examiner's phone number, by the way, is SUtter 2424—East Bay. GLencourt 5442. You may phone your Want Ad.]

proper, which will be performed by the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Wheeler Beckett, have not yet begun. A tea, given during the fall, served to introduce some promising young musicians, notably Ruth Julia Slenczynski, a four year old baby of whom it may be said that it is less remarkable that she plays the piano well than that she plays at all. She plays very well indeed, and seems to be not a prodigy, but a genius, who will be fit to be classed with Yehudi in a few years, as a reason for local pride. The Young People's Symphony has already produced more than enough artistic results to justify its existence, and has, in a few years, become a public institution.

Three opera companies will appear here during the winter and early spring. One, the Pacific Coast, will be composed entirely of local singers, as usual; another the Columbia, will present the standard operas with some reputable singers of more scattered residential affiliations, and the last, a German Opera Company, will give a season the like of which has not been heard here for twenty-five years. The entire "Nibelungenlied," the "Flying Dutchman" and "Tristan and Isolde," topped off with a Saturday matinee performance of Mozart's "Don Juan" will be a gorgeous Wagnerfest which has been denied us for far too long.

HERE were certain unforgettable experiences in the music last fall—Gregor Piatigorsky's 'cello concert, for instance, and Jacques Thibaud's eloquent violin. These are surely two of the greatest of contemporary instrumentalists, each deserving of the highest praise. The English Singers were charming, voices, repertoire and all, and Kathleen Parlow added to her artistic reputation at each of her appearances. Kochanski and Friedman brought some quality at the same time tenable and illusive to the poetry of the "Kreutzer Sonata." The San Francisco Opera Company's production of "Trovatore" will go down in history, triumphantly carrying Meisles's Gypsy and Lauri-Volpi's thrillingly bloodthirsty *Di Quella Peri* with it. Rethberg was a marvelous *Aida*.

There were other happenings that were just as impressive; Horowitz, playing a Chopin étude, and bowing graciously to the pitcher of the aforementioned gardenias. The Loring Club chorus singing a negro spiritual, and Ruth May Friend's amusing encore at the same concert; Elly Ney's impressive hair, and her dramatic pianistic onslaughts—each of these things contributed, in some degree, to the fall season, which was, perhaps, more comprehensive than usual, and which added a creditable chapter to the city's musical history.

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AS TO STYLE

I'M JUST revelling in the excitement that exists at all gatherings of fair ladies. It's the long skirt and the new silhouette. The girl with the dumpy figure bursts forth into a willowy affair that makes you ponder why you haven't seen her before. It's just like seeing everybody all over again, and through a very flattering lens.

One thing that must be done right away is to thumb back to page 66 of an old Godey magazine and find out just how the long skirt was handled on the dance floor. Saturday night at Mark Hopkins with its lovely setting, the swishing, floating draperies of the new gowns added to its beauty. Everybody was on the floor at the first strains of Anson Weeks' compelling orchestra. Immediately I saw that the gowns were too long in back to escape Hiram's number twelves, and too short to hold gracefully. With that little matter ironed out we are a long way on the right road.

There is unlimited opportunity for grace and the boxy figure is no more. Praise be Allah!

THE radical change in dress this season makes it almost imperative to consult "some one who knows." At several recent society fashion shows *knowing* was sadly lacking but we can be somewhat lenient during the transition.

The old dressy Monday luncheon and tea at the St. Francis Hotel seems revived. Often I've just sat and watched them come and go but today I was absorbing with the keen eye of a critic. Jacket suits a plenty but none that disturbed my restful position . . . More long skirts, graceful alluring . . . The inevitable fox slantwise across the shoulder.

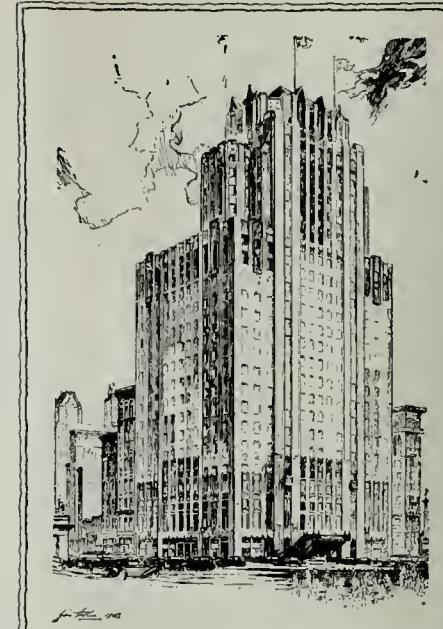
Why doesn't some one appear on the scene and compel my out of town guest to exclaim "So this is San Francisco!"

It's quite a business and a pleasure to witness—this extending of the courtesy of luncheon or tea. The crowd is on its toes so to speak. In the vernacular of the bay "It's good to do."

"I beg your pardon waiter—my fault," but I just must see her. My big moment has arrived. Gracious lady, pause a moment while I appraise. . . Infinitesimal black and white check; full circular skirt dipping in the back; egg shell blouse of chiffon elaborately Shirred to mould the figure; eton jacket. Thin black felt hat off the face; large pearl drops hanging long on the ears; black suede pumps; black suede bag, and an intriguing though small belt of cut jet at the waist line.

Lady you're perfect and, now, so is my day!

—By MOLLY MERKLEY



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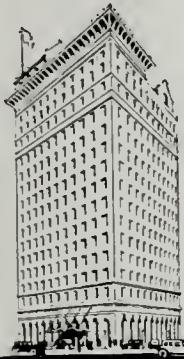
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HAVE YOU HEARD?

CHANT OF THE JUNGLE. This is excellent and sounds just the way you'd expect it to. By the versatile Natio Herb Brown, who thinks nothing of dashing from The Wedding of the Painted Doll out into the Jungle to do a chant!

WHY WAS I BORN? From the musical hit in New York, "Sweet Adeline," and we think it is the prize song, not for any personal reasons, however

Don't Ever Leave Me. Also from "Sweet Adeline." The inimitable Helen Morgan is in this show, and she has made a Victor record of this song.

SOMEBODY MIGHTY LIKE YOU. Sweet, plaintive melody suitable for a theme song such as it is. From "Paris," Irene Bordoni's first and quite successful venture into the Talkies.

TURN ON THE HEAT. This and the following song are from the new Fox show, "Sunny Side Up," the music by De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson. This one is full of pep and rhythm. Earl Burtnett has made a peach of a record for Brunswick.

AREN'T WE ALL. Well, certainly most of us are, but we never dreamed that De Sylva, Brown and Henderson were! This is a slushy, sloppy song full of bologna . . . but watch the gate receipts!

SAILING ON A SUNBEAM. From the "It's a Great Life." An appealing song with a lyric that had a chance until somebody got smart with it . . . why is it that these lyric writers think a song won't get by unless it has at least one vulgarism in it?

SORRY. It would be a wonderful song even if we were the composer, but considering that it was given birth by Edna Fisher, educated by Anson Weeks and dressed by one of the Dr . . . er . . . Duncan Sisters, we unhesitatingly recommend it for the Hall of Fame (better known to the public as Peacock Court!).

THROUGH. This is a grand song if your sweetie has just turned you down, and, for that matter, equally good if he hasn't.

I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU. The that's-my-weakness-now-Helen-Kane type of song, so either you like it or you don't.

TAIN'T NO SIN. This song is simply so absurd that it's delightful, and it has melody and rhythm that aren't to be sneezed at.

LOVE MADE A GYPSY OUT OF ME. Composed for Rudy Vallee . . . probably because no one else could put it over! It's a terrible steal.

FORGOTTEN. A very lovely waltz by Irving Berlin . . . so he says.

SINGING IN THE BATHTUB. The composer of this song is without doubt the world's ideal optimist. He says, "A ring around the bathtub is a rainbow to me!"

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As Seen by Her

JANUARY is a month of contrasts . . . new yearnings . . . renewed interest in styles. And because there is so much to say and so little space to say it in, I am going to list my impressions almost as briefly as new year's resolutions.

What can be more disillusioning than the trailing drapes of a new frock swishing above galoshes and below a rain-coat . . . experience convinces me that the new fashions were made for dry weather, taxis and leisure.

Of course you have visited the new Knox Shop—but have you been there this month? They have such an air about the way they show things—one wants to buy everything in sight.

Did you, too, see the window of yellow spring hats? It caught my eye as I hurried up the avenue in the rain—as much a portent of spring as the potted daffodils with hovering butterflies that Podesta and Baldocchi are featuring.

And speaking of hats? Mary at DuBarry's says that *brims* are the thing—she showed me some of her creations in the new Panamalac straw, so soft, so easily draped, so flattering!

Another sign of spring is found at Joseph's where they are already showing marvelous wedding bouquets—new combinations, new arrangements inspired by the new mode.

At times I wonder if the new styles are not changing the whole feminine viewpoint. Certainly a woman in a normal waistline with feminine frills to be disposed of at every turn is not the same as one in the tennis frock of a year ago. There is a different poise and grace to the new woman (for she does live up to her clothes)—she must be lithe and gracious—and somewhat leisurely. I, for one, have taken up dancing and most of my friends are cultivating some physical hobby. The most economical of time and energy seems to be Julia Johnson's course of massage treatments. She fairly

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My reading corner these first-of-the-year days is heaped with travel circulars. One of my first resolutions was to see more of the world in 1930 than I did in 1929—but where to go? Hawaii—Mexico—South America—Italy—Spain—the Orient—the Continent? It was all terribly confusing but I've practically decided on Paris in the spring—and the reason rests in the fact that I can have Loretta Ellen Brady take care of me while there. She will meet me at Gare Saint Lazare and from that moment I shall have her guidance and advice so I shall not do a single un-chic thing. I shall have tea at the right time in Avenue Victor Hugo, sit in the correct cafe, walk down the Bois de Boulogne and Boulevard Saint Michel at the proper hours and invade the Montmartre in perfect safety.

I heard about Miss Brady when I was having heavenly corn fritters at the Studio Tea Room. It was raining and I was cold. You can imagine how good those fritters were with crunchy bacon, hot maple syrup and steaming hot coffee—served in front of a good hot fire.

And speaking of fires and fireplaces, have you discovered the charm of the Courtyard Tea Room on a rainy evening?

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Spotlight

Continued from page 21

tent. We had never read "Richard II" and we knew nothing of his private life. It was a revelation to discover how easy a Shakesperian play is to follow if the lines are read intelligently and clearly. Mr. Hayes gave a very finished performance. Every gesture contributed to the picture that he drew of the vacillating Richard. If Richard is typical of his station, all we can say is that kings are a mighty poor lot. He was full of "divine right" chatter and big talk until the plaster fell on him and then he cried into his crown. He had been going about insulting everybody and yet he seemed very much hurt and surprised when the tables were turned.

Like "Journey's End," "Richard II" was a play without women. Or could have been. They added nothing, when they did appear, to the picture or the story. One of the marvels of the Stratford-upon-Avon stage-craft is the way the director gets a sense of a thronged stage with a mere handful of men. Mobs, armies, rabble stretch away in unbroken ranks until you are brought to your senses by the realization that it has all been accomplished with less than a dozen figures. It is too bad that these versatile players insist on choosing Christmas week for their brief engagement in San Francisco. It cuts down our chances of seeing them into about half.

It is nine years since we had the good fortune to see the original "Chauve-Souris" in New York taking it captive. Since then it may have lost some of its novelty but little of its vigor.

Well, perhaps it has changed a bit, after all. Grown a shade more refined, more Gallic. . . . We remember an incident of that first season in New York when the show was vibrantly Russian. One of the performers was a guest for tea at the home of a gushing devotee. Said the lady: "The thing I like about your show, Mr. Popoffsky, is that it is so clean. It has none of the vulgarities of our American vaudeville." Replied Ivan Ivanovitch: "Do you understand Russian, madame?" The lady shook her head. "I thought not!" was Ivan Ivanovitch Popoffsky's dry comment.

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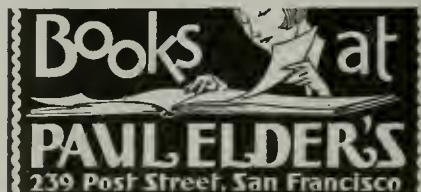
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february

1930

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BRINDE

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN

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WHERE TO



THE STAGE

Alcazar: Taylor Holmes plays the philanthropic Uncle Dudley who, like many good things, gets more appreciation than money. "Your Uncle Dudley" is slated to run throughout February.

President: "That Ferguson Family" with its drab drama of contemporary family life is replaced, February 2, by the romantic comedy, "Her Friend the King" in which Alice Joyce plays the part of a wealthy American widow susceptible to the appeal of a struggling kingdom and its charming king, played by Hale Hamilton.

Curran: "Oh, Susanna" opens February 3—a musical romance of the Gold Days in Early California—a cast of thirty principals and an ensemble of seventy singers and dancers.

Capitol: San Francisco's pampered daughters in the "Follies of 1930" for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. February 6, 7 and 8.

Andre Ferrier's French Theatre: Production February 19, 21 and 22.

THE DANCE

Geary: Kreutzberg and Georgi, famous German dancers, in concert February 16, and 20—matinees.

THE SCREEN

California: Ronald Coleman finds high adventure and new romance in "Condemned"—Ann Harding tries a close second to Jeanne Eagels.

Davies: "The Phantom of the Opera" reappears with sound and color.

Embassy: Seventy-seven stars continue to twinkle in "Show of Shows."

Fox: Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe demonstrate "This Thing Called Love."

Granada: Another talkie revival of a musical comedy favorite—"No, No, Nanette."

Orpheum: Still another—this time it's "Hit the Deck."

St. Francis: The indefatigable public continues to join "The Love Parade."

Warfield: "Hallelujah." Splendid psychological study—a gripping human record.

MUSIC

February 2: San Francisco Symphony, Michel Penha, cellist, 2:45. Hans Barth, pianist, in concert with clavichord, piano and quarter-tone piano, 3:00.

February 3: Pacific Opera Tea, Hotel Fairmont.

February 4: Vasia Anikeeff, basso, in program of folk songs.

February 5: Symphony Breakfast, St. Francis Hotel, 12:45. Symphony concert, Curran, 3:00. Alexander Murray, violinist, 8:30.

February 9: San Francisco Symphony, Curran, 2:45.

February 13: Lawrence Tibbett, Dreamland.

February 14: Margaret Tilley, pianist, recital 8:30.

February 16: Symphony Concert, Curran, 2:45.

February 17: Josef Hofmann, pianist, Dreamland.

February 18: Serge Prokofieff with San Francisco Symphony, 8:30.

February 20: Pacific Opera Tea, Fairmont, 2:30.

February 21: San Francisco Symphony, 3:00.

February 23: San Francisco Symphony, 2:45.

February 24: Patricia MacDonald in folk songs of Danube and the Vistula—Matinee Musical, Fairmont, 2:30. Abas String Quartet, Scottish Rite, 8:30.

February 26: Pacific Opera Company—"La Traviata." London String Quartet, Scottish Rite.

February 27: Smallman A Cappella Choir, 8:30.

February 28: Pacific Opera Company—"La Somnambula."

March 1: Pacific Opera Company—"Il Trovatore."

ART

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: South wing open with Oriental art and new tapestries.

East West Gallery: Group of soap sculpture from National Competition. William Dallam Arms collection of Japanese prints.

Galerie Beaux Arts: Drawings and sculpture by Adaline Kent; Watercolors by Florence Ingalsbe Tufts, and oils by John Burnside Tufts.

Gumps: Etchings by Carton Moorepark through February 9; Paintings by Maurice Braun, February 10 to 24; Etchings by Max Pollak, February 24 to March 8.

Courvoisier Little Gallery: Etchings by J. W. Winkler. Special showing of Leerdam glass.

Paul Elder's Gallery: Drawings by Edson Newell.

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey: Portfolio showings of fine prints.

Loretta Ellen Brady: Etchings of well-known corners in Paris, also views of famous cathedrals and chateaux.

H. Valdespino: Color prints and etchings.

SPORTS

Pacific Automobile Show: February 1 to 8, Civic Auditorium.

National Horse Show: February 15 to 22, Armory Hall.

Palace Auto Salon: February 22 to March 1, Palace Hotel.

National Ski Contest: Lake Tahoe, February 22 and 23. Lars Haugen, national ski champion superintended building of \$25,000 ski jump trajectory—in a class with Lake Placid, New York, and European ski-jumps.

DINING AND DANCING

The Palace: A new orchestra leader and a new lease of life.

St. Francis: Again in vogue as a meeting place since the remodeling of the lobby.

The Fairmont: A new chef—and marvelous food.

Mark Hopkins: Peacock Court struts to an accompaniment of good music and better cuisine.

Sir Francis Drake: In the heart of things—and ever so eager to please.

Russell's: It's new—and gracious—with delicious food.

The Courtyard: Take the visiting Easterner to February luncheon outdoors—or enjoy a quiet dinner by the fireside.

Post Street Cafeteria: Just watch the faces of people as they come out—relaxed, rested, well-fed! Luncheon only.

The Bib and Tucker: Roast chicken that makes your mouth water—and other food to match.

Belle de Graf: Scientific cooking—satisfying portions—luncheon only.

The Studio: One appreciates the open court yard or the cosy firelit dining room these fickle evenings.

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T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



In Black and White

A Record of the Birth of California Journalism

by ZOE A. BATTU

WHEN, in the summer of 1846, Colton & Semple of Monterey founded in that city, California's first newspaper, *The Californian*, they were speculators, as it were, in futures. The Anglo Saxon population from which subscribers and advertisers might be drawn was small and scattered. Mail service and means of communication were irregular and slow. Then too, there was a war being waged in the country—the Mexican War between the United States and Mexico to settle the question of which nation should possess California. As wars go nowadays, it was not much of a war. For some two years, casual bands of Mexican troops tracked or were tracked by casual bands of American troops. When one band succeeded in cornering the other, shots were exchanged from behind trees and rocks. Still, it was a war and it made matters difficult enough for those who had to live through it.

On the other hand, it was plain that America would win the war. She was winning most of its skirmishes, and Mexico, then as now, was no match for this country. With the establishment of American rule, peace, growth and prosperity would take the place of corruption, poverty and revolution that had been the country's constant lot under Mexican rule. A newspaper established just at this time would have fair chances of growing and prospering with California and might even be one of the vital aids to that growth and prosperity.

Viewed in this light, the newspaper venture took on some promise and so *The Californian* was launched. It was a four-page, weekly paper, tabloid size, printed on a hand press from type set entirely by hand. Its limited size and

Editor's Note—With this issue begins a series of articles on early San Francisco journalism, in which we plan to present some hitherto undiscussed versions and incidents in this tumultuous phase of the city's history. If, to the reader, it seems that, at times we fall somewhat short of our plan and promise, we would beg him to remember that expediency is often the better part of setting down facts as they happened.

difficulties of composition made it necessary to confine its editorial contents strictly to legitimate news happenings—a very worthy fact when one considers what a vast amount of nonsense one must put up with nowadays in order to get a small amount, if any, of genuine news. Subscribers to *The Californian* were briefly informed of the arrival of ships and the news their captains brought from other ports, of the movements of the armies, local and territorial developments in agriculture, commerce, trading and politics. A fair amount of advertising was carried and shortly after its founding *The Californian*'s owners reported that it was paying expenses. In May 1847, the paper was moved to Yerba Buena, presently to be San Francisco

YERBA BUENA was then beginning to give indications of becoming the center of political and commercial activity when California should pass from Mexican to American hands—a fact which Colton and Semple possibly perceived, and moved their business in order to take full advantage of it. Then too, competition had appeared in the field in *The California Star*, founded by Samuel Brannan in January 1847. Brannan had been in California less than a year but that was long enough to mark him as one whose business shrewdness and competition were not lightly to be discounted.

Brannan had come to Yerba Buena as the leader of a band of Mormons—a fact which may be set down as the merest incident in his career, rather than a deep, abiding conviction of his life. He was a native of Saco, Maine, but his boyhood had been spent in Ohio. At the age of 14 he had been apprenticed to a printer and after serving his apprenticeship, Brannan, for several years, drifted about the Middle West and East, earning his way as a printer, horse or land trader. Mormonism was one of the things into which he drifted and 1842 found him in New York and making a great financial success of *The Messenger*, a semi-religious publication of Mormonism. Brannan also organized and was the head of a church or band of Mormons.

This group, in common with all Mormons, greatly desired to found a colony in far Western America in order to remove themselves from the jurisdiction of the United States government, which took active exception to the movement's polygamous doctrines and practices. To this end, Brannan devoted himself dili-

Continued on page 25

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

INE of San Francisco's June 1928 crop of husbands was discovered by his wife the other night, standing over his baby's crib. She watched him in silence. She had never seen him act that way before. As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face a mixture of tell-tale emotions. There was unmistakable rapture, admiration, ecstasy, doubt, despair, incredulity. Deeply touched at this unusual demonstration of parental emotion, the wife with eyes glistening arose and slipped her arms around him.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said, in a voice tremulous with tenderness.

Startled, he blurted them out:

"For the life of me, I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for seven ninety eight!"

LINCOLN Steffens has a way all his own for stating issues. For instance, there is his recent editorial championship of the campaign for bigger and better jails in Carmel in which he says:

"There is the tradition of hospitality, too, to consider. It is imaginable that nice, desirable visitors from other, more

criminal places, like San Francisco or Los Angeles, may be held over in our jail at Salinas. If it were a clean, comfortable, healthy jail, with a nice, politic jailer, our guests might get such a pleasant impression from the little they see of our county that they would, when released, or out on bail—look farther and see and buy real estate, settle among us and join with us in our efforts for more and better prisons and—everything nice.

"And law-breakers are often desirable people with initiative, pep, imagination and humor; they will take a chance. Whereas respectable, law-abiding people are apt to be contented conservatives, against all change, all improvements."

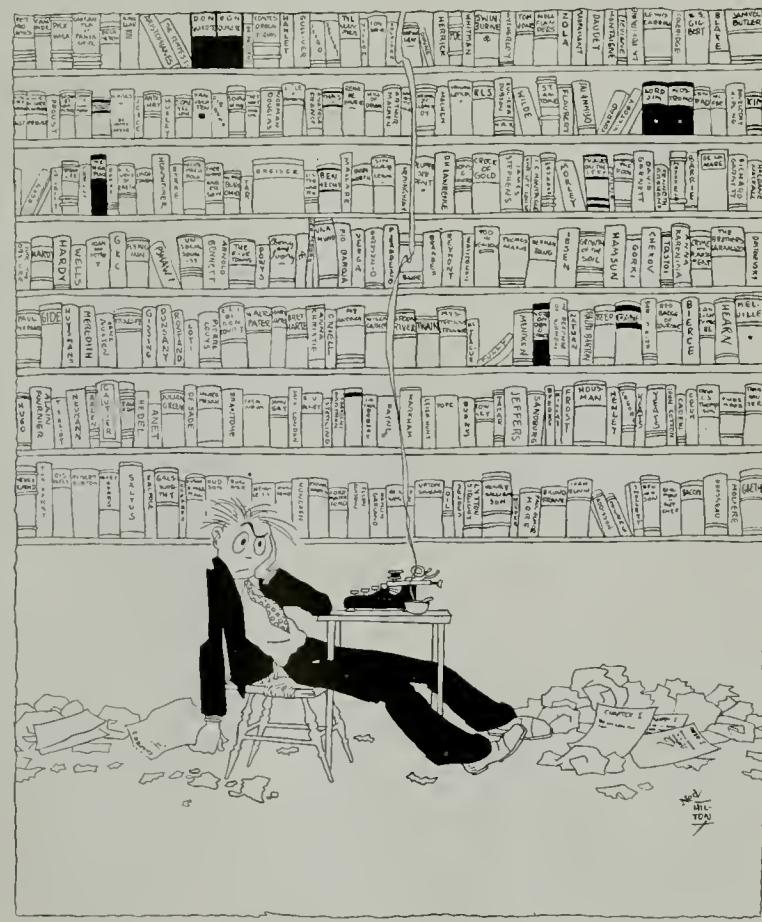
AN AMAZING amount of imagination goes into the organization of tours this year. For instance, there is the Cunard-Anchor tour which starts from New York May 3 to take a crowd of high handicap golfers to the "Tournament of the Centuries" in Scotland. Open to all members of registered golf clubs having handicaps of not less than twenty, this tournament includes at least three rounds on each of five famous courses. Transportation, hotel and green

fees are included in the entrance fee of \$750—and besides there is a large list of prizes, the largest of which is the Cunard-Anchor Trophy, a \$1,000 silver service, which will be presented to the man or woman entrant with the lowest net aggregate score on the courses at St. Andrews, Cruden Bay, Gleneagles, Turnberry and North Berwick. Imagine the shipload of high handicap golfers straining at the leash to play in Scotland, all the way over, and re-playing the games in words, all the way back!

IT so happened that at a certain dinner, one of the speechy gentlemen was a jovial mariner. He was called upon; he arose, weathering the unsteady deck of the clubhouse valiantly

"Frens," he declared us. "Yachting is the sport of gentlemen." He then endeavored to prove his point by shrewdly drawn parallels. He disposed of racing with a snort, of golf with a significant gesture. He then selected motoring, and by a clever process of generics managed to reduce the ancestry and social standing of motorists to an absurdity. About this time he waxed eloquent. With a bold gesture he consigned his horrible examples to Limbo. "In c'nclushn, never in the annals of yachting, can I recall an instance where a lady has been asked to walk home from a boat ride."

Committed one Saturday night at the Corinthian Clubhouse in 1924, winter session, of O. F. members. Ask any Corinthian what the initials stand for.



"Nasty old technicians"

WE REGRET that this issue of THE SAN FRANCISCAN does not contain "Spotlight," Charles Caldwell Dobie's criticism of the local theatre. This is no fault of Mr. Dobie, THE SAN FRANCISCAN or the theatrical managers who have provided splendid entertainment the past six months. The fault lies with you and with the hundreds of others who fail to support dramatic productions. As we go to press three legitimate theatres are dark. One of these is dark because of the premature closing of the Columbia Opera Company which gave an all too brief season of excellent opera. With youth, enthusiasm and the nerve to depart from operatic traditions, they still had to close, not from a lack of appreciation, but from a lack of consistent patronage. Opera bills can not be paid when your only attendance is a representation from North Beach and a scattering of newspaper people.

San Francisco has had glorious traditions—but traditions are poor substance for present life. Is the theatre, too, soon to be relegated to the limbo of tradition?

WE HAVE certain inside information regarding the recent lengthening in women's skirts. We have discovered the occult causes, as it were, and the wheels within wheels.

Now Parisian clothiers have made repeated gestures toward the newer styles, during recent years. They were unduly optimistic. Skirts remained short.

But recently, in one of those columns, vitally necessary, and widely read, in which women are instructed in the most direct methods of getting what they want, there appeared a doubtless authoritative statement:

"Short skirts are really superfluous. Men never look at our legs any more."

Soon after this, skirts were worn longer.

THE after theatre crowd in Marquard's the other night, that is, that portion of it sober enough to take notice, were treated to a bit of by-play far more amusing than anything they had witnessed in the show houses that evening.

An old gentleman with white hair and beard was slowly making his way toward a table when a girl, somewhat in her cups, called after him.

"Hey, pop," she cried, "how old are you?"

The old man turned slowly about and looked at her for a moment in a very dignified manner. Everyone grew silent expecting to hear some sharp reprimand from the affronted gentleman.

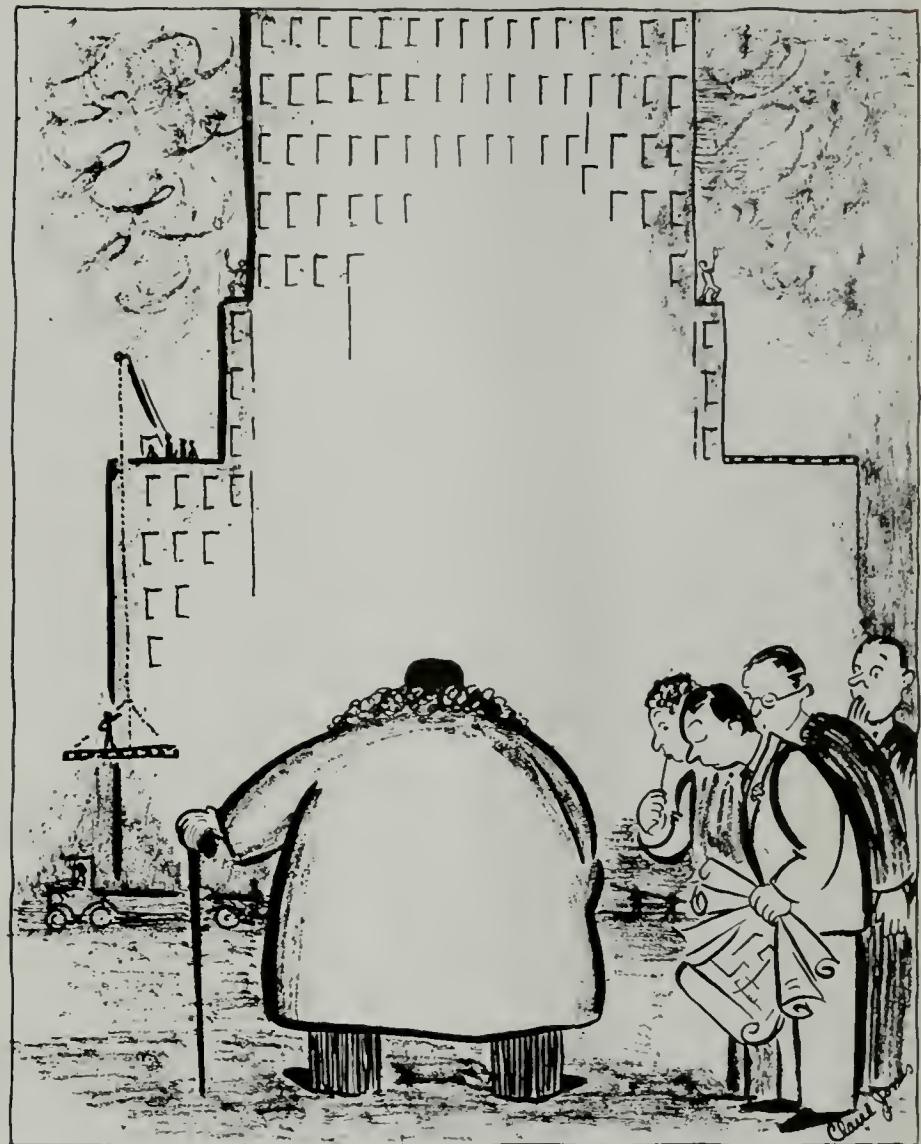
But they were disappointed, for as the old man turned away he shook his head sadly.

"Eighty, dammit!" he said.

ARTISTIC hostilities have broken out anew in Carmel over the old issues of how the village shall grow, whether the streets shall be paved or unpaved, straight or pleasantly haphazard, whether the town shall be zoned and in what manner to forever preserve its essential charm. *The Pine Cone*, it would seem, put forth the suggestion of having a city planning commission and hiring, perhaps, an expert in the subject.

To this *The Carmelite* takes violent exception, holding through Lincoln Steffens that city planning experts, architects and landscape architects must, at all costs, be kept away from Carmel. The training and general mental make up of such gentlemen precludes the slightest possibility of them gaining a sympathetic understanding of Carmel's development problems, since the town is the one and only stronghold of civilization in America and is the home of the culturally and intellectually chosen.

We happen to have had considerable contact with architects, landscape architects and city planners. We rise to voice



"No, I don't like it. Tear it down."

a few remarks in their behalf. It is our observation that, in the majority of cases, the thought and minds of these gentlemen are somewhat ahead of their times. If left to themselves, they will usually produce, to the given problem, an intelligent, simple, direct solution. Such solutions, alas, are neither grasped nor appreciated by people who meddle in things of which they have only a few half baked theories and no solid knowledge, by people who have political ends to satisfy or real estate values to falsely enhance or future subdivisions to open up—shortcomings, from which not even Carmel is immune. It is the stupidity and lack of vision and understanding of such people, which renders our cities badly and ridiculously planned. It is the landscape architect and city planner who are invariably blamed for these sad results.

BY NEWSPAPERS of late issue, we read that there is about to be built on Nob Hill a new skyscraper, hotel-apart-

ment building to be called The Portals. The structure will be located on the site of the old Towne mansion, where, in the 1880s and '90s, some of San Francisco's most picturesque social history was enacted. It will be recalled that the entrance portal of the Towne house was left intact and upright, when, in April 1906, the rest of the home was reduced to wreckage and ashes. This portal now graces the shore of a small lake in Golden Gate Park and in the role of The Portals of the Past has brought much notice to the city and served to remind its citizens of glamorous days, forever gone. These facts, of course, explain the source of the name for the projected hotel.

When first we heard of this we feared a repetition of this faulty architecture of The Cathedral Apartments.

But we have seen the architect's drawing for The Portals and we note that its design embodies sound modern trend in skyscraper architecture.

Stern Brew

A Critical Estimate of Rolfe Humphries, An Original

by SARA BARD FIELD

WHEN we were living on Russian Hill in San Francisco, Genevieve Taggard, one of our most distinguished poets, now lecturer on Modern Poetry at Mt. Holyoke College, lived across the street. The birth of a single magic line; the completion of a difficult poem was reason enough for flying visits from her house to ours; from ours to hers.

There came a day when other business brought Genevieve to us, short of breath from running; wide-eyed with glad excitement: "I have discovered a new poet—a real one. Read this." We eagerly fell upon the poem thrust at us. Reading it even once, we knew she was right. Among all the good, adequate, capable but ordinary poems that passed by our eyes, here was one that passed in—a poem as fierce and uncompromising as the ultra Violet ray—powerful, unforgettable. The sum of all its virtues, notwithstanding certain inevitable defects, was originality. Genevieve told us the author was Rolfe Humphries. We had never heard of him. Not strange. He was only beginning to write then and had come to Genevieve as a pupil. We never subsequently lost sight of him, following his tracks, sparse, but squarely planted ones, in a few magazines until now, when Crosby Gaige has put out through the medium of *Random House* the book that other publishers have been too blind to seize long before this.

Europa and other Poems and Sonnets is a small thin book of some thirty-four poems. I smile at its appearance as it lies on my desk: its almost dainty format; its tiny type on fine handmade paper; the Quaker-silver binding. It looks so innocuous, so simple, so pleasant. Quaker faces and dress do, too. But try to make the sweetest Quaker go to war. Ask him about capital punishment. You will release a response not made of "sweetness and light." Now open this dainty book. Reading *Europa*, the first poem, will prove you hold in your hand a bit of radium or a high explosive. If you are afraid of such things; if you shun adventure, drop the book. If you like danger; if you know that taut nerves, suppressed desires, hidden fevers await the artist as well as forsaken gardens, mermaids and sensitive plants, read on.

There is no more stupid question than "what subjects are fit for Art?" Rather ask "what artists are fit for what subjects?" Here is an artist whose peculiar twist of mind and soul fits him to make art—to write poems that are poems about psychopathic conditions. He does

it perfectly conscious of the opposition of the so-called healthy minded:

"These revelations of disease
Are, as you say, not apt to please
Good healthy-minded simple folk,—
I'm still not sorry that I spoke."

Of course he isn't. What poet of any stature refused to sing his own peculiar song because he knew his matter would not be palatable to his public. Shelley knew that, in the violent reaction from the French Revolution, his politically dangerous subjects would offend. Did he stop writing inflammable song? He wrote more and better ones.

Europa is terrible. It is not "nice." Neither is *Eloi, Eloi*. But I challenge any competent critic to say these are not important poems—these and most of the other thirty-four; poems with the relentless crankshaft thrust of a great steam boat or steam train engine: no pettiness, no wallowing in unnecessary detail; no elaboration to weaken the anguish; no delicate innuendo.

IN HIS article on Pacific Coast Poetry in Braithwaite's 1926 Anthology, George Sterling said Rolfe Humphries was the most promising of all the young poets who had left California. He was not born here. He came from the East in 1912, being then eighteen. He attended Stanford for a year, subsequently graduating from Amherst. He taught and also coached athletics at the Potter School (now the Damon School) in San Francisco for nine years with the war interlude counted out. Not that he got across seas: Camp Lewis, Camp Gorden, Camp Hancock—that was all. He thinks one of the most important moves in his development came when he signed up for Genevieve Taggard's Poetry Course in 1922. With all these happenings on California soil, added to the facts that his parents teach in the Salinas High School and Junior College and that his two brothers and two sisters are in this state, California with her expansive inclusions will probably insist on calling this poet a Californian. Moreover he married a graduate of the University of California, Helen Spencer, a practicing physician and they spend all their summers here or just over the border at Lake Tahoe. What matter then if now he teaches in New York, "writing poems less and less often" as he says and doing some reviews mostly for *The New Republic*. Californians should watch that weekly paper for his forthcoming review of Jeffers over which he writes he

"has sweat blood but it had to be written." In his own poetry there is this same inevitability of utterance. It had to be said at all costs and we see that the cost was often more scarlet than that of any review.

In the years between 1919 and 1922 Rolfe Humphries officiated at many important college football games. One is not surprised at this. There is some important relation between a poet's chosen activities and his writing. The discipline, the vigor of the athlete, the unflinching stride toward goals are in his poetry.

We are so fed up on soft sighs, that my favorite indoor game now is guessing how many Californians will drink this stern brew. The book has its moments of something approaching tenderness, especially toward youth: youth in nature and in human flesh as in *A Little Poem for Spring* or *Heresy in a Class Room*. It has moments of charm and pure lyric loveliness as in *For Good Greeks*, originally published in the *Overland Monthly*.

"Pity him who has not lain
In the rain with Danae,
Known the golden rush that falls
In a room with wooden walls,
Loveliest of miracles!"

Golden waterfalls refresh
That dry earth, our arid flesh:
It is beautiful to see
How a human body glows
As the colored shower goes
Deeper, deeper, seeping in
Underneath the thirsty skin.
Orange blood and liquid sun
Mingle in the veins and run.
Run, run, run . . . Rejoice with me.
I have been with Danae!"

But the book as a whole was not born for tenderness and lyric charm. Not many such voluptuous moments are arrested in it. The work of the imagination here is no drowsy, Lethean dream. It is the leap of the athlete struggling with life's pain and life's illusions. Lyric ecstasy gives way to forceful revelation. Soft flesh becomes muscle and tough sinew.

ONE of the proofs that this is authentic poetry lies in the perfection of the shadow some of the poems cast—that mystic secondary meaning more subtle than its primary sense. Such shadows, delicate yet portentous, cannot, however, be cast by poems whose primary structure is not firm and unin-

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The Face That Sank a Thousand Hearts . . .

Maurice Chevalier, here for his first public appearance in America, is said to retire to a private club, where women cannot find him, whenever not actually singing at the Auto Show. We don't know whether it's self-protection or part of the contract or just a precaution exacted by his French wife.

Motordom 1930

Regarding Recent Developments and the Current Show

by LUTHER MEYER

MOTORS have gone modern—with reservations. Like those of us who dubiously, tentatively sip of the concoctions of a new bootlegger before permitting ourselves the unworried luxury of a hearty three fingers, automobile makers are dabbling with the modernistic and casting furtive glances at the futuristic. Meantime, with ears sharper than those of a worried cuckoo, they are tuning in on the opinion of the motoring public to gain indices for future experiments in modernism.

That, at least, is the impression carried away by the visitor at the fourteenth annual Pacific Coast Automobile Show, which is filling Civic Auditorium daily with crowds. Repressed modernism—that's the phrase that labels the swank-

iest, doggiest, sleekest collection of gas buggies the critical San Francisco audience has yet viewed.

The motor industry's couturiers and modistes, encouraged by last year's enthusiastic reception of an enlarged color program, have given full sway to their color technicians. Individual makers are offering literally hundreds of colors and color combinations.

Popular acceptance of last year's lower bodies has resulted in an entirely new composite silhouette for 1930 motors. Wheelbases and bodies have been stretched out. Bodies have been dropped still further, the two moves giving an accentuated appearance of raciness and style. The new low, long modeling has certainly cost the designer

more agony than whalebone stays cost the belle of the nineties.

The svelt new contour does more than change appearance for the better. It results in a dropping of the center of gravity which gives steerability and road holding qualities at the higher speeds of today that the driver of the elegant old time sedan or limousine of moving van dimensions never dreamed of. The appreciably reduced frontal area materially slashes wind resistance, permitting perceptibly higher speed with the same power output.

Not even Will Rogers can complain this year that motors makers are filching each other's flat radiator caps. However, in more than one feature of finish, popular favor has sent the manufacturers stampeding into uniformity. For example, more attention has been paid to the frontal pattern of cars this year than ever before. The graceful curve of the front fender tie-rod and head-lamp support, adopted by one or two makers last year, has been almost universally accepted. Gone forever is the once popular gas-pipe brace.

Deeper, sometimes narrower radiators are the common vogue. Even Ford shows a neat modification to follow this trend. Chromium plate is even more popular for trim, and some makes show a more carefully designed and highly finished radiator shell resplendent with the silver-white sheen of this metal.

AND the louvres in the hoods! "Scorn not the louvre" seems the motto of the designer who overlooks no chance to be different and unusual. Peas porridge hot, cold and what-not never had so many variations as the lowly louvre. Some designers like 'em vertical, some like 'em horizontal, some like 'em on the oblique. Some like 'em in bunches, and some like 'em all in a long row. Still others have cut round port holes, while one costly car maker provides, instead, a collection of little doors along the hood, providing excellent playthings for papa while mother shops or teases.

The effort to take away the coat and pants feeling that the body base-apron juncture line gives, has resulted in a less obtrusive handling of this always awkward design problem. Modeling and color generally unite to take away the feeling that fenders and apron are hung on the chassis, and that the body is picked up and set on. Uniform refinement in external trim and finish is found in every detail of this year's cars.

Mechanically, the entire field shows

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Traffic

Vassos... "Contempo"



The First Hundred Years

Following the excerpts from the press of 1880 which we presented last month, we add these possible notices from the press of 1980.

—by John Nordhof.

MAJOR JAMES ROLPH today judged the relative merits of several hundred loaves of bread.

Several pieces of interior and exterior sculpture, from the old Stock Exchange Building, demolished to make way for a new 150-story structure, have been installed as a permanent exhibit in the historical rooms of the Modern Art Institute. They will serve to exemplify early phases in the development of an art and architecture which finds advanced expression in the plans for the new building.

Foundations for this structure are now being laid. Its design embodies the most striking and modern principles of present day architecture. The inner and outer walls will be entirely of glass and the effectiveness of this material will be further heightened by the fact that it is of several colors, shaded, diffused and

blended so as to produce the final effect of a softly and richly colored fabric. By night the exchange building will glow with an astounding beauty as a special system of spotlight illumination is being perfected.

Herbert Fleisshacker, Jr., famous Stanford athlete of former years, terminated negotiations yesterday through which he becomes sole owner of Market street.

Blanding Sloan's Puppet's are being rehearsed for their presentation of "Strange Interlude" in modern dress.

The Fifty-seventh Season of The San Francisco Opera Association was inaugurated at the recently completed War Memorial. Mary Garden opened the season singing "Thais." Doctor Mark Gertste, III, president of the Association, in dedicating the War Memorial, explained that the project had been finished only because there were no surviving members of the American Legion.

The Police Commissioner has expressed himself as willing to relieve traffic congestion if someone will show him how it may be done.

The land, whereon has stood for sixty-five years the remains of a one time art palace, was last night formally possessed by the Board of Supervisors for the city, and the site will be converted into a small neighborhood playground. There are old residents of the city, who recall the days when the present heap of fragmentary pillars and traces of a dome were a proud and beautiful structure, consisting of an art palace, a colonade of stately pillars and a fine domed rotunda; the whole being by far the most notable building of the Panama Pacific International Exposition held in 1915.

At the close of the Exposition, it was proposed to re-construct the Fine Arts Palace of permanent materials as a fitting memory of the great exposition. This question was agitated for many years, but the efforts always came to nothing. Meanwhile, the original structure of flimsy, perishable material slowly crumbled to dust and in time even the aim of reconstructing it was forgotten.

The pressing Spring Valley Water questions were not discussed at last night's meeting, owing to lack of time. They will come up at the next session of the board.

The final decision by the Board of Supervisors as to the renewal of old and the granting of new franchises to the Street Railway Company was not settled at last night's meet of the board, as was generally anticipated, but was postponed for another three weeks. Heated discussion marked the latter hours of the

session. Certain of the supervisors held that, some of the periods in the official documents were upside down and generally out of line, and that this fact would affect the legality of the documents.

The City Attorney was finally instructed to look into this matter and have a new set of documents made up, if necessary.

The Governor assures petitioners that, after the coming Tournament of Roses, he hopes to find time to consider the case of Mooney and Billings.

The prevalence of the theme among the latest books would seem to indicate that readers find much of interest in the stirring and adventurous old days of Prohibition, when gallant young men courted danger on the high seas, when life was gay and hearts were high, and when there was none of the sordid materialism which now strangles us. (Book review, of course.)

The De Young Museum has acquired a collection of costumes worn in 1929-30. The exhibit should prove of interest to those who have found that the pages from *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* of those years make such quaint lampshades.

Officials of the Bank of Italy announce that they will soon have a branch in every cigar store.

Three Generations of Hearstian Journalism has just been released by The Spokesman Publishing Company of New York. The volume falls into two sections. The first part is the presentation, in revised and enlarged form, of a series of articles on the subject of Hearstian Journalism, which ran in *The Argonaut* during the past year and bore the name of Edward Morphy III, widely recognized as America's youngest and most brilliant critic.

The second part is composed of reprints of articles and items, dealing with the journalistic methods of the late William Randolph Hearst and his successors and descendants, which appeared in *The Argonaut*, beginning roughly about 1920 and continuing to the present day.

The Board of Supervisors has refused to consider the proposal of the City of Los Angeles that San Francisco be included within the Los Angeles city limits. Some fear is being expressed, however, that San Mateo may be so swallowed up.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN's new building is nearing completion. The editorial offices will occupy the fiftieth, fifty-first and fifty-second floors, from which height it is possible to see all the bay bridges.



OPPEN

Beth Wendel

The youngest of the contributing editors of *The San Franciscan*—who refuses to grow up in spite of the responsibilities of two children, the dignity of authorship of a recently produced play, and a reputation for general sophistication. You know her verse—her book reviews—and her short sketches. We publish her picture this month because it is the first time, since she joined the staff, that nothing written by her appears.

Critic vs. Critic

. Swords are Crossed and Pertinent Questions Asked

by WILSON FOLLETT

"IN TRAGIC writing there is no longer possible a Sophocles, or even a Shakespeare, but only (excepting Jeffers) a lot of little fellows who rewrite Maupassant without the humor . . . There is no longer in this country a literary critic whom one can trust; those who lead what was once a proud profession are all sideshow barkers, ballyhooing, indiscriminately, each and every freak."

I have gathered these crab-apples from Mr. Ned Hilton's November crop; and still the wonder grows that an orchard yielding on the whole such sound and vendible fruit can also bear these bitter nubbins. At the gate of this orchard, "The White Card," I find a sign posted: "It is to be understood that the editor of THE SAN FRANCISCAN is not responsible for what appears on this page; and the editor of this page is not responsible for whatever may appear elsewhere in the magazine." Is, one wonders, responsibility so casually abolished or sidestepped as all that comes to? An editor, they tell me in the law offices, is responsible for what he causes to appear in print, the question of his private agreement or disagreement with it being neither here nor there. And Mr. Hilton, who says he is "not responsible for whatever may appear elsewhere in the magazine," is certainly just as answerable for these present remarks as any other cause is for its logical effect.

Not that we haven't more reason for gratitude to Mr. Hilton than for any other emotion. In these same November columns he lets the gas out of that Franco-American balloon, the prestige of Mr. Julian Green; his drawing "M. Grin Meets Eeyore" is a priceless embodiment of both sagacity and wit; he declines to be imposed upon by advertising, which, next to the movies, is this century's most pervasively influential supply of art and romance; and he pays no homage at all to that less than skin-deep literary culture which modish persons now apply to themselves on the outside as a sort of spiritual cosmetic. In these and other particulars, Mr. Hilton is a crusted, detached, and very salutary skeptic, whose mental age has to be reckoned as in the neighborhood of fifty-four. One can but wish that his name were Legion, his vigor and industry infinite, and his working day seventy-two hours long. Precisely because he is in possession of some very exciting merits, every syllable in which he refuses to exhibit these merits is less acceptable and more maddening than it would be from any habitual purveyor of

Editor's Note—This article is the first by this distinguished Eastern critic that we have been privileged to publish. Wilson Follett, author of "Joseph Conrad," "Some Modern Novelists" and "The Modern Novel" has recently come to California. It is gratifying to find him taking such interest in Western thought.

stuff and nonsense. Mr. Hilton ought to be about the last man living to assure us that, for example, Shakespeare is inconceivable today, or that the critical faculty is defunct—utterances in which the highest mental age that the utmost generosity can detect is a ripe seventeen.

SHAKESPEARE impossible in tragic writing today? How, why, and wherein? Shakespeare in any age whatever is almost infinitely improbable, and in none more so than in that age of Euphuism in which he somehow contrived to be. But "nothing is so improbable as that which takes place." Mr. Ned Hilton, if he had lived and practised criticism in Elizabeth's London of 1588, could easily have said, as men of sense and learning did in effect then say: "In tragic writing there is no longer possible a Sophocles, or even a Chaucer, but only (excepting a young playwright of some promise named Marlowe) a lot of little fellows who rewrite Seneca without the restraint." It would have been, on the face of it, a reasonable utterance. That age, like this, was an affair of cultural modes and fads. It was overlaid with a shallow cosmopolitanism. It was marked by a sudden increase in the amount of travel and in the facilities for communication. And it had, like this age, a great addiction to the odd, the grotesque, the morbid. The theatre and the other arts were in a chaotic experimental stage. Only in retrospect do we view it as a time favorable to the career of a great genius; and we should not view it so at all if the great genius had not actually appeared. The fact remains that, had Mr. Hilton so pronounced in 1588, he would have stood a good chance of being read (and, for aught I know, cordially agreed with) by a young man already twenty-four years old who was on the brink of being Shakespeare.

Does Mr. Hilton fancy that tragic genius is "out" because radio announcers roar and coo in the land, or because every unbuilt city acre is thronged with repossessed Fords, or because the world is

suddenly filled with semi-literate fools who have a mania for reading printed matter about themselves and their kind? The machine age is, to be sure, unfriendly to the occurrence of preeminent genius; but how much more so than any age? Genius is, almost by definition, the assertion of inherent gifts and necessities against all the probabilities of circumstance. No one can ever know that it is going to appear—but it is sheer pretentious silliness to profess knowledge that it is not going to appear. The genealogy of great tragic literature, as perhaps Mr. Hilton would concede offhand, is traceable as far as Goethe. Anyone not taken in by the sapient dismissals of Meredith by those literary modistes and fashion-mongers who have left him unread, has the privilege of finding for himself that the lineage extends to at least 1895. There is a great tragic novel—maybe the greatest in English—called *Nostromo*, published in 1904 by an Anglo-Polish writer named Joseph Conrad. (It is dedicated to Mr. John Galsworthy, whose name it may keep alive longer than the Forsytes will.) Pray, have the world and the possibilities in human nature changed at such a rate in the last few years that what happens against all foreseeing in 1904 cannot imaginably happen—again, unexpectedly and miraculously—in 1930? The chances against a *Hamlet*, a *Faust*, an *Amazing Marriage*, a *Nostromo* are, in any decade of history, a thousand million to one. That will be true of the future, too. But it will also remain true that what has happened can happen.

AS A FACT, Mr. Hilton gives away the whole show when he says there is possible to us no tragic writer of stature, but only the lot of little imitators—*excepting Jeffers*. If the one exception is possible, all things are possible, and some of them will sometime occur. No exception to a law of chance was ever the only possible exception to it. But this generalization of Mr. Hilton's is not even a law.

And what, now, of the disappearance of trustworthy critics in this country? I think better of Mr. Hilton than to suppose that he is talking about the swarm of gentry—and, as Bierce would say, ladry—who review the new books for the newspapers, neatly proportioning the space to the anticipated sale. All of us understand, I take it, that this work is one contemporary phase of book-advertising. Its justification is economic, not literary, and it is simply an aspect of the

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Sansome Street Entrance

William Horace Smith has used the doorway of the San Francisco Stock Exchange building, with the surmounting sculpture by Ralph Stackpole, as the subject of this dynamic camera composition.

Art and the Stock Exchange

Modern Business Turns Toward Modern Art

by ESTHER L. JOHNSON

MODERN ART has triumphed in the stronghold of the conservatives in San Francisco. Finance, which has little time for new ideals in art, is the first element in the city to stretch out its hands to welcome the work of the modernist.

The new Stock Exchange Building at Pine and Sansome streets, is being decorated by San Francisco's two foremost modern sculptors, Ralph Stackpole and Robert Boardman Howard. They have been given free rein.

The result is that for the first time in this city a building is decorated with forms that are living and vital. For that is the main contribution of the artist whom we term modern—he interprets the "modern temper." He deals with the past only as background and foundation.

That architects in San Francisco are now beginning to accept what Stackpole and Howard as modernists have to offer the world indicates the trend that decoration is taking. That the financial district is the first to recognize the living quality of modern art is something for the business man to reflect upon.

The main plaint of the business man who judges art by "I know what I like," is that modern art is exaggerated in form and hence not beautiful. He forgets to look about him at the exaggerated forms that the present age of invention and mechanics thrusts upon him at every turn. But to him art is a thing apart from life itself. To the artist, art expresses life as he sees it lived about him.

He takes the materials of today, and he says something new with them. He expresses the emotions of a machine age. He interprets the speed, the energy, the inventiveness of the present civilization.

"Conservative art has been done and re-done, and often it has been done near perfection," says Stackpole. "We are now reaching out into new fields. We are still trying to create."

Howard voices the same attitude when he says, "I cannot express myself differently than I do. It is what I feel, brought up in the world as it exists today."

Both men are the product of academic training. Both have broken away in response to various influences in their lives. Contact with modernists in Paris, contact with the mechanical wonders of our day have helped. Groping for expression that will speak because of its power and vitality has forced them to hunt for fresh and varied symbols.

Little by little, the public has been exposed to the forms offered by the

symphonie psychopathetique

For piccolos and bass violins

By Lloyd S. Thompson

(*Allegro ma non troppo*)

One time your beauty was a well-banked fire

That challenged me to stir it forth and warm

Myself; bedeviled voices bade me storm Decorum's portals, barred to my desire.

(*Allegro vivace*)

You gave me thirst but would not offer drink,

Save vinegar to lash my frenzy more; I wonder if it pleased you then to think

That I might plead forever at your door.

(*Energico crescendo con amore*)

But dreams can do what flesh can never know,

So I, to astral bivouacs retiring,

Took you in fancy where you would not go In life, and mine was all I'd been desiring.

(*Andante cantabile*)

In aberration you've been violated;

You are, to my relief and your dismay,

(Now that your prehensility's abated)

A letter opened, read and thrown away.

modernist. Our advertisements have used its angles and exaggerations. Our interior decorators have introduced them in furniture and furnishings. Some of it is good, much of it is horrible. But at any rate, the public is getting used to seeing forms that are different from those employed by the past generation.

People are not being shocked by the decorations on the Stock Exchange Building. They are becoming interested. The forms employed by Stackpole and Howard are different, but their symbolism is self-evident.

Every detail of the sculpture is carefully planned to fit into a given space. Strength and vitality are there, due partly to the vision and partly to the bold execution of the artists. Squarely cut, massive in effect, with lines based on the human figure but not bound by anatomy, the work of both men is robust and compelling.

There the sculptured granite stands creation that is solid and enduring. The sculptor himself is small in comparison with his work, which springs from his mind and is of his emotion and spirit

SIMPLICITY marks the lines of the building, as it does the works of art which decorate it. The columns which form the front of the structure, facing on Pine street, have been preserved from the old sub-treasury which formerly stood there. A handicap in one way, the architects, Miller and Pflueger, have utilized these Tuscan colonnades to add dignity and a classical feeling to a building of great severity.

T. L. Pflueger is given the credit for visualizing his completed structure with the decorations a part of the unified whole. He had placed into the face of the Sansome street side huge blocks of granite ready for the sculptor's tools. He completed the building on Pine street with smooth, broad pylons at each side of the columns, in front of which are to be placed massive groups of statuary.

To Stackpole has been intrusted the work on the exterior of the building—the figures on the Sansome street side, the two groups before the pylons, and the medallions on the parapets. Howard has executed six panels placed inside the building on the main trading floor, and a carved wooden door for the Governing Board Room.

For months, Stackpole has been at work on a scaffolding high over the Sansome street entrance, cutting directly into the granite blocks. He has now completed this heroic group of figures, which represent his conception of finance with its background of industry and natural resources. It is called "The Progress of Man." Conceived with breadth of vision, the work is executed with vigor.

The huge central male figure, carved in half relief, rests his hands on a globe representing the earth, as he contemplates the future development of this known bit of existence. Two smaller figures cut in low relief are on each side. These tell of man starting the adventure of life—one on the sea and the other on the land.

In the background appears a representation of the rain and the lightning, eternal forces necessary to the success of man's journey through this world. Back of that and above the whole group stretches the rainbow, symbolic of man's triumph over and harnessing of natural energies.

The parapet above is broken by a medallion in which Stackpole has hewn the symbols of man's mastery over stone and steel as he bends them to his uses to provide shelter for himself.

Continued on page 28



. . . from germany

Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, who appear in San Francisco this month, have duplicated, in America, their spectacular success in the capitals of Europe. Kreutzberg was brought to America first by Max Reinhardt and has returned this time under the patronage of a distinguished group including Mrs. Vincent Astor, Mrs. James W. Gerard, Princess Paul Chavchavadze, Countess Mercatti, Princess Rospigliosi, Vittoria, Duchess di Sermonetta, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. Norman de R. Whitehouse.

THE DANCE

. . . . Presented This Season From Four Different Points of View

by ALINE KISTLER

SAN FRANCISCO is fond of the dance—and dancers are delighted with San Francisco. This season, particularly, the combination of dancer and charmed public has been a happy one. Record crowds saw Angna Enters and La Argentina, last month, and already enthusiasm and interest are shown in the Kreutzberg and Georgi concert, the middle of February, and in the recital by Mary von Sabern, the latter part of March.

More interesting than the enthusiasm, is the fact that the four events present the dance from four entirely different viewpoints. Angna Enters, booked as "the founder of a new American school of dancing," emphasizes the pantomime of the dance—La Argentina presents the simpler Spanish folk dances with a maximum of coquetry and personal charm—Kreutzberg and Georgi, foremost representatives of the modern German school, are occupied with the dynamic spirit of the dance—and Mary von Sabern, whose only teacher was Isadora Duncan, is primarily interested in creative expression in dance form.

It is unjust to judge any one of these dancers by the standard of another because each has an individual approach—almost an individual definition of dancing. But all are artists and contributors to the common body of art.

After her appearance here, San Francisco said: "Angna Enters is a charming entertainer but she is not a dancer." And she isn't, except by her own definition. She defines the dance as "a composition of movement"—and her category of movement includes all the mimetic gestures usually classed with characterization. Because of this, she cannot be compared to other dancers. One must think of her in her own self-defined realm.

Angna Enters sketches personalities. She gives, in a brief episode, the distinguishing elements of a person, placing her indelibly in a setting of period, place and psychological reaction. She recreates women of the past from the art records of their gestures. It is a sort of subtle behaviorism for Enters revives the manners and mannerisms of an age-dead

thais dances after the years

By Vaughn Francis Meisling

Then she turned,
To move
For him,
But for him,

White feet
That had moved
At the others' whim;

White feet
That had known
Only Love
For a master.

When she danced for Death,
They moved faster!

lady and, behold, the lady herself rises in person before you.

Enters composes the most obvious movements into an episode of apparent triviality—and manages to bind into its substance the subtle element that leavens the lump called art. Much of the time, she seems to sketch with a tinted brush whose strokes create complete illusion the structure of which is forgotten. In other episodes, as in "Moyen Age," "Pavane" and "Queen of Heaven," she paints in full color with a rich pattern that itself gives reality to the portrayal. These compositions approach the accepted dance form. They are memorable units of plastic beauty in which the spiritual is emphasized above the narrative. It was when Enters gave these three episodes that she first drew her San Francisco audience to her and held them for a moment close to her heart.

SAN FRANCISCO is hesitant about joining her praises to seeming unanimous adulation from elsewhere. This attitude was particularly noticeable at the debut of Angna Enters. She had been heralded most enthusiastically. Profuse praise from critics of three nations had been quoted most impressively. San Francisco was impressed to the extent of crowding the ballroom at the initial

recital—but it went suspiciously, ready to criticize, intent on exercising its own judgment. One must know San Francisco to understand this questioning attitude. It is one of the things that mark the city—it paves the way for the city's interesting contrasting enthusiasms and indifferences—for this quality leads San Francisco to remain loyal to its favorites heedless of popularity elsewhere.

It was somewhat the same last year when La Argentina first came to San Francisco from overwhelming successes elsewhere. The enthusiasm hesitated in a critical pose then capitulated before her consummate charm. So it is with Enters—in spite of the initial criticism, published and murmured, San Francisco has responded to her personality and another year will have accepted her as its own.

La Argentina and Angna Enters have far more in common than is apparent. La Argentina, whose dances are all based on folk steps, whose convention has been accepted for generations, is closer in spirit to Angna Enters than to either of the other outstanding dancers of the season. This is so because neither Enters nor La Argentina rely on the form of the dance to reach the audience. Both are exquisite actresses who win favor primarily with impersonation.

One does not go to see La Argentina, just to see the intricacies of Spanish dance steps—she does not indulge in the most complicated dances. One does not go even to hear those perfectly handled castanets. One really goes to see La Argentina.

It might well be said that La Argentina dances more with her head than with her feet—it is in reality her coquetry, her smile and her diminutive blusterings that subjugate the audience to unquestioning enthusiasm. La Argentina could dance sitting down.

Not that she does not dance in the accepted way—she does. But others can and have done as well so far as steps are concerned—but none have been La Argentina!

Continued on page 34



FELINE



ANGNA ENTERS



Mrs. George Pope



THE REIGNING DYNASTY

WEDDINGS

FITZHUGH-SMITH On December 27, in Montreal, Mr. William McPherson Fitzhugh, son of Mrs. William P. Fitzhugh and the late Mr. Fitzhugh, and Miss Alice Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Linnaeus Smith of Montreal.

LANGHORNE-RAYMOND On January 4, at Napa, California, Mr. John Langhorne and Miss Edna Inez Raymond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Raymond, of Napa.

MAXWELL-VAN FLEET On January 11, in New York, Mr. Allyn W. Maxwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maxwell, and Miss Julia Van Fleet, daughter of Mrs. William Cary Van Fleet and the late Judge W. C. Van Fleet.

ENGAGEMENTS

MACE-FURBUSH Miss Frances Mace, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Sayre Magee, to Dr. Claude G. Furbush, son of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Furbush of Alameda.

RODIEK-SPALDING Miss Paola Rodiek, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rodiek, to Mr. Edward Polhemus Spalding, son of Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding.

KRUTTSCHNITT-THOMPSON Miss Marie Elise Kruttschnitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt Jr., of San Francisco and Tucson, to Mr. William Thompson, of Tucson.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Frank Preston of Medford, Oregon, visited with her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Herrmann at their apartment on Sacramento street.

Colonel and Mrs. George B. Pillsbury of Philadelphia have been guests of Mrs. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale at the latter's home on Broadway. Mrs. Pillsbury was the former Miss Bertha Sidney Smith of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Warner Clarke of New York have been visiting Mrs. Clarke's father, Mr. Henry Cartan, in Sausalito. Miss Elizabeth Moore gave a dinner at her home in Piedmont in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker were hosts to Comtesse de Buyer (Daisy Polk) who has made her home in Paris for the past few years.

In honor of Mrs. Edward A. Sturges, wife of Colonel Sturges, U.S.A., Mrs. Adolph Spreckels gave a luncheon recently at her home on Washington street. Colonel and Mrs. Sturges were recently transferred to the Presidio from Washington, D.C.

In honor of Mrs. Paul Winslow of Honolulu, Mr. William Kent Jr., gave a luncheon at his home in Kentfield. Mrs. Winslow came to the coast to attend the regional conference of the Junior League held in Seattle.

Baron and Baroness von Romberg were the guests of Miss Jeanne Hughson of this city early in the year. The Baron and Baroness came north, accompanied by the Baroness' sister, Miss Jane Hall, to attend the Spinsters' Ball.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and Mr. and Mrs. Cole Porter were in San Francisco for a few days before sailing for the Orient. During their stay in this part of California they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Magee at their home in Pebble Beach.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club in honor of Miss Alice Cooke of Honolulu.

Mrs. Willis Walker was hostess at a luncheon gathering at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Charles Boettcher of Denver.

Miss Grace Howard Potter of New York is visiting with Mrs. Ashton Potter at the latter's home in Washington street.

Prince and Princess Henry XXXIII of Reuss are expected to arrive in San Francisco shortly with their children and will be domiciled at the Hotel Fairmont for a few days.

Mrs. Kurt Albert, the former Miss Florence Whittell of this city who now makes her home in Berlin, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. George Whittell at the Whittell home in California street.

Mrs. William G. Henshaw of Paris is at present the guest of her daughter Mrs. Charles Clarke Keeney in Piedmont.

Mr. Henry B. Morse, accompanied by his son and daughter, is visiting with Mr. Samuel F. B. Morse in Del Monte.

Mrs. Robert Dunham of Chicago visited in San Francisco for a week. Mrs. Dunham was a guest at the Cliff Hotel.

Miss Martha Baird of London was guest of honor at a luncheon given at the San Francisco Yacht Club by Mrs. Frederick Hussey.

HERE AND THERE

Miss Gloria Van Bergen's debut took place on February 1 at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club where a dinner dance was given for fifty.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin and Mr. and Mrs. Nion R. Tucker were hosts at a Sunday luncheon given at the Pin Tail Duck Club on the peninsula. More than 70 guests attended.

Mrs. George T. Brady is giving a song recital on February 4 at the Fairmont Hotel, the proceeds to be devoted to the Catholic rectory at Martinez.

Mrs. Amasa Spring has returned from a trip through the East and has reopened her apartments in the Hotel Fairmont for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. William J. Younger will spend several months in San Francisco, at the Fairmont. Mrs. Younger arrived in New York from her home in Paris late in January and is now en route to California.

In honor of Miss Dorothy Crawford, who returned recently from a trip to the South Seas, Mrs. Dean Dillon gave a tea at her home in Washington street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish entertained a large gathering of friends at their Carmel Valley ranch where they provided a barbecue supper.

Miss Adelaide Sutro entertained at a Sunday supper party in honor of Miss Dorothy Grissim, a bride-elect.

Mr. Bourne Hayne has returned to Harvard. Just before returning to the East Mr. Hayne was host at a dance at the Hayne home on Broadway.

February 27 is the date named by Miss Dorothy Player for her wedding to Mr. Winston Black. Mrs. Windsor Bigelow entertained at a luncheon and bridge party recently in honor of the bride-elect.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson were hosts at a dinner party at their home in Burlingame where they entertained thirty guests.

Debutantes and talented members of the younger set will present The Follies of 1930 at a downtown theatre on February 6, 7 and 8. Rehearsals are being held at the Fairmont.

In honor of two of the season's debutantes, Miss Patricia Tobin and Miss Genevieve Six, Mrs. Howard Spreckels gave a large luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Ernest K. Stratton gave a bridge party and handkerchief shower recently in honor of Miss Dorothy Player, the fiancee of Mr. Winston Black.

Miss Alice Eastland has returned from New York where she was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Mauchita Boldt and Mr. Walter White.

Miss Barbara Carpenter was hostess at a luncheon at her home in Burlingame where she entertained a number of the winter's debutantes and a complement of young men.

Miss Adelaide Nichols has announced that her marriage to Mr. Michael Casserly will take place on April 27 at La Jolla where the bride elect and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Nichols, are passing the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Horace Gray have taken an apartment in Gough street after spending several months at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinekard are staying at the Hotel Mark Hopkins and plan to make their home permanently in San Francisco.

A "cafeteria" dinner dance was given at the Gymkhana Club in San Mateo by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker in honor of Miss Isobel McCreary.

A Bachelors Club has been organized, with Mr. Thomas Driscoll, Jr. named as president, Clarence Postley, secretary, Nicol Smith, treasurer and the arrangements committee composed of Mr. Lauriston Driscoll, Mr. James V. Coleman and Mr. Charles Christensen. The Bachelors will give their first dance at the Burlingame Club on the evening of March 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer Rolph are sailing for Honolulu soon and will make their home in the Islands for the next year. Mrs. Philip Finnell is giving a farewell bridge party for Mrs. Rolph on February 4.

Miss Margaret Hanchett made her debut at the Burlingame Club on January 24. Miss Hanchett is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett.

Mrs. Osgood Hooker gave a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of Comtesse de Buyer who is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop will remain in Belvedere this winter instead of taking an apartment in town. Mrs. Lathrop gave a luncheon recently at the Century Club.

Miss Barbara Carpenter was hostess at a supper party on the evening of February 2.

Mrs. Clement Tobin and her daughter, Miss Aileen Tobin will spend the winter in San Francisco and have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein and their family, who are making a trip around the world, were in India at last account.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, her daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell and Miss Dominga Russell, were recently in Rome where they were entertained by the American Ambassador and his wife at the Rospigliosi Palace.

Mrs. Thomas Magee and her sister, Mrs. Charles Harvey Bentley, are again in Paris after visiting at St. Moritz for a few weeks during the winter sports season.

Mrs. Conrad Peters is again in Paris after spending several weeks in San Francisco where she was the guest of Mrs. J. A. Black at the Hotel St. Francis.

Commander and Mrs. William Thomas (Helen Marye) who were visiting in the East with Mr. and Mrs. George T. Marye, have returned to their home in Paris.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor and Miss Mary Jolliffe were in Rome at the time of the wedding of the Princess Marie Jose of Belgium and Crown Prince Humbert. Miss O'Connor and Miss Jolliffe are at present in Paris.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rice Bostwick and their daughters, Miss Florence and Miss Dorothy Bostwick are in the East. The party made the trip via the Panama Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Schermerhorn are dividing their time this winter between their country place in the Berkshires and their apartment in New York, at the Barclay.

Mrs. Sidney A. Cloman was among the guests at the dinner for fifty given in honor of the retiring British Ambassador, Sir Esme Howard. The Vice-President was the host at this affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell (Helen Crocker) have returned to New York after a visit of several months in Burlingame.

Miss Barbara Bailly and Miss Dorothy Hanks have returned to their respective schools in the East after visiting with their families in San Francisco.

Miss Eleanor Christenson and Miss Barbara Cates are in New York where they have joined Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shattuck Cates. The family will return to Burlingame early in the spring.

Mrs. Warren Spicker is in New York and will return to San Francisco at the end of the month.

Miss Janet Coleman entertained a group of her San Francisco friends at a dinner party recently at the Hotel Plaza.

Ernest Peixotto was a member of the committee on arrangements for the Beaux Arts ball given recently at the Hotel Astor. He appeared as Boticeli. James Ben Ali Haggan appeared at the ball as Lorenzo de Medici.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Among those who recently passed a week-end at Del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Dr. and Mrs. Edmund Morrissey, Miss Yvonne and Miss Romilda Masto.

Mrs. Latham McMullin and Mrs. Roger Bocquier recently spent a fortnight at Palm Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott enjoyed a week's stay at Palm Springs.

Mrs. Frank H. Ames and her daughter, Miss Gloria Ames, were visiting in Los Angeles recently.

Mrs. Macdonald Moore visited in Pasadena where she was the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pedley.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hitchcock have gone to Honolulu where they will establish their permanent home.

Mrs. Dunn Dalton and Mrs. George Newhall visited in the south recently dividing their time between Palm Springs and Arrowhead.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lewis and their daughter, Mrs. Theodore Tuttle Smart are spending the remainder of the winter at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Edna Lapham has returned to the Santa Barbara Girls' School.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cook were recently in Los Angeles after completing a tour of Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald spent several weeks in Honolulu early in the year.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr and Mr. Robert Burroughs were at Del Monte during the recent polo tournament.

THE WHITE CARD

by NED HILTON

SAYS Harry Evans, the movie critic of *Life*: "It looks like we're having a Shakespearean revival." But not, we need hardly assure you, in the writing of Mr. Evans.

That was to have been a desolating little paragraph, complete in itself; but Mr. Evans has since favored us with further examples of the same sort. He wrote the splendid line: ". . . if it is believable that such an innocent-looking child could look like she looks at John and just be playing."

And this, in case you are not interested, is the man who occupies the *quondam* chair of Robert Emmet Sherwood.

We refuse to consider Mr. Evans as a critic; we speak merely of semi-literacy. Open any copy of *Life* prior to January 1, 1929, read Sherwood's page, and discover good writing.

Mr. Sherwood, you were literate, witty, urbane and intelligent. You understood the use of words, the need for cadence and design. You were, in a phrase, good reading. Accept this nostalgic tear.

But perhaps Mr. Evans is bidding for a chance to write talkie dialogue. His style is admirably suited thereto, and we wish him luck.



"Haven't you got a napkin for the other knee?"

IT SEEMS that this page is to be consecutive this month in a degree which is scarcely credible, because from here we go right on to speak of movies and illiteracy. We wonder how many people saw Doug and Mary in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and what proportion of the crowd has ever read or will ever read the original.

With the serious consideration now being given the talkies as an educational medium, and with the necessity for the reading of subtitles abolished, with all current events presented in their natural whirring sounds to the public, and with literary works translated for the public by Hollywood gag-men, we wonder if books will not become obsolete. We can

imagine a group of scholars in the future witnessing the projection of the only known copy of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and puzzling over that strange line of Dickens': "Maybe it is snappy goods, Solly, but for such a kibitzer like you should know about it, I say nerts."



"My dear little man, do you mean to tell me you like it because you enjoy it?"

WE HAD written fifty-four more lines dealing with semi-literacy — they had to do with the bad influence — quite unintentional — of Mencken upon tyros—and they were to have followed in this space. But we were reminded, suddenly, that it is not the function of this page to be consecutive. If there is any merit in this page it lies in jumble and confusion, in the presentation of paragraphs so distinct that the reader may read anywhere at random, to his edification and the delight of his soul. So Mencken must wait a month—biting his nails and mumbling, "When will that fellow use his Mencken piece?"

For Carey McWilliams we hasten to correct two errors in our mention of his Bierce biography. For "adopt," Mr. McWilliams, please read "adapt"; and from "captioned" please drop the "ed." If we are yet under a cloud, we shall be glad to show you our original copy, which does not show these—hmm—semi-literacies.

In a recent ad appears the caption: "Attracting Customers With Modern Exteriors . . ." Therein we detect further cause for alarm. Whither, we ask, is our much-vaunted civilization drifting? We, ourselves, care little about the exteriors of our customers . . .

It is sometimes said of a person, in what is meant to be praise: "He takes things just as they come." "So," as Whistler said, "does a cow." And so did the dinosaur.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—It is to be understood that the editor of THE SAN FRANCISCAN is not responsible for what appears on this page; and the editor of this page is not responsible for whatever may appear elsewhere in the magazine.]

Among the minor sights of the city, such sights as make glad the heart and merry the eye, we mention the well-known monkeys, See-No-Evil, Hear-No-Evil and Speak-No-Evil, which are prominently displayed upon the counter of a Kearney street bail broker.



The proposed railroad mergers fill us with trepidation. Nothing could be more horrible than, for instance, the consolidation of the Southern Pacific and the Pennsylvania. We can think of nothing more disheartening than the Overland Limited going through Altoona. The trip between New York and Chicago has always been no more than a trial which must be endured, either before or after the comfort and quiet of the western trains. And now, with the promised reduction in fares, they intend to fill the western trains with the shirt-sleeve travelers, the banana-eaters, the diaper-changers, the is-zat-so wits who infest the eastern systems; and who seem, by proximity, to blight all trains, all crews, all dining cars, so that all trains are dirty and noisy, all crews dirty and indifferent, all dining cars dirty and unappetizing. We want extra-fare trains, and their protection.



Slightly muddled high-jumper tries to clear a line on the wall.

Critic vs. Critic

Continued from page 15

modern science of promotion. The more and less important weekly review supplements exist as vehicles for publishers' advertising; this advertising, to appear at all, must appear against a background of ostensible reading matter; and hence it becomes necessary to hire a goodly number of persons to have eligible opinions about the season's eligible books, and to express these opinions in print at stated intervals. If judicious, we judge the supply of this commodity, not by the standards which regulate actual criticism, but by those which apply to the blurbs on the jackets of the very books reviewed. Wherever *bona fide* criticism exists, we know that it has been called into being by someone's having spontaneously formed opinions about which he cannot help being excited and articulate—and decidedly not by someone's having offered to pay him two cents a word for formulating a printable opinion on a stipulated subject on or before a specified date. Ordinary reviewing has about the relation to criticism that the mournful occupation of tea-tasting has to the epicure's delight. It is of the essence of taste that it must and will exercise itself. When a man supposed to have taste is paid to exercise the faculty in the interest of an editorial policy which he did not help originate, we rightly distrust his judgments. The reviewers would nearly all be in that case, but for the circumstance that they are not supposed to have taste.

There is only one definition of a good reviewer. The good reviewer is he who gets his copy in on time, fills the assigned space and no more, and has mastered the knack of describing an advertised book for which he cares nothing in such a way as to get himself quoted by its publisher in later advertisements. The good critic is obviously something else again.

But has this good critic ever existed, in America or elsewhere, in the flourishing pride and power that Mr. Hilton so gaily suggests? Mr. Hilton is talking, of course, about overt criticism made manifest in print. And I rise to ask, When and in whose hands was such criticism ever to be trusted? When was it ever anything but the vehicle of more or less interesting prejudices and prepossessions—personal limitations of the critic? What critic has ever honestly tried to evaluate an author except in terms of ideas about which the critic cared immensely, but which the author may never have heard of? The critics have always been sideshow barkers. Being no more than a human being, the critic has consistently played, and will always play, the game of the author who is playing his game. And, indeed, why not?

Continued on next page



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Knox fashions
that introduce
new examples
of the unusual
at its best . . .

S P O R T C O A T S
T O W N C O A T S
K N O X H A T S
A N D F R O C K S

K N O X

51 GRANT AVENUE
and HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

VER by the other ocean there is a professorial wit, Mr. Irving Babbitt, who has for many years been driving one particular nail into the American consciousness: the idea that what we call the Romantic Movement was a setback to European civilization because it obscured the elder idea of a dualism in the human spirit—crudely, the idea of good versus evil, of deliberate self-discipline versus letting oneself go. All our contemporary fashions of letting ourselves go, this critic genealogizes as a natural aftermath of Romanticism. Very well. It is a searchlight of an idea, withering to the looks of more than one of our modern pretensions. It grows, of course, out of a fine moralistic prepossession of the man himself. What, anyway, are an unusual man's strengths if not his characteristic weaknesses? But note this: the grand Miltonic line sounds a good deal less grand and less Miltonic to Mr. Babbitt when written by Wordsworth, who was of the Romantics. And if Mr. Babbitt had been besought by some powerful editor to hold forth in one of the quarterlies of about 1820, he would have vented all his trenchant acerbity upon that wretched young immortal, the author of *Endymion*. Likewise, over on the other ocean, an important monthly magazine, *The Bookman*, has dedicated itself body and soul to echoing, interpreting, purveying, and advertising the

ideas of Mr. Babbitt and of an elder scholar, Mr. Paul Elmer More. (An oddly assorted marriage, that; one wonders from time to time how the Messrs. More and Babbitt relish everybody's automatic coupling of themselves, as if they had aspired to be nothing other than Siamese twins of criticism.) Meanwhile, literature may shift for itself—as it has always done.

That is today. And how was it yesterday? Well, Ralph Waldo Emerson, as gently courageous a spirit as ever this continent produced, beat a valiant drum before the sideshow of a young poet named Whitman. Emerson's love of justice and hatred of tyranny made him say rather better than he thought of *Leaves of Grass*, chiefly because its author was a brave man destined for vilification and ridicule. Then Emerson's pronouncement began to take hold, and Whitman found himself tolerated, comparatively respected, even suspected of greatness. What, thereupon, did Emerson do? He recanted, or at any rate minimized the enthusiasm of his earlier words. Why? Because as a moralist he was convinced that Whitman had gone too far in one direction to be applauded by a man of delicacy. He would fight for Whitman persecuted and reviled, and he would avert his face from exactly the same Whitman applauded and with a following.

Criticism is like that, because men—the greatest, the best of men—are like that.

IT FOLLOWS that no one can get out of a critic the truth which will serve his own pragmatic needs until he has first performed the complicated act of understanding the critic rather better than the critic understands himself, and then the equally difficult act of allowing correctly for the critic's inevitable bias. (That is why so much critical writing tends to lapse into the criticism of criticism—like this very paper.) This being thus, a marvel of the age is that it occurs to no one to suspect that the simplest and most final exertions of the critical faculty, and much the commonest, are not public or official at all, and assuredly not printed, but private, personal, direct, and utterly decisive.

What is criticism, anyway? It is simply the faculty of choice, exercised in reference to some actual and imperative need of one's own. The man in the grillroom knows perfectly well, without asking Mr. Hilton or me to guess for him, whether he wants Hungarian goulash this noon or a chop; and his knowing is criticism. The customer in the automobile salesroom has a pretty good idea whether he had better pay \$800 and two cents a mile for eighteen horse-power, or \$7500 and eleven cents a mile for a

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hundred; and his having it is criticism. The man who thought there might be something in this movie business when he saw *The Last Laugh*, but who walked out on Broadway, has been a critic, on the one occasion as on the other ("Sleep is an opinion," said Charles Lamb of a play; and Mr. Bernard Shaw gets the credit.) And the lady who has sent her chauffeur for an armful of the newest novels is on the verge of commencing critic. She retires with the armful to her boudoir. *Harriet Hume* she throws at the cat. *The Good Companions* she flatteringly wishes on the chauffeur. *Laughing Boy* goes to the maid. *Three Against the World* and *Horses in the Sky* can go into the Salvation Army box. Then she settles down luxuriously to read *Red Silence* and *Dark Duel* without skipping—well, without much skipping.

The lady gets, by her free choice, what she needs. Who else can tell her what that is? Of course, there are all grades of needs. Also, a choice among disparate things is an implicit criticism of the chooser. But that is usually no matter of public interest. The point is here: However fine a reason Mr. Hilton or someone may supply why I really ought to absorb myself in a given book, it is always conceivable that I may supply myself with a still better reason for finding it a waste of time. And it is, after all, my time. There are 10,000 new books a year—about 9,950 too many, if you ask any single person except the editor of a book-advertising publication. And the business of telling those whom one isn't acquainted with just which of the 10,000 they positively must not miss is being very hugely overdone.

That would not matter so seriously if a great many of the poor dears didn't believe everything they are told. But if they were to read everything they are told to read, they would soon die of it, and the world would be a sweeter and saner abode for the rest of us.

In Black and White

Continued from page 9

gently and early in 1846 was able to purchase the ship, *Brooklyn* for \$16,500. He sold 236 of his followers passage to California at \$120 each. He included in the cargo of the *Brooklyn* (as his personal possessions) a printing press, several cases of type and machinery for a flour mill.

The *Brooklyn* sailed from New York in February 1846 and reached Yerba Buena July 31, 1846. The first sight that greeted the weary Mormons was the American flag, from which they sought to escape, flying high and securely above the Yerba Buena Presidio and from vessels of the United States Navy, guarding

Continued on next page



Once a rather uncertain commercial gesture in a draughty barn-like structure . . . now an event of the social season staged with pomp and circumstance in the Civic Auditorium. We trumpet the fourteenth Annual Pacific Automobile Show . . . one of the socially prominent topics of conversation for the month!



It's amazing, when you stop to think about it, what a stimulating effect new styles in automobiles have on new styles in clothes. Can you, for instance, gaze upon these sleek, burnished mechanical creatures, stored with such abundant reservoirs of power that they seem all but alive, without feeling a surge of pride in being a contemporary? Doesn't it make you period-conscious, and rouse the desire to dress the part . . . to live up to the gorgeousness of these modern "magic carpets" of our day? It's no wonder that in spite of the rapid, staccato tempo of living we are reaching another Renaissance . . . a twentieth century revival of beauty for beauty's sake against a practical background that makes only one demand . . . that our clothes be appropriate to the occasion.



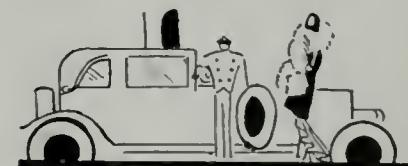
If you consider your new-season wardrobe in terms of the machines in your garage you get an idea of this 1930 passion for appropriateness. Of course, one car, in probably four out of five homes, performs the duties of a whole garage full. But the principle is the same.

There's the rakish roadster for the early morning game of golf . . . there's the very new short sleeved jersey frock that says "check" to the car. Unmistakably feminine are the lines of the frock . . . but in spite of its softer silhouette the skirt is still comfortably short enough for active sports wear . . . the sleeves are the loose butterfly type that permit full swing of the arms. Practical femininity! Then the town car for a morning or an afternoon of shopping, or committee work, perhaps . . . and with that one of the new short jacket suits in soft, loosely woven tweed, snug of waist, flared of skirt. You cannot escape femininity even in the tailleur this Spring. The landauette for the last half of the



afternoon no doubt will enjoy greater favor than ever since it has become smart once more to "dress" for the tea time part of the day. For this the double-decker frock with little jacket that can be slipped off later for dinner dancing is correct and cute. The opera brougham provides fitting background for the most impressive of 1930 innovations . . . the revival of the train.

A time and a place for everything, say the leading style authorities of the season . . . and The White House says so, too, with styles as appropriate to the demands of the times as they are appropriate in price.



Three good reasons
for attending
the Automobile Show

→ → → → → → → → (on display) ← ← ← ← ← ← ← ←

CADILLAC V-8
LA SALLE V-8
CADILLAC V-16

→ → → → → → → → (Sixteen-cylinders—first showing) ← ← ← ← ← ← ← ←

Three cars built in the same highly specialized shops and by the same experts in precision manufacture . . . All three drawing from the same rich sources—General Motors, Cadillac, Fisher and Fleetwood . . . All three profiting by 27 years of exclusive devotion to the creation of the finest possible motor cars.

k.f.r.e.



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*California Distributor
Cadillac and La Salle Motor Cars*

VAN NESS at O'FARRELL

the harbor. At this sight, it is said, Brannan cursed profanely. But he quickly recovered his composure and inquired into the unexpected situation. He discovered that the Mexican War had officially been declared in May 1846, while he and his followers were on the high seas and that the American troops and Navy had early driven the Mexican troops from Yerba Buena and were in complete possession of the town. It was apparently useless to attempt to escape from American rule.

Brannan observed a great many other things about the new country and Yerba Buena, which impressed him so favorably that within a few days he installed his flour mill machinery in a building on Clay near Leidesdorff street and began profitably to make flour. This undertaking was a purely independent and personal one, a fact which his Mormon companions deeply resented, as well as the entirely changed attitude of their former leader. They presently brought him to trial on charges of misappropriating and mismanaging the organization's funds. The jury, which tried and acquitted Brannan, was the first American jury in California.

Brannan's first favorable impressions of California were strengthened with time and as he gained a better knowledge of its soil, climate, navigable streams, harbors, tree clad mountains and hills. Nor was he alone in perceiving these possibilities of California and Yerba Buena. Other leading citizens of the little community also perceived them. But to develop all these resources required people—farmers, artisans and capitalists—and not much could be done about attracting new settlers to the country while the war was in progress.

ON JANUARY 24, 1848, the war finally came to an end and California became American soil by the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. Shortly thereafter, Yerba Buena's progressive merchants, traders and professional men formally organized themselves to work out the problem of attracting new settlers to California and developing the country, as a place having its resources and climate should develop and prosper. This organization was surprisingly similar to our own famed Californians, Incorporated, in motives and methods. The idea of the group very probably originated with Brannan and he was easily its most enthusiastic member. Presumably, his *Star* was made the organization's official publication, for the issue of April 1, 1848, was a special, extra page, "booster" edition. Two thousand extra copies were run off and arrangements were made with a distributing concern in St. Louis, Missouri to put these extra copies into the hands of people, who might be interested in

California to England

New Oil-Burning Cruise Steamer

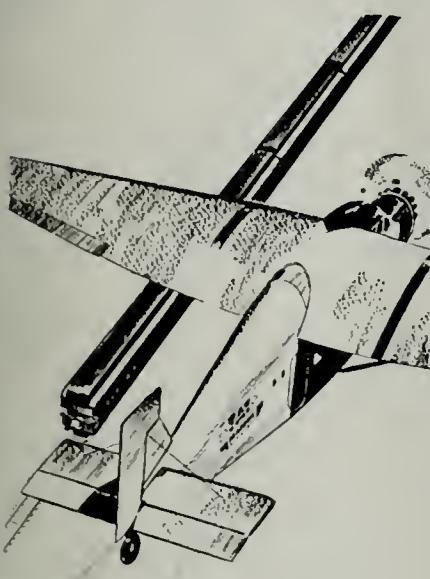
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Many other time-saving combinations.

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taking up farming or grazing lands in California

This issue was typical of its kind. The feature article, *The Prospects of California*, was by Dr. Victor Foutegard, physician, druggist and master optimist. With a few strokes of his pen he made of the entire Pacific Coast a populous, busy region. Great cities and innumerable towns (more than even now exist) were created. Factories were set up, orchards, vineyards and garden patches laid out. Another writer devoted a second article of goodly length to the climate. In this, it was also noted that, the rainfall of the past winter had been abundant, which was a promise of a rich harvest of grains, fruits and grapes. A third feature dealt with the rumored immigration of a group of Chinese. The virtues of the Orientals as laborers were favorably commented upon but they were welcomed chiefly as possible founders of an American silk industry, which would logically be located in California.

Obviously, this issue paid a great deal of attention to farming and the getting of farmers for California. Readers with a memory for dates may recall that gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill, January 2, 1848, three weeks before the signing of the peace treaty. Yet this momentous incident in California's history received no notice at all. Following Marshall's findings, several additional gold discoveries had been made in the Sierra streams and gold had been sent to Washington, D. C., where it had assayed very high. But even these facts received no special comment in the *Star's* issue of April 1848.

This strange omission is explained in the fact that, while evidence at hand seemed to indicate mineral deposits of considerable extent, the sentiment of the population was distinctly against spreading news of the discoveries. Those in the country at the time believed that its great future lay in developing its agricultural possibilities. They conceived first a state of orchards, grain fields, vineyards and cattle ranges, and no one appeared to realize that mining and not agriculture was speedily destined to be California's first, leading industry. The appeal was thus for farmers and no inducements were held out to miners or those seeking quick, easy wealth. It was the plan, moreover, to hold indefinitely to this policy, for all arrangements were made to bring out a second special issue similar to the first early in June 1848.

This issue never appeared for the very good reason that when June rolled around, there was no one in Yerba Buena to get it out. Sam Brannan and all his staff had dropped the business of newspaper making and empire building for

Continued on next page



For those who live on a normal sensible basis . . .

The beauty of the Hotel Lexington . . . the luxury of its modern appointments . . . the distinguished quality of its French cuisine . . . are available at such moderate rates that many guests who come for a day or a week are staying permanently.

Dinner and Supper Dancing in the Silver Grill. Dave Bernie and his Hotel Lexington Minute Men.

801 ROOMS

Each with private bath (tub and shower), circulating ice water, mirror door.	
341 rooms with double beds,	\$4
1 person.	
These same 341 rooms for two persons.	\$5
229 rooms with twin beds	\$6
Either one or two persons.	
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Either one or two persons.	
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Direction of American Hotels Corporation

J. Leslie Kincaid, President



Recent Importations from France

Two pair of peach-color drapes, lined in sateen, finished in fringe

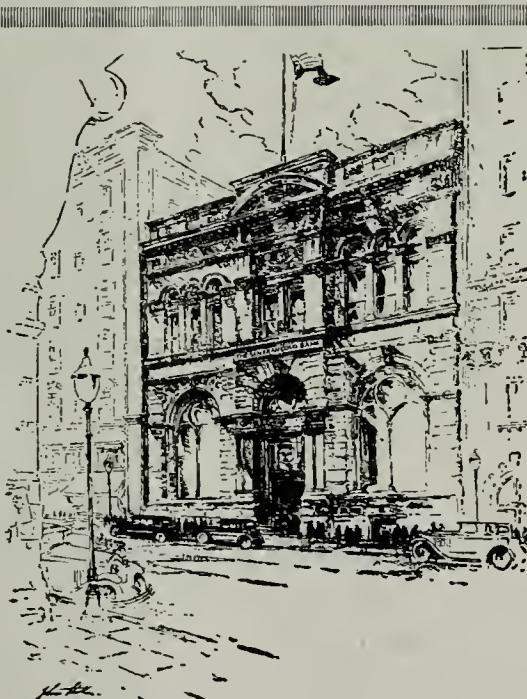
One Louis XVI dressing table lined to match the drapes, and one small mahogany gueridon with top of gold color marble.

With a pair of Louis XVI candlesticks in old bronze, a half-dozen etchings in black and white, a colored print or two and one has the setting of a charming room.

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THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

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Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds, \$5,450,000.00

The following accounts stand on the Books at \$1.00 each, viz.:
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Other Real Estate - - - (Value over \$308,000.00)
Pension Fund - - - (Value over \$670,000.00)

Interest paid on Deposits at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent per annum
Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly

that of digging gold in the Sierras. *The Californian* had temporarily suspended publication for the same reason. In spite of all precautions taken against it, the rumors of the gold discoveries had seeped mysteriously across continents and oceans. As they traveled, they gained prodigiously in lustre, glamor and authenticity, and so it was that the tides of the gold rush originated, not where gold was discovered, but at points far removed from California.

Art and the Stock Exchange

Continued from page 17

THE group of figures to be placed in front of the pylons on the Pine street side are not yet completed

Stackpole says of them, "I may work at them for months, for I want them to express all that stone and tools can say for me at this phase of my life."

Models that I saw in his studio indicate that the same powerful sweep in conception and the same directness in cutting will characterize this work as it does that already done. The group to be placed before the west pylon is that of a father and son, symbolic of industry and invention. The group at the base of the other, a mother and child, typifies the fruitfulness of Mother Earth.

In the parapet above the columns on Pine street, Stackpole has placed two octagonal plaques on which are depicted in bold relief civilization's mastery of land and sea. In keeping with the classic lines of the front of the building, he has softened the curves and somewhat idealized the forms of the two female figures, the one rising from the land, the other from the sea.

The six panels by Howard are placed above the high windows, three on each side within the main room of the exchange proper, which opens on Pine street. Modeled in Howard's studio, and afterwards cast in the plaster acoustical material out of which the interior walls are made, these friezes fit into the room as though directly sculptured there.

Every line is done in the modern spirit.

The panels express the industry that stands back of finance and without which the Stock Exchange would not exist. They represent the modern age of machinery as exemplified in the perfection of electric and gas motive power.

MAN's relation to electricity is portrayed on the east wall. In the central panel, three figures are grouped about a dynamo. In the right panel, men are shown working with the various uses of electricity—the electric light, the telephone and the telegraph. The left panel represents the use of electricity in transportation and in long distance communication.

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SAN FRANCISCO



The Chauffeur:

Ah, pardon me, madame.
You see—well, I—I, Marie
and I are getting married,
and I'm going into business.

She:

What shall I do? No Chauffeur, no maid!

The Chauffeur:

I'll be glad to stop at the
Examiner office and put in a
Want Ad for you, madame.
You know, you'll have another
maid and a chauffeur by tomorrow afternoon.

{ The Examiner's phone number, by the
way, is SUtter 2324—East Bay Glen-
cour: 5442. You may phone your Want
Ad. Main Office, 3rd & Market Sts. }

On the west wall, the panels represent gas power. Men working with a gas motor is the theme of the central panel. The right panel is devoted to aviation, showing the gauntletted pilot, the mechanic turning the propellor of an airplane motor and a ground man carrying gasoline. The application of gas power in land development is indicated in the left panel. One figure is pictured at the wheel of a caterpillar tractor in contrast to the farmer with a hoe also shown in the panel.

Howard was engaged in the carving of the door to be set into the Governing Board room when I went to see him at his studio. Before him on the big table was a thick block of walnut in natural, warm color. The lovely texture of the wood was evident as it came away under the carving tools like soft velvet.

Labor that lies back of the building of a modern city is symbolized by the carvings on the door. Mining is represented by a figure with pick and shovel. The square cut fingers gripped about the pick, the robust lines of the body, are carved with deftness and surety into the firm wood.

Other figures show the quarrying for building material, and then the various steps in building construction. One man is guiding a steel girder into place, another is laying granite blocks, a third is handling building machinery.

In a panel above the door which combines a ventilator and a climax for the carving is the skyline of a city built by the hands of workmen as portrayed below.

Recognition of the type of work done by Stackpole and Howard is of especial interest just at this time.

FOR eight months there has been in this city an exhibition of the work of contemporary sculptors of America. Somehow the show missed fire. It stirred very little if any excitement and certainly no controversy. It was sane and safe.

Imagine the Palace of the Legion of Honor filled with the work of the young moderns. It might be bad in spots, but it would be alive.

That is the challenge of the modernist. His work is breathing, pulsating with life. He cares little about academic rules, although he knows them. He expresses what to him are vital things in forms that to him spell life about him.

He slashes crudely at times, he achieves more brute force than sinewy grace, but he speaks with the force of a man who is forging ahead into new paths.

That is why it matters whether or not the Stock Exchange—a modern building dedicated to the uses of the most typical expression of our civilization—is decorated with art of a past generation or that of the present.

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from the
Far East
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Dejeuner ~
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This Roos coat of
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is priced at \$125...

And the worst of it is that if you ever buy one you are almost spoiled for any lesser coat...But you'll learn a lot about the virtue of a real camel's hair garment.

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NOB HILL TOPICS

WHAT dance orchestra leaders San Francisco has given to America! Art Hickman, Abe Lyman, George Olsen, Paul Whiteman—the foremost names the country over! But it is keeping for itself one who may in time over-top them all.

For two years the outstanding personality in San Francisco dance music has been Anson Weeks at the Mark Hopkins. His dreamy rhythms have come to take a definite place in the hearts of San Franciscans and visitors alike. The carpeted luxury of Peacock Court, the velvet tones of the orchestra, the smooth syncopation of Anson Weeks' interpretations—all spell an enjoyment particular to the nights on Nob Hill.

Anson Weeks has recently returned from a trip to the East where he visited the leading theatres, hotels and night clubs. He has come back to San Francisco more firmly convinced than ever before that here is where he wants to work and that here is where he can best realize his dream of developing the finest dance orchestra in the world.

"The West has already contributed a lot to dance music," Anson says, "The East may have given us the first start in jazz and the strident, erratic rhythms—but it is the West that has supplied sweetness and refinement. The best that New York has today, originated in San Francisco."

It was from San Francisco that Art Hickman, the real originator of the modern dance orchestra, went to introduce into the East a new conception of dance music. Then came the others, Abe Lyman, George Olsen and the others. Then Whiteman, enlarging on Hickman's idea, made his intricate orchestrations which have brought recognition to the virtues of jazz. All started in San Francisco.

There were theatre orchestra leaders too that went from here to other parts of the country to gather laurels but, according to Anson Weeks, there is a wide difference between the two types of music. "Theatre music is made to be listened to—" Anson says, "but we play for people to dance. With us, rhythm is the first consideration and all our music is built on it."

IN dance music, the personnel of the orchestra and the sympathy between the players and the leader means everything. Anson Weeks insists that his

orchestra is as important as he is—he refuses to take all the glory because he feels that it is the men he works with who make it possible for him to express music as he wants to. If you've ever seen the loving regard a violinist has for his



Anson Weeks

violin, then you know the expression Weeks has when he speaks of his men. Four of them have been with him since Anson first organized his own orchestra.

Anson Weeks has risen to his present position in the face of parental opposition. When first he started to play in dance orchestras, his family thought it wasn't quite "respectable" to be a musician. In spite of opinion he played at university dances and planned to enter college. Then he decided to marry. So he turned his back on music and went into business. But from time to time he answered an emergency call and gradually went back to playing in the evenings.

Then there came an opportunity in grain and produce brokerage in Sacramento and Anson Weeks took his wife and two babies to the capitol. In spite of his intention to concentrate on business and forget music he soon gathered around him a group of friends who liked to play together. So when the Hotel Senator opened, in 1924, Anson Weeks said good-by to business and organized his own orchestra.

It was then that he decided never again to be influenced by what others

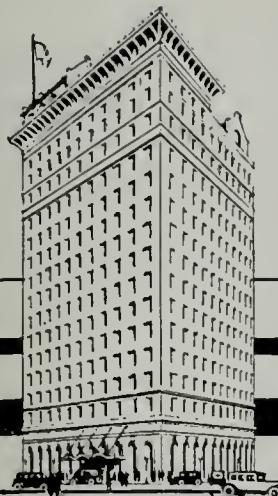
thought he should do—he concluded to give all his energies to what HE really wanted to do. He began to develop his own idea of dance music interpretation. Up to that time he had played by ear—now he learned to write music so he could arrange parts for his orchestra. He had toyed with melodies of his own making—now he began to set his own themes to music.

For three years he played with his orchestra at the Senator then the Mark Hopkins sent for him. He brought part of his orchestra with him, augmented it with San Francisco musicians and soon his fame spread, bringing crowds of people to Peacock Court.

ANSON WEEKS now has an orchestra of twelve pieces unequaled in the entire bay region. He directs from the piano but has another pianist who also plays the new pipe organ recently installed in Peacock Court. Then there are three violins, three saxophones, a trumpet, a trombone and the drums and bass. Now, too, there is John McCrea who sings the ballads. There is a dance concert in Peacock Court each evening of the week, except Sunday, And on Tuesday evening they celebrate Feature Night with a varied program of entertainment. Again on College Night, each Friday, there are special features.

Besides his interpretations of others' music, Anson Weeks is gaining favor as a popular composer. His "Sorry" which he composed for Edna Fisher and Rosita Duncan, has already met with great favor. Another song that bids fair to be popular is "Tuck Me In To Sleep." It is even now being published and plans are under way to use it as a theme song for a talkie. A third song to be published is "The Last Dance," a dreamy good-night theme with a haunting rhythm. All three have been played first in Peacock Court where the reception given them more than justified the interest of the publishers.

Anson Weeks brought a number of new songs back with him from his eastern trip and is now busy adapting them to his own interpretation. At present he is particularly interested in working with the tango which has proved so popular in the east. He feels that San Francisco has its own attitude toward dance music and his first aim is to develop rhythms that meet the western mood.



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San Francisco

Stylist

Stern Brew

Continued from page 10

volved The poet who confuses substance with shadows will fail utterly

Faults? I suppose so Too angular at times, perhaps; too narrow and concentrated a vision. But why take time for them when they haven't seriously involved the attention? When the mass is impressive, incidental imperfections are of slight concern. And the strength of Rolfe Humphries' work is in his mass, not in isolated lines. This makes promiscuous quotation impossible in a small space. One must give the whole poem or none. Among so many that clamor for quotation I select this swift sonnet, because not many poets can pass in fourteen lines from yawning human boredom to the bewildering and blazing presence of God.

Weary of quests and all such poppy-cock
Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came once more
With a sigh that called his pilgrimage a bore,
A dull adventure, void of hope or shock.
He yawned wearily, fumbled with the lock
As he had done so many times before,
Then tapped with languid knuckles on the door
Without expecting answer to his knock.
And the world suddenly blazed and flashed and shone
With blue-green lightnings; scarlet rivers poured
Rolling floods of bright vermillion wonder:
In the riot, naked and alone,
God Almighty strode across the thunder
Roaring and brandishing a purple sword.

Listen Californians Be shrewd. Possess this book if not for its isolated originality; its uncompromising vision; its beauty in terms of strength—then possess it for the fame that must inevitably, one day, belong to it.

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BEN L. FRANK
MANAGER

33



Violetta Curgeon
GOWNS

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ORDWAY 5782

“A Noble Experiment”

LAST evening at the Uncle Sam Theatre, Professor Prohibition made a most interesting demonstration. At the eleventh hour his assistant, Mr. Saloon, was called to the bedside of his dying mother. As the entertainment was to be in the nature of “A Noble Experiment,” Uncle Sam, himself, while not exactly volunteering, was prevailed upon to take Mr. Saloon’s place.

Through the tremendous ovation greeting this announcement Uncle Sam hurried to the stage, where he was congratulated by representatives of certain governments, and hysterical outbursts of assurance from the audience.

Silently and with dignified tread he crossed the stage to assume his designated place in front of the historical background against which Professor Prohibition was to map his outline with keen edged knives thrown from a distance of several feet, the Professor wearing dark glasses during the demonstration.



Hurriedly drawing back his arm the Professor shot the first knife straight and true. Zee!!! Whing!—it sang across the stage to imbed itself snugly against the gray locks of Uncle Sam. So close was the aim that a few wisps of hair floated

silently downward to rest at Uncle Sam’s feet. The next knife took its place to the left, but this time a larger lock of hair was sheared, falling to lie beside the other.

Suddenly a gasp escaped the audience — a woman screamed. Professor Prohibition had made his first miss, pinning one of Uncle Sam’s ears fast to the map. The Professor did not seem to notice, hurling another of his glistening weapons. With a sickening squish Uncle Sam’s other ear was firmly pinned. Straight lipped and grim he stood—blood trickled from the wounds.

The Professor removed his glasses and saw for the first time his error—seemingly, he was not greatly worried. Calling off stage for first aid, his wife, known professionally as “Blindes’ Pigges,” hastily brought the medical kit

Whispers in the audience were heard.

“What is she carrying?” “Look at the copper tubing,” for the Professor’s wife is bringing in a most peculiar device.

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*Sketched . . . a Lanvin
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cape . . . 125.00*

She held, beneath the bandages, a complete still, with little drops of a whitish liquid trickling into a cup. She crossed to Uncle Sam, who by this time was weakening, raised the cup of liquid to his lips, assuring him that "it is just off the boat," and showing him a beautifully printed label in proof.

Uncle Sam drank greedily, shuddered, then drawing himself erect, his eyes glowing excitement, he again faced the Professor ready to carry on this Noble Experiment.

Lady Blindess Pigges withdrew after passing some of her cards among the audience.

Professor Prohibition changed to a darker pair of glasses and grabbing a handful of knives began tossing them right and left.

Suddenly Uncle Sam cried out "It's getting dark—some one turn on more light for the Professor."

The audience realized the truth—Uncle Sam was losing his sight.

Lady Blindess Pigges dodged between the flying knives to the side of Uncle Sam—striking a match she held it before his eyes, but he made no movement or response. Looking slyly at the audience she took a wallet and the change from his pockets, saying "This is part of the experiment." She then disappeared into the wings, throwing a handful of her cards among the audience.

The Professor had worked himself into a frenzy. Perspiration clouded his brow as knife after knife sped from his nimble fingers.

Uncle Sam was quivering from fright and the pain of numerous small wounds.

Faster and faster the Professor threw the knives. Here and there the map back of Uncle Sam was chipped and showed signs of cracking, but the Professor was intent only on hurling knives.

A fanatical grin over-spread the Professor's face. "A success—a success" he cried. "Look—it works—it works" he shouted as he frantically hurled the knives.

Crash!! One of the knives had bounced back from the map's border and with projectile speed whistled out into the audience.

Instant confusion—people rushed madly into the aisles seeking safety. A mother struggled against the on-rushing crowd, holding in her arms a child. With a scream the baby tensed its body toward the mother—tiny arms encircling her shoulders, hands clutching wildly. The child's body relaxed—from its back there gleamed the hilt of one of the keen-edged knives, the price tag of "A Noble Experiment."

Professor Prohibition, when seen today, expressed no regret, but on the contrary is diligently searching for more and more knives to throw in order that the show may go on and on.

By BURTT BERRY



Mr. and Mrs. Horace Orear, Jr.

They told their friends: “Charming accommodations and excellent service”

Prominent among recent visitors in Hawaii were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Orear, Jr., who followed the example of hundreds of other newlyweds in choosing the Islands for their honeymoon. When they got back to San Francisco on one of the ships of the big Matson Fleet, they were enthusiastic about their trip.

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they told friends. "Charming accommodations, excellent service. Our trip was delightful."

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You may also order your favorite cakes and pies to take home

Downstairs in the MONADNOCK BUILDING Market Street

The Dance

Continued from page 19

The result is that, so far as San Francisco is concerned, La Argentina is above criticism. All the fault finding in the world—and who is there that has no weakness—will not disturb her popularity. Whenever La Argentina steps on the stage and smiles, that moment the audience will be hers and it will remain hers as long as she deigns to turn people's attention aside from reality to a colorful succession of romantic illusions.

KREUTZBERG and Georgi, "the world's greatest dancers," appear here the 16th and 20th of February. They, too, come heralded by superlatives—but, more than from the individual praises given Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, interest is aroused by the fact that they represent a fresh attitude toward the dance. They are products of the new German school which stresses the dynamic structure of movement.

Their point of view is that of Rudolph von Laban, whose theories are taught in San Francisco by Ann Mundstock. Von Laban is an Austrian nobleman who broke with family military tradition to become a dancer. As a child he was privileged to witness the training of dervishes. He was familiar with the theatre at an early age and alternated observation of Oriental dance ritual with dramatic impressions. When he decided to become a dancer, he went to Paris where the convention of ballet technique was still iron-clad—as it was until the advent of Isadora Duncan. He could not fit his idea of dancing into the traditional mold so left the schools of Paris and started his own experimentation from which has developed the modern German movement.

The dance, as conceived by von Laban, is a plastic art composed of elemental postures of emotional significance. An effort is made to strip the dance of all superficial gestures to present it in dynamic simplicity.

In this way the dance is being developed as an absolute art, independent of music. It is created on a basis of pure rhythm and, though often performed to an accompaniment of music, it is composed in its own terms apart from musical form.

ISADORA DUNCAN thought of the dance as a plastic expression of feeling—as music played with the human body as the instrument. She was first of all a musician and it was as a musician that Isadora Duncan danced, giving to the world a visual beauty comparable to the aural loveliness of the great compositions to which she danced.



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The same musicianly attitude marks the dancing of Mary von Sabern whose first public recital in San Francisco is scheduled for the latter part of March. To her, dancing is a means of emotional expression comparable to all other arts but particularly allied to music because of the common basis of rhythm.

Dancers are born, not made—there must be the combination of a body instrument and a spirit capable of assimilating experience and molding it into an art form. Though more intimate than any other art, and though it is built on a structure of primitive reactions, dancing can be used to express the subtlety of sophisticated experience.

In spite of widespread adulation and the general concession that Isadora Duncan is the greatest figure in dancing the past century, many misconceptions of her approach to the dance have risen. Hers was a free type of expression originating from her own experience molded by years of study. Because many who followed in the wake of her great success adopted gestures and superficial form without her attitude, people have not always realized the fundamental expression that underlay all her work.

Though Isadora Duncan broke with the convention of the ballet and fought the establishment of set forms, all her dancing was the result of an immense amount of study, research and understanding of life. She set for herself the goal of speaking to the world in universal terms with no artificial vocabulary of conventionalized gestures. The result was a communication of the spirit.

This same attitude activates the dancing of Mary von Sabern, whose art also is the result of years of study. To her, dance technique is but a means of expression. It has no significance in itself. A musician, a linguist, a student of life and letters, she conceives the dance as an expression of all experience, individual dances being composition units of different aspects of life.

Mary von Sabern was born in San Francisco. She first studied with Isadora Duncan in Paris when but six years old. The impression and inspiration of this great personality has been the dominating factor in all her subsequent work for, though she never swerved from her intention to dance, she has turned to no other teacher. During adolescence she again studied with the great dancer and received fresh impetus to her own creative work.

Since then Mary von Sabern has danced and taught, always with the attitude that the body is an instrument to be used in the dance to express feeling colored by individual experience. In her, this spring, San Francisco will see again presented the artistic viewpoint of its great dancer daughter, Isadora Duncan.

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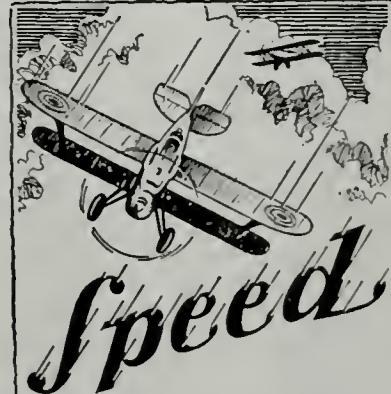
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Swiftly, rapidly the world is changing. Where once lumbered the covered wagon, the airplane, mighty monarch of the airways, soars through the skies. It is the age of speed, and the rapidity with which the universe is moving is forcing our eyes to carry additional loads. Statistics show that eye strain has increased, so the modern man, who takes pride in his physical well-being, visits his optometrist frequently. Our background of many years of experience places us in an enviable position to serve you well. Visit our offices today and have your eyes examined.

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Opposite
St. Francis
Hotel

Motordom 1930

Continued from page 12

refinements. There are only two makers who showed the courage of the man stepping under an icy shower instead of inching into cold water from tepid—who have thrown away much of old tradition in automotive engineering and have presented something markedly, sensationaly new. They are the *dernier cri*-est things in motordom—Cord and Cadillac.

E. L. Cord, for many years a marked man in the industry, is giving a real thrill with increased production of the Cord front-drive, sensationaly pleasing in both appearance and performance.

Cord carries to the extreme the low-slung, long body. High speed with safety, especially on tortuous grades and icy, skiddy roads, is claimed for the Cord. One other maker is producing a front-drive car. Other manufacturers are watching, all alert, fearful of the mechanical complexity of the front-drive-steer-brake unit, doubtful of its public reception, but willing to jump on the band-wagon if and after front drive meets popular acclaim.

Cadillac has attracted wide attention with its new 16-cylinder V-type model, also designed to appeal to the most exacting of motoring's upper crust. Probably there was never a car—outside some possible singleton built for royalty—so finely finished under the hood as well as in the externals. And royalty certainly never enjoyed a vehicle more finely engineered. The double octette motor gives a flow of power approximating that of the steam-turbine. Safety-glass, synchro-mesh transmission, and other distinctive Cadillac features are found, of course, with a luxury and elegance of finish that should thrill the most bored sophisticate.

Stutz, with a distinguished array of new models, all brilliant and proven performers, anticipates a great year. Despite damaging publicity about alleged receivership suits, Col. E. S. Gorell, Stutz president, declares the company in

excellent financial condition and reports brilliant success and record breaking sales in both Stutz and Blackhawk lines at the New York show.

Lincoln has prepared a dazzling display of specially designed bodies by famed artists and will display them later at the custom salon at the Palace Hotel.

In one respect and one only the show leaves us cold. All else is lovely, but one fly remains in our ointment. Everybody wants these new cars. Everyone must have 'em! What'll we do with the miles and miles of old cars these will replace? The vision appalls us. What'll we do with the old cars, when we can't even get rid of our old safety razor blades.

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AS SEEN BY HER

Did you see the gorgeous display of orchids in the windows of Podesta and Baldoechi a week ago? My dear, I've never seen anything so beautiful. There they were—dozens of these regal blooms—rare flowers that make one gasp even when seen one at a time! *Cattleya Trianae*—*Laelia Anceps* and *Laelia Anceps Alba*—*Onicidium Splendens*—*Cymbidium Alexanderae*—*Selenapedium Grandis*! The very names seem cruel attempts to tag such loveliness. There were crowds in front of the windows each day while the display lasted but I felt, each time I passed, that I had made a private discovery.

What Valentines such orchids will make! Exquisite bearers for the subtlest of sentiments!

For valentines in lighter mood, nowhere can you find such a variety as at Joseph's. Here the quaint novelties made in Joseph's own shops have been adapted for the individualized gift on February 14. For each personal enthusiasm

there is an apt bit of pottery, a desk ornament, paper container or an ash tray elaborated into a valentine with flowers and hearts. For the yachtsman an amusing pottery ship—for the hunter a wall vase in the shape of a duck in flight—for the golfer a grotesque figure in golf togs—for each person some intriguing novelty converted into a valentine.

Some way St. Valentine's Day seems more logical than usual this year—what with the concessions to grace and prettiness made by the flowing lines of the new styles in women's dress. Even in sportswear!

You should see the lovely new knitted sports suits at Liebes'. I was there the other day when they were unpacking some original models in the new lace knit—intriguing stuff—firmer than ordinary knit, with a definite lace pattern. One model in particular seemed to combine in itself all the really new features of sports clothes this year. It is a two-piece suit—starting with a sleeveless dress with flaring pleats, high waistline and belt—and topping off with a finger length coat that has a deep cape collar, hanging almost to the waist. It is made of a tan lace-knit that emphasizes femininity while being beautifully practical. For sports there are no hanging drapes—but always a flare—usually augmented by pleats.

Have you seen the new angora jersey? Unbelievably soft and silky—and in such lovely colors! And have you seen the new pique flowers for sports wear? An intriguing assortment has just arrived at Liebes—deep cupped roses in starchy pique—petals, stem and calyx all one tone.

The bewildering arrays of new things make one pause in the headlong flight of purchasing and consider the virtues of consulting a stylist. The other day I received a letter from the director of the Fashion Art School—written on purple-edged green paper—suggesting that I take their Stylist Training course. And somehow as I am confronted by the confusion of the new styles, I find myself turning seriously toward a study of the fundamentals of fashion.

This time of the year when the smooth grey fur of pussywillows first appears in the midst of the spring flowers on the street stands, there is a restlessness in the air that is wine to the soul. I want to be out and going somewhere. Oh, why, when I know that I must stay in the city for at least another three months, must my spirit itch for new sights and new places? At times it seems almost malicious of the travel bureaus to strew their windows with the inticements as they do.

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And it is not the travel bureaus alone. Everywhere, the stores seem bent on giving you an extra shove toward travel. New clothes, luggage, steamer rugs and books all waggle tentalizing fingers from every shop window. Even at Shreve's, where I went the other day for a baby gift, I was distracted by the most perfect traveling case I have ever seen. It was in golden ecrase with fittings in deep red French enamel on gilded silver—and not only were there the accepted conveniences of toiletries and cut glass bottles, but there was also a writing case behind the easel mirror and other leather cases fitted around the sides for utmost compactness. I was told that this case was awarded first prize for workmanship when shown at the recent Paris exposition of industrial arts—no wonder I've dedicated my next two thousand dollars to this marvelous bag!

MODERNISM seems bent on invading San Francisco via its shoe salons. Already there is Roos' beautifully modern department—and now the City of Paris makes its bow, the first of February, with a salon in the modern manner. One really can't pass judgment on it until after the opening but I peeked through construction screens the other day, and saw interestingly designed woodwork.

But most exciting of all is the new Sommer and Kaufman building on Market. The other day I was walking down lovable, drab, higglety-piggley Market street, near the Emporium, when my eye was suddenly caught by two glorious shafts of lighter-than-jade green tiles. Up to that time I had not given the new building a thought—the ugly construction scaffolding was a thing to avoid—sort of a vague promise of something to come. But from across the street you can now see shafts of green tile that make you catch your breath.

What a gem this color will be—like the clear note of a bell struck in the midst of indiscriminate clamor! And next to it is the startling black-and-whiteness of the new Moore store. These buildings will probably disturb the comfortable complacency of our downtown district—awakening one knows not how much ferment because somehow this one unit of modern boldness makes one see the beauty that could be Market street if it were lined with crystalline architectural forms such as rise from the sidewalks of Fifth avenue! It challenges the spirit of modern San Francisco.

My ear was quick to hear your step,
But when by morn you had not come,
Another's step I heard; and now
To you I'm deaf—and also dumb.

By Geo. Brammer

Loretta Ellen Brady
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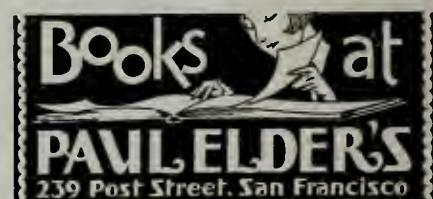
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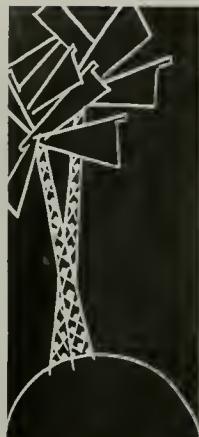
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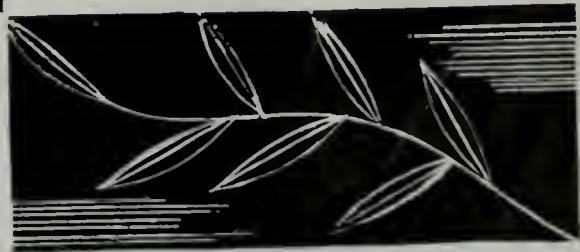


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Harry A. Gibson is in charge, assisted by Michael O'Rourke.



CITY of PARIS

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WHERE TO



THE STAGE

Geary: Lenore Ulric in "East of Suez" and the facts of life.
Curran: At this writing apparently sunk in its own quiet memories. However the Curran and Geary are expecting some little strangers from Broadway. "June Moon," "Street Scene," "The Criminal Code," and "The New Moon."
Community Playhouse: "The Lady in Law," French and funny, playing Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 12th and 13th.
Alcazar: Mary Boland, jolly, no end, in "Ladies of the Jury."
President: "Broken Dishes," something that should be a smash (ahhh—ha...)

THE PUPPET THEATRE

Perry Dilleys Puppets: In their final performances of "The Bricklayer's Dilemma," a Community Chest presentation that is open to the public free of charge, March 6, 1:30 and 2:00 P. M. at 500 Sutter Street.
Tony Sarg's Marionettes: "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Band," March 7th and 8th, afternoon and evening, Scottish Rite.
Ralph Chesse's Puppets: Closes "Macbeth" and opens "The Legend of the Moorish Legacy."

THE SCREEN

California: "Putting on the Ritz," with Harry Richmond, followed by "Roadhouse Nights" with a number of people of which Jimmy Durante of "I ups to him" fame looks most promising.
Marion Davies: "Second Showing" with Dolores Costello followed by "Troupers Three."
Embassy: John Barrymore, girls, in "General Crack," with Winnie Lightner close on his heels in "She Couldn't Say No."
Fox: "The Girl Says No," with William Haines being funny again probably.
Warfield: About all there is to be gleaned at this writing is that the Warfield is looking forward to a "Blaze of Glory," but who bursts into flame is still a mystery.
Granada: Nancy Carroll, a neat little trick in a stranded-on-a-South-Sea-Island picture with the lure theme in title, "Dangerous Paradise."

Orpheum: "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" holds out a tragic invitation.

St. Francis: "Lummox," a pluck at the heart strings starring Winifred Westover.

MUSIC

- March 1: "Il Trovatore," 8:15.
- March 2: San Francisco Symphony, 2:45; Grand Opera, "Lucia," 8:15.
- March 4: "The Masked Ball," 8:15.
- March 5: "Barber of Seville," 8:15.
- March 7: San Francisco Symphony, 8:15; "Rigoletto," 8:15.
- March 9: San Francisco Symphony, 2:45; "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," 8:15.
- March 10: Josef Lhevinne, pianist, 8:30.
- March 13: Aline Greenwood, lecture, 11 A. M.; Mrs. Hugh Brown, reader, 2:15.
- March 17: "Das Rheingold," German Opera Company, Dreamland.
- March 18: Abas String Quartet, 8:30; "Tristan and Isolde," German Opera Company.
- March 19: "Die Walkure," German Opera Company, Dreamland.
- March 20: Princess Der Ling, lecture, 8:30; "Siegfried," German Opera Company, Dreamland.
- March 21: San Francisco Symphony, 3:00; "Flying Dutchman," German Opera Company, Dreamland.
- March 22: Roland Hayes, in Oakland, 8:30; "Goetterdammerung," German Opera Company, Dreamland.
- March 23: San Francisco Symphony, 2:45; Mozart's "Don Juan." Matinee, Dreamland.
- March 24: Drama Tea with Sir Phillips, 2:30; Ben Greet (Fairmont), Roland Hayes (Dreamland), 8:30; Ben Greet Players, "Hamlet," 8:30.
- March 25: Ben Greet Players, "Everyman," 8:30.
- March 26: Ben Greet Players, "Everyman," 2:30; "Much Ado About Nothing," 8:30.
- March 27: Mrs. Hugh Brown, reader, 2:15; Martinelli, recital, 8:30; Ben Greet Players, "Hamlet," 8:30.
- March 28: Lawrence Strauss, tenor, 8:30; Ben Greet Players, "Twelfth Night," 8:30.

March 29: Martinelli with S. F. Symphony, 8:30; Ben Greet Players, "Everyman," 8:30.

March 30: San Francisco Symphony, 2:45.

DINING AND DANCING

St. Francis: Stanford's choice for the present. **Fairmont:** Well, gentility always has its glamour.

Mark Hopkins: Very good food, but mesmerized waiters.

The Palace: Traditionally one of the places.

Sir Francis Drake: Proving the charm of dining without the rah rah and swing.

The Silver Slipper: Still new enough to pique curiosity.

Coppa's: Familiar to all San Franciscans of the old school.

Russian Tea Room: So this is Russia . . . black bread and borsch that will have you tweaking toes under the table with delight.

The Courtyard: One of the best and most unique.

Solari's: Ask anybody and they'll tell you "yes" . . .

Post Street Cafeteria: Always a good idea.

ART

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Loan exhibitions and permanent collections. **East West Gallery:** "Soul of Steel" exhibition opens March 6.

Galerie Beaux Arts: Rinaldo Cuneo exhibition until March 10, followed by a loan exhibition of modern masters—Cezanne to Picasso, with Georgia O'Keeffe and Rivera on the side.

Gumps: Etchings by Max Pollak until the 17th, paintings by R. Macauley Stevenson until the 22nd, followed by paintings by Bessie Lasky extending into April.

Courvoisier Little Gallery: Architectural etchings by Rosenberg.

Paul Elder Gallery: Cornelius Botke and Jessie Arms Botke exhibiting paintings, etchings, block prints and decorative screens.

Loretta Ellen Brady: French etchings of well known spots in Paris that are charming and decorative.

Gelber Lillianthal: Original drawings for book illustrations by Valenti Angelo.

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T H E SAN FRANCISCAN

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Dr. Walter B. Coffey

The eyes of the medical world are focused on this distinguished San Francisco physician who, with his colleague, Dr. John D. Humber, is engaged in experimentation and research which it is hoped will lead to the long sought cure for cancer.

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



Hope!

. . . Some Notes on the Experiments of the Doctors Coffey and Humber

by G. MATHUR

IT SEEMS like a chamber from Dantes Inferno—or Purgatory. Hundreds of men and women, and even, youngsters, sit patiently, then take their turn in the marching file. It is a contest between despair and hope that is written over their wan, anguished faces. This is like a bread line. But the bread they seek is the very Bread of Life, the Judgment of Life itself. Until they came here they had lost hope on the earth. Today, a ray of hope has come to them. Perhaps when they have passed through that narrow gate of Promise, they might regain their rations of Life! Perhaps!—What an Experiment!

If you think that this is a fanciful picture you have not read about the San Francisco cancer clinic at the Southern Pacific General Hospital and several similar clinics in Los Angeles.

This row of humanity is of cancer patients who have been pronounced inoperable beyond the reach of the surgeon's skill. Now, they offer themselves for the experimental treatments given by Dr. Walter Bernard Coffey and Dr. John Davis Humber.

What do they expect, these patients? The gift of life, which has been almost wrested from them? Of course: in their hearts that's what they hope for.

But if life is not restored they will at least have the release from pain. Pain such as no one can describe—the torture of cancer!

AFTER they receive the Coffey-Humber injections the cancer patients make strange reports. Sometimes they remain as before. But in the majority of cases they say they feel a burden falling away from them.

The torture goes away or is markedly decreased. They sleep for the first time,

maybe, in months without the help of opiates. They eat, they can move about and even resume their daily duties, to some extent.

In fortunate instances, the treatments result in sloughing off the cancer tissues. The cancer cells die. And more important, the healthy cells of the body are not injured by this treatment.

And yet this is still "experimental work, in the very early stages." So the discoverers warn you, emphatically.

THE scientists whose accomplishments have attracted the eyes of the world upon them are two San Francisco surgeons—Dr. Walter Bernard Coffey, Chief Surgeon of the Southern Pacific Railways, and his assistant and colleague Dr. John Davis Humber, superintendent of the Southern Pacific General Hospital.

Since the first news of this experimental work that may lead to the discovery of a remedy for cancer was published, these two doctors have become acclaimed; but among the members of their profession they have long been known as original workers in scientific medicine.

Doctor Walter Bernard Coffey was born in San Francisco in 1868 and studied medicine at the Cooper Medical College. His rise was meteoric. He became the Chief Surgeon of the Market Street Railway Company's hospital department, then of the Southern Pacific, the St. Francis Hospital and other organizations.

What led to his success was not only his record as an administrator but also his brilliant surgical work which was known all over the world. Among scientists Dr. Coffey became particularly famous when he devised a surgical treat-

ment for "heart disease" or angina pectoris, in its common ambulant form.

In this operation he cut certain sympathetic nerves that focus in the neck before branching out into the region of the heart, to regulate contraction or expansion of certain blood vessels. The pain or angina (the heart attack) was conceived by Dr. Coffey to result from the sudden contraction of these blood vessels. His operation of severing the connection of these sympathetic nerves with the region of the heart resulted in a practical vindication of his theory. Four out of five patients in the first experimental group recovered without recurrence of the heart attacks.

This operative treatment of angina in certain forms called for an extraordinary knowledge of the network of the sympathetic nerves. These nerves have remained obscure even to men of science. One reason of their partial mystery was that it was exceedingly difficult to photograph them. And in modern science, photography plays a most important part in the study of the objects of research.

Hence what Doctor Coffey was anxious to do was to advance the knowledge of scientists concerning the sympathetic nerves themselves, for they pervade all the important vital organs of the internal system.

For this work he allied with Dr. John D. Humber, a younger man who had been instructor of anatomy at the Tulane University, New Orleans, and then an assistant in surgery at the University of California, from where he came into the Southern Pacific medical department's service. In a word, he was the very man to carry out the technical phases of Dr. Coffey's nerve studies.

Continued on page 30

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Meandering Thoughts

THE dreamy haze that settles over Lone Mountain on a hot day . . . The staid expressions on the faces of those who ride alone on the street cars . . . The romantic tinge that pervades the atmosphere about Fisherman's Wharf . . . The sad squallor of Third street . . . The brisk, hurrying walk of crowds on lower California . . . The desolate look on the countenance of the old lady selling papers at Powell and Market . . . The ashen-faced individual in gray flannels, who, promptly at 7:30 each evening, crosses Geary street at Fifteenth avenue . . . A fight on McAllister street with three street cars stopped and hundreds of men, women and children for an audience . . . Mayor James Rolph wearing the usual geranium bush in his lapel . . . A window-washer looks down upon noon-time traffic from the twenty-seventh story of a skyscraper and wonders what it's all about . . . The compelling glance of Mr. Kelly, the owner of Kelly's Coffee Tavern . . . The entertainers at Coffee Dan's . . . Balloon hawkers selling giant inflated bags for ten cents . . . Henry Duffy, who introduced the "family" drama into San Francisco . . . The penmanship "experts" who line Market street on Sunday evenings . . . The constant spiral of steam issuing from the top of the Koffee Kup sign . . . Hatless girls strolling in the rain . . . The baleful gleam of street-lamps on a wet pavement . . . One out of every three persons considers himself quite a cynic . . . Powell street's cigar store Indian, the last of a large family . . . These youthful writers who would emulate Pepys and label themselves "ye scribe" . . . Neon signs that burn night and day . . . The starched strip of white piping inside Robert Rea's vest . . . The white-haired revivalist in sackcloth who stands at Third and Market to save the world. Hope he succeeds . . . Would-be Bolsheviks expounding views on the ground floor of the Public Library . . . And many people do their heavy thinking on the streetcar . . . The most peculiar after-dance special—spinach and cream . . . Women shoppers who argue with policemen at busy intersections. And try to beat the stop signal . . . A pretty cafe name—"The Silver Slipper" . . . Charing Cross, the kindergarten with the rustic atmosphere. . . . And of course, the new green face on the Ferry Building Clock . . .

The Chest

THE current Community Chest campaign and its slogans bring to mind again the time when a prominent undertaker, who prides himself on his public

spirit, loyally installed cards in all the eastbay street cars. However, the gesture somewhat miscarried, as the slogan he chose to quote read:

"Our work is not done until the Chest is full."

Kibitzer

IT TAKES more than a mere rainstorm to drive people away from the Beach at night. On the last rainy night about midnight I counted about seventy parked cars at Inspiration Point, and there were almost as many farther down in front of the Concessions. Naturally, one makes no effort to say what the occupants of those vehicles were doing . . .

Incidentally, the latest mean trick in this neck of the woods seems to be to kibitz on those nice people who are fond of gazing on the moon at Inspiration Point. The experienced kibitzer, driving up noiselessly, dismounts from his car, and, equipped with a powerful flashlight makes a round of all the parked machines. All of which seems rather aimless, but those seized with this form of mania gloat with intense satisfaction when they surprise a young couple in a particularly embarrassing pose . . . But

occasionally the man in the car carries a revolver and the tale is a trifle sadder.

Complete Characterization: The type that feel it their duty to attend the Fox Theatre every Saturday Night.

Long live the queen!

HAS San Francisco a new "queen of Bohemia?" For many years habitues of Begin's on Columbus avenue paid homage to the tall blonde who played the piano there. They watched her as, night after night, she watched the dancers, her eyes veiled with boredom. Then would come a youth who would lean against the piano and her eyes would light. For a few nights the light would last as the youth returned time after time to lean across the piano and worship at her shrine. Then the veil of boredom would again fall and with bored dignity the "queen" would continue to receive the homage of those who gathered at Begin's.

But Begin sold out and returned to Bologna. The "queen" disappeared. Some said she was a manikin. Many said she had gone away. Then Begin returned and opened La Casa Begin—and



"Papa!"

the "queen" too reappeared to take her place at the piano, still languidly beautiful, still with the veil of boredom seldom drawn aside. Then a radio was installed and the girl was seen less and less often. We stopped climbing the stairs—Begin's remained a memory which we revived just a few nights ago—only to find the place dominated by another tall blonde. The radio was muted, a seeming accompaniment to the beauty of the cool-eyed girl whose white skin glowed against the frame of black hair—and around her was a group as admiring as any that ever paid court to San Francisco's other "queen of Bohemia."

Yesterday, in a street-car, a young man, attired in a new and rather loud suit of clothes joined a companion in the rear of the car. The other surveyed him critically for a moment and then caustically inquired: "Well, did they give you a ball and bat with it?" . . .

Church Hotels

WHEN first we heard that San Francisco, like New York, was to have an hotel building containing within its walls a full fledged church structure, we were impressed. When said church and hotel building actually materialized, was named for a good bishop of the town's early, sinful days and was recently opened to the public, we were even more awed.

It seemed that, at last, in this city, symbolical for riotous and ungodly existence, Good and Christian Service had realized signal triumphs. The memory of a Christian bishop would be honored and perpetuated beyond Bonanza kings, railroad pirates, Barbary Coast satellites, political bosses, saloon keepers, and ladies of the night.

It was some such ideals as these, we learn, that inspired the builders of the New York church-hotel. The church would draw substantial needed revenue from the hotel. The hotel would be a model of its kind—an oasis of morality and decency in a vast sea of wickedness.

But things failed to work out in this simple, beautiful fashion. Worldly and unbelieving travelers found other New York hotels more to their liking and disposed to cooperate in providing occasional liquid refreshment. Visiting bishops, Sunday School superintendents and the like also took their patronage elsewhere when in New York. They desired to see all the sights, elevating and otherwise. They patronized broad-minded hotels, where their style was not apt to be cramped.

In order to save the floundering enterprise from insolvency, the hotel was finally leased to a veteran hotel man. He is so busy making a tremendous financial success of the business that his guests are left in peace and to pursue



Just an Old Fashioned Girl

without question their small human, fleshly and liquid weaknesses and indulgences.

All of which makes us wonder of the fate of the William Taylor.

450 Sutter

SOMEbody has asked the question, apropos of the new building at 450 Sutter street, "Why should Mayan art be considered any more 'modern' than the art of any other period borrowed from any other country?"

We haven't been able to answer it. In fact, the question has done much to confirm the impression that the promised beauty of this building has not been fulfilled in its completion. As it originally stood, a stark structure of iron silhouetted against the sky during its first days of construction, this building was a delight to the soul. At night its skeleton loomed black against the city's lights—by day the girders rose inspiring above the city streets. Then came the skin of concrete and on its face vague designs were

scribbled with a seemingly careless and not too vigorous stylus. But regrets were reserved for the completion when judgment could be given fairly.

Now we are confronted with a building of elemental modern form that is decorated in authentic Mayan design . . . symbols of ancient significance . . . designs resulting from the worship of the sun and serpent of a heat ravaged country . . . figures that some way detract from the elemental simplicity of the architectural form. At certain times of the day the building still makes one gasp at its splendor, but the anachronism of decoration and architecture disturb the consistent enjoyment of what we had hoped would be a continual aesthetic satisfaction.

K. K. K.

A SAN FRANCISCAN who recently returned from a trip through the South brings this story which he vouches for as an actual occurrence. Driving

Continued on page 35



Aviator: Mars, my eye! This is one of the canals of Holly Gables, Florida!



"Tell her we ain't receivin'!"

THE WHITE CARD

by NED HILTON

WOFFULLY written stuff, distributed by hundreds of thousands of copies a year to boys young enough to accept it as good, has had a great deal to do, and will have more, with our national insensitivity to the decencies of language, our frequent confusion of mere cheapness with humor, and our adult hospitality to printed matter equally defiant of all civilized standards.

To Mr. Wilson Follett I hasten to apologize for omitting the quotation marks from the above truncated paragraph. It appeared in *The Bookman* for September, 1929, in an essay entitled *Junior Model*, by Wilson Follett. I have taken the liberty because I believe that, in manner and matter, it sounds as though I had written it myself.

In the argument which follows I shall return to the analogy; in this sentence I wish to point out merely an apparent concern, in Mr. Follett's discourse, for the fate of civilized standards. Now I suggest that this zealous worrying might perhaps also be considered as a trait of adolescence; it might be seen to be quite similar to my oration on the dereliction of critics, in which oration Mr. Follett's utmost generosity could detect no higher mental age than seventeen. For Mr. Follett has said, in the essay from which I lift the paragraph, very nearly what I have said. He, too, bemoans the lack of better criticism. In his essay in *The San Franciscan* last month he reminds me that anyone is a critic; the woman who refused to see *The Patriot* because she had seen Jannings wolf his food in a former picture, or Mr. Cabell's woman who read only the produce of the Hutchinsons because she liked motoring, or I

who bought this typewriter in preference to others because I might sometime learn and wish to type Hindustani, are, obviously enough, critics. Mr. Follett's *Junior Model* discusses books for boys, and Mr. Follett argues, in part, that the acceptance of ungrammatical, semi-literate and philosophically distorted stuff by the boys is having a deplorable effect on the national culture. The boys are also, obviously enough, critics. He absolves them from blame: but of the publishers he says: "The internal evidence shows that the average book for boys is sold to the public with all the mistakes of the author's manuscript perpetuated and the printer's typographic miscues thrown in to boot. I submit that none of the immoralities vociferously charged against the publishing business is quite so shocking as this . . . To let down one's publishing standards in works printed for children and adolescents is on a level with the old educational morality which gave the most defective pupils the most incompetent teaching, because they had no way of knowing the difference."

Well, the publishers are critics also; and Mr. Follett seems to feel that they have a specific function and that they have failed in it. There are certain high standards which it is their duty to preserve; in other words, one should be able to trust them in the performance of their function. As arbiters of some power they are expected, by Mr. Follett, to be worthy of their trust.

Now, Mr. Follett objected to my writing: "There is no longer in this country a literary critic whom one can trust." Except for the sweeping generalization—in all the country no single trustworthy critic—we appear, after all, to see eye to eye. I did not say that there were no critics. I said, as Mr. Follett

said, that in those quarters in which one had been accustomed to look for civilized standards and the promulgation of good taste there has been a woeful let-down. There are, certainly—as he is very careful to explain—degrees in criticism. And though we may rightly be sniffy over book-reviews, I think we may look with starry-eyed wistfulness or with mutters between the teeth for the presence in high places of such impeccable arbiters as have graced certain other cultures. I think we may so look without being proved, by that alone, to be adolescents—unless all romanticists are adolescents.

For I conceive the highest type of criticism as being romantic. The great critic plays with the idea that life might in many desirable ways be better. But he does not set about reforming the world; being a romantic he holds the playing with ideas more important than didactic or punitive activities. (This statement requires development which I cannot give it in this short paper. I refer the reader to Machen's *Hieroglyphics*, or Cabell's *Straws and Prayer Books*.) He plays with ideas mainly for his own pleasure. Mr. Follett says: "Wherever bona fide criticism exists, we know that it has been called into being by someone's having spontaneously formed opinions about which he cannot help being excited and articulate." Mr. Follett will, I believe, agree that in being articulate about his opinions the critic finds much pleasure. If he were boorish, his pleasure would be had at the expense of the discomfort of others. But if he is intelligent and urbane and literate, his sudden burst of verbal glory may well give his listeners pleasure. And, in the main, he is doing no more than having fun; he is

Continued on page 27



"Hey, lady, any bugs in here?"

Blind

• Being Much Ado About Stark Realism on Our Own Waterfront

by MALACHY A. HAYNES

WITH a screeching paroxysm the Powell street cable car halted at the end of the line, unloading two people who moved silently down toward the waterfront.

They didn't walk close together as lovers do, but wide apart like people who are preoccupied in their individual cares; yet you could see that there was a bond between them by the way they moved on together. Although they did not exchange a word or a gesture until they came to the old derelict of a capsized boat beside the snaky railroad track that runs along the bedraggled waterfront, you could note that it wasn't the first time they'd been there by the way they made for it.

Silently they sat down on the upturned gunwale of the boat, he to meditate with rapt gaze on the beauties of the seascape, she to frowningly scrutinize her image in a vanity case mirror.

After a time he nervously cleared his throat.

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

"What?"

"The sea and the ships and the hills and the skies and the sound of things and the . . . you remember, don't you, that Sunday just a year ago today when . . .

"Oh yes! That was the day before we went down to the City Hall."

So marked was the dead disillusionment in her voice as she said it that it was with a struggle that he managed:

"But you thought it beautiful then, didn't you?"

"Oh I guess 't was all right . . ."

The wan look in his pale thwarted looking countenance lighted up a bit with a glow of hope as he looked at her beside him, so beautiful she could be in her sudden flurries of chagrin. Furtively his nervous fingers stole into hers as they idly trailed the gunwale; but something withdrew his hand in a self-conscious way, covering up his confusion in the gesture of filling his pipe. As he lit it with cupped hands against the freshening breeze, he noted the pursed pout of her lips and the cold unseeing stare she fixed on the horizon beyond. With another nervous little cough he was again about to start speaking to her, when she, as if anticipating his new overtures, cut in devastatingly—

"Oh yes, it was all right—then!"

"Then!" he exclaimed aghast at the intonation on the word. "What do you mean?"

"Yes—then! I'd fallen for all that romantic stuff you handed me that day.

Guess it must have been the effect of all those books you got for me out of the library . . . Yes, and all that hooey about the romance and color and drama of life you were always feeding me—and how we were going to live it together. That line of yours! And all you ever did to make good all those promises was to keep on dragging me out here every Sunday."

from the tombs of egypt

by Paul Horgan

Cat out of Egypt! With what green slender
glance

Do you regard the world before your eye?
As if the world were circumstance
Spinning before you idly where you lie!

Out of Egypt comes, they say, a road
Along which Cleopatra's memories flowed:

Along which strode a dynasty
In dusty, aching majesty;

Along whose stones
On ruthless bones

You came, wearing the calmness of the
Nile.

You son of lions! Spawn of tigers! While

The hollow echo of a thousand tombs
Raise threnody for your disdainful
grace . . .

Time, from a thousand pyramidal dooms,
Delivered you, with languor in your face!

Cruel it was to see how venomously she bit the corner of her lips in her anger that twisted her beautiful face into an ugly grimace; but love is a strangled undaunted thing and the young man went on still hopefully:

"But this is beautiful. Look! See it!
Feel it!"

His nervous hand described a wide arc of the seascape that unfolded before them . . .

SO HEIGHTENED was the miraculously lovely note of unreality that enchanted that waterfront scene under the combined witchery of the fantastic sunset and the spell woven by the hushed quiet of eventide that, to a mind accustomed to seek beauty in the artificial things of city life, it suggested rather the setting for some extravagantly conceived musical comedy than reality.

Sitting there on the derelict boat beside his incompatible wife, the young

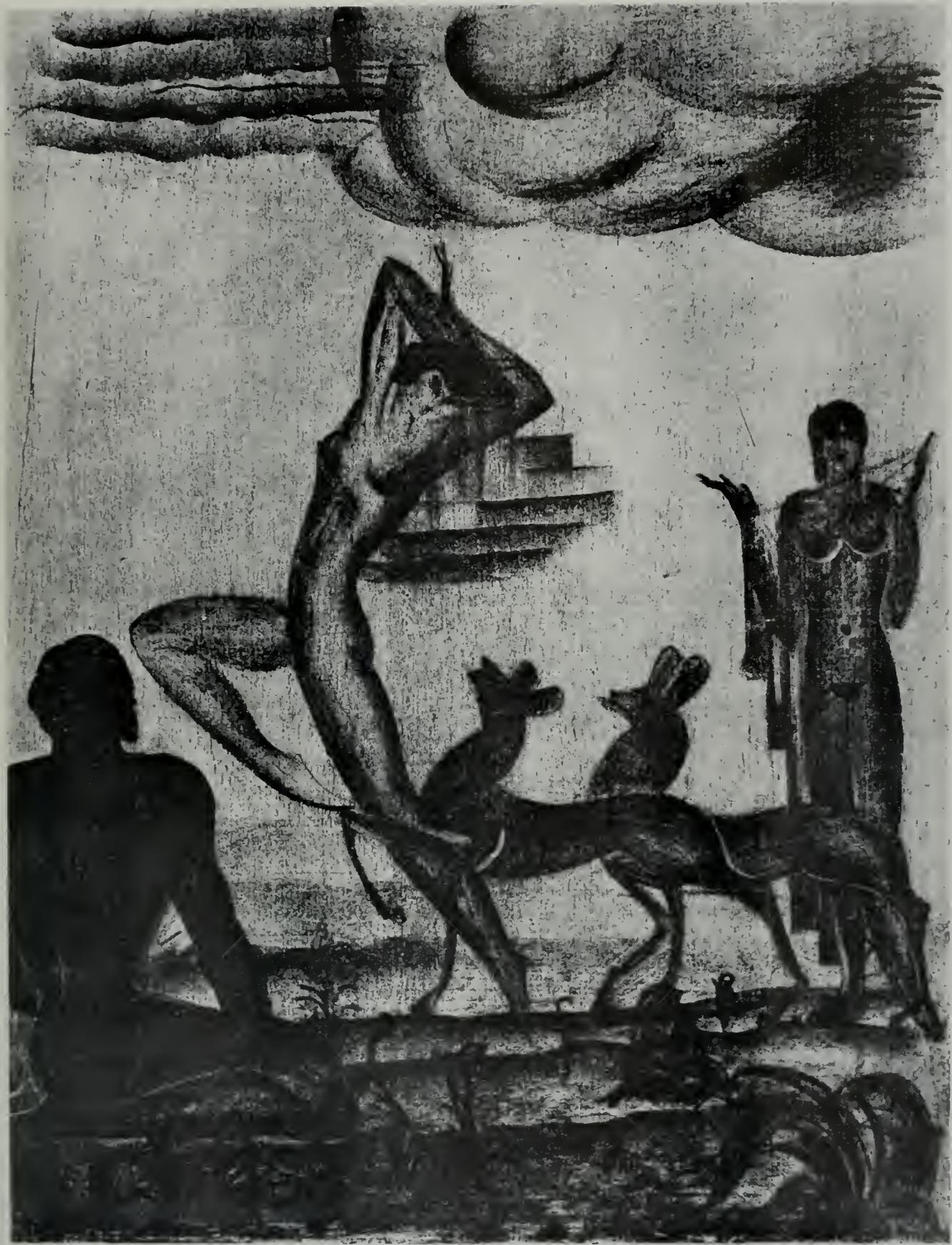
romanticist watched the drama of the closing day. Framed underneath the arch of the heavens, he saw the sea as a shimmering silken sheet, shot with saffron and amber and ultramarine until it undulated out to mauve hills in the horizon, their sweeping crests etched in a line of red-gold against the splendor of burnished skies. Dividing the scene before him with a shimmering ribbon of spangled rubies as it danced on the somnolent waters, the setting sun in its red wonder played coquettishly on the red hair of his wife as if it would make mockery of her for being so unseeing of its beauty and all the glories of the things it transfigured around her. In the foreground and in the middle-distance of the prospect, figures moved, silhouetted magically against the highly impressionistic background, each unwittingly playing his predestined role in the universal drama. Beach-combers snatched flotsam from the tides; children launched toy flotillas; fishermen plied lines, hauled nets; people passed in review, departed to give place to a new procession. Further out, ships stole in and ships crept out through the purple twilight. The mingled orchestrations of the cries of horning gulls, the knell of distant ships' bells, the happy calls of little ones, the croon of a distant fog-horn, all blended together into the theme-song of the evening's drama by the sea . . .

"But, dear, you should see it differently. I'm trying to show you the beauty there is in the ordinary simple things of life. If you could only see them as I see them and share the enjoyment of them with me as we planned a year ago, you wouldn't be so restless, so bored with things—so wanting all the time to get an emotional outlet in those parties you insist on promoting. We could still be happy and love each other for the things we could enjoy together. That's why I brought you here again today."

Somehow or other, in the inscrutable way of things, they went on together, fermenting with the mounting anger of their misunderstanding. Finally they sat down on the edge of a jetty on Fisher-man's Wharf

What a contrast with their tenseness was the mood of quiet that blessed the scene before them! Fishing boats, hundreds of them, bobbed frolicsomely against each other on the heave and sough of the haven where black snakes of shadows writhed against green depths. From amid the tangled forest of trolling poles, came the stirring

Continued on page 30



GUMP GALLERIES

The Dancer With Fawns

One of a series of lithographs by Boris Lovet-Lorski the European sculptor who has had such a meteoric success in both America and Europe. He is at present in New York where his sleek, decorative figures are in vogue. Several San Franciscan art patrons have representative pieces in their collections.

Spotlight

Notes and Comment on the Drama, the Talkies and the Opera

by CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

IN THE face of all the current talk about the decline of the spoken drama, it must have done Mr Homer Curran's heart good to witness the capacity audience which crowded into the Geary Theatre in response to the lure of Lenore Ulric in a play by W. Somerset Maugham upon the opening night of "East of Suez." If the audience's enthusiasm had matched its size all would have been well but, the truth is that we have rarely seen a San Francisco first-night so cold.

Miss Ulric's appearance in the excellent prologue was most effective even if it was tinged with an unmistakable Barrymore touch. Indeed, there were moments when even the fair Ethel's inimitable huskiness pervaded the scene. But, it seemed to us, notwithstanding the fact that Miss Ulric was adopting a new pattern, that she had a firm grasp on the character she was portraying. As the play progressed, she seemed to grow more and more confused, to be torn between emotionalism and repression. Miss Ulric was in deep water and she sensed it. For it is one thing to let oneself go in the manner of Lulu Bell and Kiki and quite another thing to give authenticity to a complicated character born of the Occident and the Far East.

A play with China as its background is half written before the author puts finger to his Corona. Mr. Maugham, being the clever playwright that he is, doubtless sensed this, but it seems to us that he took such a truth too much for granted. In a really sound drama—and in most unsound ones—success depends on carrying suspense over from the fall of one curtain to the rise of another. This quality was conspicuously lacking in "East of Suez." Each fresh scene had to gather itself together and proceed forward on its own momentum. We suspect that the reason for this was that Mr. Maugham, in his anxiety to escape a too conventional far-eastern plot, fell into the greater sin of surprising his audience with tricky twists to the situations. Thus the dramatically foreshadowed death of the husband was turned aside in favor of having a lover dangerously wounded. At that moment, the audience was so committed to the idea of a death scene that we are quite sure it resented seeing both the husband and the lover saved. We confidently expected the husband to be slain, leaving Conway and Daisy free to come together

amaryllis

by F. L. F.

And Amaryllis, too, is dead,
Across the lawn, there by the tulip bed.
The pity of it! She was so very young.
And honey bees, deceived, strangled themselves among
The perfumed tendrils of her fragrant hair;
She was so young, so innocent, so fair!
But now she's dead
There by the tulip bed.
I heard her laughing as I crossed the wood;
I'm sure I heard her as I stopped and stood
Listening entranced to such a crystal laughter . . .
And then, but just a moment after,
I heard her sigh.
I never thought she'd die!
Not in the lush green months of spring,
When all the days new flowers bring . . .
Though once I saw a shadow cross her eyes.
And now, there on the earth she lies.
And once I saw her pale
At blossoms in a gale.
But now poor Amaryllis, too, is dead . . .
Across the lawn, there by the tulip bed!

again to their mutual disillusionment. In fact, Mr. Maugham built up that expectation so definitely that we felt distinctly cheated. Only in mystery stories is it safe to thus betray your audience. As a matter of fact, the author betrayed himself and in order to extricate his drama from the pit he had digged for it he had to fall back upon the dubious and hackneyed expedient of a packet of love letters which had gone through the previous acts unremarked.

But, with all these defects, the production had moments of distinct vitality and it was worth the price of admission merely to enjoy the convincing portrayal of Amah by Eily Malyon. This characterization walked away with the show. So much so, that we found ourselves wondering why Mr. W. Somerset Maugham didn't build up a play with this old lady as the central figure and starring Miss Malyon. Something of this kind, we understand, has taken place in the present screen version of "Anna Christie." The world went to hear Garbo talk but they saw Marie Dressler act. But, even in the stage version, the character of the bumboat woman, dominated the play. And, so far as we were concerned, the final curtain could have fallen upon her magnificent exhibition of sportsmanship.

WE ARE one of the citizens of this great republic—or is it a democracy? — which the silent screen always left cold. We came, in time, to occupy the unique distinction of one who found the silent mugging of morons pulled by the strings of the movie director a distinct bore. Now, it seems, that we are in a fair way to occupy an equally distinct place as one who is for the sound drama, hook, bait, line and sinker. The public crowd to the talkies but it still is vociferous in its denunciation of them. But it would be interesting to have the movie palaces announce a week of silent pictures and see what happened. Without sound what possible value could be brought to the screen show "Hallelujah?" The negro is a creature of motion, but he is equally a creature of sound. When he dances he must have music; when he is moved religiously he shouts, he doesn't sit trembling silently like a Quaker; when he weeps he wails; and always he sings. A silent picture with a negro cast is unthinkable. It is unthinkable about any human story if you ponder it. If you go into a movie palace to sleep that is one thing. We are sorry to have your slumber disturbed. But there are still places provided for forty winks. Presbyterian clergymen still hold forth and the Methodist sermon is always with us. And if worst come to worst, think of the peasant novels which the Nobel prize in literature has brought into being. And occasionally, of course, there comes along a mayor with a War Memorial report to read. After all, sleep has not yet been banished from the world, just because the pictures have become noisy.

WE ARE one of the opera goers who have been clamoring for more German opera. Or perhaps we should say *any* German opera. And, now, upon the eve of seeing the Ring again, after a lapse of unmentionable years in San Francisco, we are vaguely apprehensive. Is German opera a phase which one passes through like measles or fish-net drapes for the den? We remember the violence with which it attacked us in those pre-historic days when Grau brought his song-birds in one jump from Forty-fifth and Broadway to Mission street. We became so violently pro-Wagner that we remember grouching

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Lenore Ulric

In spite of an opening night that left the crowded house absolutely cold . . . in spite of brutal criticisms of the play, the actors and even Miss Ulric's choice of wardrobe—San Franciscans continue to crowd to see "East of Suez" and its magnetic star.



Antonio Sotomayor

The young Bolivian artist whose cartoons and drawings in The San Franciscan helped pave the way for the recognition given his work by national magazines and for the commissions which take him to Mexico during March. His paintings will be shown in Mexico City under the auspices of the Bolivian legation—later there will be another San Francisco exhibition of his recent work.

The Golden Era of California Journalism

In which were laid foundations in the arts and their criticism upon which was to rise a splendid tradition

LITERARY weeklies, news of and comment and criticism upon art, letters, drama and kindred subjects may properly be regarded as advanced expressions of the journalistic craft, which do not ordinarily find receptive readers until a city or society attains a considerable age and possesses a fairly large group of people having means, leisure, educational background and the inclination to seriously concern itself with such fashionable trifles and abstractions. Among American cities, San Francisco must stand as a striking exception to this rule. In 1852, before the gold rush had fully spent itself, while the town held only uncertain promise of permanency and while it was scarcely more than a turmoil of greedy fortune seekers, grasping speculators and unscrupulous gamblers, was born *The Golden Era*—a magic name in the annals of Western journalism.

Publications of its type are usually launched by youthful enthusiasts with a great capacity for romanticism. Men of years and well rounded business judgment do not plunge into such enterprises. And so it was with *The Golden Era*. The junior partner, Rollin M. Daggett, was twenty-one at the time of the paper's sounding. The senior partner, J. MacDonough Foard, was but slightly older. Of Foard's career before his association with Daggett, little seems to have been known or chronicled. But of Daggett, it is known that he was a native of Ohio and that in 1849 he joined an emigrant party traveling overland to California. Enroute to California, he left the party and joined a tribe of Moqui Indians with whom he lived for several months. It was thus some time in 1850 when he made his way to Sacramento and secured a position with *The Sacramento Times* as reporter and typesetter. He so resented, however, the tediousness and confinement of his latter duties that he shortly left *The Times* and staked out a mining claim in Grass Valley. This venture was equally short lived and having abandoned or disposed of his claim, young Daggett sought out San Francisco.

Here, presumably, he came upon a kindred spirit in the person of Foard and the two conceived the idea of *The Golden Era*. The first issue bore the date, December 19, 1852 and a box above the editorial column bore the announcement in large type that, the paper was to be devoted to "Literature, Agriculture, Mining, Local and Foreign News, Morals, etc." The editorial

by ZOE A. BATTU

proper amplified this by stating that, though San Francisco was well supplied with daily papers, the editors and publishers of *The Golden Era* believed there was a place for a weekly paper and room for a "good family paper." "A good family paper" was defined as one which was untainted by politics and unbiased by religious prejudices and sought to meet the needs of discriminating readers but pandered to no particular party, clique or persons. Being independent of such parties or factions, no favor had to be shown them, and *The Golden Era* further announced that, it would never debase its pages by making them undeservedly subservient to any one group of the community.

THESE were remarkably worthy standards but what was still more remarkable, the young publishers lived up to them. The pages of *The Golden Era* are singularly free of the sensational and salacious. Throughout the 1850's, life in San Francisco and California was a riotous and violent affair and no man's life was safe from gun wielders nor his name from scandal mongers. There was no high or low office of the legislative, judicial or executive departments of the city and state governments, which was untainted by corruption.

Without realizing it, young Foard and Daggett might easily have been drawn deeply into this confusion, violence and misrule but in the pages of *The Golden Era* no suggestion of them appears. If the paper took any notice of the prevailing social and political chaos, it was only in a satirical manner and indirectly. An illustration of its attitude in these matters is embodied in a query and answer, which are obviously the work of the editors. The query is signed "Quien Sabe" and inquires as to the chief virtues a man had to possess before he could hold office in California. The editors reply that, an aspirant to political office must produce proof of "having killed his man"; must have fought at least three duels; served a prison term, must be opposed to the barbarous invention of reading and writing and be willing to engage in a street fight once a week, upon pain of impeachment.

The major purpose of Foard and Daggett was to publish a literary paper, and

generally speaking, they held to that purpose. Column one of page one was always devoted to poetry, usually by local authors. Short sketches of the human interest type and the current installment of a serially run story occupied the rest of the page. This was the day of the sentimental tale, the story teaching a lesson and having a happy or moral ending. The stories of *The Golden Era* seldom departed from these patterns, but even so it is evident that, the vigor and diversity of the life about them were not lost on Foard and Daggett and it is plain that they encouraged their writers to draw their material from that life and so produce a literature with a distinct Western flavor and interest.

With the third issue of the paper, was established a regular department of drama and music. In addition, special articles, dealing with American and European activities in these arts, frequently appeared. So generous was the space and so competent the attention given by the young publishers to these subjects that, their offices became a sort of focal point around which the city's evolving musical and dramatic life revolved. And San Francisco's early understanding and wholehearted devotion to these arts is explained, in large part, in the open handed, capable support given them by Foard and Daggett during their critical first stages.

While, from the first, the paper showed marked editorial vitality, these same early years were beset by grievous financial difficulties. *The Golden Era* was founded during that period when abnormally high prices prevailed in San Francisco; when shoes were as high as \$30.00 to \$40.00 a pair, sugar and salt \$5.00 or more a pound, ham and eggs \$3.00 an order and so on. Paper, the setting up of type and engravings, of which *The Era* was a liberal user, commanded fabulous sums. Meeting production costs was the great worry of Foard's and Daggett's otherwise joyous lives. More than once during the first two years of *The Era*'s life, the sheriff was restrained from putting the office under his lock and key only by the eloquence and verbal strategy of the youthful publishers.

IT WAS Daggett, who, in 1854, found a way out of these difficulties. He dressed himself in the accepted miner's regalia—slouch hat, high boots, red shirt and six shooter and so accoutred

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The Book Doctor

. . . Prescribing Some Literary Tonics for the Spring Season

by A. GROVE DAY

REALLY, I have often wondered why booksellers keep usual hours, as if pretending to be like other tradesmen. People don't buy books right after breakfast, as they buy their carrots and pork chops. The Perfect Bookshop should open after a leisurely lunch, and welcome the book-hungry browser until it's time to go home and read in bed . . . Considerably more than ten thousand different titles were published in the year past. And yet some people are surprised that a hard-working reviewer doesn't read everything that comes out! He is a fairly rapid reader—he has to be—but, getting out his calculating machine and allowing four books as a good day's work, he figures that it would require six of him, doing nothing but skimming along from dawn to dark, to keep up with the year's output. And this would leave no time at all even to glance at the flood of magazines and newspapers, or to catch up on the classics of previous years. The 200 book publishers in this country have a lot to answer for! . . . The mystery crop is as bumper as ever these days. Thirty-two thrillers are listed for this month, and will do much to keep murder-fans awake until all hours. Edgar Wallace, the Mystery Mill, starts 1930 with another super-puzzle, *The Black* (Crime Club, \$2), already in its third edition. People are still being baffled by his recent *The Crimson Circle*. I wish Mr. Wallace would let up for a while, so that I could settle down and do some work! Another red-letter enigma is *Murder Yet to Come*, (Stokes) by Isabel Briggs Myers, winner of a \$7500 contest. Start with the body on the floor, and go on. . . . One of the most toothsome items of the season is the Palmer translation of *The Odyssey*, dressed up with illustrations in full color by N. C. Wyeth (Houghton Mifflin). No edition of this immortal adventure story is too good to give to young people—or older ones, for that matter—and Wyeth's glowing pictures give a freshness to the old tale . . . Why not an Idea-of-the-Month Club? Five professional thinkers would select the most popular idea just out, and it could be delivered promptly by the postman to the customer, wrapped in a ribbon of the appropriate color. Think what a boon it would be for reviving a dying conversation! And everybody, of course, could talk about it at once, and express the right opinion. So your doctor is all prepared to leave for Los Angeles right off, and start sending out a prospectus . . . Now that the

sonnet

by Gabriel Ondeeck

There is no purpose in an April day
Which comes, and lingers softly, and is
gone,
And leaves behind, in wanton disarray,
Only a few dead dreams to think upon . . .
And drowsy thoughts of half-forgotten
things

That come with lazy, fretful arrogance,
Or roll the melodies of other springs
Into a wildly sensual dissonance.

There are no thoughts in April but the dim
Confusion of a host of things long dead;
No understanding, save that through some
whim
Of springtime fancy. All the lonely dread
Of living, and of life's sole consequent
Is gone, and I have learned to be content.

reader is quite disarmed by this professional smalltalk, we can pass to our serious consultation.

"All Our Yesterdays," by H. M. Tomlinson Harper. 1930. \$2.50.

THE verbal arsenal of the reviewer, bristling though it be with superlatives, seems meagre when confronted with a new-minted masterpiece such as H. M. Tomlinson's latest novel. The critics' rave on the jacket is thin stuff compared with the meat between its covers.

It is not a war book, but a book about the war. The distinction must be made, for the Front Line is but one of many stages whereon these walking shadows play their parts. Mr. Tomlinson's yesterdays extend as far back as 1900, and his study of the gendering and sprouting of the seeds of conflict reaches to that day when the clinkered battlefields are merely an excursion spot for bored trippers. He etches in high relief the hysteria of the Boer War, the silly hocus-pocus of Fleet Street, the tragic knavery of Empire, the clumsy jiggling of the mob to the idiot piping of its masters, and the final nightmare, the unclean burst of the spores of hatred. Sound and fury, the extinction of the brief candles of honesty in the midnight of nations, the graveyard gayety of the brave fools who died in the mud of Flanders, the nothingness of victory—these we know again as we read, and must not forget.

Tomlinson's prose is as fine English as

anyone can write today. It is mellow as well-blended tobacco, inspiring to meditation, inspiring to withstand the ordeal of peace. It is four-dimensional writing, part of time and part of human living, filled with antecedent and implication. In his disenchantment, Tomlinson is brother to C. E. Montague, dead prophet of our wasted yesterday, that yesterday which yet may prove another morrow.

More Adventures in Reading

"Books As Windows," by May Lamberton Becker. Stokes. 1929. \$2.

MRS. BECKER, who from her desk as head of The Reader's Guide column in the *Saturday Review of Literature* has helped thousands to find the right book, here presents her third volume in adventures in reading. Each chapter is trustworthy and stimulating, and is always ended by a friendly guide for future reading. Some of the best are "Patterns in Fiction"; "The American Scene"; "That Wondrous Being," a chat about the best in biography; "A Breath of Grandeur," books on the Civil War; and "Windows to the West," which shows the way to making oneself at home in the modern world. Perhaps the most helpful section of Mrs. Becker's guide is "Telling Others About a Novel," which is full of good advice to those amateurs who are faced with the job of reviewing a book or reading a paper to a study-club.

Legend in the Making

"ROUX THE BANDIT," by André Chamson. Scribners. 1929. \$2.

HERE is a tale of character, the story of a simple French mountaineer whose conscience bade him take to the pitiless hills and live for five years like an animal, rather than to follow his comrades to the battlefield and risk the guilt of war. It is told in a homely style by peasants seated about a fire, and rendered by M. André Chamson, a talented French writer whose home is in the Cévennes, among this earthy race who "respond as scrupulous and wilful masters to the problems that life poses to them and yet their everyday occupations are so severe and so imperious that men of less heroism would gradually lose there the sense of their souls."

Roux, strangely called "The Bandit"—for he would have died rather than harm a living being—was one of these Cévenols who cling to simple belief and the duty of protest. For five bitter win-

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Madame Mika Mikoun

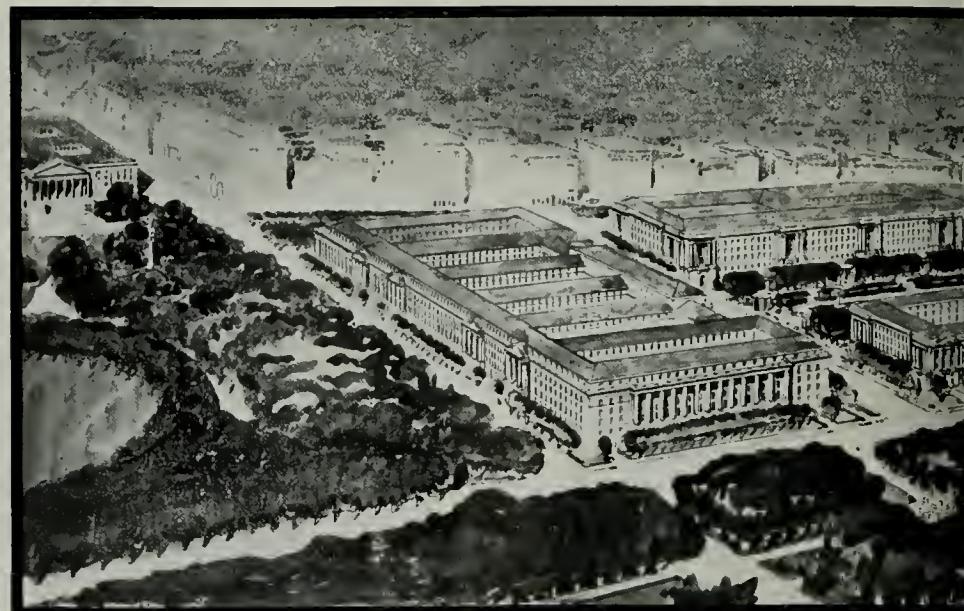
This Polish sculptor-ceramist has deserted Paris to spend the season in San Francisco where she is receiving appreciation both as an artist and as an imaginative hostess. Between work on various portrait commissions she draws members of the local art and social circles to her capacious studio in a picturesque old Clay street mansion. She is shown here with two masks before her Paris firing kiln.

The Rebuilding of the Nation's Capitol and the part of

PRACTICALLY every year of its life as a nation has seen the United States grow in material wealth, power, achievement, majesty and, at intervals, in territory. From small, experimental beginnings, the government has evolved into the complex, imposing structure of the present day, necessary to the adequate political administration of a vast expanse of territory and a diverse, involved social and economic order.

Yet oddly enough, the seat of this government, the source of this power, Washington, D. C., has somehow lacked the well defined dignity and architectural unity that one would expect of a city of its position and importance. The effectiveness of the capitol structures proper has been marred by the fact that certain of them—notably the Post Office building—represent juvenile, faulty and archaic stages in the nation's architectural understanding and development; and by the presence of blocks of unsightly, old and badly built frame structures, many of which were erected solely to meet temporary war time emergencies. In recent years, certain departments, such as the Department of Commerce and Labor, have grown immensely in size and scope of their duties. For the most part, they have been entirely without quarters adapted to their purposes and have been housed, at heavy expense, in rented offices or the makeshift war buildings.

This unhappy condition was not caused by lack of a well conceived plan for Washington's growth and development. Due to the foresight of Washington and Jefferson and the vision and engineering skill of Pierre L'Enfant, French engineer and participant in the Revolutionary War, Washington, in 1791, was given a city plan when it was nothing more than so many bare, low hills overlooking the Potomac. L'Enfant in his drawings projected a complete, perfect city of broad boulevards, parks, trees, fountains, memorials and monumental architecture—a city, in fine, to equal and rival the beauties of Paris and the imposing splendors of Rome. Insofar as street arrangements are concerned, L'Enfant's plan has remained essentially unchanged. Washington has thus, para-



doxically, been the best planned city in a land, where city planning, until recently, was a sadly neglected art. That it has fallen architecturally short of L'Enfant's plan is no fault of the plan. The reasons for the shortcomings are political, historical, social and financial and no purpose would be served by here discussing them.

SUFFICE it to say that there is now in active execution a tearing down program to eliminate such abominations as the Post Office building and many other blocks of unsightly construction, and a building program, which will give realization to much that L'Enfant put upon paper some 140 years ago—or, at least, to the spirit thereof, and make of Washington a city truly expressive of the nation's power and dignity. The plan calls for ten new, large department buildings, four of which are now under construction. Foundations for two or three more will be laid within the year. Accompanying and suitable landscaping developments to provide for planting of inner courts, parkways, trees, illumination, fountains and the like are, of course, part of the general scheme. Congress has already appropriated \$75,000,000 with which to begin this work. Another \$25,000,000 will likely be shortly forthcoming. The completed work will cost \$200,000,000 and require at least ten years' time.

Obviously, an undertaking of this size and importance requires the services of the country's foremost architectural skill. The design and execution of the buildings are in the hands of an architectural

The illustration as shown here, conceived by Architect Arthur Brown, Jr., shows what the finished works will appear to be when later be found necessary to make changes.

by RALPH A. HARRIS

board, working in collaboration with Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. Membership in this group is appointive and its members were chosen upon the basis of their fitness for the work, as indicated by the merit and distinction of their executed buildings. To each member falls the honor of being individually responsible for one or more buildings, the design of which is subject to the inspection and approval of the board as a whole. In forming the group some effort was also made to have its members come from the several sections of the country in order that the new Washington might be truly a national triumph.

TO REPRESENT the West in the project and to be the architect of the Labor and Interstate Commerce Department Buildings, Arthur Brown, Jr., of San Francisco, was three years ago, named by this board—a signal honor for the city but to the man no more than just recognition of his superior abilities for the work at hand. In his home city Arthur Brown is not without honor. The excellency and number of his works here would preclude that possibility but the recognition is of comparatively recent



sets the buildings in question as and the studies are essentially as zed. Such modifications as may minor nature.

MSBY

giving, and it is very possible that Brown's fellow San Franciscans have small realization of his honor outside of the city and in the architectural world.

For considered as a whole, Brown's record is impressive. In 1896 he graduated from the Engineering Department of the University of California with a B.S. degree. In the same year, he entered *L'Ecole des Beaux Arts*, Paris, and at this most famous of the world's architectural schools, he was an honor student. He was the winner of two awards, held in high esteem by the school's students—the first Godebeuf Prize for ornament and design, the second Rougevin Prize for ornament and design. He was also the winner of several medals. For his Beaux Arts record and subsequent distinguished architectural and artistic accomplishments, *L'Institut de France* has made Brown a member, an honor accorded to only two other Americans, Whitney Warren of New York and Richard M. Hunt, also architects.

Locally we know Brown as a member of the former firm of Bakewell & Brown, who aided materially in making the P.P.I.E. in 1915 the architectural triumph that it was, and as architects of Horticultural Hall. We know Brown as

former president of the San Francisco Art Association and his one time firm as architect of the Art Institute's present home. Bakewell & Brown and the junior member thereof are, perhaps, chiefly impressed upon our minds as the winners, among seventy-two contestants, of the San Francisco City Hall Competition. John Galen Howard, who is largely responsible for the excellency of the University of California campus and is an architect of no mean order, has said of the City Hall, "In its directness and clearness of design and in reasonableness of its development, it is a worthy exponent of the classical French and of the best traditions of that preeminently logical race."

It is this time-honored style, which found birth with the Greeks; was universally used by the Romans and by the French given a characteristic subtlety, dignity and grace, which will prevail in the rebuilding of Washington. It is the style which L'Enfant had in mind and which has generally dominated the design of Washington's public buildings, since it is inseparably associated with government buildings and the law and order they symbolize. In the Land Office and Treasury buildings, the city has two major, well designed structures of this type, which provide the model upon which the rest of the capital may be built to create a whole of unified beauty.

THERE are, of course, those who argue that to follow classical tradition is merely to copy; nothing is created expressive of the nation and its people as they are today. This argument might be

Arthur Brown, Jr., in the Gigantic Project

discussed at great length and many of its claims honored. But for the immediate purpose, it seems enough to note that criticism of classical traditions is very easy, while their recreation is a difficult art, having laws of its own.

The recreation is something more than technical and mathematical adjustment of scale to the proportions of the building and the relating of the building to its site and surrounding structures. These factors are of signal importance, and if incorrectly done, the result is tragedy. There are hundreds of architects capable of working out these technical essentials to produce something that looks like a building in the classical tradition but here the similarity to the source ends. Their work is somehow faulty, cluttered, unconvincing and massively awkward.

THE trouble is that these workers fail to grasp or are incapable of grasping or expressing the spirit of the tradition they seek to recreate. Only he, who has an understanding and consciousness of this spirit is able to save the mass of his building from mere heaviness; is able, in details and ornament, to strike a balance between simplicity and sufficiency. In short, is able to so fuse the formulae with which he works and the spirit of the style as to bring forth a structure, entirely logical, yet having vitality, rhythm and definite architectural character.

There are surprisingly few men in the country able to achieve these results. Possibly, they could be counted upon the ten fingers. Of these men, Arthur Brown is one, and it may with truth be said that in his understanding of French Renaissance architecture and in his ability to voice the illusive essence of its spirit, he stands quite alone and apart. It is, in fact, this mastery and understanding of classical architectural traditions, which will constitute the man's greatest value and contribution to the Washington architectural board and whatever of significance it may bring forth in building for the nation a great capital city.



Miss Eve Taylor

CHURCH

A member of the younger set who played a prominent part in the recent National Horse Show.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

WEDDINGS

CHANDLER-BIDWELL. On February 1, in Baltimore, Mr. Harold Nathaniel Chandler and Miss Elizabeth Tilden Bidwell, daughter of Mrs. O. Bird Bidwell (Leslie Tilden).

SF-SNON-KEESLING. On February 8 Mr. William F. Sesnon, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William F. Snon, and Miss Jacqueline Keesling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Keesling.

BARTLETT-SCOTT. On February 10, in Wakefield, Somersetshire, England, Colonel E. O. Bartlett and Mrs. Norma Preston Scott.

BLACK-PLAYER. On February 27, Mr. Winston Black, son of Mrs. William Black of Salt Lake City and Miss Dorothy Player, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lionel P. Player.

ENGAGEMENTS

RATHBURN-BROWN. Mrs. Charlotte Ziel Rathbun, daughter of Mrs. Gustav Ziel to Mr. David Brown of New York and Vienna.

WILSON-WRIGHT. Miss Mabel Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Arthur Comstock of New York and granddaughter of Mrs. William Cluff of San Francisco, to Mr. Washburn Wright of Washington, son of Mrs. Hamilton Wright.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Many affairs were given in honor of Prince and Princess of Reuss who were guests at the Hotel Fairmont during their sojourn in San Francisco. Mrs. Pollock Graham gave a luncheon for the royal visitors at her apartment at the St. Francis. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner in Burlingame in their honor.

The Burlingame Country Club was the setting for a luncheon in honor of the visitors and Mrs. Richard McCreery gave a dinner at her home in Burlingame in honor of the Prince and Princess.

Mrs. John Drum gave a dinner at her apartments at the Fairmont for the royal couple.

The Prince and Princess stopped at Pebble Beach on their way to San Francisco, and there were entertained by members of the Pebble Beach colony, including Mr. and Mrs. John Magee.

Honoring Mr. George Duval of New York, a cousin of Senator James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. John Rosseter gave a dinner at their home on Russian Hill. Mr. Duval who is a noted architect, was the guest of Senator Phelan for a fortnight at the Senator's country home near Saratoga.

Mrs. Clement Tobin, in San Francisco on a visit from her home in New York, has been honored at a number of parties. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear gave a dinner party at their apartments at the Mark Hopkins in Mrs. Tobin's honor and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels gave a dinner for her at her home in Washington street.

Captain and Mrs. Powers Symington entertained their debutante niece, Miss Pattie Symington of Baltimore for a fortnight recently.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of New York who is spending several weeks at her home in Millbrae, was guest of honor at a large luncheon that Mrs. Joseph D. Grant gave at her home in Broadway.

General William C. Heppenheimer of New York was a guest at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour.

In honor of Mrs. Ernest Bryant of Los Angeles and daughter, Miss Susanna Patterson Bryant, Mrs. John Griffin Johnston gave a luncheon party at her home in Scott street.

Major Edward Dudley Metcalfe and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe are arriving this month from England and will attend the polo matches at Del Monte and in the South.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper (Anita Harvey) is a guest at the Mark Hopkins Hotel. Mrs. Cooper is being extensively entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland of Burlingame recently entertained as their house guests Mrs. Waterbury Morris of New York and Mrs. Charles L. Harding of Boston.

Mrs. Temple Bridgeman whose home is in Hartford, Connecticut, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ward Maillard recently. Mrs. Jerome Pulitzer gave a tea in Mrs. Bridgeman's honor.

Mr. Whitney Warren, the New York architect, is visiting here at this writing, and after a short stay in town will go to Wheatland where he will visit with his son, Whitney Warren Jr., at Bear River Orchards.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton B. Elkins who make their home in France enjoyed a visit with Mr. Elkins' mother, Mrs. William Delaware Nielson at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mme. Joaquin de Pereyra, a daughter of the late Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling is visiting in San Francisco. Mme. de Pereyra makes her home in Biarritz.

In honor of Mr. Raymond Leforges of Paris, Mrs. Charles Webster Doe gave a dinner party at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown of Denver are visiting in San Francisco, guests of Mrs. Brown's sister, Mrs. Alphonse Potter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen had as their house guest for several days recently Miss Forsythe Patterson of New York. Miss Patterson came West to attend the Junior League Conference.

Mrs. Ella Tenney entertained at a buffet supper in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Reynold McGrew of Honolulu, who were guests at the Cliff Hotel during their sojourn in San Francisco. Major and Mrs. William C. Wise also entertained for the Honolulu visitors, also Mr. and Mrs. Cov Filmer and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cornwall entertained informally at dinner in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles was among those who entertained Mrs. William McElmurry of London and Oporto during her recent visit to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Ames gave a buffet luncheon at their home in San Mateo for Mrs. Eugene Goodwin of Paris and Mrs. William G. Henshaw. Other parties were given for the visitors by Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore and Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond have taken possession of their Scott street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan have returned home after a visit to Honolulu. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson, Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot and Mr. Walter Van Pelt were also in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay have returned to their home in Divisadero street after an extended sojourn in Southern California.

The first of the Bachelors Balls was given at the Burlingame Country Club on the evening of March 1 and proved a brilliant success.

A large dinner party given at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club by Mrs. Margaret Turney Van Bergen introduced Miss Gloria Van Bergen to society.

Mr. John S. Drum is on his way back to California after an extended tour of the world.

The peninsula group is giving a Mardi Gras ball at the Burlingame Country Club on the evening of Shrove Tuesday. About 200 will attend. Everyone attending the party will appear as "someone else."

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tobin entertained at dinner at their home in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. Richard Tobin.

The Washington's Birthday week-end drew a throng to Del Monte. Among those who went to the resort were Miss Harriet Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery and a party of friends spent Washington's birthday at Ahwahnee.

Mr. Clarence Postley entertained friends over the holiday at the Corran ranch near Gilroy.

Another party headed by Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Jr., went to the Ojai Valley over the twenty-second.

The Loan Exhibition of Modern Masters which opens in the Galerie Beaux Arts, March 10, will contain works of art from the collections of Mrs. W. W. Crocker, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Agnes Clark, Mrs. Joseph M. Brantzen, Hon. James D. Phelan, Dr. Leo Eloesser, Mr. Albert Bender, Mr. Harold Mack, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Walter Stern, Mrs. A. K. Salz, Mrs. Sigmund Bauer, Miss Harriet Levy, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Miss Marian Hollins, and Mrs. A. M. Salinger.

Junior League Day at H. Liebes & Co., March 10, enlists the cooperation of Mrs. Horace Clifton, president of the Junior League, Miss Emily Scarles, Mrs. George Nickel, Mrs. Clark Borgard and Mrs. Bancroft Towne who serve as executives. Among the hostesses, stylists and models are Miss Harriet Brownell, Mrs. Vincent Butler, Mrs. Howard Fleming, Mrs. Donald Gregory, Mrs. Graeme Macdonald, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Adelaide Sutro, Miss Edith Bentley, Miss Peggy Dibblee, Miss Polly Dibblee, Miss Margaret Hatchett, Mrs. Cliff Lundborg, Miss Meredith Naddux, Miss Margaret McCormick, Mrs. Chiradelli Menagee, Mrs. Browning Smith, Miss Evelyn Salisbury, Miss Beth Sherwood, Mrs. Foster Thierbach, Miss Janetta Whitman and Mrs. Alfred Whittell.

Miss Constance Florn has returned to San Francisco after spending the winter in Cleveland.

Mrs. Mosley Taylor was hostess at a buffet supper at her apartments on Pacific Avenue where she entertained for a group of young women who took part in the "Follies" performance.

Among the debutantes announced for next winter are Miss Katherine Stent who is at present at school in Rome, Miss Dorothy Spreckels and Miss Florence McCormick.

Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith was luncheon hostess at her home recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron gave a dinner party, later showing their guests motion picture films of the trip they took with Col. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling.

In honor of his sister, Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker Jr., Mr. Jerome Kohn gave a buffet supper at the Kohn home in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Ford Nichols has returned to San Francisco after a visit with relatives in the East.

Mrs. Warren Spicker has returned to her home in San Francisco after a trip to the Atlantic Coast.

Mrs. Paul Brigard was a guest at the Woman's Athletic Club for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Sesnon (Jacqueline Keesling) have returned to San Francisco and are established in the Arthur Stevenson apartment. Mr. and Mrs. Sesnon spent their honeymoon in Southern California.

Mr. Templer Crocker has returned to his apartment on Rustan Hill after a visit on the Continent and in New York.

Mrs. John B. Casserly gave a supper party at her apartment in Washington street just before going to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is established at her peninsula home at Millbrae. Miss Eleanor Gross accompanied Mrs. Reid to the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sotro and Miss Barbara Sotro have returned to San Francisco from New York. They made the trip West on the Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a supper party in honor of Lawrence Tibbett.

Mr. and Mrs. Remo Sharboe entertained at dinner at their home in Walnut street just before leaving for the East and Europe.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan may decide to make her home in San Francisco. She arrived in California recently from Montevideo where her late husband was American Consul.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houghteling were recently dinner hosts at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wholley (Clara Hegeler) are in San Francisco following their honeymoon spent in Western Canada, and will make San Francisco their home in the future.

Miss Edith Bentley, one of the season's debutantes, was guest of honor at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Porter.

Miss Evelyn Salisbury, also a debutante of the winter, was honored at a dinner and theatre party given by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron.

Mr. Raymond Armsby has returned to New York after a visit of several weeks in California.

Mr. George Duval, the New York architect and a cousin of Senator James D. Phelan, entertained at a dinner party at the St. Francis shortly before his return to New York.

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels gave a musical at the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Mrs. Leon Roos gave a dinner party for Mr. George Duval during the latter's visit in San Francisco.

The 1930 polo season at Del Monte promises to be unusually brilliant and well attended. Every bit of motor space around the Del Monte field has been reserved. Every week-end in February witnessed exciting games and there will be daily games throughout the month of March.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Miss Louise Winston is in Rome where she is visiting Prince and Princess Orsini. Miss Winston was recently the guest of Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner at their villa in Santa Margherita.

At last accounts, Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein and their family had sailed from Southampton for Capetown. They will go on from there to Kimberly where they will visit with Mrs. Mein's brother and sister-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear are leaving this month for the East and Europe. In New York they will visit Mrs. McNear's son, Mr. Jack Breeden. They plan to return to California in July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stevenson and their son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stevenson, sailed recently on the Bremen for Europe. They will travel on the continent for two or three months.

Mrs. Balfour Bowen will leave for the East and Europe this month. She will accompany her parents Mr. and Mrs. Sutro. Some time will be spent in England visiting Mrs. W. K. Bowen at her home in Essex.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling are expected to arrive in New York within a short time, also Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen and their children. They will return to San Francisco before the end of March. The party has been away a year, having spent the greater part of the time on the Jackling yacht.

Mrs. James H. Bell who has been in Europe since late last summer is spending the winter in Malaga.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Hale enjoyed a three months' visit in New York, and were guests at the Savoy Plaza.

Miss Janet Coleman who is spending the winter in New York at the Hotel Plaza recently entertained there at dinner. A guest on one of these occasions was Miss Willis Booth.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Grace were recently at the Ritz Carlton.



The Dangerous Silken Mode

by PATRICIA ASTRA

Now begins the era of a lovely, silken mode that has, beneath its subtle charm, all the dangers of "first sin."

The gentler sex—getting gentler day by day—is once more gowned in gracious loveliness.

Against the beauty of the present mode there are few dissenting voices raised—and those few are readily silenced by the preponderance of evidence that never, in the history of any living woman, has there been so many delectable new style creations offered for the Spring wardrobe feminine.

Let me prove this to you. Think of any frock you have ever owned—yes, if it was in 1910 or before—and I'll guarantee to find its twin among the newest arrivals in one or the other of the smart style shops. In fact, the windows of the shops awaken a wealth of just such memories.

Delicate frocks in pastel colorings, with bits of subtly introduced Alonsen lace—or some other equally alluring bit of lacy magic . . .

Suits of soft woolen stuffs, with "dressmaker" touches to make them

flattering to the wearer and gracefully feminine . . .

And the furs—have you noticed the furs? Every soft silken fur in the animal atlas is serving its time in the cause of beauty. There was one little velvet coat that smiled at passers-by out of the window of one of the popular shops. It was of a lovely yellow green, graciously blended with a golden glory of fur. It carried me back to the era of my first long skirt, and a coat almost identical in both color and style. In a nearby shop, another tone of green was used in a cloth ensemble trimmed with short-haired brown fur. The upper part of the dress was finished with creamy lace—the most flattering thing a woman can wear against the loveliness of her throat and neck. I wondered what lucky woman would use the beauty of that ensemble to "clothe herself in glory."

Not only dresses, but suits and coats must be perfect symphonies of color—must mold the lovely lines of the form with caressing grace. Knitted sport dresses have taken to wearing snug boleros instead of straight jackets . . . Hemlines as well as necklines, are

often diaphanous—just another way of spelling "lure." . . .

And out of the reserve box of Dame Fashion leaps the old-new magic of voile and organdie and cotton prints—for garden, beach and resort wear . . .

And the hats could anything be more bewitching than the new hats? When they are small, they are so very, very small that they merely outline the natural beauty of the head. When they run to a brim, it is a marvel of grace that begins and ends in some cunning design that was conceived by a milliner gone mad with the absolute abandon of the 1930 mode.

IN THE past, style has been an evolution, slow and subtle—the introduction of a new innovation by one of the famous dressmakers of Paris—the approval of the world of fashion—the following season the better manufacturers capitalize the feature, and it becomes familiar as the "smart" new note of the season. Then additions and exaggerations—and what was a few seasons back a cunning bow on the back of an evening frock has become, today, an absolute obsession of trailing draperies, capes and every conceivable sort of trimming that will attract attention to the

**powerful arguments
written at a lady
who doesn't like**

S K Y S C R A P E R S

by Lawrence Hart

I have not seen Athena's parthenon,
No ruined temples echoed from my feet

(I do not need the past to look upon
The beauty of today, to find it sweet.)
And yesterday was beautiful? Ah so!
Then yesterday was fair, just as you say,

(We cannot live a yesterday, nor know
A living glory if we scorn today.)

Today when splendid beauty ardent rises
Above our cities, slender tier on tier,
The heart of man abandons dead disguises
As birds desert the shell when summer's
near.

Yet beauty's in the eyes that beauty meet—
I cannot argue if the rose be sweet—

back of a dress. The long uneven hem at the back of the skirt of last season grew out of the back-trim vogue. By the same logic, we may follow that same whim through to the trailing skirts of today and even give it credit for inspiring backless frocks and bathing suits. Exploiting the beauty of a woman's back is only another eloquent invitation to admiring eyes.

But to come back to the absolute abandon of this season's mode—has there ever been anything like it before? For versatility, for beauty, for sheer grace and loveliness? And all in one—or, at the best, two seasons?

Let us pause for a minute and speculate on where the new fashions are leading us. Already the manners of the younger set have undergone a severe pruning of much that was hoydenish and casual. Society as a whole has had to become graceful and languid of movement. As far as manners go, we have all to gain and nothing to lose.

But suppose we had allowed the Paris stylists to get us into long skirts in the day time. They did try, you know! Only the fact that the women of both Europe and America refused to give up their hard-earned freedom of limb has saved us thus far. These same designers have since loudly advocated the short (three inches below the knee comes under the caption of "short" in the style dictionary) skirt for daytime and sports—and so we are safe for this season at least.

As I started to say, however, just suppose long skirts in the daytime did become the fashion. Can't you see the logical chain of consequences: long hair—a slowing up of every movement (which would make fat practically impossible to combat)—stays, and all that goes with them—a complete revival of the manners and fashions of the mincing "nineties," when ladies were *LADIES!* Cheerio. Who, pray tell me, wants to be that kind of a lady?

So, my dears, you must continue to be the mistresses of your destinies. Accept the gracious beauty of the fashions of today to enhance your charms. Be a little more "feminine" in more than manner—you'll enjoy the approval of the sterner sex. Men still want their women weak—or at least just a little clinging.

And, by the way, have you noted how strongly the male population is advocating that we keep the daytime hemline HIGH? One may be sure that they are unselfish in this, at least.

The White Card

Continued from page 13

not reforming his listeners, though his fun may very well take the form of mock-sermons. Concerned with his idea that human greatness is possible, he has

Continued on next page



Announcement

To women

KNOX'S San

Francisco showing of women's Spring fashions is virtually identical with that presented in Knox' New York Shops on Fifth Avenue. Included are coats, dresses, ensembles and millinery, in the sport and semi-sport styles perfectly expressive of "the Knox idea".

KNOX

51 GRANT AVENUE
and ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

suddenly discovered a pleasurable annotation and an argument with which, if he speaks with sufficient gusto, he may convince himself. If he deplores, he uses the exaggeration which is the first device of romance; being both "excited and articulate," he makes sweeping statements—such as mine to the effect that there is no single trustworthy critic, and such as Mr. Follett's, in *Junior Model*, that boys' books "are written about the long and short vacations of Boy Scouts."

Now I suspect that if someone presented to Mr. Follett a petition whose object was the impounding of unsatisfactory publishers, or the rigid supervision of their function, Mr. Follett would say "Bosh! Don't be silly!" For he, too, is playing with ideas. He wishes that things were better; he claims that they were better not so long ago; he thinks, I imagine, that the stimulation of the flow of ideas in his readers may bring about some improvement; but he is not, I feel sure, primarily, a crusader.

This, of course, does not imply any lack of sincerity in the critic; he believes in his high standards with an intensity which cannot but make him either boisterous or bitter when he sees those standards disregarded in the life around him. But he is too wise to expect that his vociferations will cause those standards to be regarded as any more than

fit objects for a passing ogle. The most he can hope for, after he has had his rhetorical fun, is the impressing of his ideas upon a few persons of his own sort whose thinking is concerned with similar subjects. Once in awhile he may grab a convert; and it is this slow and limited proselytizing which is his nearest approach to crusading and messianic achievement. It is enough; gradually the contagion is spread by the Typhoid Marys of good taste; ultimately, in theory, good taste will be universal.

So, for instance, was I impelled to read Alfred Neumann's *The Devil* by Mr. Follett's essay *The Novelist's Use of History*. For that I thank him; without him I might have missed the great book in the flood of printed paper.

But I confess that I did not entirely trust him. Merely because I had been several times let down—because I had seen many supposedly fine critics whooping it up for very bad books—I said, dubiously, "Well, it sounds as though it should be good. I'll try it, anyway." Thus does Mr. Follett's profound and reasonable and important essay suffer from the crimes of those critics whose affability I deplored.

I thank him, too, for assuring me that genius is not impossible in this age—though the assurance was hardly necessary. Mr. Follett should be familiar with the device of mock despair. He

must know that the man who exclaims: "We'll never get there! We'll starve to death! We're ruined! We're done for!" does not really believe any of it, and is, in fact, unable to realize the nature of such a debacle. He hopes intensely that none of the disasters will happen; and he cheers himself up by exaggerating all the disastrous possibilities until he renders himself absurd and unthinkable. And if I say that genius is no longer possible, it really amounts to my saying: "I'm fed up, and fed up, and fed to repletion with all this false and tawdry stuff. Is there nowhere any greatness? Please bring it on."

And though, under Mr. Follett's chastening, I may for the moment resolve to be more moderate, more literal, more sober, I know that it will not be long before I shall be carried away by the charm of playing with vituperation and hortation and faint praise, with cadence and rhythm and round full sentences, rolling or staccato.

So we come back to the analogy mentioned in my first paragraph. Seeing the fun Mr. Follett has had with words, the glow in that fine strong denunciatory cadence, stirring to the rhythm and the round full sentences, I feel that I may rely upon his sympathy with the personal need of gusto. I suggest, in conclusion, that the reader turn to Chapter

Continued on next page

BULLOCK & JONES CO.

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THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS
Ready to wear

TAILORS & IMPORTERS OF MEN'S WEAR
Post Street at Union Square

Houston, Gilmore & Company

Fine Jewelry

POST AND STOCKTON STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO

XVIII in Book IV of *Pantagruel*, and read through to the end of the storm he will find there. And he is charged to give my best wishes and sincere affections to Panurge, who in those chapters, is the perfect, the ideal and the absolute critic.

Spotlight

Continued from page 16

through what we know, now, must have been a perfectly divine performance of "The Barber of Seville," featuring Sembach. We thought the whole performance absurd, overlooking the colossal absurdities of the German school. The truth of the matter is that any artistic convention is absurd if you have a mind to find it so. And the easiest way to find it so is to see it badly executed. It is genius that throws star dust in our eyes and softens the unreal outlines of Art . . . We understand that this winter in Berlin there has been a great return to the operas of Mozart and even the early Italian school. Not that Germany has forsaken Wagner, but because the German people have discovered that the costumed concerts of this earlier musical day are not one whit more artificial than the spectacle of Rhine maidens galumphing through artificial waves to a mathematically contrived musical score . . . There are some good names among those to be present in March at Dreamland Auditorium: Gadski and Lippe and Jorn and Sembach, to mention four that we have heard. Gadski belongs to that original company of stalwarts that gave us our first taste of Wagner properly done. Let us hope that time has dealt kindly with her . . . We do not, as a matter of fact, expect to be disappointed in the season of Teutonic opera. But we shall doubtless bring a tempered enthusiasm to the experience of seeing an old love after a lapse of many years.

THE Italian opera San Francisco seems always to have with it. Just now, it is the Pacific Opera Company treading the heels of the ill-starred Bevani venture. But, after all, the present season is a made-in-San Francisco variety; and will doubtless get the support it deserves, on that count if on no other. What the Pacific Opera Company should become is a proving ground for the bigger and sometimes better opera season in September. But, unhappily, San Francisco does not seem to be able to co-ordinate its efforts in any direction. Ah, well, we are a strongly individualistic town and individualism pays its penalty just as program and the goose-step does! Just at present there are a half-dozen "little theatre" projects in the air. One, enthusiastically handled, would be enough. And we have musical organizations galore. But, perhaps it is the better part to be thankful of all these movements upon the face of the artistic waters. At least, we are not sleeping.



how long is long?

... to this the most important question of the hour, Paris answers . . .

for sports . . .

skirts are 16 inches from the ground.

for street . . .

skirts are 14 inches from the ground.

for afternoon . . .

skirts are 12 inches from the ground.

for dancing . . .

skirts are 5 inches from the ground.

for formal evening . . .

skirts are no inches from the ground.

... these are the skirt lengths the smart world is wearing
... these are the skirt lengths we are showing now
in our spring dress collections . . . third floor.

HALE BROS.

Blind

Continued from page 14

sound of a great, strident activity of the men who go down to the sea—brave snatches of foreign chanties, hoarse commands, echoing laughter, all blending together with the cries of fish-glutted seagulls that wheeled in screaming arcs against the quietly greying sky . . .

What romance in the names of those fishing boats! Names bestowed without doubt in tribute to the beloved of the individual owners, names that flapped back again the glamorous pages of Latin passion! There was "Francesca" giving "Paula" a coy dig in the ribs as she strained at her moorings, and you'd see "Beatrice" scrambling love lore by ogling "Benvenuto" riding at anchor beside her down there at Fisherman's Wharf, and you'd see, as the poor devil of a hopeless romanticist saw, a relation between the things that men make and move with the things that men have been thinking for so long.

The young woman evidently saw nothing at all. She was too busy powdering her nose.

DIRECTLY below the place where they sat on the jetty, on the after-well deck of a fine fishing boat, a semi-circle of fishermen squatted in a tangle of corks and kegs and yarn, their oily curls bowed over the business of mending

nets. Soon, above the noise of their bantering, another note sounded as the rousing nasal resonance of an accordian drifted up the quay-side. Everyone, even the cranky young wife, turned in the direction of the accordian's rollicking tune as it came nearer and nearer up the wharf.

Presently the player appeared, hordes of children romping in his wake. As he threaded his way among the groups of Latin people the little ones ran before him making way for him.

When he came into the view of the young couple they saw that he was blind, his dim eyes upturned unwincingly to the glare of the setting sun.

But there was none of that terrible hopelessness of expression that invariably makes pitiful the countenance of the blind in his face. Every changing expression radiated the joy of life and melody. His teeth flashed white against Latin swarthiness while he sang a chanson that's known from Palermo to Napoli and from there to Fisherman's Wharf.

The contagion of his spontaneous gaiety caught the throngs as they lilted to that merry-mad tempo of his wheezing accordian.

The young husband arose and eagerly guided the blind accordian player over the wharf-side down to the deck of a large troller where eager hands led him

to a cleared space astern. Soon a mad, gallavanting lit syncopated athwart the fishing boat and quickly its elfin life was caught up as the sailors chimed in with the chorus of it while they danced in wild, impassioned circles around the players, strollers and idlers of all ports of the world swarmed close to watch the frolic.

When finally, from sheer exhaustion, the sightless accordian player halted and sank down on a bundle of yarn and cork, the little children gathered around. He told them tales of the sea while the crowd of grown-ups listened spell-bound. Even the young wife seemed to listen.

But suddenly she shuddered and turned away.

"Blind—stone blind!" She powdered her nose—"Isn't it terrible to be blind and never see anything? Come, let's go to a movie."

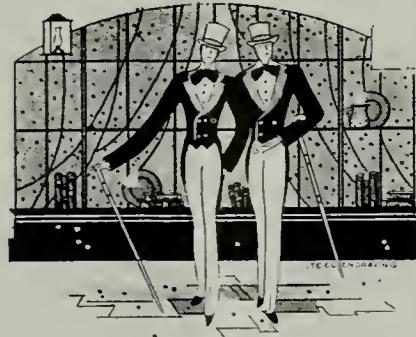
Hope

Continued from page 9

In 1926 Doctors Coffey and Humber finished their photography of the sympathetic nerves, a feat of remarkable scientific skill. They had injected some substance into the almost invisible nerves and so made them photographically visible.

About that time, Dr. Coffey and Dr.

Continued on next page



Our materials always acknowledged superior in variety and quality were never so attractive as the selections we have made for Spring and Summer wear. We solicit an early visit.

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Shirtmakers*

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new spring fabrics
and colourings . . .

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*The coat sketched . . . of
imported tweed . . . 49.50*

Humber completed preliminary experimental work upon cancer in connection with the angina work. However, nothing was published until January of this year when the doctors were prevailed upon by fellow scientists to give a report of their cancer research. On January 20th the news of the experiments, which may lead to a cure for cancer, were made public. Developments since that time have been closely watched by the scientific world.

THE Coffey-Humber treatment consists mainly in the injection into the body of the patient—but not into the cancer area itself—of a fluid extract from the cortex of the suprarenal or adrenal gland. The method of preparation of their potent extract remains a secret known yet only to these two surgeons. As a result of the injection, in some cases it has been determined, by microscopic examination that the cancer tissue dies but the normal tissue is not harmed.

The doctors are now trying to find out in what types of cancer the extract proves effective. If further development is necessary to make the extract completely effective in all types, such work will be attempted. Not until these things have been determined, will the doctors permit the very mention of "cancer cures."

The use of the extract was a natural development of the Coffey-Humber research of the causes of angina. The sympathetic nerves must be affected themselves by some hormone or secretion of internal glands. What hormone was it? Coffey and Humber found it to be the extract of the suprarenal cortex.

The world is waiting for the final outcome of these experiments. Offers of encouragement and assistance have come from many sources. Patients are flocking to the clinics offering themselves as experimental material. Dr. Coffey and Dr. Humber are working night and day toward the goal that may mean the lifting of one of the greatest curses ever visited on mankind.

California Journalism

Continued from page 19

made a sort of informal lecture and personal tour of the interior mining camp towns, mingling freely with their citizens. They were so impressed by Daggett's camaraderie, his evident knack of making culture desirable and necessary that he was swamped with subscriptions to *The Golden Era* at \$5.00 a year. Proportionate and profitable advertising patronage was also forthcoming, both from the business houses of the mining regions and of San Francisco. For the

Continued on next page



In a fashion era in which "it's smart to be thrifty" and in which both stenographer and fashionable are style-conscious, the opposing theories might easily rouse a tempest in today's wardrobe were it not for the development of specialized costume lines that make a business-like merger out of the two factors.



The Madelon group of frocks, coats, suits, hats and bags, carried exclusively at The White House in San Francisco, is an outgrowth of these two modern requirements. It caters to price and style consciousness both. There is no nonsense about cost. A fixed amount is set for each costume group and it never varies. A woman knows just where she stands with such a scheme of things. Isn't it typical of the business-like attitude of the period? And if you don't believe such an arrangement is successful you should see the rapidly increasing sales figures for merchandise that bears the name of Madelon.



A Madelon opening is almost a photographic copy of the Paris openings, with the added advantage of being more selective. There is no question about the success of one of these outfits, because Paris has already put the stamp of approval upon it before it becomes a Madelon style. A Madelon wardrobe . . . and more and more women are making their's 100% so . . . is a concentrated group of smartness at minimum price. That's what specialization has done in the field of fashion.

The influence of youth on today's costuming is reflected not only in youthful types for the "ageless" woman, but takes care of the dancing daughters, too, in a 13, 15, 17 year old size group, set apart under the name of Madelon Junior styles.



Throughout the new-season collection the paramount influence is Directoire . . . capes, capelets and cape sleeves . . . bows and streamers . . . frankly avowed waistlines . . . everything that went to make the Empire picturesquely feminine. The pastel shaded lace frocks with shoulder capes and wide, ankle length dance skirts, are irresistible. But then, so are the ever-so-slightly military suits in covert and raggedy looking tweeds . . . all the more feminine because of the hint of soldierly precision. The fact that accessories are Madelon, too, makes it so joyfully easy to match everything. And makes this delightful modern business of stressing every costume detail, far less expensive than it might be.



More and more, as the realization impresses itself on the modern consciousness, that a smart appearance pays the best dividends, Madelon modes gain in prestige. The wardrobe plays such a vital part in personal success, and life is such a busy adventure in 1930, that the woman who takes the least margin of chance in selecting clothes that "get across" is the one who has more time for other things . . . and more interesting "other things" to do.

California to England

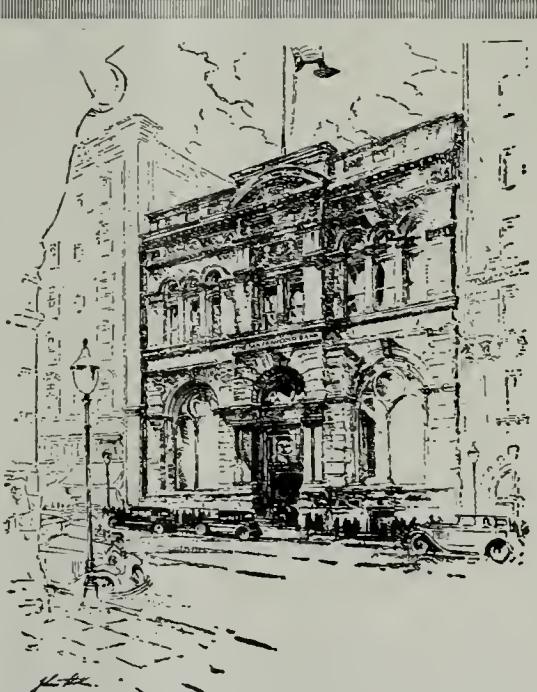
New Oil-Burning Cruise Steamer

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Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds, \$5,450,000.00**

The following accounts stand on the Books at \$1.00 each, viz.:

Bank Buildings and Lots	(Value over \$1,925,000.00)
Other Real Estate	(Value over \$308,000.00)
Pension Fund	(Value over \$670,000.00)

Interest paid on Deposits at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent per annum
Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly

next five or six years financial serenity reigned in *The Golden Era* offices. Subscribers and advertisers alike voluntarily renewed their patronage. For advertising there were no fixed rates; the price of the same being a matter strictly between the advertiser and publishers and the business of no one else. All of which was proper and as it should be, as anyone knows who has ever had anything to do with a publication of *The Golden Era* type.

There was plenty of money for production costs and what was more important, for skillful writers and young writers of promise. Foard and Daggett saw to it that such people were paid liberally and otherwise encouraged, and *The Golden Era* was universally recognized as the training school for Western authors. Charles Warren Stoddard was a printer's devil and errand boy on *The Era* and published his first verses in it. Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Stephen Maseett, Joaquin Miller and scores of others who later attained fame published first or early works in the old *Golden Era*.

In 1860 Foard and Daggett sold the paper and founded *The Daily Mirror*, which was merged with *The Daily Herald* in 1862. For a year or so previous to the sale, *The Era* had been losing tone and ground. With the withdrawal of Foard and Daggett, life definitely departed from it, although it lingered around until 1882. Foard always laid the paper's decline to the admittance of women writers. He declared to the day of his death that, previous to having women contributors *The Golden Era* was a grand and vigorous paper but the ladies killed it with their "namby-pamby school girl trash."

THE "trash" in question was usually headlined by its authors as "a true story" or a "sketch from real life." It dealt, for the most part, with the death bed hours of fathers or mothers, who were leaving small and numerous progeny to an incredibly heartless world, with the robbing of widows by shyster lawyers and fake stock salesmen, with the indignities suffered by gentle, swooning maids at the hands of villains, who were paralyzed on the spot by a glance from a high minded hero. Such literary fare, such unadulterated melodrama and heartrending sentimentality were the common, accepted thing, but presumably *The Golden Era* readers were given a distressing overdose and rebelled against it. It is highly probable, of course, that there were other and now obscured causes for *The Era's* decline. Still, Foard spoke with considerable truth, as anyone may see for himself who takes the trouble to examine files of *The Golden Era* for the 1860's and '70's.



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E. W. CLAPP
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The Book Doctor

Continued from page 20

ters he lived as a mountain outlaw, revered by the people as a young man touched with the finger of sanctity, and hunted by the gendarmerie until he was put away to live his days in prison and become a growing myth to the rude peasantry, who reasoned from his story one of the simple truths of human destiny.

The book is translated by Van Wyck Brooks, who manages to keep the flavor of the limpid French original.

Prescribed

Each month a critic recommends a book of highest merit, which has served as tonic or sedative for a great many people in the past. The one for this time of year is *South Wind*, by Norman Douglas, the classic novel on the sweet art of doing nothing—a most suitable subject in blossom time! Each character is touched by the lazy southern breeze of Nepenthe, and each will be unforgettable to the reader. A new edition in two volumes has appeared under the imprint of the Argus Press, illustrated in color by John Austin. Another edition, this time in one volume and pictured by Valenti Angelo, is sponsored by Dodd, Mead. The Modern Library edition is handy pocket-size.

Recommended

"CORONET," by Manuel Komroff. Procession of aristocrats.

"OUR SINGING STRENGTH," by Alfred Kreymborg. Definitive and sympathetic history of American poetry.

"THE MAN WITHIN," by Graham Greene. A coward conquers himself; penetrating first novel by the young cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson.

"LORD PETER VIEWS THE BODY," by Dorothy Sayers. First-rate detective stories; incidentally contains the Toughest Cross Word Puzzle in the World.

"IDOLS BEHIND ALTARS," by Anita Brenner. The body and soul of Mexico, expressed through its art.

"THE SPECIALIST," by Chic Sale. Read it and roar.

"GRANDMOTHER BROWN'S HUNDRED YEARS," by Harriet Connor Brown. A homespun history, 1827-1927. Most unusual biography.

"MEN AND MACHINES," by Stuart Chase. What the Machine Age is doing for us and to us.

"FIELD OF HONOR," by Donn Byrne. Posthumous novel telling of Bloody Castlereagh and others.

"SAILORS OF FORTUNE," by William McFee. Uneven collection of short stories by the author of "Casuals of the Sea."

"TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS," by William Bolitho. An outline of human revolt against life.

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33



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Now It Can Be Told

(Continued from page 11)

through a back-country section of cotton fields one day, his car ran dry near a negro cabin. An old negro mammy was washing clothes in the yard

After he had stopped his car, the traveler observed for the first time a large cross that stood on the other side of the road. It was spattered with what appeared to be blood.

"Yassah, de Ku-Kluxes dey come and got my old man last night," the old woman told him. "Dey beat him most to death. He in de hospital now."

"That's too bad," returned the Californian sympathetically. "What do you think of the Ku Klux Klan, mammy?"

"Lawsy, boss," she replied. "I've done learned yeahs ago, nevah to trust a man under a sheet."

OUR Book Reviewer, Beth Wendel, has been so busy writing this month, that she hasn't found time to read.

She vaguely admits that she is working on a musical revue, but will give no details, for the present. It seems to be a case of Now It Can't Be Told.

WITH an Oriental reaction to beauty we find that T. Z. Shiota, whose shop contains some of the loveliest things brought to San Francisco from the Orient, uses an unusual, poetically worded "thank you" in acknowledging his receipts. The lines, written by Sara Bard Field, are as follows:

"On the winding River of Time Man sets forth his dreams in many forms like gallant ships headed for Eternity. These Dreams are his own Soul wrought into Sound and Color and Form, We call them Art.

"The worship of Art by a People is the gentle wind which wafts these little crafts onward toward the unknown Generations.

"Thank you for your remittance which we feel is an evidence of your devotion to Art which we, too, are privileged to serve."

FOR the first time in the Galerie Beaux Arts Loan Exhibition, opening March 10, San Francisco is given a chance to see the paintings and sculpture of the modern period in the private collections of prominent local patrons. Originals by the French painters from Cezanne to Picasso, paintings by Georgie O'Keeffe and Roerich, sculpture by Chana Orloff and Gaudier-Bredka. These are to be shown to the general public which for a long time has judged these artists by hearsay, reproductions or minor works. At last San Francisco is to form its own opinion, first hand (and only slightly overshadowed by the awe of the names of

(Continued on page 40)



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NOB HILL TOPICS

RUDY SEIGER didn't want to be interviewed—oh, he was nice enough about it . . . promised to see me . . . promised to talk to me and all that. But the appointment was put off from time to time—something seemed wrong with each proposed meeting.

At last the date was set for lunch time when he promised to talk between numbers of the program at the Fairmont . . . Promised—and intended to keep that promise, being most generous—but somehow an hour went by and there was no more interview than a nod or two from the music stand where he was directing the orchestra and a nervous word or two sandwiched in between his greetings to friends at various luncheon tables. His intentions could not wholly overcome his modesty—you could see that he hated talking about himself.

But in that hour of waiting he told as much about himself as though he had been talking steadily—perhaps more. His absorption in the music he played, his comradeship with his musicians, his great love for the audience, all of whom he counted friends.

Sitting in the regal dining room of the Fairmont, looking now and again out the window, past the fluttering pennant of the University Club to the business towers of the Russ, the Hunter-Dulin and the new Shell building, symbols of the city at the foot of Nob Hill—then turning back to the people at luncheon, watching the friendly reserve that isolated each table with the dignity of privacy while sharing the warmth of mutual enjoyment—there, I saw the secret of Rudy Seiger's twenty-three years of happy leadership of the Fairmont orchestra. I saw not the city of today and the people then in the room—rather, I saw San Francisco and the people who have loved it as they demanded of it the most life has to offer. I saw not an orchestra leader playing now a popular melody, now a theme from the classics, now a ballad popular in the past—rather, I saw Rudy Seiger, a man who loves people and life, a musician so emotionally flexible that he can be sentimental in the current idiom, interpretative with the theme of musical significance and equally flippant with the amusing tunes of former days.

TWENTY-THREE years is a long time to hold one position—and a person of Seiger's temperament would

never have done so had he not thought San Francisco the most wonderful place in the world and Nob Hill the finest location of all.

Rudy Seiger tells of the time when as a young boy he looked up the hill toward the Fairmont then being built and



Rudy Seiger

dreamed of a splendid orchestra in that great hotel. He was a very young violinist then but he hoped and planned some day to be the leader of that orchestra.

As a young musician, Seiger played in various orchestras throughout the city—at the old opera house on Mission Street and other places of "before the fire" fame. It was in 1907, when the city was shaking herself free from the ashes of the catastrophe and girding herself for the glories still to come, that Rudy Seiger was first invited to lead the Fairmont Hotel orchestra.

What days those were! Days of the colorful parties of the Sharons, the Hills and the Newlands! Days of the Greenway cotillions, held in the Fairmont following the fire!

With his violin tucked under his chin, Rudy Seiger led the gaiety—the themes of his orchestra directed the mood of each gathering. From his stand he watched people come and go—saw tragedies and comedies and crucial moments forced into life itself. And as people drifted through the hotel—some for a day, some for a season, others for the duration of their life—Rudy Seiger

looked on . . . looked on and played . . . now gay . . . now sad . . . but each time with fresh illusion for these were his friends, these people who came and went through the hallways of the aristocratic hotel.

FRIENDS, too, were the members of his orchestra. Now he looks back at the musicians who had their start under his direction—at those who left his orchestra to rise to recognition.

He smiles when he talks of Paul Whiteman. He recalls the day when he took the young musician aside and urged him to more serious work.

Musicians have gone from the Fairmont orchestra to positions in some of the finest orchestras of the country. De Gomez is the first 'cellist in the Cleveland Symphony—and he is but one of "Rudy Seiger's men" to attain distinction.

Today the orchestra is almost a "league of nations"—it includes a Russian, a Bohemian, a German and a Scotchman—just try to guess which is which!

Is it the high handed pianist with his precise movements who is Scotch—or is it the dark haired 'cellist who wears elaborate socks and clings lovingly to his instrument between numbers? Surely it couldn't be the ruddy cheeked white haired player of the bass viol, he whose face beams excitedly whenever his favorite compositions are played—but, again, it might be the second violinist who intensifies his playing by twining his toes around the legs of his chair whenever the composition is somewhat emotional. However the nationalities may be distributed, the orchestra is united in its allegiance to Rudy Seiger.

Rudy Seiger never makes out a program for his concerts unless compelled to by necessity.

"I play to my audience," he says, "and how can I know what it will be beforehand? If I had my way, I would always have a load of music on the piano and play from it as the mood of the moment suggests."

So Rudy Seiger plays at the Fairmont day in and day out—one of the busiest men in the city—for he plays in the dining room, he gives concerts in the lobby, he broadcasts over radio and he still finds time to compose music and rearrange themes for his orchestra. Years slip by without notice for Rudy Seiger lives ever in the present and in the happiness of those to whom he plays.



AS SEEN BY HER

IT MAY have been the February warm spell, but whatever it was, the Spring season is being forced this year, for not only are the store windows a riot of Spring enticements, but even the baker is ahead of himself with hot cross buns on Washington's birthday.

Styles are something to become sentimental about—even the most mannish of the tailored suits at the Knox Shop have borrowed a feminine flare, and the linen blouses are meticulous in detail. The new knitted suits are also modified into simple lines of special lure.

Knitted outfits are indispensable, for they come out of the suit case without a wrinkle and are so comfortable. A sleeveless dress of Chanel stripe, belted in at the waist line, sported two shades of mustard separated with a fine black line. A knitted mustard sweater coat made this most desirable—and a black beret did the finishing trick.

On the other extreme are the wittily feminine Sunday night frocks at the City of Paris, slender sheaths of black chiffon, tinted lace in the blurred pastel tones—attributed to Marie Laurencin. Slender silken things that give the "six-foot height" and an air of languor difficult for the tennis-playing hoyden of last year!

The metamorphosis demanded by fashion involves a change of complexion as well as manners, the last vestiges of 1929 sun-can must yield to facials and bleaches—and hair that gloried in its brevity must now lie in flattering contour. Albert of the Palace Salon is receiving special praise for his individually modeled permanent waves. Albert uses the Eugene sachets that make it possible to control the wave which is steamed into your hair. The result is natural—and effective.

It may be a tip from the beauty salons, where they report an epidemic of wrinkles ushered in by the off-the-face hats, but whatever it is, brims on hats are important this season. DuBatty is showing particularly winsome models in the new Panalyak consistent with the afternoon frock. Here are brims under which one can practice the coquetry suggested by the new mode.

IF THE new long skirts are welcome innovations to the woman, to the young girls they are a revelation—for the present younger generation has never had a chance to dress up in "mother's long dress." She now feels the swish of skirts about her ankles for the first time in her own right. The new "Missteen" shop opening at O'Connor & Moffatt's,

caters solely to the young thing of high school or college age. Sight of the semi-sophisticated frocks long enough to seem grown-up yet girlish in detail and line, recall ones own adolescent yearnings when the world of fashion made few overtures to youth. At O'Connor & Moffatt's I also saw some of the most attractive dressmaker suits of this season. Navy blue in novelty wool maintains an air of simplicity, although the finger-tip coats may ripple into a peplum and the skirts may indulge in a flare.

The tweed suits I saw at the White House depend more on the color and the fabric itself and less on the elaborated line. Now and again they use a touch of flat fur—but always with restraint. They truly seem a refuge for the practically minded woman.

The increased importance of suits has brought from France the exquisite blouses of handkerchief linen at L. Magrin's—feminine in detail—adroit tucks

Continued on next page

Spring Hats

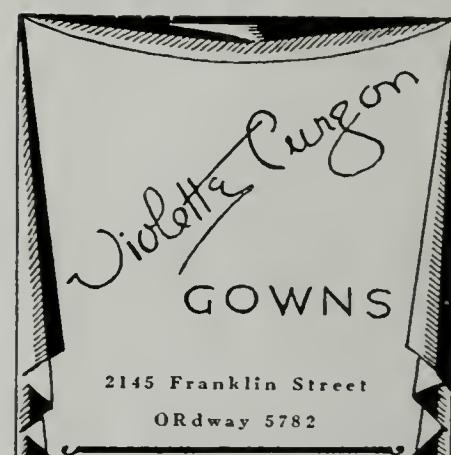
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—ingenuous hem-stitching—and all by hand! Here too, I found debonair print frocks—irresistible. Quaint patterns of tiny fruits and flowers on dark backgrounds. They have a pert and saucy air and affirm that half a sleeve is better than none.

Chiffons! Mon Dieu! What chiffons! Designs of big splotchy flowers intricately placed to bestow grace even on the porcelain cat, while others of the misty material have motifs that end nowhere and everywhere.

One could never go wrong acquiring those shown at the White House.

Solid color in chiffon seems established as dinner and dance frocks and I believe no other material so enhances feminine charms. A fascinating and bewitching white evening gown had a billowy skirt containing yards and yards of material. While the model was in motion her floating draperies reminded me of a lacy cumulus cloud, but the thought also arose unbidden of Salome and I realized that she was a mere novice at revealing. This may have twenty yards of material but diaphanous! My word! The lady who purchases this import should know her lingerie. With not the vestige of adornment it was exquisitely lovely because of the material and the thought of the designer.

THE real event of the past month was the opening of Ransohoffs. The two modern floors and the dignified French room are exquisite in detail and show above all the triumph of perfect taste. The entire store is as smartly groomed as the women it serves. Attention to accessories is particularly noticeable in the new Galliera jewelry copied from that in the Musee of the Duchess Galliera in Paris. It is shown in colorful pins and clasps—but not content to let it be isolated, the handbag department, nearby, features fabric bags in Galliera designs and colors. This same consistency is found in the introduction of the new prystal costume jewelry for prystal is re-

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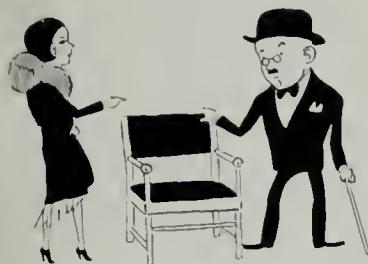
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She—Oh, Harry, won't you ever learn that when one has something that is no longer needed, one always puts a little Want Ad in The Examiner, and pouf!—it's sold—and one has the cash instead.

The Examiner's phone number, by the way, is SUtter 2424—East Bay GLencourt 5442. You may phone your Want Ad. * * *

peated in hat, purse and shoe buckles to match.

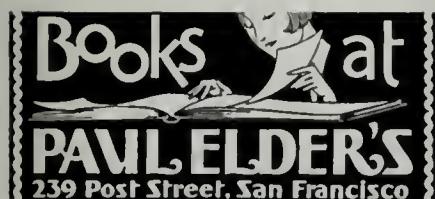
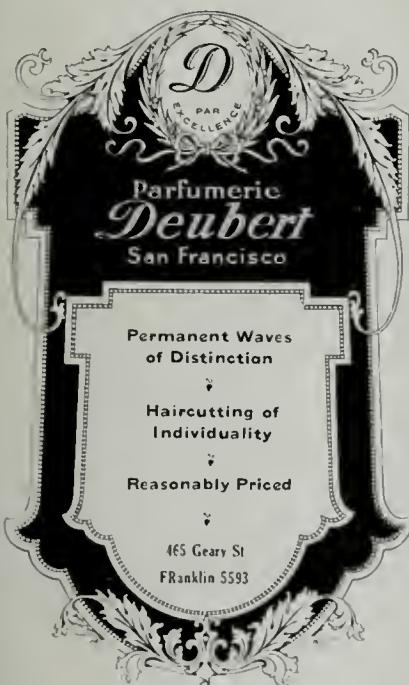
With all the variation in the seasons' styles, nowhere is imagination given as free reign as in costumes for the leisure hours. From the brocaded pajamas suits of the Orient shown by Miss Clayes to the voluminous skirted pajamas modeled by mannequins in I. Magnin's color, mood and fabric know few restraints

AN ENSEMBLE of beige chiffon that any of us would buy if Wally Wallstreet had been more agreeable was again so simple I had suspicions. Anything good looking and very simple—Stop! Look! Listen! The price is always back breaking.

An architect must have had a hand in designing this for some one had to know his geometrical lines. They begin at the neckline following the form in gradually ending gores only to run their course to the floor in a swirling skirt. The whole story of the outfit ended with a short gored cape fitted slick over the shoulders and bordered with gorgeous beige fox. When the young slangy bud exclaimed "Can you tie that?" I almost joined in.

EVERYTHING not dinner or dance gowns can be classified as sport. There seems to be no authentic authority on which is what. Sport garment is a term for any dress for general use. I wish it meant just what the word does, but who cares? Each season they grow more intriguing and the materials combinations make you seethe at what a dumb Dora you've been never to have thought it out for yourself.

An outstanding sport affair this season is a tuck-in blouse of a hectic red and yellow silk plaid with tam of the same. It is completed with a gored skirt of white pique. A good guess would be that the designer is from Cuba where Barcardi is right. It is jaunty no end.



I. Miller

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Now It Can Be Told

the owners) of such artists as Matisse, Redon, Marie Laurencin, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Pusey, Utrillo, Derain, Andre Zonault, De Muth and Bourdelle.

The New Columbia

THE old Orpheum closed with tearful ceremony a year ago—its rejuvenated shell opens March tenth as the new Columbia. What a metamorphosis! Thanks to Ralph Pinkus, the comfortable gaudiness of former days has been modernized according to the current theatrical grandeur. Furthermore, Alfred Herter, whose murals at the St. Francis are so widely known, has painted mural panels as the central motifs for the decorations. Madge Kennedy will open the house, playing the lead in A. A. Milne's "The Perfect Alibi"—Altogether it looks as though there were to be a new lease on life for the old house. May her future activities give the new generation as grateful memories as former events gave the older one!

Frankness vs. Gaucherie

WE WERE not aware that the celebrated Oscar Wilde had ever visited San Francisco. But it seems, according to a story which we have recently uncovered, that he did make a visit to the city sometime in the seven-

Loretta Ellen Brady FRENCH LESSONS

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ties or eighties. And, if we are to believe the surviving reports of this visit, social leaders and captains of industry vied with one another to entertain Wilde, who was haughtily contemptuous of all Americans and was inclined to view Western society as nothing more than a colony of overly ambitious plutocrats.

Among the few invitations outside of this circle that Wilde was prevailed upon to accept was that of one of the Big Four of railroad building fame. This gentleman invited the Britisher and a local journalist to inspect his sumptuous Nob Hill mansion, to see his collection of paintings and to partake of his finest vintages.

The proud and honored nabob spent hours showing his guests the wonders of his great home and still other hours in his art gallery. He gloated upon his every possession. The price of each canvas or piece of statuary, where or how he had outwitted some rival to obtain it were gone into with minute detail. Wilde listened and endured without comment. The thoughts of his journalist companion were wholly occupied with a buffet luncheon spread in the library.

Finally, the last details were given on the last painting. The local journalist licked his lips expectantly. The host paused, then asked Wilde for his opinion of his art gallery and its paintings. "Well," replied the Britisher in his best and most irritating drawl, "you have two canvases here that are fairly good. Yes, fairly good. The rest? Well, the most that can be said for them is that they are expensive."

The railroad king was temporarily stunned and speechless. Quickly, however, he collected his faculties and without further ceremony ushered his guests from the house and slammed the door upon them.

Continued on next page

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Let It Rain!

PATTER . . . patter . . . pitter, the rain beats down. Big, glistening drops spatter the window panes. Gray clouds. Gray, thundering ocean. Gray, dreary Cliff House. Gray gulls, wet-winged, circle a dismal sky.

On past Sutro Park where winter trees bend to the shrilling wind. The last Chrysanthemums and Christmas berries bow to the storm demon's will. Soft, damp leaves swirl through the glassy streets.

On down Geary street. Frisky dogs yelp and bark. Wet, smelly dogs, spattered with mud. They like the rain.

"Looks like we're in for wet weather," the milkman shouts.

"Some rain," answers the bromidic postman.

And laughing girls coming home from school run across the street. Laughing girls, bright-eyed, with wet, glistening faces, and gay slickers to cheer the chilly day.

Across Fillmore street and through the Japanese section. Trolley cars clang a warning. Horns honk, brakes squeak, and autos skid on the wet asphalt.

Rain and more rain! Clean, wholesome rain that drenches parched land and flesh, clears the brain and heart, catches the tears and disappointments and sweeps them onward to the sea.

Flickering lights trace strange figures on apartment house windows. Reflections from the log fires burning inside. Perhaps, the tinkle of glasses, or the pleasant clatter of tea cups, and the fragrant scent of toast and marmalade.

Further down town. The gray St. Francis . . . grayer in the rain. Empty benches in Union Square, today. Only a few poor unfortunates seeking shelter under the trees. Will the rain drive away their weariness and fatigue, and give them a new lease on life?

The street lights are turned on. Department store clerks are hurrying to their homes. Shiny, clumsy galoshes; shiny, silky slickers. And umbrellas. Red, green, blue, purple, black, brown . . . hundreds of umbrellas!

On down Market street past the Southern Pacific Building. Commuters run for the boat. Fruit and florist stands are empty, wet, and bespattered with mud. Dirty, ragged newsboys push the evening paper in your face.

Patter . . . pitter . . . pitter, the rain beats down. Big, glistening drops spatter the window panes. Gray streets. Gray clouds. Gray ferry boats lost in a grayer bay. Gray, dismal Ferry Building. Gray gulls, wet-winged, circle a dismal sky.

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VAN NESS AT O'FARRELL, SAN FRANCISCO

NOB HILL TOPICS

SOMETIMES when you are biting the end of your pencil over planning menus for two, think for a minute of the business of superintending meals and service for from fifteen hundred to three thousand people each day—besides

"captains." There are seven in each hotel and it is to them that he turns to have his orders carried out, to them and to the chefs who rule supreme in the huge kitchens.

MENTLIK'S original organization has been built up within the past three years as the popularity of the Mark Hopkins grew and people flocked there to dine and dance. Like others at the Hotel, he has worked with true hospitality first in mind, so that guests should feel a true considerateness back of the actual service.

Often in the Mark Hopkins Hotel fifteen hundred guests sit down to eat at one meal. Peacock Court, Fountain Court, the Hall of the Dons and the various private dining rooms all may be

as well as America. Most of his experience in this country has been in the larger hotels and dining rooms of San Francisco, for once he visited here he has not been content to live elsewhere.

At the Mark Hopkins Hotel, Mentlik works hand in glove with Joseph Meyer, the chef whose delicious cooking has been one of the special factors in building up the popularity of the comparatively new hotel.

JOSEPH MEYER is an Alsatian, round of face and good-natured. He came to the Mark Hopkins when it opened, after fourteen years as chef for the St. Francis. Just to look at him you know he loves fine food—but no chef of a large hotel like the Aristocrats of Nob Hill can live out the popular conception of a chef (as being someone who spends his days with head in the clouds dreaming of some new combination of flavors). With about fifty-four people under his direct supervision, the chef has no small number of administrative duties to perform.

But this pressure of executive work is not allowed to absorb all of Joseph Meyer's time. He still has his specialties to which he alone puts the finishing touches. Next time you are in Peacock

occupied at one time. At such times, imagine the infinite detail that must be carried out to give each guest the service one would offer a friend at home.

At individual parties there are special dishes to serve, special table decorations, corsages and favors. Everything must be ready for the one small group as though there were no one else in the hotel asking service. And all is gladly given under Mentlik's direction. Companies of waiters, bus boys and cooks move to and from the various dining rooms through the back corridors, their efforts unseen by guests except when the steaming food is served with all the attendant appointments.

Anton Mentlik is a Hungarian by birth but he has been in San Francisco so long that this is "home" to him. He has climbed to his present position by means of efficient service in leading hotels in Hungary, England and France

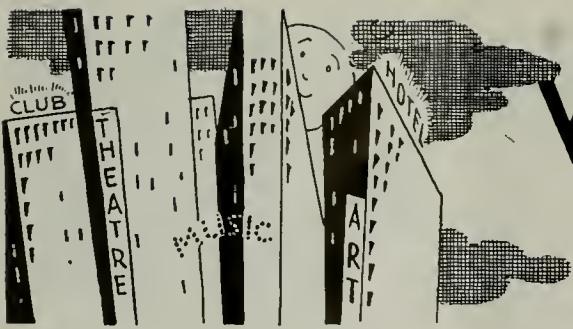


Court order the baked oysters Mark Hopkins and as you taste the blend of flavor you will know that it is a creation of Meyer himself. Other of the chef's favorite dishes are *Ecrevisses gourmet*, *calavo salad* Mark Hopkins, *sweetbreads royal*, and the *high life salad*. These are but a few of the mouth-watering dishes prepared under the direction of this famous chef.

More and more people are turning to the perfected organizations of the two hotels surmounting Nob Hill for private dining or for special entertaining. It is so simple to turn your perplexities of what and how over to Anton Mentlik to whom your worries are but incidents in a well-ordered day.



WHERE TO



THE STAGE

Geary: At last—Ring Lardner's and George S. Kaufman's "June Moon."

Curran: Noel Madison in the English play, "Rope's End."

Alcazar: Violet Heming in "Let Us Be Gay."

President: Frank Craven in "Salt Water," no taffey.



THE SCREEN

Orpheum: "Ladies of Leisure." Something about a woman's soul being redeemed. Three cheers for our side.

Golden Gate: "Murder on the Roof," with Raymond Hatton, Dorothy Revier, Said to chill the spine to a pleasant degree.

Embassy: Arliss again in "The Green Goddess."

Davies: "Song of the West."

California: Following "Puttin' on the Ritz," "The Light of the Western Stars" with Mary Brian, Richard Arlen.

Paramount: (nee Granada). Ruth Chatterton and Frederic March in "Sarah and Son."

Fox: The Gaynor-Farrell team in "High Society Blues."

Loew's Warfield: Basil Rathbone as Philo Vance solves "The Bishop Murder Case."

ART

Gumps: Bessie Lasky until the end of the week; water colors by W. S. Bagdadopoulos (an Englishman, for heaven's sake), of scenes in East India.

Beaux Arts: Water colors by Helen Forbes, sculptor's drawings by Jacques Schnier until April 11th. Drawings by Mestrovic until

April 5th. Following: Oils and water colors by Otis Oldfield.

Paul Elder: Water color copies of Navajo Indian sand paintings by Laura Adams Armour.

Loretta Ellen Brady: French etchings of Paris nooks and crannies.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Landscapes by Eugene Neuhaus.

Women's City Club: Decorative Arts Exhibition April 18th to May 4th.

East West Gallery: European and American travel posters.

MUSIC

April 1: "Pro Musica," Fairmont Hotel 8:30.

April 2: John W. Sterne, lecture, 8:30.

April 3: Dorothy Crawford, monoloquist, 8:30.

April 3: Stradivarius Quartet, 8:15.

April 3: Father Hubbard S. J. lecture.

April 4: San Francisco Symphony, 3:00.

April 5: Santa Clara Mission Play, 8:30.

April 6: Santa Clara Mission Play, 2:30.

April 6: San Francisco Symphony, 2:45.

April 6: Stradivarius Quartet, 3:00.

April 8: Fashion Festival, Curran Theatre, 2:30.

April 8: Richard Haliburton, lecture, 8:30.

April 10: Aline Greenwood, lecture, 11:30.

April 10: Father Hubbard, lecture, 8:30.

April 10: Claire Dux, soprano, 8:30.

April 10: Stradivarius Quartet, 8:15.

April 11: Lucille Gordon Players Community Playhouse, 8:30.

April 11: San Francisco Symphony Last Friday Concert, 3:00.



April 12: Lucille Gordon Players Community Playhouse, 2:30.

April 12: Lucille Gordon Players Community Playhouse, 8:30.

April 13: San Francisco Symphony Last Sunday Concert, 2:45.

April 13: Stradivarius Quartet, 3:00.

April 15: Farewell Concert last time with Alfred Hertz conducting San Francisco Symphony—Yehudi Menuhin, 8:30.

April 22: Abas String Quartet.



DINING AND DANCING

St. Francis: If you like a crowd.

The Fairmont: Spring comes into its own on the Terrace.

The Palace: One of the accepted places to spend an evening.

Mark Hopkins: The Peacock Court. Hobnobbing with the Reigning Dynasty on Nob Hill.

Sir Francis Drake: Charm, intimacy, quiet.

The Silver Slipper: The whoopee place, to all appearances.

Coppa's: Historically connected with the well-known Bohemia.

Russian Tea Room: A reputation for savory, unusual food.

The Courtyard: The place for a sunny day.

Solari's: The old head-and-shoulders-above gag.

Post Street Cafeteria: Convenient, quick, good food—and spring atmosphere.

The Magnolia: The best Spanish food in town.

Russell's: One of the best—and new.

Belle de Graf: Oh! What pies—from fresh frozen berries—you can take one home.

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San Francisco

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RINOLE

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

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GArfield 4755



Dorothea Lange

Edgar Walter

A sculptor whose work is included in the collections of the Metropolitan Museum in New York, Edgar Walter is also prominent as an instructor in the California School of Fine Arts and as the personality behind many art movements in San Francisco. He has recently served as artist advisor for the new Ransohoff building, where he set a new standard for cooperation between creative artist and builder.

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



The Crusaders

... Introducing Characters in a Proposed Novel of Uncertain Intent

by ALVIN PELTON

A COUPLA regular guys were staggering up Powell street. It was about four in the morning. They were carrying a tremendous burden of rope.

One was short, broad shouldered, wore a dark topcoat and had an extraordinarily large, yellow mustache. He was popularly known as Count Schmaltzhausen. His companion was perhaps forty-five—an English expatriate, who had for some twenty years made San Francisco his home. He wore a monocle and was quite tall. His sleek bare head gleamed like patent leather. In the world of his own selection, he was known as just plain Skipper Jim, but when the Count was feeling right nasty, he very stiltedly called him something else . . . and without even smiling—but they do say it wearies the Count to smile.

"Better take a sea-going hack, Skipper," suggested the Count, lapsing into the old San Francisco custom of calling a cab anything but just plain cab.

"I love the morning air," hiccupped the tall one.

"But it's a long way!" groaned Count Schmaltzhausen.

"I'm a poet!" loftily continued the Skipper.

"I'm gonna take a hack," exclaimed the Count, unable to discriminate between the rope and his mustache.

"Very well . . . I'll meet you out there," said the Skipper, indifferently. "All poets love to stroll . . . and think of the soul."

"We gotta stick together. An' besides it's bad to let people see us goin' out there with all this rope," insisted the Count.

"You're quite dramatic . . . but drama has had its day . . . and I'm a poet . . . I care nothing for the conventions of the bourgeoisie. If it pleases me to carry

rope, I shall carry rope . . . no matter how ridiculous it may appear to the innocent bystanders; God love 'em!"

"But think of what we're gonna do! Think of the consequences if lotsa people see us going out there!" cautioned the Count, staggering and nearly losing grip on his burden of huge, yellow rope.

"Why look so typically Schmaltzhausen? Bless your old schnauzer mug!"

"I'm not wishing you any hard luck, but I hope you drop your window pane. Say, tell me—master mind: when is a poet not a poet?"

"When he's sober and some one asks what time it is."

"What time is it?"

THEY walked up a hill and down a hill, and then walked up a hill and down a hill . . . et cetera. Just before dawn, they were within sight of their destination. Nearly exhausted, they stood at the foot of a crooked road that zig-zagged up the treacherous side of a hill, atop of which was an object resembling a tiny Russian temple. Their gaze was fixed upon a wooden cross planted high on an immense boulder, near the side of the oddly constructed house.

"Well, that's it!"

"Yeah, that's it, all right! But how we gonna get it down?"

"It takes lots of rope! Lots of rope!"

"Right! Lotsa rope!"

They sat down on their vast supply of rope.

"Who lives in the toy house?"

"Goofey people."

"Goofey?"

"Only goofey people live in a house like that. Look at the pineapples all over it."

"Those are supposed to be minarets! But you're right, they do look like inverted pineapples," remarked the Skipper, adjusting his monocle, "Damned if it doesn't make me hungry!"

"Well, we gotta do it before people get up, don't we?"

"You're sure they're goofey people?"

"Oh, quite sure! They're freaks!"

"Did they put up that thing?"

"They put it up all right . . . only goofey people would disgrace the city of San Francisco like that."

"Right! Well, let's go!" shouted the Skipper, leaping to his unsteady feet.

"For San Francisco!" exclaimed the Count, getting to his feet, staggering until steadied by his tall companion.

"My pal!"

"For San Francisco!"

"For San Francisco!" they shouted in unison as they carried the burden of yellow rope up the zig-zag road.

Half way up the hillside, the young man stopped.

"Now, what's wrong, Schmaltzhausen?"

"There's a light in the toy house!"

"What of it?"

"Maybe they're up already?"

"Come on! For San Francisco!"

"For San Francisco!"

They tip-toed into the yard and slumped across the muddy lawn. There was a light in the topmost room of the strange house. The view of the Golden Gate entranced the poet-skipper.

"Hey, come on . . . get goin'!" hissed the Count

"I'm a poet!" hiccupped the Skipper.

"You're a drunk!" muttered Schmaltzhausen. "What'd you drag me up here for? I coulda been on my yacht, sleepin' all this time. Now, I can see you're not goin' through with it."

"You mean, your scow!"

"I gotta scow, too! Say, wanna see my scow, tonight?"

GIVE me that rope!"

"You're already holdin' it!"

"Give me that rope, I say!"

"Where ya gonna put it? On your monocle?"

"Give me the rope, I tell you!"

"I can't . . . I got mine tied 'round my waist."

"That's right . . . I got mine tied around my waist . . . that's right . . . Now: One! Two! Thre! For San Francisco!"

"Frisco!"

"Not 'Frisco! San Francisco!"

"One! Two! Three! For San Francisco!"

They lassoed the cross.

"Wasn't that a darn? I learned to do that in Australia!" exclaimed the Skipper, adjusting his monocle and studying the neatly placed noose.

"That's nothin' . . . I didn't have to learn . . . I was naturally born with a rope in my hand," said Schmaltzhausen.

"An' maybe you'll die with a rope 'round your neck!"

"All ready?"

"Ready!"

"For San Francisco!"

"Frisco!"

"Not Frisco! San Francisco!"

"For San Francisco!"

"Right! Pull!"

"Here we go! Here we go!"

They pulled and tugged away, but the cross remained rigid . . . black against the dull grey sky.

THE face of a beautiful young woman appeared at a small window in one of the turrets of the house. She watched the men without expressing by any outward sign what may have been developing within her mind, and one would hardly think that a face so immobile had appeared on thousands of motion picture screens, throughout the land. She was as inhuman as the camera itself. Her dainty nose was flattened against the window pane, as though she were a wax model that had toppled from its pedestal. There she stood, lifeless, expressionless, emotionless, and yet as beautiful as a rare, exotic flower touched with goldleaf . . . there she stood, for nearly ten minutes, and then she disappeared just as a wax model sometimes is taken from a shop window.

The men continued to pull and tug at the ropes, but did no damage to the rigid, black cross. Falling and stumbling on the muddy lawn, they soon were transformed into the strange creatures sometimes mistaken for Lon Chaney, by the children.

Suddenly they fell into trancelike posi-

tions. There—standing in the doorway was perhaps one of the loveliest, if not the loveliest, conglomeration of feminine curves, they had ever seen . . . even reflected in a green bottle. She was in flimsy morning flimsies and the curves of her alluring figure were revealed by the light streaming from the open doorway. She was inviting them to her doorstep. Her gestures and mannerisms were mechanical, inhuman and unnatural . . . in fact she acted like a wax model coming to life in O'Connor and Moffat's display window, and then subsiding into still-life between gestures.



"Won't you gentlemen please come in?" Her voice had the pure, clear resonance of a perfectly recorded Talking Picture Queen, and one could tell by her ease and perfect enunciation, she had perhaps already completed her correspondence course in Oxford English.

"Wha . . . what . . . what the hell!" chorused the two Lon Chaney's.

The Skipper untied his rope and ran to her, skipping and skating across the slippery glass veranda. He removed his muddy overcoat and entered the house with her. The door closed, before he could read the Russian Communist poster . . . but he was quite sure it stated the building was condemned.

"Why the hell didn't I keep that penknife, my little niece gave me? They always give presents you don't need and you throw 'em away, or give 'em to some pal, an' then all of a sudden comes a time when you need 'em . . . Then look where ya are!" muttered the Count, in long, Dreiserian paragraphs.

THE Skipper called for help, yet his cry was not really bloodcurdling . . . it just seemed that way. Fighting in true Zane Grey style, Count Schmaltzhausen fought with the rope. He remembered the Salvation Army slogan . . . Yuh might be down . . . young man . . . but yer not out! Bethinking him of his last

trip to the Bercovich Cigar Store on Powell and O'Farrell streets, the Count thought of his cigarette lighter and held its flame under the rope, burning the strands. At the moment he freed himself, and was smothering the flaming rope, the beautiful young woman again came to the door and once again invited him into the house . . . the true, San Francisco hospitality.

"I'll fight 'em off single handed!" muttered the Count, thinking of thirteen hundred novels by Earl Derr Biggers, Rex Beach, Harold Bell Wright and one by Arthur Hemingway, as charged by the young woman. The rope swung like a monkey's tail from his muddy coat waist. They walked into the drawing room, before he could translate the Russian warning posted on the entrance, but he was quite sure it said just what he had been thinking all along.

"Where's my pal?"

"In that room." She pointed to a heavy, bronze door.

"What's he doin' in there?"

"He's all right . . . don't you worry!"

"He's not all right! I heard him call for help! What you doin' to him? Got a gang in there?" The Count had read some gangster stories by Arthur Slavens McNutt, Ben Hecht, Charles MacArthur, and had actually met Charles Caldwell Dobie in person, and so he knew something about gangs and gang methods. He had meant to say: what's yer racket? . . . but he thought that was not quite subtle enough for the fragile blonde.

"I assure you he's all right!"

It pleased the Count to hear her corroborate his estimate of her character . . . henceforth he would think of various omnivorous reading he had done in the Tunnel Library on Stockton street—Eleanor Wylie, Carl Van Vechten, Gertrude Stein, and maybe Edna St. Vincent Millay, if not D. H. Lawrence.

"I'm goin' in there and find out!" stormed the Count, unable to stem the tide of raw Western emotions ebbing and rippling through his red blood.

"One can't be subtle in a situation like this!" he reflected.

"Please do!" she said very sweetly.

THE young man rushed at the bronze door and tried to break it open with his broad shoulders, just like Jack Holt or Richard Dix . . . maybe Tom Mix . . . however, he recoiled in pain . . . that is the part they usually cut out of the picture.

"Why don't you open the door properly?" asked the young woman.

"Huh?"

She turned the glass knob and the door swung open. He looked at the remains of the breakfast at a table set for three, then considered the empty chairs around

Continued on page 33

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE window-gazing suckers on Market Street who are invariably touched for loans by various of the mendicant literati . . . The horror of a Chinatown butcher-shop . . . Why do the novels always call a sign painter "Alf" and a plumber "Jerry" . . . The motorman on the Valencia Street car who sings arias from "Louise" . . . Morning dew in Golden Gate Park . . . The new squash caps on the shotgun squad officers in their little motorcycle . . . Insipid drug store cowboy types with pomaded hair singing "Can't We Be Friends" . . . Why do orchestra leaders of the Fox Theatre feel it their duty to wisecrack . . . The screaming of Civic Center sea-gulls . . . Agitators passing out propaganda pamphlets in Third Street Alleys . . . Two policemen enter Julius' Castle and emerge two hours later . . . Abstracted idlers in Union Square . . . And to our joy of thinking, love in a studio apartment is much more inspiring than love in a two room pent-house . . . Exit Aimee McPherson!!!

TROUGH channels the story comes to us, that a certain lady friend of Ambrose Bierce had heard that, it was the custom of members of a certain prominent San Francisco club to discuss their amorous intrigues and experiences, and, in general, to compare notes on their affairs of the heart.

The lady was horrified and all wrought up at the idea. The next time she saw Bierce she questioned him, as whether or not he had ever brought up her name to dissection, experiment and observation of this kind.

"My dear," replied Bierce, solemnly, kindly and gravely, "of course not I have never been able to get the floor."

NOT for the technical golfer, but for the casual observer do we recount

something about the young marvel who has astonished the golfing world by his meteoric career, but who is still unheralded outside of golfdom due to the comparative recentness of his appearance.

Horton Smith, of Joplin, Missouri, age 21, the largest money-maker in the golfing world, has defeated every professional golfer of note this side of the Atlantic. He emerged unknown from the Ozark Mountains two years ago. He entered the ranks of professional golfdom, and during that time has held the amazing stroke average of 72, lower than any "pro" in the country. Last year he collected some twenty thousand dollars in cash prizes, the largest lump sum being the Maimi La Gorce first prize which was \$5,000.00. (Walter Hagen's efforts during the year are said to have netted him only eighty dollars!)

He is said to have started out by hopping freights as a method of conveyance to many of the tournaments, a story often connected with impecunious young golfers.

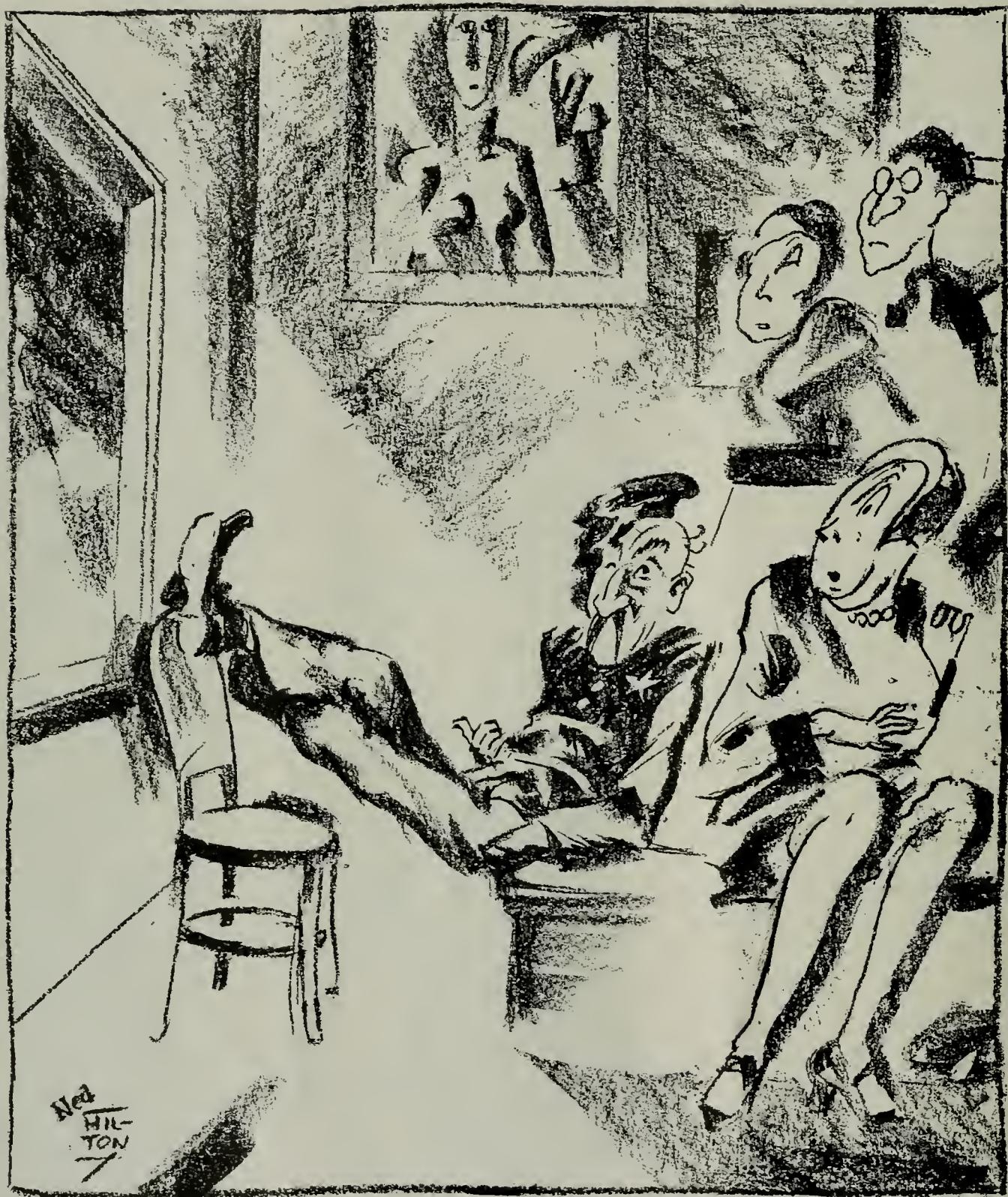
His most recent achievement was the defeat of Bobby Jones a few weeks ago in the "Savannah Open," by the close margin of one stroke. Had Jones won, as an amateur he would have been ineligible to receive the cash prize, which would have gone to Smith anyway, as the pro with the lowest card. However, the scalp of Bobby Jones is more coveted than any cash prize, and both players outdid themselves during the match, breaking the course record, Jones with a 65 and Smith with a 66—nine and eight under par.

Whether Jones has met his equal remains to be seen, as Smith has not been in the field long enough to have established position, and as yet has no title of importance. The United States Golf Association has recently passed a ruling which provides that if a golfer retires from professional ranks for three years (providing he has not played professionally for more than five years) he may apply for reinstatement as an "Amateur." Should Horton Smith choose to take advantage of this ruling he will, of course, be eligible for amateur matches, and it would be difficult to name a more likely successor to the throne which Bobby Jones still holds as the world's greatest golfer.

As an individual, Smith is a clean-looking, tall, blonde chap, with a likeable personality. As a golfer he is noted for his extraordinary accuracy on the putting green, and is very long from the tee. San Franciscans will have the opportunity of seeing him in action in the "San Francisco Open Match Play," which is being sponsored by



"Now, if Madame will take a deep breath, I will hook it."



Beaux Arts Policeman: (*Pointing to the Cezanne*) Nothin' like a bit of green to pick you up!

the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce. The purse is \$7,500.00. There will undoubtedly be many veteran "pros" competing, in fact it will be one of the greatest golfing events ever held in San Francisco.

At a Sunday luncheon, given in honor of the Coolidges, while they were recently visiting in Los Angeles, the honorable Calvin was seated next to a woman who did her best to entertain him and, if possible, to draw him into free conversation.

She met with neither cooperation, nor success, it being strictly against the Coolidgean policy to utter unwarranted words, unless, of course, for magazine purposes and suitable compensation. After two or three unsuccessful and discouraging attempts, she bethought herself of a point that seemed to offer ideal possibilities for engaging the ex-president in conversation. There ensued a dialogue about as follows:

Guest: "You and Mrs. Coolidge attended Divine Service this morning?"

Mr. Coolidge: "Yes."

Guest: "Did you enjoy the sermon?"

Mr. Coolidge: "Yes."

Guest: "What did the minister talk about?"

Mr. Coolidge: "Sin!"

Guest: "How interesting, what did he say about sin?"

Mr. Coolidge: "He's against it."

AS A SAN FRANCISCAN sportsman who recently returned from a hunting trip in the tall timbered section of California tells yarns just as tall regarding his experiences with the primitive folk of the region. Among other things he recounts that he lost a pocket mirror along a rustic trail. He was looking for it when he saw a lank mountaineer pick it up.

The man studied it closely. "Well," he said finally as he looked in the mirror: "If it ain't my old pap. I never knowed he had his pitcher took."

It was several days later that the man heard the rest of the story. The mountaineer took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape the notice of his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror.

"Hum-um," she said, looking into it. "So that's the old hag he's been chasin'."

THE angels in heaven get water blisters on their fingers and cease to strum their celestial harps; the rubber in the Turkish Bath has lost his ego and turned lingerie salesman; but Bernard Shaw continues to impose his stilted views upon a crass and eager public through the mouthpiece of Frazier

Hunt, the genitor of many a stilted theory on human nature has bequeathed his latest, a laudation of American Prohibition to the readers of Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

In the article labeled "Shaw's Views on Booze," the versatile George Bernard points out that America's Prohibition is a wonderful experiment for the simple reason that America has gone unconventional and actually risked unpopularity. And to Shaw, with his galaxy of true Shaw abstractions, to be unconventional is the quintessence of perfection.

Mr. Hunt, whom we can scarcely blame for the sentiments expressed in this article, further quotes the famed British author as defining drink as the "chloroform to the poor man that suffers him to endure the painful operation of living" and as stating that "without his Saturday night liquor the poor man would soon grow morose and his wife

would soon beg him to start his drinking again." But after these rather extreme remarks, the gist of Mr. Shaw's intentions become apparent and the most casual reader is able to understand his hidden motives. For with the introduction of Shaw's "love in a cottage idea" with every man possessing an abundance of worldly goods, it can be easily discerned that Shaw merely intends more propaganda for his own Socialistic theories. But Shaw is Shaw, and the masters cannot be desecrated, so this most asinine article passes uncensored . . .

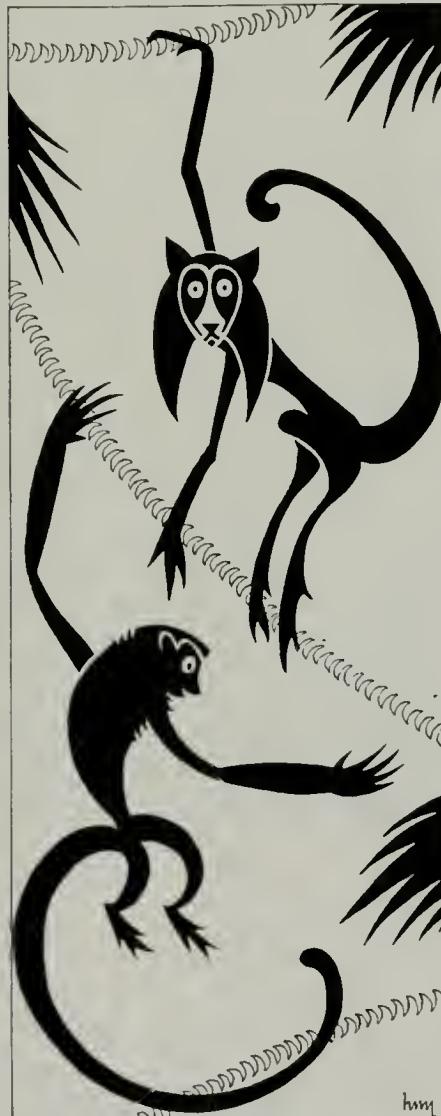
FROM "The Bostonian." Many have worshipped Isadora Duncan but it remained for a young Boston bookseller to deify her. In a window of the Barn Book Shoppe, flanked by Fra Angelico angels and lighted by an amber vigil-lamp, stands a photograph of the graceful pagan holding her babe in her arms. About the heads of Madonna Isadora and her off-spring gleam golden halos painted there by the loving hands of the book-shop proprietor himself.

SAN FRANCISCO, by way of being serious, is the just recipient of much favorable comment for her prudent treatment of the agitators during the recent labor uprising in this city. While the police of New York and other cities were beating back the parading mobs with violence and bloodshed, San Francisco wisely allowed the would-be Communists to parade to their hearts' content and finally to terminate their march before the City Hall.

Down by Yacht Harbor, folks are still talking about the man in the rubber suit whose familiar cry of: "I am going in the watah! I am going in the watah in my rubbah suit!"—echoes along the beach on Saturday afternoons. And someday, some nice man with a bow and arrow will get an inspiration when he sees the figure in the inflated outfit paddling over the waves.

ONE of San Francisco's enterprising minor officials of the City Hall was sent to take an inventory of the property in a house. When he did not return for three hours, his superior went after him, and found him asleep on a lounge in the living room of the house.

He had made a brave effort with his inventory, however, for he had written down: "Living room—one table, one sideboard, one full bottle whisky." Then the "full" had been crossed out and "half full" substituted. Next this was overlined, and "empty" put in its place. At the bottom of the page, in wobbly writing, was written: "One revolving carpet."



*"Do you think Darwin was right?"
"Say, I don't even believe in Lou Chaney any more."*

In Defense of Extremists

... Stating the Case of the Moderate Gentleman vs. the Intense One

by EMERSON FOOTE

INE of the vagaries of every-day thinking that has appeared in recent years is the growing disposition of many talkers and writers to hold in comparative disrepute any kind of an extremist. Deriding extremists is a great pastime. To be, in the eyes of one's fellows, a first class obstacle to the advancement of civilization one needs only to become known as an extremist—of whatever sort. Whether an extremist on religion, prohibition, politics or even golf, whosoever falls in this unpopular category is generally regarded as a sort of lunatic whose opinions and views are to be taken lightly. The intelligentsia, those selected ones whose brilliance is exceeded only by their sense of being bored, have branded the extremist as a stupid menace to the development of a truly broadminded and intellectual society.

But luckily for the progress of mankind there is usually little connection between the transient views of pseudosophisticated thinkers and the actual status of affairs. The issue of the extremist is no exception.

It may be a good thing that everybody is not an extremist, just as it is a good thing that everybody is not born to be a Napoleon or a Lincoln or a Pasteur. As a matter of fact there is a very close relationship between extremists and great men. Not all extremists are great men, by any means, but nearly all great men are extremists.

We may observe that the word extremist, as currently used, generally applies to an extreme advocate of some moral measure. One who is extremely immoral is apt to be regarded as broadminded and liberal. But anomalous current interpretations should not prevent us from considering extremists as such.

AN EXTREMIST does not have to be a mentally stunted bigot. An extremist is one who is firm in his views on certain subjects, who believes what he believes to an extreme extent and is unremitting in the carrying out of his ideas. However, critics of extremists need not claim they use the word synonymously with intolerant fanatic, bigot, etc. To do so, of course, would be incorrect; but their's is no error in terms. Extreme and intense devotion to any cause, save athletic, is just about as unpopular in most college circles, for example, as sheer bigotry would be. The up-to-the-minute sophisticate eschews all such things.

In this day when moderate people, conservative thinkers, broadminded (so-called) men and women are exalted to hitherto unenjoyed heights, it is well to consider who has put civilization where it is—the moderate gentleman or the extremist.

Of course, moderate gentlemen are vitally important units of society. Besides filling the jobs of clerical workers, laborers and farmers they have roles of distinction to play in judiciary, legisla-

drift

by Whittier W. Wellman

We found him on the beach at Meg,
Gone raving mad from loneliness
When all the village died of plague,
That flamed and spread from his caress.

We knew him as a tramp of sin,
Insane with fear, a stupid clod,
With creeping poison in his skin.
And yet, the niggers thought him God!

tive and many other fields. Everybody likes the calm country gentleman. But take your great leaders of all time, those dynamic personalities that have forged the destinies of the world. What were they—moderate gentlemen or extremists?

Suppose we start with a figure belonging, relatively, to our own times—Abraham Lincoln. Ah, you say, a beautiful example of calm, tempered judgment. Undoubtedly; an extremist is not extreme in his every action. He is usually extreme chiefly in what constitutes his greatness. Did Lincoln mildly feel that the slaves of the United States should be freed? Rather, he willed with his whole mighty heart that slavery be abolished. For him there was no compromise with the evil. He would not yield, though he knew remaining adamant meant the splitting of his country. Lincoln, the Great Emancipator, accomplished his purpose; and he accomplished it not because he merely held the theory that slavery was wrong but because he was at heart a rampant abolitionist—an extremist of the first water. Consider also his great contemporary and opponent, Robert E. Lee. What kind of an extreme believer in states' rights, what kind of a Southern patriot was he to leave his post at the United States Military Academy to lead the Southern armies against his former confederates? Lee, clearly an extremist, took

his place with the world's few great generals.

Going on back through the centuries to the year 33 A. D. we come to the One who, whether we accept Him or not, has more profoundly affected the world's development than any other character in history. How would our modern sophisticates classify a Man so firm in His convictions that He deliberately brought upon Himself death on the Cross rather than give up His purpose in life? What kind of a radical extremist was this Man who wandered over the country with no place to lay His head, enduring heart-breaking persecutions, for the sake of what appeared to be a hopelessly idealistic philosophy? Pontius Pilate is a good example of a conservative, moderate gentleman; and what is he, with all his regal Roman robes, in comparison to the Man he turned loose to the bloodthirsty rabble? The only reason Pilate's name was not long ago lost in the dusty ruins of Roman records is because of his participation in the affairs of Jesus of Nazareth—the Transcendent Extremist.

And what of those who kept alive through dark periods of history this Christian faith. The martyrs who preferred death to sacrificing their faith were extremists of superlative degree. And it is to such individuals that we owe the whole of the Christian Religion. But for extreme believers, ready to die for their cause, Christianity would long ago have been stamped out under the heel of materialism.

THE realm of statesmanship is replete with outstanding extremists. Mussolini is a good, strictly modern example. Black-shirted parades and Fascist mass meetings were not products of an unperverted, moderate mind. Whatever we may think of Mussolini we must acknowledge that he has carved for himself a niche that will endure long after modernistic liberals have faded into oblivion.

Single out any really great man, analyze the thing for which he is noted and see if he has not been an extremist about that particular thing. Edison, Rockefeller, Burbank, Ford, Carrie Chapman Catt and countless other great Americans have been unyielding extremists in the carrying out of their life's work. With definite ideas and aims in life they set their courses and, unaffected by passing whims and notions, continued on their way until what once were idealistic

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D. H. Lawrence

In tribute to the work of D. H. Lawrence who died in France on March 3, we publish this camera portrait of him made by Edward Weston in 1924 when Lawrence was in Mexico gathering material for "The Plumed Serpent," one of his most widely known novels.



The Port of San Francisco

This view of the waterfront, as seen from Telegraph Hill, is one of a group of San Francisco paintings by Rinaldo Cuneo to be exhibited in Rome this Spring in response to a special invitation by an associate of Mussolini. Cuneo, a native San Franciscan, leaves for Italy this month to be present at the showing and to paint the landscape familiar to his forefathers.

Solder Hires a Carriage

... And Tells a Story Concerning a Certain Parisian Spring Evening

by ELIZABETH LESLIE ROOS

FOUR of us were sitting around a table on the Terrace of Pierre's little grogshop, my fellow student at Julien's, a Russian whom we had nicknamed Baba and two little "poules," models at the Academy, dark-eyed demoiselles from southern France.

It was a Spring evening, about twenty-five years ago. The American invasion of Montmartre had just begun. The tourists in earlier years had contented themselves with a visit to the Moulin Rouge, and had hurried back to sup at Maxines, or to further explore the Rive Gauche. Now they tarried on the hill and found the new field vastly entertaining.

The people of the quarter and the students retreated to the farther slopes of Montmartre. Here the view was limited, but so were the prices. We had finished our simple meal. The warm, soft air, the scent of fresh growing things, made us think of our childhood, of other Springs spent at home.

Baba in bad French explained to us the breaking up of ice on the Volga, the torrents of rushing water, and the magic reawakening of the cold earth after her long shrouded sleep. The girls spoke of Spring on the shores of the Mediterranean, the sea aglitter in the sun, the fragrant mimosa and the banks of wood violets, the lure of the roads, like white ribbons stretching over the country side, not yet dusty in the heat of summer. I told them of California, of Monterey, the roar of the ocean, the sand dunes, oaks and hillsides covered with golden poppies, the grey fogs and soft melancholy days.

We sat silent for a few minutes. "Come," I said, "who can be sad on such a night, we will go to the Bois in search of Spring, riding in the swiftest fiacre in all of Paris!"

This proposal was greeted with shouts of glee. Just then I caught sight of Solder in the bar and beckoned him to join us. He came forward with his slow, light step, unusual in one so big and heavy.

"You go driving in the Bois, did I hear you say? Allow me to recommend my friend, Jean Batiste, such a coachman, such a horse; truly if you go with him you go in the swiftest fiacre in all Paris." He stood in the doorway, cap in hand, with one foot on the rung of a chair he had drawn toward him from a nearby table.

Solder did all the odd plumbing jobs of the quarter. He had no other home than this little grogshop, which served him as office, workroom and official

residence. When in need of a plumber, one went to fetch him, and had literally to drag him forth. On the rare occasions when he was engaged elsewhere, one left a message for him with the patron. Solder would arrive at the house where his services were required, usually hours late, often to find a flood which might have been averted had he come in time. Many times a little drunk, he was always ready with glib excuses. A low bow to Madame, a gift of putty to the children, before proceeding with his job, would usually win him back the affection of the family. His popularity, in spite of his many faults, was such that when a young plumber with a license to practice his trade rented a little shop and hung out his shingle, he was looked upon as an intruder and his presence considered an impertinence. He had either to move or to starve to death.

On this particular Spring evening, Solder was about sixty. He was a huge man with a head topped by a mat of sandy hair, like the weather beaten thatch of some neglected Normandy farm house. His small eyes completely disappeared when he laughed, which was often, his great Cyrano nose was bright red. He wore a dirty blue workingman's blouse, red kerchief knotted about his throat, and old velveteen breeches.

"Solder," I said, "sit down and have one last drink with us before we go in search of Spring, then we shall leave the selection of fiacre entirely to you."

"Gladly, mon Petit, and before you do, let me tell you a little story. Once I, too, was romantically inclined." He drew his chair to the table and sat down. I beckoned the grimy little garcon and ordered drinks. In a moment he reappeared with five liquors, deposited them on the table and disappeared.

SOLDER began, "A long time ago, I sat on this very terrace; always I have domiciled myself here as you know, and contemplated the season of the year, the acacias in bloom, the verdure of the forests, and the beauty of the night. I said to myself, 'Solder, mon vieux, do not be content with a few buds and leaves which you can touch by a stretching out of the hand! No! Go out into the world in search of the Sublime Season—

en avant!' I arose but where to go? To the Fortifs!" With his usual courtesy he turned to Baba,—"As a newcomer, perhaps you do not know that we call the Fortifs the ancient fortifications of Paris; partly in ruins they are and overgrown by mosses and grass. Perhaps I had a little much to drink, but as the road traverses the cimetiere and I stood on the bridge and looked down upon the graves, I indulged in philosophic thoughts of life and death. Too bad I have forgotten them, but let us proceed."

"I reached the Fortifs—what beauty! How soft and fresh and still everything was, a night made for love, and in those days, Mesdames, I was not an old man."

"I looked about for adventure. Even had the spot not been a lonely one, what chance had I with such a face and no money? Romance was not for me. Yet life was sweet; I lay on my back on the grass and contemplated the stars."

"*Tiens tu a de la chance quand meme.* Love entails great difficulties: loss of liberty, responsibility, forced companionship. Someone once said 'It is better to be always alone than never alone.'

"I arose; it was getting chilly. The wall was wide and I had a sudden desire to walk to the edge and gaze down upon the old moat. That is all I remember. The next thing I knew I was lying in the mud amid broken glass and debris thirty feet below."

"I was able to pick myself up, and bleeding from several cuts on the head and hands, and with a great stiffness of the body, began the return journey."

"Painfully I proceeded, passing through the Porte St. Ouen and up the Rue St. Ouen. Arriving at the Place Clichy, I saw great crowds of people. Too tired to stand, but filled with a curiosity, I sat on the curb and watched."

"There had been an accident. Two omnibuses had collided. There was much excitement; men shouted, women wailed, and the gendarmes with usual efficiency added to the confusion of the scene."

"Then Mesdames, Monsieurs, what happens?" At this point Solder arose and moved his big hands toward heaven. We assured him we didn't know and urged him to be seated.

"I am lifted from my comfortable position," he said, incongruously seating himself, "I, a giant of strength! And like a bebe am thrust into a sort of ambulance. Off we rattle over the pave, until I thought every bone was broken. At last the horses halt. I am removed and



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Helene Sturdivant

Zoe A. Battu

As author of "Tin Types" and the current series of articles on the history of San Francisco journalism, Zoe Battu deserves honor as our most consistent contributor. A serious type of sophisticate, she is one of *The San Franciscans* to write observations for "Now It Can Be Told" where, under the guise of group anonymity, she forgets for the moment to be historical.

Journalistic Dynamite

. . . The Brave Birth of a Paper Lately Come to a Dubious End

by ZOE A. BATTU

ON THE afternoon of October 8, 1855, there appeared on the streets of San Francisco a new newspaper, *The San Francisco Bulletin*. In itself, this event was nothing to cause comment. The time and place seemed particularly auspicious for the starting of newspapers. The editors and publishers, who started daily papers in San Francisco during the 1850's, were legion. A few of the publications survived for some years; by far the greater number of them died early, inglorious deaths.

This new *Bulletin*, however, was destined to no such premature end. That was evident from the lively fashion in which it was bought from the newsboys at its first appearance, and from the absorbed manner in which the purchasers read its news columns and editorials. The editor, as every San Franciscan of the time knew, was James King of William, erstwhile banker, who for some months past had been airing his views on the prevailing low state of San Francisco's politics, banking and legal machinery in *The Alta California*. It was the vigor and daring of these views, as expressed in *The Alta*, which led the town's citizens to so quickly buy up the first issue of *The Bulletin*, and to rejoice or shake their heads over King's entry into the newspaper business.

KING had come to California in 1848. His home had originally been in Washington, D. C., where for several years he had been connected with a private banking house, Corcoran and Riggs. His first California connection was with Hensley & Reading, a Sacramento merchantile firm. In 1852, King organized a bank in San Francisco known as James King of William & Company. He launched this venture at a time when San Francisco and its citizens were possessed with a craze for speculation. King of William had unusual ability and experience as a banker, but he was not able to keep his house solvent and afloat in the precarious tide of ill-advised financing and banking practice in which he found himself. Late in 1853, King of William & Company was perilously close to bankruptcy, but open failure was averted by merging with Adams & Company, express and banking concern. King entered Adams & Company as head of its loan department at a salary of \$1000 a month. He had been able and willing to reimburse, from his private means, the greater part of his creditors, and so his personal honor and integrity were not shadowed by his bank's difficulties.

During the latter months of 1854 and during '55, San Francisco's top heavy financial structure suffered the inevitable collapse, and in 1854 the debacle swept Adams & Company completely out of existence. King of William had foreseen the general disaster. He had perceived also that Adams & Company was suffering from mismanagement and over-speculation in unsound and unjustified building and development enterprises and mining schemes. He had protested vigorously to his associates against the watered and manipulated stock deals in which the bank was involved, but to no purpose.

Following Adams & Company's failure, King of William devoted himself to exposing the causes therefor in the newspapers. *The Herald* and *The Alta California* were the leading dailies of the time. *The Herald* was not kindly disposed toward King but *The Alta* opened its columns to him. In a series of signed writings and letters, King explained the failure of his own bank as being due to the embezzlement of large sums by a trusted cashier, who was secretly the treasurer of the Tuolumne Hydraulic Association, into which he put the stolen funds. King also explained, in terms understandable to the general reader, the abuses and irregularities that had caused Adams & Company to fail, and the legal tricks that were being employed by the defunct bank in order that its depositors and stockholders would never have to be reimbursed for their losses.

At this point, other writers jumped into the fray. On one hand, King was roundly criticised for betraying the inner secrets of and breaking faith with a house which had been good enough to go to his rescue when he was into water too deep for him. On the other hand, he was condemned for keeping silent as long as he had in the face of so much "inside" knowledge. To all critics, King gave spirited replies, and for some months there raged a small but heated war, in which the man became known to all San Francisco.

KING's policies and aims for *The Bulletin* were simple and to the point—to make war to death on all those forces and individuals whose misdeeds were making San Francisco a place of terror and which had caused King the loss of his fortune. His methods were fearless, direct and personal. He shortly inaugurated a Rogues Gallery. In it there appeared the pictures of San Francisco's corrupt judges, thieves, swindlers, murderers, politicians, lawyers, bankers,

gambling house keepers and the like whose flouting and evasion of the law by means of technicalities was continuous, open and shameless. Beneath the picture was text, giving details of dates and places, relative to the misdemeanors of the person in question. King's exposures of the faulty practices within the city's financial circles and those responsible for them were merciless and his agitation for an adequate banking code was able and continuous.

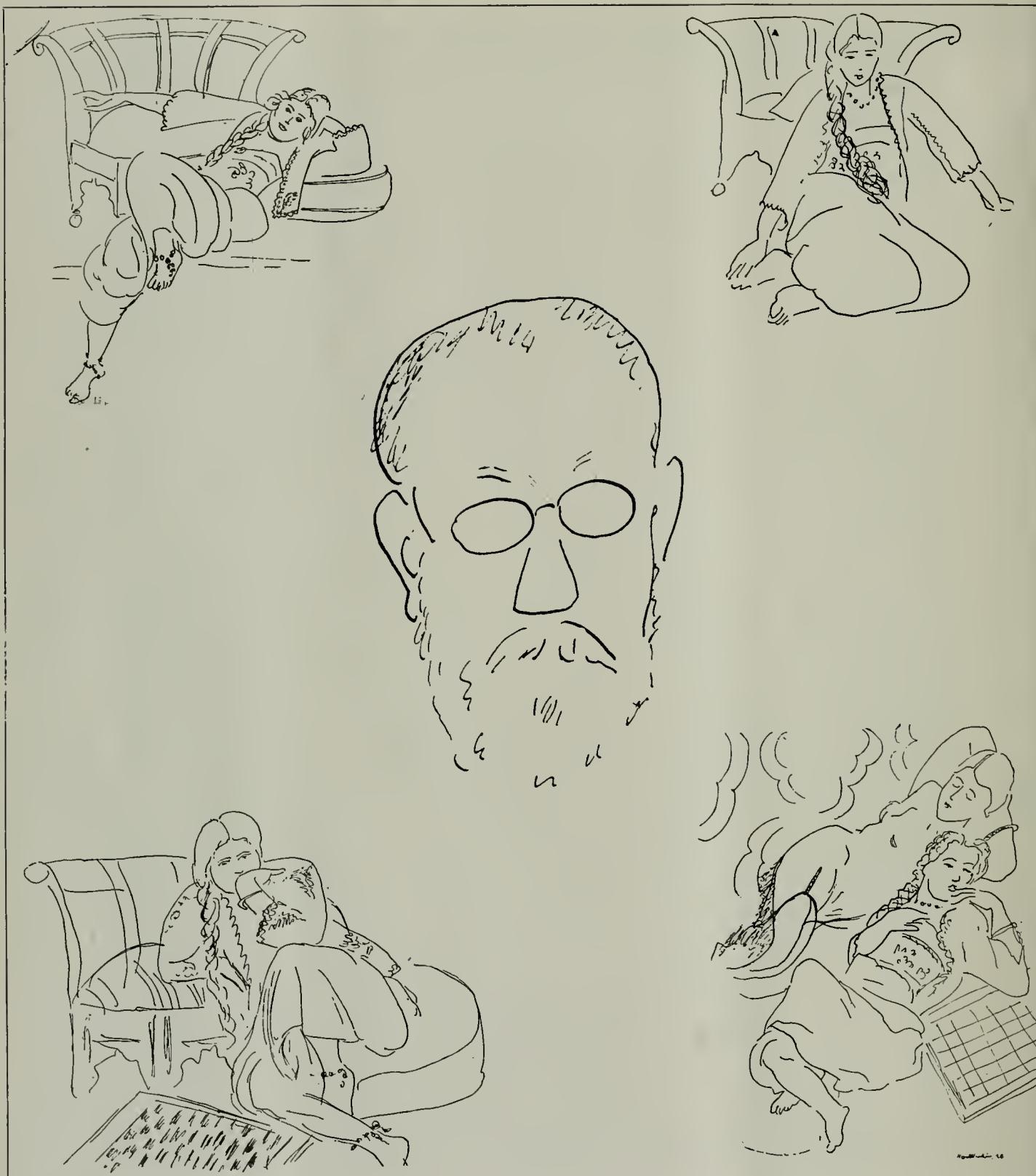
Early in 1856, King of William was provided with the type of story in which he gloried. Belle Ryan, queen of the underworld and mistress of Charles Cora, the town's king of gamblers, was present at a certain theatrical performance attended by William Richardson, U. S. Marshall, and his wife. Mrs. Richardson so resented Belle Ryan's presence that her husband was moved (possibly to keep the family peace) to make disparaging comment upon her presence in the theatre. This incident reached the ears of Cora, who so resented the insult to his mistress that, meeting Richardson in a saloon a day or so later, he took him to task for it. A quarrel flared up and Cora shot Richardson.

Readers of *The Bulletin* lacked no details of Cora's life nor of Belle Ryan's life. When the jury, before which Cora was tried, disagreed and he was held for second trial, King recounted all the sordid details of the affair and dramatically called the wrath of heaven upon Belle Ryan and all her kind.

Toward these journalistic fireworks, the other papers generally maintained a non-committal detachment. *The Alta California* contented itself with setting down facts of the many murders, swindles, robberies, sluggings and miscarriages of justice that occurred pretty much as they happened and to serve news purposes only. It avoided inflammatory editorial comment. *The Herald*, owned and ably edited by John Nugent, had never had any faith in King nor his methods and contrived discreetly to let the fact be known. Toward *The Herald*, King was particularly bitter, declaring that it was the subsidized and hired organ of David C. Broderick, boss of San Francisco and the California Democratic party. *The Times*, owned and edited by James P. Casey, politician, was another paper against which King directed his searching exposures—a course, which finally cost him his life.

A MONTH or so after the Richardson killing and Cora's trial, a city election was held in which Casey was elected

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Henri Matisse

Drawings and self-portrait by the French modernist who visited San Francisco during March on his way to the South Seas where he will sketch and paint before returning to America to serve on the art jury of the 1930 Carnegie International Exhibition.

Spotlight

. . . Observations and Comment on a Lamentable Dramatic Situation

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE theatrical dog days seem to have descended upon San Francisco. Even such an outstanding event as the opening of a new Columbia Theatre during the month gave the town nothing to treasure as a memory beyond the lovely appointments of the theatre itself. "The Perfect Alibi" if it be remembered at all will be treasured as a horrible example for aspiring mystery-play authors as to how not to write a detective play. There is no playwright living skillful enough to make this sort of opus entertaining after the murder has been committed before the eyes of the audience. To know who did the deed is to rob the onlookers of all expectation of shocked surprise. Taking the audience into the author's confidence may be the proper procedure in every form, except one, of the drama and that one exception should remain true to its tradition, thereby proving the rule. The technic of a mystery story, either upon the stage or between the pages of the book, has not been evolved to no purpose. Anyone who violates it has his blood on his own head.

The audience that assembled to see the new theatre and to be charmed by its subdued gaiety and the perfect presentation speech which Blanche Bates made came well fed and properly exhilarated for the event. It was full of high spirits and expectation. It still retained a measure of hope after the fall of the curtain on the murder scene. But the following act had not proceeded ten minutes before a battery of coughs began to shoot out from every nook and cranny of the auditorium. This barrage of boredom never ceased once during the remainder of the performance.

WE SHOULD like to scold someone about the state of the drama in the City by the Golden Gate but who shall it be? Are the managers, the talkies, or the lack of traveling companies at fault? Perhaps all three. Perhaps we are merely in the late Spring doldrums before the rush of good things begin. Summer is usually the high tide of theatrical fare out West. Let us hope our expectations are not raised too high. Let us hope we shall still see some of the Broadway successes with their original casts. Too often have we suffered from inadequate casting of Coast productions of New York box office hits. We have only to think of how "Let Us Be Gay" was mangled by a unspeakable cast, or "Burlesque"; or in a less degree "Her Cardboard Lover." We are not against Coast productions. Indeed, considering all the talent lying around waiting for

invitation in the manner of Dorothy Parker

I came to you—
Then when away,
You want me back?
Though not to stay!

What do you want—
Do you know?
Love to die
Or love to grow?

Maybe I'll come—
Perhaps I shan't.
Do I want to?
What if I can't?

I came to you—
And I shan't stay.
But I'll come back
If just for a day!

jobs at Hollywood, a Coast production might very well rival a Broadway one. And that this is possible was abundantly proved by such splendid Coast achievements as "Broadway," "The Front Page" and "The Marriage Bed." It is hard to put one's finger on just what the inadequate Coast production lacks. Very often the actors are competent enough. But they have no "class." And the direction leaves much to be desired. In comparison with a well directed "talkie" a poor legitimate production is a sorry affair even if the difference in price is not taken into account. When a man pays two dollars and a half, and often three dollars, for a seat to see a legitimate show he is sore if he doesn't get his money's worth. When he goes to a movie palace and sees a show for sixty-five cents he naturally isn't so critical. There have been a lot of reasons assigned for the poor conditions in the show world today but the one that is seldom mentioned is the price. We don't know how the price can be reduced but we are certain that it will have to be if the legitimate stage is to hold its own. The other alternative is always to be presenting corking shows by corking authors done by corking actors. The American public will pay for what it finds good. And it will kick when it is short changed. You can't blame a man for going to see "Sally" as a talkie for a little over fifty cents and coming away pleased with the fare provided. And you equally cannot blame him for feeling sore at some of the God-awful alleged musical comedies that have peddled in the local theatres this last season at five times the money. In the end, he stays away from the ex-

pensive show that has nothing but the personal appearances of nonentities to recommend it. Theatre-going is a habit and it is suicide to break the link in the chain of habit with bad productions. Perhaps we are talking through our hats. But, if we are, we have only to think of the success of Eva Le Galliene in New York with her legitimate theatre charging a top of one dollar and making good at it. Doubtless she has found a way of cutting down the overhead. But, if one producer can do it, others should be able to do the same thing.

THE one bright spot in serious entertainment was the visit of the German Opera Company. We confess we went to the initial performance of the "Ring" with trepidation. We feared an inadequate company, bad staging, an indifferent orchestra. We feared, particularly, the hazard of finding that our taste for music drama had changed. But, on every score, we were agreeably disappointed. Considering all the difficulties that a traveling opera company faces, the results were remarkable. More than this the incomparable but sometimes tedious Wagner had been cut to advantage.

San Francisco responded generously to the fare offered it but it should have done even better. Capacity houses should have been the rule instead of the exception. But, at least, we can take comfort that we did immeasurably better than Los Angeles. Mr. Beheymer, of that overwhelmingly cultural city, expressed the opinion in the local press that there was a large doubt whether the City of the Angeles would get another opportunity to listen to the German song birds. In San Francisco the smart set turned its back upon the venture, only half of the scant supply of boxes being taken. But what the audiences lacked in opera cloak and pearls it more than made up in intelligent musical appreciation. It was not the typical circus audience that turns itself loose to elbow "class" in the foyer and be ravished by the three ringed effects of such shallow musical offerings as "Turandot."

One thing the organization had in abundance and that was a marvelous sense of team-work. There was a sure touch in every move that was made. Doubtless this is the result of repeated performances across country. The chorus work was particularly fine: a perfect ensemble that never suggested hack direction. Of the leadership of the orchestra it is suffice to say that it was so

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The Book Doctor

Presenting a Balanced Diet for April Reading

by A. GROVE DAY

PICTURE The Book Doctor, several years ago, leaning against a Paris bookstall and chuckling over the high-colored sketches in an absurd manual for those who feel they must do away with themselves. The book, by a Gaul named Jean Buller, has at last been translated as *21 DELIGHTFUL WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE*, (Covici, Friede, \$2) and appears, pictures and all, with a preface by Corey Ford. At present I'm practising up on Method No. 21, "Suicide Through Excessive Longevity" . . . I confess very little gratitude to these revealing writers who are bent on throwing a pitiless calcium flare upon the few last mysteries of Africa. I like my Africa dark, jungly, and Haggardish, and hate to have it reduced to the dimensions of a snapshot showing a lady in a sun-helmet standing triumphantly on the snout of a defunct hippopotamus. If every lion-killer is going to come back and publish another exposé of Heart of Darkness, I'll start rooting for the lions . . . Another continent which is getting lots of attention in the book ads this month is Australia. But that's something else again; we all ought to know more about that region back of Sydney. How many of you realize that Australia is almost as extensive as the U. S.? Or that it is the smallest continent and largest island on the globe, and comprises one-fifth of the British Empire? . . . No, The Doctor didn't think up all those figures himself. They were cribbed from the *ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA*, Fourteenth Edition. The reverend editors of that compendium will be cheered to know that I think the new edition—subjects, print, and pictures—is just dandy. It's fine for browsing and everything from "A1 at Lloyds" to "Zygote" is treated in exciting style. Incidentally, the Encyc. Brit. is one of the bookseller's best bets. . . . And Ernest Hemingway has now been elected to the Modern Library with *THE SUN ALSO RISES*, which makes it unanimous. . . . Mmm! Poring over spring lists makes one's mouth water. Mine is all set for the following treats: Pete Kyne's *GOLDEN DAWN*, Mrs. Rinehart's thriller *THE DOOR*, Hank Mencken's *TREATISE ON THE GODS*, and Al Huxley's *BRIEF CANDLES*. My, my, what fun, what fun!

Pen and Sword

"*CYRANO; SWORDSMAN, LIBERTIN, AND MAN OF LETTERS*," by Cameron Rogers. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. \$3.50.

OUR old friend, Cyrano-Savinien-Hercule De Bergerac, the Gascon with the long sword and the long nose, returns to swashbuckle through several

hundred pages of adventures, new and old, in Mr. Rogers' breezy biography. Research into Parisian archives has unearthed documents which for the first time reconstruct the real Cyrano, who after all differs little from the hero of Rostand's sweeping play. We are given in turn the young, romantic Casteljaloux cadet, the roisterer of the taverns, and the author of "The Pedant Made Game Of"; and his exploits are dashingly pictured in the block prints of George Illian.

Mr. Rogers has done a good job, and his portrait of Cyrano will warm the cockles of those readers who like capable fictionized biography.

The Carbonari Web

"*THE REBELS*," by Alfred Neumann. Knopf. 1929. \$2.50.

Read of the Tuscan threats and plots

Of Gasto Guerra, crafty spinner,
Who heads the skulking patriots
And strikes through Gioia, broken sinner;
Read, too, of Checca, conscience grim,
Old Gioia's sin (a vixen creature);
And scheming Madda, dark and slim;
And La Princessa, fine of feature—
Black rebels all: while pale and dumb,
Of death and riot apprehensive,
O'ershadowed by the beggar's thumb
The town awakes to the defensive.
Read, in short, a rattling tale
Of motives on a complex level;
A book that's sharp as any nail
And just as clever as *The Derit*.

The Newer Realism

"*THE 42ND PARALLEL*," by John Dos Passos. Harper's. 1930. \$2.50.

NOT since O. Henry invented the well-made short story has America given the world a fiction form more typical, more responsive, than the *prose libre* of which the work of John Dos Passos is the best exemplar.

The group of prosateurs using this new instrument of sensuous actualism might be called the "flick-flick" school, for although they started out by attempting to naturalize Mr. Joyce's *ULYSSES*, their later books unreel themselves like moving-picture film, and have all the spinning, photographic jerkiness of a celluloid technique. Indeed, to one unused to the unconventional conventions of the school, *THE 42ND PARALLEL* would appear the product of a muddled afternoon in the cutting-room. Four different types of material are threaded together episodically: first, "newsreels" of jumbled headlines and snatches of contemporary popular songs, setting the tone for a period; second, "The Camera Eye," a series of subjective, quasi-Steinian idylls; third, a group of thumbnail sketches of Burbank, Debs, Minor

C. Keith, Big Bill Heywood, and other Americans; and finally, the stories of five characters whose trails cover much of the country and at times intersect.

The book includes the years from 1900 to the date of America's entry into the war, and forms with *THREE SOLDIERS* and *MANHATTAN TRANSFER* a roughly consecutive presentation of our national feelings and complexes as felt by a poet. In the five years since he gave us the feverish *MANHATTAN TRANSFER*, Dos Passos has crystallized his experimental style, and settled down to realizing its possibilities. His rhythms are more sure, his method more convincing. He has learned carefully to avoid climax, and in *THE 42ND PARALLEL* there are none of the untimely disasters with which he cleared the stage in his earlier book.

Dos Passos can bathe us in a mood, and make us joy in his character creations for the sole reason that they are scrupulously lifelike. He knows how it feels to be inside the skins of all sorts of Americans, and knows how to make us feel. The population of his sprawling map—Mac the "wobbly," the lady interior decorator, Janey the stenographer, the high-pressure public relations counsel, the kid Charley, and all the rest—are quick with vitality, and engross us because of their very existence. However, since Dos Passos leaves little unsaid on the seamy side, his books are not recommended as *bon voyage* gifts for your Aunt Nettie.

Prose and Piety

"*THE WOMAN OF ANDROS*," by Thornton Wilder. A. & C. Boni. 1930. \$2.50.

EXTRIMES in length very often influence the sale of a book, and usually hike up the royalty figures for the author. If a book is very long, the buyer always feels he's getting plenty for his money. If a book is short, it has, in these rushing days, more chance of being read and talked about. The latter instance may or may not have something to do with the fated success of this latest novel by young Thornton Niven Wilder, who wrote a book called *THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY* and was promptly festooned with yards and yards of critical whoopee.

Not that the buyer of *THE WOMAN OF ANDROS* will not get his money's worth from this brief book. He will. He will get a chaste, harmonic tale packed with smooth pictures and distilled from a tepid love of classicism; a tale born of the thesis that one may hold destiny at bay by accepting the philosophy of 1 B. C., by "praising all living, the

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Random Impressions of a Dryad

By J. PAGET-FREDERICKS

Butterfly's Wing

IT is an apple-green drawing room filled with iridescent water colors by Moran. In one corner of that charming salon are many lovely ladies who do not seem very gay. James Stephens remarks that they appear to be exceedingly cross as with frowns and much gnashing of teeth they cast envious glance where a swarm of gentlemen resembling black beetles crowd together.

Never have I seen the backs of dinner jackets express keener interest or greater excitement. Occasionally one glimpses something amber-yellow, possibly a saffron butterfly's wing in their midst.

Lo! it is a rebellious curl that belongs to that legendary lady who, like her "witch wife,"

"Learned her hands in a fairy tale,
And her mouth on a valentine."

I have long suspected Edna St Vincent Millay of a more than human knowledge of magic. Even in appearance she is the image of a Rackham dryad.

Who but a dryad, when not living at "Steepletop," in a woodsy mountain, would choose for her town house (she would scorn city trees) the tiniest building in New York—or America, for that matter. A diminutive place that recalls the bit of a dwelling the fairies built in Kensington Gardens with the help of immortal Peter.

Greenwich Village is duly proud of the Millay house with its pocket handkerchief garden where neighbors say fauns gambol at midnight. To me its charm is only rivaled by that quaint Victorian grave of "An Amiable Child" on Riverside Drive.

Three Legends

IREMEMBER a hectic time when "The Buck in the Snow" and the illustrated "Selected Poems" were to appear. Corrected proofs did not arrive . . . publishers were at wits ends as telegrams, imploring letters and diplomatic messengers were completely ignored . . . weeks . . . months pass.

Editor's Note: Joseph Paget-Fredericks, who shares intimate observations of the elfin lady of American letters in these delicately drawn word sketches, has illustrated several books by Edna St. Vincent Millay and is now at work on drawings for future publications, among which is the projected "Collected Works" for which the "Nymph With Pernke" is drawn. His versatility is emphasized by the announcement of a dance concert in the ballroom of the Western Women's Club, May 1, when he will do a group of modern dances previously given in France, Germany and England.

One day the dryad appears unexpectedly, bundles of urgent appeals under her arm.

"I imagined you wished to get in touch with me so I thought I would help by coming personally," she smiles with disarming green eyes.

I recall a dinner given for Millay by a group of Olympians in their priceless eastern library where no woman had been privileged to enter.

Everything is elaborately prepared. Seven strikes . . . eight, then nine . . . the feast is cold. Some testy gentlemen are led away, gesticulating violently. There is much dark muttering about women.

At eleven, when Nemesis seems brooding in awful silence, the clock strikes. A bell's tinkle awakens one. Looking out from the high balcony all see through the elms by the iron gateway a small glittering figure in Elizabethian ruff and hoops, mincing down the walk.

"Forgive my being a trifle late. I have brought some sonnets to read to you all. I do hope you will like them."

The dryad masquer is instantly forgotten. All are enslaved. She reads until three in the morning . . .

I also remember slipping past an army of reporters to present my compliments. We are talking of various New Yorkers, male and female.

"And did you see So and So?"

"I don't think I know her," says Millay.

"And charming Miss X?"

"Can't recall her," is the reply.

"But, my dear," interrupts Eugene Bossevain, "we have just been staying with her in B———!"

"No, I don't know her," replies the dryad decisively.

Shadows and a Rose

ACROWDED, adoring audience is watching a person who knows how to act, flicker gracefully about in a moyen age gown.

More and more people push down the side aisles from overflowing standing room.

"Please don't come in while I am reading," remonstrated the dryad. "Your moving shadows annoy me excessively."

I can hear that musical eerie voice reciting "Memorium to D. C.," "The Curse," "The Spring and the Fall."

"He laughed at all I dared to praise
and broke my heart in little ways."

Crowds backstage . . .



NYMPH WITH PERUKE

Detail of a decoration by J. Paget-Fredericks for the projected "Collected Works" of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

"I have brought copies of everything you ever wrote, dearie—just lean over and sign 'em," says one dame blowsy with club spirit.

"Do you believe in a college education?" chants a persistent, thin-lipped young thing from a university paper.

"Well!" exclaims a blonde, "I am certainly disappointed. Heard she looked like Gaby Desbys and had a different lover every night—and she is just prim

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GUMP GALLERIES

Mrs. Michel Weill

From the etching by Max Pollak. At the present time
Mrs. Weill is in Paris.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

WEDDINGS

SCHMIEDELL-CAMPBELL. On March 12 in Los Angeles, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell of San Francisco and Ross, and Miss Mella Claire Campbell, niece of Mrs. Bernice Sweeney of Los Angeles.

HENDERSON-WALKER. On March 22, Mr. Wellington Henderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Henderson of San Francisco and Miss Harriet Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker of Piedmont.

ENGAGEMENTS

PORTER-BURMISTER. Miss Ann Odile Porter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, to Mr. Robert Gage Burmister, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Burmister.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mr. Louis Wiley of New York was guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. Richard Tobin at the Pacific Union Club. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker also entertained Mr. Wiley at the Crocker home at Hillsborough.

Mrs. Haines Smith of Paris was a guest of Miss Jane Blair for several weeks. Miss Blair is at present occupying the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Robert Noble on Broadway.

Mrs. Edgar T. Wallace of Los Angeles was a guest at the Hotel Mark Hopkins for a few days, and was entertained by Mrs. Chester Woolsey during her stay. Mrs. Wallace was the former Miss Mabel Hoag of this city.

Mrs. William H. Bartlett visited in San Mateo recently, staying with Mrs. Corlies Hussey.

Mrs. Stanley Kennedy is enjoying a visit in San Francisco and will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alan Lowrey for a time. Later Mrs. Kennedy will visit with Mrs. Paul Fagan. Mrs. Kennedy's home is in Honolulu.

Henri Matisse, the distinguished French artist, visited in San Francisco for a few days en route to Tahiti. He was guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stackpole.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander of New York is visiting in California this spring and is a guest at the Hotel Fairmont. Mrs. Alexander plans to visit Pebble Beach, Yosemitic, Santa Barbara and the Redwood country while in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Iselin of New York and their daughter, Miss Louise Iselin, were guests at the Richard McCreery home for a week recently. Mr. and Mrs. McCreery gave a dinner for the visitors and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith were hosts at a luncheon for them.

Count G. Clauzel of France was in San Francisco for a week, arriving here from Honolulu. He was a guest at a number of affairs on the peninsula during his stay here.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson entertained Mrs. H. E. Scheidius recently at their home in Burlingame. Mrs. Scheidius arrived here recently from Honolulu where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham. She visited with Mrs. Richard McCreery in Burlingame.

Mrs. Sidney Cloman enjoyed an extended stay in San Francisco, making her home at the St. Francis. Mrs. Cloman is traveling with Mrs. Henry Sturgis of London, the daughter of the distinguished English poet and novelist, George Meredith. The visitors also enjoyed a fortnight at the home of Mr. Prescott Scott in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris Hammond of New York were guests at the Hotel Mark Hopkins recently. Mr. Hammond is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin have been visitors in San Francisco and Pebble Beach during the polo season.

Ogden Mills has arrived from New York and is with his aunt, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at the latter's Millbrae residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald B. Rives of Peapack, New Jersey, have been visiting Mrs. Rives' brother, Mr. Whitney Warren at the latter's ranch near Wheatland.

Lady Mountbatten and Earl and Lady Brecknock were honor guests at a dinner party given at Del Monte recently by Captain Stuart Pearson.

Mr. and Mrs. Maximilian Agassiz of Boston and Newport were guests in San Francisco recently, making their home at the Cliff Hotel. They also spent several days in Santa Barbara at El Mirasol before coming north.

Mr. and Mrs. Kilburn Moore spent a few days in town and visited Mrs. Moore's mother, Mrs. Charles Doe at the Hotel Mark Hopkins. Mr. and Mrs. Moore make their home at Diamond Springs.

Miss Elizabeth Moore entertained at an elaborate dinner given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin L. Brashears of Chicago and Miss Elizabeth Beidler of Lake Forest, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Benoit also entertained for the visitors.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden of New York was a visitor in San Francisco recently, staying at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. Raymond Armsby has returned from New York and is at the Armsby ranch in the Carmel Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Wallace (Eleanor Simpson) are in New York on their honeymoon, visiting Mr. Wallace's family.

Mrs. Pebble Beach Clark entertained a house party at her Pebble Beach villa over a recent weekend. Mrs. Kurt Albert of Berlin was one of the guests.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid entertained a group of her friends at luncheon recently. Mrs. Reid is in California on a brief visit and is occupying her peninsula home.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russel (Helen Crocker) have returned from New York and are dividing their time between Burlingame and Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt of Pebble Beach were hosts to Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh recently.

The Argentine polo players were the incentive for continuous entertainment during their stay in Northern California. Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. Jean de St. Cyr, Mr. Lindsay Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin were among the many who gave parties in honor of the visiting players.

Miss Louise Sherer has announced that her marriage to Mr. Alanson Wood Green of Aberdeen, Washington, will take place during June.

Mrs. Virginia Ford gave a dinner at the Mark Hopkins in honor of Miss Aileen Tobin who is here from New York.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy gave a dinner party at her home in San Mateo last month to celebrate the third wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. James Davies. Mrs. Davies was the former Miss Gertrude Murphy.

The first Spring Fashion Show was given by the San Francisco Branch of the Junior League at the Hotel Mark Hopkins on March 17.

Mrs. Walker Kamm of Burlingame entertained at luncheon at her home in Burlingame. Ten of the younger matrons were her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Weida of Sumatra will arrive in San Francisco soon to spend the summer. This will be their first visit to San Francisco since their marriage three years ago. Mrs. Weida was the former Mrs. Flora Miller Langton.

Miss Grace Hamilton was hostess aboard the Hamilton yacht on a recent Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is expected to return to California this month. She will spend some time in the East before coming to San Francisco.

Miss Harriet Brownell entertained a group of the season's debutantes at a luncheon at her home in Clay Street recently.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Kirkham Smith of San Rafael entertained at dinner recently in farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans who are going East and to Europe for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark Burgard entertained with a buffet luncheon at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. Nicol Smith entertained about forty of the younger set at a dance held at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Alderson were dinner hosts to a group of friends at the Alderson home in Green Street recently.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have returned to their home in Pacific Avenue after a sojourn in Southern California. They divided their time between Los Angeles and Palm Springs.

Mrs. Bernard Ford has gone to the Grand Canyon with a party of friends.

Mrs. Harriet Hume of Piedmont entertained at her home recently, the occasion being a tea for the Junior League Shop. Articles from the shop were on display.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leih are expected to return to California in May. Mrs. Davis Stephens, who has been wintering in Biarritz, will return to California with Mr. and Mrs. Leih.

Mrs. Richard Derby is occupying her new home on Greenwich Street.

Mrs. Howard Park gave a luncheon at her home recently in honor of Miss Patricia Tobin, one of the season's debutantes.

Count and Countess Galcerand de Pins were guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt recently. The Count and Countess have left for Europe where they will pass the summer.

Mrs. Peter Beaver entertained at tea in honor of her sister, Miss Frances Mace, whose engagement to Dr. Claude Furbush was announced last month.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinekard have returned from Boston and New York and will pass the summer in Burlingame.

Mr. Ross W. Weir visited with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Weir, recently. Mr. Ross Weir spent a month in Honolulu.

Miss Anne Odile Porter gave a dinner party at the Mark Hopkins recently.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Nichols and Mr. Michael Casserly will take place on April 21 at La Jolla.

The Dominican College of San Rafael will give "Aucassin and Nicolette" as the initial performance in the new out-of-door theater in Forest Meadows. The play will be given on May 17. A charming musical setting has been made by the School of Music.

Mrs. Lee Eleanor Graham has returned to her apartment at the St. Francis after spending a month at "La Quinta."

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Miss Dominga Russel and Miss Claudia Smith, who are traveling in Europe together, will spend the summer in France.

Miss Frances Stent will accompany the Count and Countess de Pins on their trip to Paris and later Miss Stent will go on to Rome where her sister, Miss Katherine Stent is at school.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peixotto are on their way to their home in Florence.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch are en route to England and will not return to Burlingame until early summer.

According to letters received by friends in San Francisco, Mrs. Elsie Sperry Fleurot has opened a new cafe in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans will spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. Thomas Magee and Mrs. Charles H. Bentley, with Miss Florence Bentley and Mrs. Thomas Magee, are in Italy and will spend the Easter season in Rome.

Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot has returned to her home in Paris after spending the winter in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Balfour Bowen have left for the East and Europe. They will pass most of their holiday abroad in England.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Frederick W. McNear is in New York where she is visiting her son, Mr. John Breedon. Mr. McNear will go East shortly to join the family.

Mrs. David Armstrong-Taylor is in New York and will be at the Ritz Carlton for several weeks with her sister, Mrs. James Corrigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutro and their daughter, Miss Barbara Sutro, visited in the East for several weeks. They returned to San Francisco on the Virginia.

Mr. Leon Walker is in the East visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Boldt of St. Paul. The party is enjoying a yachting trip off the Florida Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman visited on the Atlantic Coast for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland and their daughter, Miss Alice Eastland, are in New York. They will return to Burlingame some time this month.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mrs. Clement Tobin and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels and Miss Dorothy Spreckels spent a delightful fortnight in Honolulu during March.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Josephine Grant sailed for the Hawaiian Islands on the Malolo recently. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster were aboard the same ship.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Tallant, Jr., went to Los Angeles to attend the marriage of Miss Susanna Patterson Bryant and Mr. Richard Y. Dakin. Mrs. Tallant was matron of honor at the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan recently enjoyed a trip to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin spent a few days at Hotel Del Coronado where they visited with Mr. and Mrs. Archibald H. Ehle of Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman were in Santa Barbara for a week or so, making their home at El Mirasol. Mr. and Mrs. Roy McWilliams of Biarritz accompanied them.

THE WHITE CARD ... by NED HILTON

AT THE end of this page last month—or, rather, at the end of the caudal paragraphs which were 'way over among the hawkers—this note should have appeared:

[Note: So, in spite of my protestations, last month, of unswerving fidelity to the hodge-podge school, this issue of *The White Card* is consecutive. But that is not my worst treachery; I promised, also, to use my piece about Mencken this month and terminate his galling suspense. But we are not any too often noticed by Wilson Follett, and if he can write a long article about two sentences of mine I should, in common courtesy, indite at least two volumes about his long article. So Mencken must chew his nails for another month—unless they are already used up, in which case he had better chew Paul Elmer More's.]

But the management up and sold another ad, so the note had to be held over. The strain upon Mencken, it should be needless to say, has been almost incredible; he has aged considerably (anyone ages in two months); his red suspenders have lost their snap; and, worst of all, he has become so mumpish and gruff that Nathan has been impelled to leave him.



"Thoughts while strolling . . ."

Now, this bereavement is so shocking that I have not the heart to use my discourse on Mencken's influence—it was a casual little thing quite unsuited to such a sad occasion as this Mencken sans Nathan! It is as though Beaumont had walked into the Mermaid without Fletcher, or as though Mutt were to appear in one comic strip and Jeff in another distinct and separate; it is an unnatural state of affairs, and touching. I can see the wistfulness, the hurt, bewildered look in Mencken's eyes (what a great thing, this making a sympathetic character of the old rouser). Nathan, I imagine, was cool and nonchalant; Mencken must have blustered a bit. That this should have been my fault is really overwhelming . . .

Through what bravado did he render the cover of the *Mercury* ugly? The original design was perfectly proportioned, a beautiful piece of work; and

From *Sons and Lovers*: "On every side the immense dark silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a spark, into extinction, and yet, almost nothing, he could not be extinct. Night, in which everything was lost, went reaching out, beyond stars and sun. Stars and sun, a few bright grains, went spinning 'round for terror, and holding each other in embrace, there in a darkness which outpassed them all, and left them tiny and daunted. So much, and himself, infinitesimal, at the core of nothingness, and yet not nothing."

The death of D. H. Lawrence, to judge from the papers, was not news: it was not as important as the day's embezzlement or the engagement of a minor movie star. It seems that nobody cared. One feels almost shamefaced in mentioning a genius, as though one owed his audience an apology. We'll change the subject and talk of Henry Ford and radio and Louis Bromfield.

And yet not nothing, Mr. Lawrence . . .

now look at the damned thing, banal and disorganized.

And why has he so carefully set about splitting infinitives? One gathers that he went laboriously over the proofs of the March number and deliberately committed adverbial indiscretions. Is he attempting now to sponsor this badge of vulgarity? Very well, Mr. Mencken, to eschew the pedantic; let's go the whole road. Let us start all our sentences with participles, let us truncate our adverbs, let us use only the present tense, let us use objective pronouns for nominatives, let us do all the things which have been done heretofore only by yokels and morons. For what does anything matter now? Mencken and Nathan are split.

POSITIVE statements from ads: "You enter from the promenade deck . . . 'Yes,' you say, 'B-59 . . .' Your steward has your hand luggage there. The room is full of flowers. You look around you." Very neat, but what if, on descrying the woman in the shower, you suddenly remember that your room is B-58?

"The Patriot (a hat) is one of those rare creations that accommodates itself to the mood of the wearer, grave or gay, dignified or nonchalant." We'd like to see it show its ribs when we're hungry.

"You have never heard dance music until you've listened to Guy Lombardo." Then we probably never will; we'll just go on listening to whatever it is Lopez and Olsen and Ted Lewis play.

"You who love fine coffee will be interested in this advertisement." Yes? Well I didn't read it.

"Now with a clean, clear skin and

your muscles well up, you should investigate the Vienna Youth Mask which pours into the inner tissue that electric energy which keeps one young! While you lie and rest, this precious energy sings into your tired eyes, and tissues, and hair, lifts your drooping mouth, firms and revivifies your throat. You emerge renewed and rejoiced that in this crowded world there can be re-birth so tranquilly." Great psychologists, these Viennese.

"Like Shakespeare or Dickens or Tolstoy or Theodore Dreiser—*The American Weekly* deals with the realities of life." Sure; any one of those palookas might have written "Miss Pearl Ginsberg Steps Right Out of the Films into the Heart of a Rich Egyptian Prince."

Come now, let's have less foolishness in advertising.

Which reminds us that the most re-



"I can't take any of these. Why don't you give me a poke?"

pulsive current campaign is that of the Cremo Cigar anti-spit crusade. We are happy to report that we do not smoke cigars, but if we did we are sure that this association would make us swear off—not only Cremos, but whatever brand we might be using.

The Examiner's wild championing of Drs. Coffey and Humber (whose integrity we do not question) and their derogation of Dr. Morris Fishbein would perhaps be more impressive if the Examiner's columns were not quite so full of the ads of quack "remedies."

Repressions find strange verbal outlets; witness the many kinds of lovers—dog-lovers, art-lovers, music-lovers, lovers of the Great Outdoors. Why not lump them all as affectation-lovers? I have a dog; we have fun together—I find him interesting because he has many human traits without the human

palliations—but I do not wax sentimental over him. And of all the art-lovers, how many of them know what it's all about? If we may use the term figuratively, the only art-lover is the artist (but if you call him that, he'll probably throw something at you). The only dog lover is, perhaps, another dog. And will someone tell me just how you set about loving a canary?

"**T**HERE is a reawakening of good taste in America," said the optimistic gentleman as he sat on a taupe mohair chesterfield.

"It isn't Art if it tells a story," said the intellectual giant as he left the Sistine Chapel.

"I try to be open-minded," said the simple soul as he bought the *Literary Digest*.

"Criticism is an art," said the reviewer as she did another imitation of John Riddell.

"We must try to appreciate the Higher Things," said the clubwoman as she prepared to read from Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"If you don't like this country, why don't you go back where you came from?" said the second-generation patriot to the heir by primogeniture of a seventeenth-century American.

THIS Literary Digest's straw vote on the Prohibition ruckus is encouraging, when one recalls that this same section of the country's voters, who seem to favor revision of the present laws, foretold the election of Hoover with great accuracy. The middle-west still holds out for lemon extract and Al Capone, but the rest of the country is refreshingly outspoken for honest drinking. The only thing which surprises us was that the Digest was able to find that many people sober enough to fill out the form.



"They named their boat Sue in defiance."



Knox clothes

for men are now presented in new selections that include the unusual features only fine quality can account for. Every garment is hand-tailored, and all are of imported woolens in patterns not commonly to be seen.

Sack Suits \$65 and up Golf Suits \$45 up
Topcoats \$65 up... & Knox Hats \$8.50 up

K N O X

Two Shops in San Francisco

51 GRANT AVENUE HOTEL ST.
FRANCIS

Going West to the East

. . . Random Impressions of the Orient as it was Seen on a Recent Visit

by DR. AURELIA REINHARDT

THE most remarkable Occidental ever to visit the Orient, I think, was that great thirteenth century Venetian, Marco Polo, who crossed Europe and Asia and left behind a lifetime of useful labor. He opened a hemisphere to Columbus, to Vasco de Gama and to countless other great adventurers and travelers, but he did something more, he opened the imagination of the people of the western hemisphere. In fact he made all of us neighbors. You will remember those lines in his travels where he says "Praise be to God that I have come back. God sends travelers home that they may speak wisely of what they have seen."

. . . How can I picture wisely to you the things I saw during my weeks in Japan, days in Korea, months in China and weeks in the Malay Peninsula? Sometimes there are graphic pictures, sometimes only pictures of the mind.

. . . Japan is a land of undreamed of beauty, difficult to describe in words when artists with their brushes can paint the picture so much better. The Japanese are a people of rare intelligence, unusual

Editor's Note: Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, and one of the leading educators in the West was a guest at many colleges and universities and in the homes of Oriental friends in both China and Japan during her recent trans-Pacific trip.

sensitiveness, energy and earnestness. They do not laugh easily. But one never hears the sound of weeping. They are serious but they think of childhood as an age of happiness. We Occidentals think of it as associated with innocence. We dress our babies in white, there are gay garments for the Japanese baby—red, scarlet, crimson—colors of joy and happiness. The children are carried everywhere by loving parents. On the roadside far from home the mother may have a child on her back, a father may be leading a little lad who will have to trudge weary miles. The temple gardens are a playground for the happy children of the land.

. . . On a pilgrimage to Nikko I encountered a group of student lads almost shabby in their blue college uniforms

worn universally throughout Japan. They were week-end pilgrims to the autumn woods at Chiseuji. One timidly addressed me, asking "madam" if he might walk by her side, carry her burden (a week-end bag) and converse with her in English and, for the privilege, exchange phrases with her. His companions soon joined him and experimented with English nouns, verbs and prepositions, while they gave me the native names of trees and shrubs. The Japanese lads' use of the word "burden" which came up several times in the morning march to the valley, recalled Kipling's poem, with its quite opposite circumstance. When we reached a little tea house, it was their pleasure to dispense the simple hospitality of hot tea and rice cakes. Later I found some American caramels and had great fun in paying back a courtesy I had so little deserved.

. . . The thoughtful Japanese today is inquiring about American ideals. At a meeting in Osaka I was asked to speak on a somewhat embarrassing subject,

Continued on page 37

Frank Werner
SLIPPER SALON
255 Geary Street

For SPECTATOR SPORTS

... Brown and White
... is style right . . .

a feature

...exceptional

\$13.50

The accepted vogue, worn at the smartest American and Continental resorts, and one that promises to continue at the height of fashion through summer.



"Miami" . . . this graceful pump of white summer suede with brown calf trim, has the popular new walking heel .

Do you know what can be done with chintz?

Perhaps you are accustomed to thinking of us only in connection with the finest things and it has not occurred to you that we can do wonders with very simple materials.

We shall be glad to consult with you regarding the arrangement of the most informal room.

A. F. MARTEN CO.

1501 SUTTER-STREET

Arte Moderne



Here a little Lubitsch,
There an ancient wheeze;
Take a Bach concerto,
(Did he write concertos?
I hope he wrote concertos;
I want concertos, please.)
Mess it up in four-four.
Jazz it out of tune,
Write a lot of love-words—
Mother, You and June—
Scramble up some old words,
Any words will do,
Then you have a theme song:
I Love You.

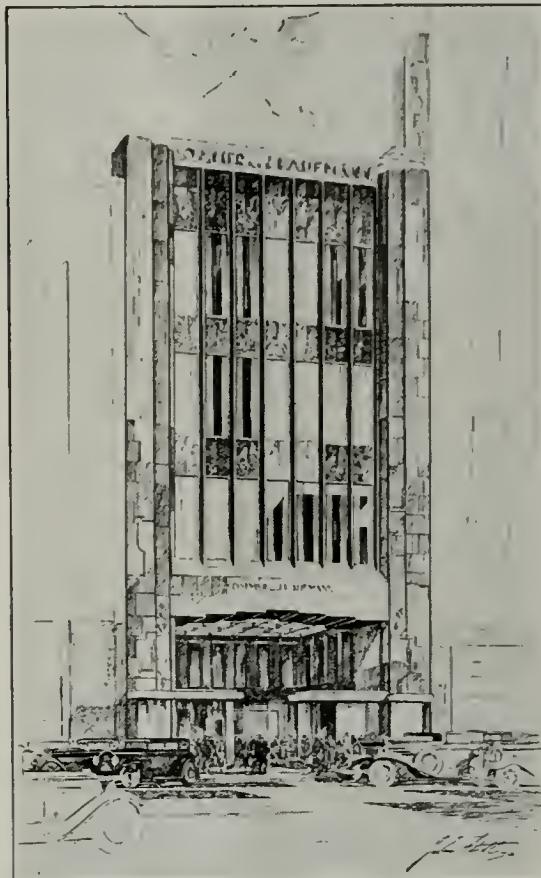
Here a little Vidor,
There a sister act.
Do we get the houses?
(You ask about the houses?
The big-time, first-run houses?
Why, man, we'll have 'em packed.)
We'll line 'em up for kilos,
We'll stand 'em by the hour.
Drag in a tap-dance duo
And a damsel in a shower;
Drag in the meat and mushrooms
And hear our rivals squeal;
Get a come-on title:
Sex Appeal.

Ufa all the angles,
Hoke up all the plot;
Never mind a story,
(What the hell's a story?
We don't need a story,
With the sets we've got.)
Get a load of Chaplin,
Steal Van Sternberg's tricks—
But take it slow and easy,
Art don't go with hicks.
Shoot a color sequence,
Buy an author's name,
Get some nifty paper:
Lore and Shame.

Thousands for the wardrobe,
Thousands for the lights;
Get some cussin' dialogue,
(You know what makes dialogue;
Give 'em dirty dialogue
And some bawdy sights.)
Buy away some stage-stars,
And a manimy song;
Take stuff from ten directors,
And we can't go wrong.
Go and shoot the works, kid;
Never mind expense—
Our name will put it over:
Blintz presents . . .

—N. H.

838 MARKET ST.



OPEN AGAIN TO SERVE YOU ~

But now with five floors of footwear, embracing nine individual, specialized shops of charm and intimacy . . . each interpreting an original expression of America's new contemporary art . . . each offering a beautiful collection of the newest footwear modes, in all the greatest collection of entirely new footwear ever assembled in San Francisco.

SOMMER & KAUFMANN

838 MARKET ST

Our 119 Grant Avenue Shop is presenting an advanced showing of higher priced footwear modes.

ONCE again the eyes of the yachting fraternity of the country and the world turn toward California and the Pacific Coast as twelve trim, sea-going cruisers prepare for the four hundred seventy mile race from Long Beach to San Francisco which is being held in conjunction with the Second Annual Pacific Coast Boat Show scheduled for the Civic Auditorium April 23 to 30.

Sir Thomas Lipton, dean of yachtsmen, has again posted a thousand dollar trophy to be awarded the winner of this contest, the longest open ocean race held anywhere in this country.

Arthur N. McCrate, whose cruiser *Zoa* won the race last year, has entered the cruiser *Hermana* which flies the burgee of the Long Beach Yacht Club of which McCrate is commodore. Although the Long Beach Yacht Club is scarcely a year old, it has already proven itself to be composed of hardened yachtsmen, as six other members are pledged to race their commodore up the coast. These are Ken Taylor, Allan Johnson, W. C. Bilsborough, Charles Camp, and Dr. Francis J. Schefick.

THE construction of boats, often a mystery to the layman, will be featured in the coming exposition. A wide range of boats from outboard runabouts and trim sailing dinghies and canoes to large-sized sloops and lean

Boats and Boating

by NORMAN A. HARRIS

cruisers will be shown. These sailing dinghies—a paradise of fun for any youngster—are ideal for use at summer homes on the lake or river and may be had for even less than a hundred dollars. thus bringing the sport of sailing, with its excellent training in discipline and self-reliance, within the reach of thousands of families having lively boys. There will also be Cub boats, 18-footers that carry a jib and mainsail and have an open cockpit with seating capacity of six to eight people. Next in line for size and cost is a 24-foot, 6-inch sloop that has two transom berths and space for galley.

Special interest is attached to the Baby Bird, a 25-foot sloop designed and built by the United Ship Repair Company. This craft, a little sister to the popular Bird class boats, is finished completely with galley and lavatory accommodations, as well as transom berths, and provides almost as much cruising convenience as many larger yachts yet it is priced under the two thousand mark. Next in size and popularity come the Bird boats of which the Widgeon, Murray Foster's new boat recently launched, is one. These boats are almost as fast as the R's—strictly racing craft—yet have cruising accommodations which make

them ideal as a family boat. So much for sail boats.

Among the cruisers to be shown is a 22-foot craft shipped down from Seattle that represents just about the maximum power boat possible at the lowest cost as it is priced considerably under two thousand. The Nunes "36" to be shown may be powered with either gasoline or Diesel engines at the option of the owner. It has long and racy lines that place it almost in a class by itself. It was designed by Capt. Garland Rotch who was ship-wrecked in 1916 on the Gulf of Mexico where he and his crew of five men drifted on a raft for six days and twelve hours before being sighted and rescued by a windjammer. Incidentally a letter written by Capt. Rotch to his mother immediately after being picked up, and in which he relates his experiences in considerable detail, has been printed in booklet form for distribution at the Show.

A complete line of Johnson boats and motors and several beautiful models of Dee Wite runabouts powered with inboard motors, will be shown by B. H. Hebbgen. These little runabouts are probably the greatest forward step taken by the industry to bring the sport of motor boating within the reach of the public as they are priced as low as ten hundred and fifty dollars delivered at San Francisco.



If asked—would you come?

If we extended to you a real friendly invitation to step aboard this trim runabout powered with an inboard motor just like the high powered speed boats that scurry across the bay like a baby chick startled by the shadow of a swooping hawk—would you come?

Yes? Come along then; this is your invitation.

Dee Wite runabouts
powered with in-
board motors, are
priced down to
\$1050 f.o.b. San
Francisco and may
be purchased on
convenient terms if
desired.

at the
**BOAT
SHOW**

B·H·HEBGEN
COMPANY, LTD.
Marine Specialties
326 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO



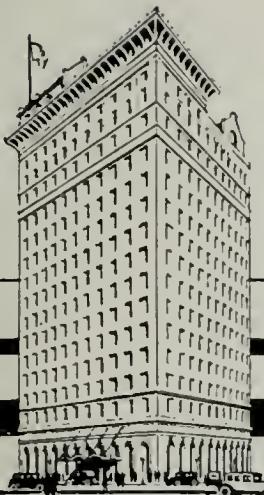
at the
**BOAT
SHOW**

**Get Your
Boy
a Baby
Bird**

If you love to see that youngster of yours smiling happy—if you want to see him grow staunch and true to the best that is in him take him sailing in a Baby Bird. For the Baby Bird is all boat, every inch of its timbers, yet it is large enough for a full-grown man to sail. And, best of all, it is priced low for thoughtful fathers to buy for their boys.

**United Ship Repair
COMPANY**

272 Steuart Street, San Francisco



A little more comfort... a little less cost.
Suites now being offered at desirable residential rates.

THE
CLIFT
GEARY AT TAYLOR STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

Also operated by
FREDERICK C. CLIFT,

EL
MIRASOL
in a garden of
SANTA BARBARA

Molly Merkley

ORDWAY 0703
1885 Vallejo St.
San Francisco

Stylist

Random Impressions

Continued from page 23

enough appearing to be a school marm!"
An anemic gentleman presents a rose

Father Christmas and a Tongue Sandwich

ELEVEN at night after one of Millay's lectures in San Francisco

We are in an interesting old house. Moonlight spills into the kingdom of a veritable Father Christmas—patron of all whose favoured subjects are rare folios, paintings and impassive Buddas

In one corner of a long room vermillion lacquer carvings topple against golden screens. One is reminded of Judith Gautier's fantastic home in Paris. But jeweled trees, monkeys and flaming caws are absent. Cool cinder-blue paintings, one feels, discourage too much oriental exoticism.

Millay relaxes. She is deep among wine coloured cushions. Beside her are ming horses, odd netsukes and piles of first editions. Her daffodil gown is almost hidden by an intricately embroidered Chinese robe. Small hands toy languidly with a cigarette... green eyes alert.

Poetry enshrined graciously receives the homage of flowers, brocades and fine printing. A drawing by Sidney Joseph interests. Our host exhibits at this nocturnal bazaar two resplendent head-dresses. Pom-poms and delicate jade flowers.

"That is a beautiful thing but St. Denis preferred the beady, more theatrical, one—yet I did not give it to her," remarks our master of ceremonies, reluctantly.

"Oh!" is the immediate exclamation. "I prefer that one, too," putting it firmly on her head. "Indeed it becomes me very well—don't you think so?"

The dryad is pleased. Knowing eyes peer out from behind jingling ornaments. There is a sigh of feminine satisfaction.

She is still very tired. A veritable Sheba, we carry her, chair and all, in to supper.

"Of course, being a dryad, I should eat nuts and leaves and things—but I do like tongue sandwiches!"

Thin fingers circle an amber goblet. Lips propose a toast.

"To prohibition, it gives us such fearfully good whiskey."

And then she tells quickly, brilliantly of the spell of Yeats, of Jeffers, of India and of sonnets and Beethoven until cockerow.

Snapdragons in Snowcrystals

WE HAVE been dancing in the dim ballroom. Millay is wearing a fascinating dress. Seemingly it is made of hundreds of tiny vari-patterned laces

The World Famous

Ambassador

Los Angeles

Miss Mary Garden
in one of a large number of unsolicited comments by world famous celebrities, writes:

"Why live elsewhere when the Ambassador, the most beautiful hotel in the world, is here!"

No hotel in the world offers more varied attractions... superb 27-acre Park, with miniature golf course, open-air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club and Archery Ranges. Motion picture theater and 35 smart shops within the hotel.

Famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing nightly.

Write for Chef's Cook Book of California Recipes

BEN L. FRANK
MANAGER

33



CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

Affiliated with the University of California

Chestnut and Jones Streets
San Francisco
Telephone GRaystone 2500

SUMMER SESSION

June 23 to August 1, 1930

Professional and teachers' courses in Painting, Drawing, Sculpture, Design and Crafts.

Call or write for Catalogue
Lee F. Randolph, Director

Journalistic Dynamite

Continued from page 9

to the Board of Supervisors from the Sixth District. He had not, as King quickly pointed out, even been a candidate for the office from the named ward. His "election" had been accomplished by the gentle, old-fashioned art of ballot box stuffing. Casey, moreover, it was presently revealed, had served time in Sing Sing before coming to California—a fact King promptly seized upon and incorporated in his election stories. This, it must be remarked, was anything but an ethical thing to do. Casey was disposed to view the election charge as an open issue, but he deeply resented publication of his prison record. On the afternoon of May 14, 1856, he visited King's office to inform him of his attitude in the matter, and after some parley left the premises. As King was leaving his office that evening, Casey stepped up and shot him, inflicting a chest wound from which King died after lingering for several days.

Organization of the far famed Second Vigilance Committee was complete and its armed will imposed upon San Francisco within thirty-six hours of King of William's wounding. His death occurred on May 20th; his funeral was held on May 22nd. By that date, the Vigilance Committee had seized Casey and Cora,

had tried and found them guilty of the murder of their respective victims. On the day of King's funeral they were hung in public and in view of all who cared to witness the deed.

But all this was not accomplished without considerable opposition, formally embodied in the Law and Order party. John Nugent's *Herald* was spokesman for this faction and Nugent denounced the Vigilantes as demagogues, seeking to capitalize and bring glory upon themselves through a situation that had arisen largely through their own selfishness, carelessness and greed. The Vigilante was headed by leading merchants, importers, exporters and manufacturers of the young city. Fully 90% of the organization's membership was drawn from the ranks of small shopkeepers, tradesmen or professional people or the employees of such enterprises. It was these very people, Nugent pointed out, who had always been so busy with business and the making of fortunes that they had never had time for civic affairs, and even begrimed the time to vote. Profits were sacred and always came before jury duty, and to escape from this any flimsy, absurd excuse had served. Why now wail and make such an almighty, melodramatic fuss?

For Nugent to take this stand—subsidy or no subsidy—required conviction

and courage. The heads of the Vigilance Committee were heavy advertisers in *The Herald*. What Nugent had to say, the manner in which he said it moved these gentlemen to wrath and revenge. Among the first resolutions drafted by the Committee was one in which its members, who were advertisers in or subscribers to *The Herald*, pledged themselves to withdraw their patronage. Against this resolution, William T. Coleman, President of the Second Vigilance Committee, took a vigorous stand. But his fellow officials were in no mood to give ear to his arguments for the right of the paper to state its convictions. The resolution was unanimously passed; the advertising and subscriptions were withdrawn. The next issue of *The Herald* was half its usual size and on the same day an overwrought mob gathered on Front street and made a bonfire of the paper. On its part, *The Herald* held to its policies throughout the six months' rule of the Vigilance Committee and managed to safely weather the storm. In time and with the return of calm thought, it regained its former prestige and size and even most of the advertisers who had so dramatically deserted it.

As to *The Bulletin*, it was edited, for some years by James King of William's brother, Thomas King, who was by no means the journalist or crusader that his



The Ambassador

The Ambassador Hotel is representative of everything that the finest hostelry can be in location... charm... excellence of menus and service... A roster of its guests is never without one or more names of celebrities of the old world and the new. It is in the social center on one of the world's most famous thoroughfares . . .

PARK AVENUE AT 51st ST., NEW YORK
ATLANTIC CITY · PALM BEACH · LOS ANGELES

Charge
it at

H. LIEBES & CO.
GRANT AVE. AT POST

H. Liebes & Co. is proud to be able to offer to its discriminating clientele

Chocolate Creations
by Kratz

A confection of rarest delicacy whose exquisite subtleties of flavor place them far above all ordinary candies

Gift Packages . . . 2.50 and up

brother had been. The paper led a more or less indefinite existence until Fremont Older assumed charge of its destinies in the 1890's—or was it with the opening of the century?—and it again became a force to strike terror into the hearts of questionable politicians, saloon and gambling house keepers, and, on one hand, to glorify publicity seeking partisans and, on the other hand, to confound them. With the desertion of Older for gaudier fields of endeavor, *The Bulletin* again languished sadly. Lately, as the reader will recall, the paper has again come under Older's direction to enter new fields of usefulness, to survive merely as a name, or, perchance, to complete the cycle of its first purpose and methods.

The Crusaders

Continued from page 10

the blue table. There was no sign of a scuffle, yet, there was something red on the tile floor near the rear where a door led to the kitchen.

"What's that?" shouted the Count.

"What's what?"

"It looks like blood!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Don't be silly! That's not blood! My servant left me . . . and I . . . I'm not quite well enough to do house work . . . It is some catsup that was spilled last night."

"Catsup?"

"To be sure!"

"But what's become of my pal?"

She looked at the open French window with Russian trimmings and Persian curtains and Chinese bamboo ornaments. She actually smiled. Such obvious individuality puzzled the Count.

"Out with it! Where's my pal?"

"Perhaps he went out after breakfast. Just a little stroll, maybe?"

"Say . . . just before I came in here . . . I heard some one call for help! It was his voice!"

"He was not calling for help!"

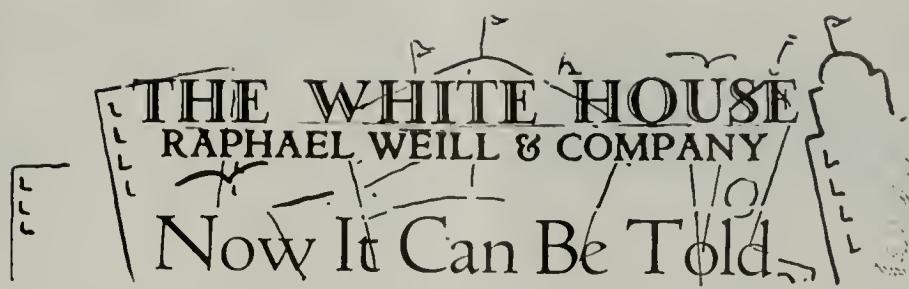
The Skipper appeared at the French window . . . walked in . . . took a strip of crisp bacon from the plate at the table, placed it between thin slices of toast, then sauntered out, as indifferent as Adolphe Menjou in "A Woman of Paris." The Count displayed his agitation but the fragile blonde seemed not to hear, in fact she seemed as unreal, unnatural, artificial as a wax model in the display window of the Emporium . . . and just as charming.

"He's a poet!" she exclaimed, removing part of her flimsies and revealing and displaying the charms of her possessions.

The Count ran after his long-legged pal. He pulled him back into the breakfast room.

"Are you all tight?"

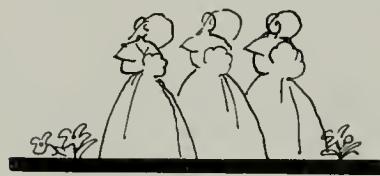
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What marvelous luck to be a 1930 bride! And why, the serious-minded will inquire, should one season's bride be more fortunate than another's? Well, of course, we admit our viewpoint is entirely that of the fashion-minded . . . we're thinking of the trousseau, if the truth be told. The possibilities for a picture wedding are more fruitful than ever this year.



Never was there a more graceful fashion era than the one which directly influences our own . . . that of the Empire. A Directoire period bride is quite the most delectably-costumed one that our mind can picture. Perhaps we are slightly prejudiced by the several Empire wedding gowns we have just seen. Highly formal, and the height of femininity, too . . . one in smooth-as-cream satin, and the same creamy shade, with quaint double-puff sleeves, a waistline that couldn't possibly be higher, and a gracious train falling from the shoulders.



An even more demure style is in white taffeta (the dead white that is the majority favorite at all height-of-fashion evening gatherings,) with very full short puff sleeves, and demure rounded neckline with gathered insert of lace. This would be charming on the very young bride.

And, of course, what is a bride without bridesmaids? Since organdie, both plain and eyelet embroidered, has all the prestige of silk this season, added to its own youthful charms, and since it is so

flattering to all types, why not an old fashioned bouquet of bridesmaids in organdie? The bewitching collection both in The Little Shop and the Better Dress Shop will do much toward making up your mind.

If you start out a Directoire bride you will want to carry on with a travel costume whose chief characteristic, be it suit or coat, will be a graceful cape. For motor trip or train there is no wiser nor smarter choice than a new lacey tweed suit, particularly if it be one of the famous Sweetinburgh, or Forstmann & Huffmann weaves that distinguish our collection. They come in true bride's colors, too . . . Peach Moon . . . Spring Blue . . . Azure Moon . . . Sun Blush . . . Lilac Moon . . . Jade Moon . . . Redbird . . . Primrose Moon . . . a regular honeymoon collection of soft pastels



With this the soft, silky coat of lapin makes an admirable traveling companion . . . in fact, it is nearly as necessary as a groom for a correct wedding in the 1930 manner. More formal is the sleek coat of burnished galyac, and with that, a printed silk, patterned in the small, close figures of the Directoire period on a dark background. In either case a brimmed hat, shallow crowned, framing, but not covering the face, is right, in linen weave straw.

Today's bride scorns to be anything but practical in her luggage. But just because she prefers one compact piece to innumerable others does not mean that her wardrobe is sacrificed. She simply chooses that one piece with a wise regard for compactness and concentrated smartness. In other words, her traveling trousseau is packed in a Wardrobe Hatbox . . . light as a suit case . . . ample as a trunk.

And having carried out this program she is just as much a White House bride as she is a Directoire bride!



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"Certainly, my dear Count, certainly!"

"Don't say: my dear Count . . . Say, didn't I hear you call for help?"

"Certainly not! Certainly not! I've never felt better in all my life!"

"Oh, yes! I remember now! He did call for help!" interrupted the young woman.

"What?"

"My dear young lady! You are a very charming hostess! A very beautiful young lady . . . and I DO love you, already! But I did not call for help!"

"And I say you did!" shouted the Count, enraged.

"Yes, you did!"

"Both of you must have been dreaming."

"Dreaming! Say, Skipper . . . I repeat: I distinctly heard you call for help!"

"Yes, he was laughing as though he would collapse . . . and he repeatedly cried: Help! Help! This is too much for me! Help! God help me, I can't stop laughing!"

"What!" The young Count thought of all the novels he had ever read . . . but in none of them was there a situation like this one . . . and therefore, because of its uniqueness, he felt there was something unnatural about it . . . perhaps it was the goofy house and the artificial looking blonde.

"Oh, yes! She's right! That was it! Ha, ha, ha!"

Was that like Des Eseintes, in A Rebours? or the Englishman who managed the rubber plantation in W. Somerset Maugham's The Letter? or like the Scotland Yard Englishman in Behind That Curtain by Earl Derr Biggers? It was like none of them . . . was this man he had called pal, human?

"So that's it, uhng?"

"She had tried to hire laborers to take down that old unsightly cross . . . but they were all too superstitious . . . then we came along and now she wants us to get it down for her! Did you ever hear of anything so funny in all your life?"

"And you call that funny?"

"Go on . . . eat your breakfast . . . I can't miss this glorious view of the dawn over San Francisco bay," said the Skipper, adjusting his monocle.

"He's a poet!" exclaimed the fragile blonde.

"Yeah, he's a poet!" growled the Count.

"It was marvelous to see him yanking at that rope . . . just think of it! Not once did he drop his monocle!"

"Aw . . . the coffee's cold!" growled Count Theodore August Heinrich Lichspiel-Hoffmann von Schmaltzhausen, thinking of The Great Gabbo.



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AS SEEN BY HER

APRII is a month of "discoveries" or is it just that Spring sharpens one's enjoyment of what would otherwise be mere observations. At any rate there is a zest to the things first noticed on these clear, earthy-odored days when the air is pregnant with new growth.

I don't know why I didn't discover the French Shop at Hale's before. The last few days when I have tried to flaunt my "discovery" in the face of friends, I am met with discouraging surprise—their surprise at my not knowing before that original gowns by Worth, Patou and other leading French designers were to be found in this ivory alcove on the third floor of Hale's. Some of my smartest friends have long been patrons of this charming shop where adorable replicas of models by "the" designers are offered for next to nothing and where originals are actually within reach.

Then there are the new gloves at the Frank Werner Slipper Salon! They

actually don't need cleaning! Can you imagine? They're called "wearclean"—at first I was skeptical of trusting too much in a name—but after wearing a pair a week my faith in Santa Claus has returned.

It is nice to know a place where you can return every day or two and find new, unusual things. I think Joseph the florist, must sit up nights thinking of quaint gifts and flower novelties.

HAVE you stopped in at the Terrace Hand Garden Shop, 1137 Douglas avenue, Burlingame? I was there a day or two ago for a chat with Frances Breeze and to see Miriam Pringle's charming murals. It made my finger nails fairly itch for nice black loam and time to garden.

That same day, before returning to the city, I happened to pass Ida Clemens' shop and picked up the most adorable sports outfit I have found this year. I couldn't resist poaching in Burlingame territory.

After watching several friends be remodeled to fit their "poured in" frocks I decided to give Julia Johnson, the Swedish masseuse, a chance at a few of my superfluous curves. I emerged feeling like a new woman, chin up, feeling sleek as a cat, firmly convinced that Julia Johnson deserves a place on my personal upkeep budget.

And speaking of new ideas in personal maintenance, I have discovered that I can play golf and go yachting and do all types of strenuous outdoor sports and not worry about my hands so long as I have an appointment with Carrick and Peterson for a special hand and arm treatment afterwards.

Whether or not you have a son or a little brother, you can't help but be intrigued by the new Boys' Apparel Shop in the Fairmont. Their trig suits and dapper accessories make one feel that youth is a special virtue where masculine clothes are concerned.

The men have their special innings also at Sommer and Kaufman's splendid new Market street store. The hunting lodge, closed to women after the formal opening, looks more like a club rendezvous than a shoe shop.

Of course you have visited the new Sommer and Kaufman building, but I wonder if you were not so engrossed in the glorious modern interior that you missed the delightful imported slippers from France, Germany, Czechoslovakia and way points in the damask-lined Slipper Salon. If so, take the first opportunity to return—after all the store is the largest exclusive shoe store in the United States and its real reputation is based on shoes.

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The Book Doctor

Continued from page 22

bright and the dark," and by opposing the sorrows of existence with the flaccid weapon of meekness.

Taking his start from a play by Terence, Mr. Wilder, after a meteorological induction, woos us with the story of the unrequited love of Chrysis the Greek hetaira for the handsome Pamphilus, and the dilemma of this young man, torn between the marriage arranged by his clan and a truculent fidelity to the lowly girl Glycerium whom he has loved to her hurt. Death solves all dilemmas, and the tale ends with another weather report for the Mediterranean and the Holy Land.

Mr. Wilder does not need a kind word from this reviewer to hold his readers. What exasperates is that his wisdom and his writing gifts go only to feed a pale flame. His creations are as pure of line and as flawless as pagan statuary—and as lifeless.

Prescribed

"Whan that Aprille with hisse shoures
soote—" The prescribed pilgrimage for
this month is, naturally enough, to THE
CANTERBURY TALES; and one could do no
better than renew the fellowship of the
Tabard Inn and wend the road again in
company with Geoffrey Chaucer, the
most vigorous and human man of his
day. If reading the old dialect interferes
with your delight in these wise and
merry tales, there are several modernized
versions, of which the best is by John
S. P. Tatlock and Percy MacKaye, one a
scholar and the other a poet. The book
is published by Macmillan and fancifully
illustrated by Warwick Goble.

Diagnosis

"THE GREAT MEADOW," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Full, rich narrative of the pioneers who opened up the Blue Grass country.

"SCHWEIK: THE GOOD SOLDIER," by Jaroslav Hasek. The book that laughed the Czech troops into mutiny against their Austrian overlords.

"EXILE," by Warwick Deeping. It seems there was a fine, wholesome English girl named Billy Brown—
"LINCOLN," by Emil Ludwig. Honest Abe through foreign eyes.

"THE SUBTLE TRAIL," by Joseph Gallomb. Another adventure of that sensitive sleuth, the Goldfish.

"GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT," by Robert Graves. A poet at Armageddon.

"THE INCOMPLETE MARINER," by Leonard H. Nelson. Three sea stories, of which the best by far is "Hunger."

"BYRON," by Andre Maurois. What drives a man to become a romantic hero, write "Manfred," and die fighting for Greece?

"RA-TA-PLAN—!" by Dorothy Ogburn. Horrors at a house-party.

"SAINT UDO," by Richard L. Masten. A faintly ironical tale of Medieval Italy when sin was sin.

"MR. MULLINER SPEAKING," by P. C. Wodehouse. The Laugh of the Month.

"ORPHAN OF ETERNITY," by Carl Heinrich. Attempts to be naughty, satirical, and Cabellaisian.



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Going West to the East

Continued from page 28

"The Integration of the American Women into the Life of Her Day" The people of Japan are eager to learn about American women and their place in the world, as voting citizens. Serious groups of three, four and five thousand people will listen breathlessly to Americans who will discuss the evolution of American women in society. They want to understand the "foreign" woman, to study and analyze her and her contribution to the betterment of life, and the effect her emancipation has had on her influence in the home, in business and in politics.

. . . The Japanese people already recognize the fact that Japan is not a successful colonizer. At the moment the country is directing its energy toward economic success and an extensive study of its own land. Experiments are being tried in Hokkaido, to the north, in establishing dairies and in the making of cheeses and other dairy products, the growing of fruits and vegetables not native to Japan, to the end that the Japanese diet may be more varied.

. . . The Art of Japan shows the invasion of industrialism and reveals the fact that the Japanese are today making many things for foreign trade with which, mark you, they are not cluttering up their own houses.

China I can speak only in a fractional way, so vast is the country, so varied are its interests and so different from the Occident is it in its approach to life.

. . . China is less a unit than its sister country of the Orient, forgetting mechanical, economic progress in an almost anguished effort to take hold of the machinery of modern government as exemplified by the United States. Its 400,000,000 of people go back in their history beyond the years of Augustus, Romulus and Remus and King Solomon.

. . . The many difficulties of the spoken dialects and the common written language are considered by the Chinese as no greater a problem than the fact that through the western hemisphere numerical figures are common to everyone though they bear different names in French, German, English or Italian.

. . . The Occident ought to be as good as the principles it has taught in China. It cannot, in many instances, understand Chinese secretiveness and love of peace, the outward expression of a philosophy more than 4000 years old. Time and educational opportunity are required to develop a unified Chinese government and to do away with the unemployment problem.

. . . The slow adjustment of the Chinese mind to the uses and possibilities



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of western technical appliances is both comic and tragic. The American agents install mechanical apparatus, such as Hoover sweepers, only to find that the owners have no interest in keeping them in condition, but let the bearings burn out cheerfully and then lay aside the device as a failure. Their minds are fixed on abstract ideas rather than efficiency methods.

. . . The Oriental thinks back so far beyond western civilization that his very symbols are different. To him the dragon and the serpents are objects to worship, not to be shunned and feared, as in the Occident. He reverses many of our customs. For example, the Chinese bride is decked in scarlet and crimson while the average American has entirely different associations with those colors, perhaps bullfights and scarlet fever. A Chinese funeral is attended with deafening sounds, not with the silence which accompanies Occidental sorrow.

. . . When people ask me, "What do you think of China," I must reply in Yankee fashion, "What do you have in your mind by which to judge China?" Opinion is of little worth until there is some sound judgment. The thoughtful Chinese believe that if they can be given time they can work out a solution to their problems of government, economic independence and national education.



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Solder Hires a Carriage

Continued from page 17

carried on a litter into a building I protest I protest I continue to protest, but more weakly, when I notice how very pretty is the soeur who is assisting the surgeon to dress my wounds. I can see her yet, such eyes, and a dimple in the chin,—a figure! Even in the ugly white gown she has the proportions of a "Venus." Solder shook his head at the remembrance. "But the antiseptics, I smell them still, the gauze, the cotton, the glittering instruments,—it is all too much. Then, Mesdames, Monsieurs, would you believe, this does not suffice!" Again he arose, and with a gesture worthy of Mounet-Sully, continued: "My clothing is removed, I am bathed not once but twice in steaming waters, then I am put to bed between white sheets such as I have not known for years. I am afraid to ask questions. It is better to accept the situation with fortitude; also I am very tired. Perhaps it is all a dream. I wink at the pretty soeur; she winks back; I sleep.

"In the morning I am again washed; shaved and told to arise and dress. Clean clothing is given me; only my old boots remain from my wardrobe of yesterday. I breakfast and am led to a small room and told to wait. A man comes in, motions me to a chair, and himself sits down. He talks; I listen, but only half understand. At least I realize that he offers me five hundred francs to settle my claims against the omnibus company for the injuries I have sustained in yesterday's accident. I am magnanimous; I accept. Soft for Solder, eh!"

"Good and soft," we cried. Our laughter was interrupted by the patron, who with a worried look on his face was beckoning Solder into the bar. "Mais que veux tu?" he said impatiently. "Speak out, man, what is it you want? Who needs my services? Madame Duval? She is in trouble? A burst pipe? I regret. I am *désolé*. Tell Madame I have the migraine. I cannot come. It is impossible. One does not mend pipes on such a night; on such a night in Spring!"

"*Tu a raison*, Solder," said one of the girls. "but now we drive; come, we powder the nose, we get the wraps; Solder shall lead the way and make the great selection."

We left Pierre's, Solder with a girl on each arm, Baba and I followed. We walked to the Place Clichy where the incomparable Jean Batiste awaited us. The usual dickering between Frenchmen took place. Finally matters were arranged to their mutual satisfaction. We climbed into the fiacre, the

Continued to next page

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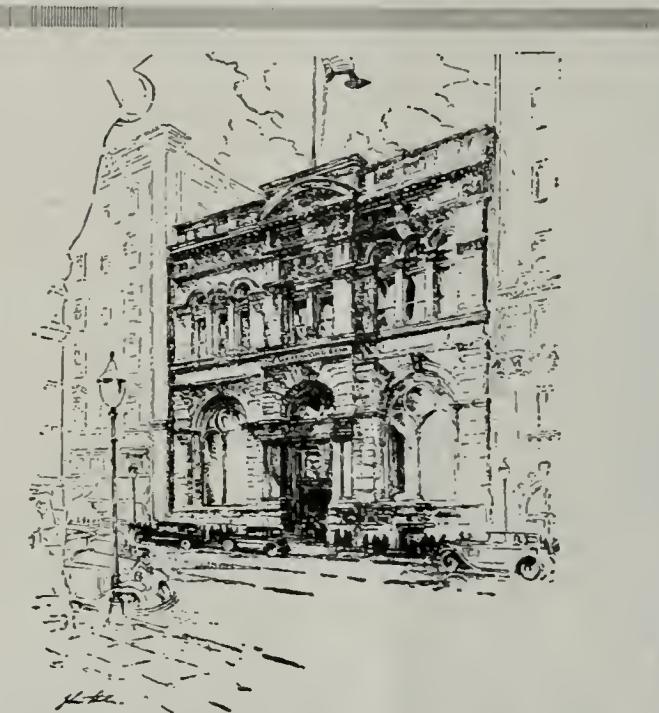
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swiftest in all Paris. We were ready to start; the four of us on the back seat, our feet resting on the small one opposite. Great farewells took place,—kisses, handshakes,—one might have thought us enroute to America. At last the whip was cracked, our race horse started. We were so tightly packed we hardly felt the bumps as we rattled over the cobbles.

In turning the corner, we had one last look at Solder waving his hand. He loomed large and lonely in the lamp-light.

Defense of Extremists

Continued from page 14

hopes became realized actualities of American civilization.

Any man who is ambitious to achieve, whatever his chosen field, will do well to consider carefully before trying too hard to avoid being an extremist. In the long run, extreme views may help more than hinder him. If he goes into banking, for instance, let him visualize banking as a great instrument of help to all the people as well as the provider of a future for himself. Let him feel that banking is a profession the enriching influence of which has never been fully exercised in a world of commerce, industry—and human beings. Let him carry out with unvarying determination the ideals as well as the practicalities of his life's work.

If he should choose the ministry, for another instance, let him be not the, conservative puppet of a society pulpit but the challenging herald of a loftier code of life. With the zeal and ardor of an apostolic missioner he will perpetuate and enlarge human acceptance of the Faith that is not even sustained by priestly caterers to conventional ways of living.

Extremists can, of course, be wrong; but we may remember that whenever and wherever there is something momentous to accomplish it is generally the extremist who does it.

REVIEWING the situation, it appears that youth, more than any other part of society, is affected with the prevailing idea of avoiding extreme views in anything—is sold on the idea of taking life as a casual proposition. Many young people go about seeking the happy medium in every field of thought, in contra-distinction to the deluded extremist. By simulating analytical thinking they hope to exhibit to a world still handicapped by hidebound convictions their own surpassing erudition. Youth overlooks the fact that all the leaders of the human race have been extremists of one sort or another; is oblivious to the fact that the very system of education, by which it is afforded an opportunity



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to arrive at whatever views it has, was evolved through the zealous efforts of those who fought to overcome conservative resistance to the principle of public education.

Looking to the future, it is apparent that a reversal of the current trend, the raising of more and better extremists, might give us some genuine bigots in the crop. But a few bigots are more to be desired than what may be, intellectually speaking, a generation of listless nincompoops.

Random Impressions

Continued from page 31

that look like snow crystals. A curious necklace of diamonds and emeralds that belonged to Elinor Wylie is round her neck.

"I am simply mad about dancing . . . You know I had a variety of flowers to wear tonight but I left them in the bath tub . . . The poor things get so hot and droopy . . . Isn't the West amusing? . . . I long for the Maine coast . . . I saw daphne the first time in my life yesterday and in California! . . . A reporter in Texas told me she longed for the excitement and inspiration of another war . . . I simply exploded."

Dryads have the whipping fire of enraged snapdragons!

"I once wrote a novel called 'Hardy Guts.' Isn't that a swell title? But someone else used the same theme in a Neighborhood Playhouse show before it went to press. I was frightfully disappointed." The dryad looks up, the orchestra leader is paying more attention to the microphone than to his audience.

"How unspeakably rude that man is!" exclaims "herself" gathering a smart, deep blue cloak about her. "He seems quite indifferent to his visible patrons—forgetting us in his anxiety to please unseen admirers. Let us leave. I am affronted by his lack of manners!"

The snapdragon exits.

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Mina M. Sutherland

Police!



Woman (*rushing excitedly into police station*) ... Oh, oh! I've lost that beautiful platinum bracelet Elmer gave me for my birthday. What shall I do, please, sergeant?

Officer (*one of San Francisco's finest and shrewdest*) ... Now, my dear lady, don't lose your head, too. You run right over to the Examiner and tell the clerk at the Counter all about it. He'll fix up an ad for you that will probably get your bracelet back. Nearly everybody reads the Examiner, you know.

The Examiner's phone number, by the way, is SUtter 2424. East Bay, GLencourt 5442. You may phone your Want Ad. Main Office Third and Market Street

Spotlight

Continued from page 21

good that one scarcely remarked it. Only one member of the organization was known to San Francisco—Mme. Gadski. To its credit let it be said that it gave her nightly a splendid ovation. We expected to find that time had taken toll of her voice and it was even so. But the mark of time was more particularly upon her stage presence. Her high-heeled slippers, her Valkyrie gown with a train, her red marcelled wig—all bespoke the stage tradition of another day. One thing the motion picture has done for us is to make us critical of such details. Opera still clings to the incongruous more than any other form of stage art on the mistaken theory that music justifies everything. We had an example of this in the production of "The Masked Ball" by the Pacific Opera Association. The scene in the fortune teller's cave with its seeress tricked out in a Hallowe'en witch's costume turned the whole act into a Sabbath School cantata. It will be well for the producers of opera to realize that the eye of the public has been trained in this last decade much more than the ear. Music ridiculously clothed will be received with levity. This may be sad but it is true, and all the heroic singing of a daughter of Wotan cannot overrule a soubrette's wig or a train demanding a kick-back every ten steps.



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lounge on the sunning terrace. Below again, riders canter, golfers play the famous 18-hole course. Within, the hotel is keyed to the tastes of fastidious, interesting people...nightly concerts, galas, entertainments...also, lectures by Dan McGowan, naturalist, on the fascinating fauna and flora seen in the Canadian Rockies.

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80TH

CITY OF PARIS

ANNIVERSARY

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April 30th

This month, the City of Paris celebrates its 80th anniversary with a great store-wide sale . . . a sale so notable that it has become a tradition in San Francisco. This year it is more important than ever with larger collections . . . greater values . . . more timely offerings. Starting on April 30 and continuing through May 12, this sale fittingly crowns the eighty years of service which began in 1850 when young Felix Verdier opened the City of Paris as the first department store in San Francisco.

CITY of PARIS

1850 - 1930

THE GATEWAY TO BEAUTY

Why grow old when there are ways
to retard the relentless hand of Dame Age . . .
The rightful heritage of every woman is to be lovely—
and yet carelessness and neglect rob her of this—her
most cherished possession. The bloom of youth can be
preserved many years beyond the period when age be-
gins to exact its heaviest toll if a woman will seek
scientific advice and put forth the effort neces-
sary to the attainment of her goal . . . But
until May 1st where could a woman go for
a thoroughly scientific analysis of her
beauty requirements? Where could she
go to build up beauty from within as well
as by the aid of external treatments? . . . On

May 1st KAYA LAMA was opened on the fifth floor of the
Liebes Building here, in beautiful surroundings, a noted beauty specialist offers

the secret compositions of ancient Egypt and outlines treatments which represent the triumph
of youth over age, treatments which promise an indefinite postponement of age signs. Each woman
entering this luxurious salon is given a scientific analysis . . . Should the cause of her beauty woes lie within,
eminent doctors will be recom-

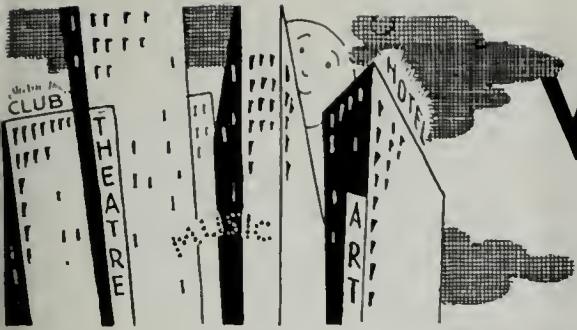
amination may be given and the **KAYA LAMA** mended that a thorough ex-
external beauty of form and face root of the evil checked—so that
beauty authority insists that diet, massage, exercise, posture and building up of general health are as necessary to personal
beauty as are creams, lotions and various applications. She emphasizes the fact that the wrong diet and insufficient exercise,
as well as ills of the mind, must be corrected before true beauty can exist. Through the assistance of a noted physical cultur-
ist and through scientific treatments given in KAYA LAMA, excess fat is reduced while health is guarded. If a woman is under-
weight, her body is built up and nourished into loveliness. For dry, sallow or oily skins there are individual treatments that
correct the cause. Hands that show age, necks and chins that have been allowed to show the effect of years are brought back to
youth . . . The beauty secrets of ages lie back of the treatments given. Methods of restoring and keeping beauty that have been
practiced for centuries—ever since woman first looked into a mirror and saw the first wrinkle—all have been studied—all have
contributed to the knowledge which, combined with recent scientific discoveries, is now at your command . . . And all in ex-
quisite surroundings. Entering the salon, you pass through a gorgeous gateway that symbolizes the ideal of KAYA LAMA—
the “gateway to Beauty.” In the reception room large clusters of lights in each corner shed a colored glow on the scene—
a glow that changes with the time of day and the psychological reaction of the visitor. From this sumptuous salon you
go into the treatment rooms where there is the atmosphere of ancient Egypt. There are rooms with couches for rest
and relaxation and there are powerful sun lamps and ultra violet ray lights to stimulate and revivify. Beyond all
these you find the ultra modern office, symbol of scientific efficiency. The entire setting of this temple, dedicated
to beauty, has been created by Arthur Mills of the Berry studios who has interpreted the spirit of oldtime Egypt
in modern adaptation. The rich hangings, the colors, the lights all are modern in feeling though recreating
an atmosphere of the palaces along the Nile where women preserved and cared for their beauty centuries
ago . . . The beauty authority who has inspired KAYA LAMA presents unique and remarkable cos-
metics that are truly products of worthy and ancient lineage. Mysterious in composition and com-
pounded of the rarest, purest, most penetrating oriental oils and herbs, there is unbelievable
“magic” in every antiquated porcelain jar. It is most interesting to learn that these creams
are waxless—which means clean, contracted pores and a delightfully smooth skin tex-
ture after their use. The coming months will prove that KAYA LAMA is truly a
gateway to beauty. Physical plainness can be transformed into enticing, lasting
beauty by learning the subtle art which is transmitted to you when you
enter KAYA LAMA. In the reassuring atmosphere of this magnificent
TEMPLE OF PERPETUAL BEAUTY one senses the fulfillment
of all that is promised . . . Through the far-reaching
plan of this beauty authority, future
improvement of muscle support is
inevitable for every cell and tissue of the
skin is revitalized and rejuvenated.

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WHERE TO



MUSIC

May 1: The San Francisco Kiwanis Singers, 8:30; J. Paget Fredericks, Solo Dance Concert, 9.
May 12: Byrde Therese Convery, Dramatic and Musical Recital, 8:30.
May 15: Kathryne Julye Myers, Harp Recital, 8:30.
May 20: Harry Cykman (7-year-old violinist) 8:15; Stradivarius Quartet, every Thursday evening at 8:15, and Sunday afternoons at 3; Mills College (in its second season of Chamber Music).

THE SCREEN

California: "The Song of The Flame," featuring Alice Gentle, Noah Beery, Bernice Claire and Alexander Grey; Dolores Del Rio and Edmund Lowe will also be seen in "The Bad One"—very bad, indeed, they say!

Granada: "Show Girl in Hollywood," Alice White and Jack Mulhall depict the dilemma of a show girl in the movie colony.

St. Francis: "Paramount on Parade," an all-Paramount cast; "The Big Pond" will also be shown with Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert.

Fox: "Caught Short," Marie Dressler supported by Polly Moran, Anita Page and Charles Morton.

Orpheum: "Cuc Koos," Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, the world's greatest comedy team.

Embassy: "Hold Everything," Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown. (Hilarious! Delirious! Uproarious! Held over by popular demand.)

Warfield: "Rogue Song"—leaves you breathless with passion, beauty, and fun. Lawrence Tibbett, Catherine Dale Owen and cast of 500.

DINING AND DANCING

The Palace: Unsurpassed foods, served in an atmosphere of warmth and color.

St. Francis: A landmark not to be forgotten for hospitality extended to the guests within its portals.

The Fairmont: It is here where the stranger feels at home.

Mark Hopkins: Its doors open wide to all outside. To enter is but the fulfillment of the tourists' desires as to cuisine and service.

Sir Francis Drake: Afternoon teas in the lobby are quite the vogue.

The Courtyard: A breath of old California, within the heart of Chinatown.

Coppa's: Chicken portola served in cocoanut shells pleases the most discriminating.

Russian Tea Room: Unusual foods served in a manner that makes the guest linger a little longer over the demi tasse.

The Silver Slipper: Where good fellows make whoopee beneath entrancing lights.

Jacinto Mexican Grill: Where Mexican foods are eatable without the tang of spices that burn the palate.

Russell's: Foods that delight, served in a way that pleases.

Solaris: A place that is known for its cordiality.

The Lido: Where dull care is thrown to the winds.

Post Street Cafeteria: For those who seek the best—where time and service count.

THE STAGE

Alcazar: George Henry Trader, who has just returned from Australia, where he went to play his role of the father in "Pigs" and also to act in "The Perfect Alibi," "Laugh That Off," and "Kempy," will be seen in the production of "Hell's Bells," the farce comedy that opens here May 4th. Florence Roberts takes the part of the landlady of the small town hotel, while Jap Stillson, the other mining prospector, will be played by Leo Lindhard.

Columbia: "Hi-There," the first intimate revue to be entirely built in San Francisco, promises much in addition to placing this city on the producing map. All the principals were brought here from New York several weeks ago and include Odette Myrtill, Ken Murray, Frank Beaston, Teddie Walters, Lester Vail, Billy Griffith, Steve Fagan, Royal Foster and Helen and Milton Charlston.

Curran: "New Moon," with Perry Askam and Josephine Houston, with company of 100, holds the stage at this theatre.

Capitol: Mei Lan-Fang, China's greatest actor, in two entirely new plays, "Teasing the School Master," and "The Tray and Sleeve Dance" from "Ma-ku's Birthday Offering."

President: "Mary's Other Husband," with the distinguished comedian Taylor Holmes—a carnival of laughter.

SPORTS

P. A. Track Meet: May 3rd, Kezar Stadium. California Inter-Collegiate: May 17th, at Stanford, Palo Alto.

Military Carnival: May 2-3-4 and 5, Presidio.

ART

Paul Elder: Water colors by Selden Connor Gile; Paintings and Textiles by Salome L. Johonnot.

Gumps: A collection of 18th and 19th century rugs will be shown May 5th to 17th, Persian, Turkish and Chinese, one of the outstanding Chinese rugs being a silk Throne Rug; also a picture rug taken from the Palace of the Forbidden City.

Galerie Beaux Arts: Dorr Bothwell, who for the past year has been living in Samoa, will exhibit oils, water colors and pastels April 30th to May 14th. Monday evening, May 5th, this artist will receive the public, giving an informal Samoan entertainment having the support of a few dancers who will interpret the Samoan dances. John Carroll of New York also exhibits an oil and sixteen drawings at this time in the main gallery.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: The Fifty-second Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association—national in scope, including invited works of art by leading contemporary artists of the East as well as a splendid representation of Western art.

East-West Gallery: Claire von Falkenstein exhibits of charcoals—colored crayons and watercolors, May 2nd to 16th.

ESTABLISHED 1852

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Post Street at Grant Avenue

San Francisco

TO THE EDITOR

I NOTE with sorrow, my dear editor, that in a recent review you mention Art Hickman, Paul Whiteman, Anson Weeks and others as great conductors whom San Francisco has produced and yet you entirely neglect to mention Walter J. Adams. It is just possible that your musical education stopped short of the point where you would have come across the interesting Adams, for Adams never rose above the level of the Barbary Coast during his musical days, though since his entry into the world of belles lettres he has gone far and will go farther.

Long before Hickman there was Adams with a one-man orchestra playing for one of the greatest medicine men in the business up and down the Golden State. Eureka nurtured Adams, all California was his playground, and now he is spending his declining years writing in Honolulu.

His autobiography appeared in a recent edition of the Honolulu Advertiser and since it was not copyrighted I presume you may reprint. It follows:

"On a dark and stormy night in the hamlet of Pittsburgh, Pa., was born the man who was later to be known as 'America's Boon to Journalism' or 'Where has that mug gone to now?'

"On that night (it was the 9th of November, 1892, a courtly Englishman of the old school was hastily summoned from the Dutchman's around the corner. He arrived wiping frost, or foam, from his carefully trimmed beard.

"He was greeted by a beaming nurse. 'Mr. Adams,' she said, 'the stork has arrived.'

"'Well,' the head of the house answered automatically, 'tell them to charge it. I haven't any change with me.'

"'I mean, Mr. Adams,' said the woman with an indulgent smile, 'you have a little son,' and therewith held up an object in her arms.

"Adams pere gave her a suspicious look. 'Where is he?' he demanded.

"'There's the little basket,' she replied with a meaning smile.

"'None of your wisecracks,' snapped the former Oxford don, 'after all, he is my son,' and the woman withdrew in confusion after a muttered apology that she had merely referred to the bassinet in which the infant had been placed and had meant nothing personal.

"The new father gazed long into his only child's pucker, but even at that age, handsome face. Then with a sigh he turned and went back to the Dutchman's around the corner. He was gone a week.

"Young Adams was shortly christened Walter James in honor of two members of the family who immediately filed suit, and an estrangement resulted which has lasted to this day. Soon he developed a strong tendency toward the arts, including music and journalism, and would spend hours at a time sleeping in any spot where he happened to be.

"Much could be told; did space permit, of his early youth; of his graduation from school and the resultant scandal and impeachment of the board of education; of his career as treasurer of a Musicians Union which ended when the books were unexpectedly audited one day; of his realization of the evils of the rum traffic when cash registers were introduced in a saloon in San Francisco in which he was employed as host, and of his works as a sports editor which was abruptly terminated when it was found he was learning something about sports.

"Space and public sentiment, however, do not permit, so we find him next a widely known citizen of Eureka, California. At this time a pronounced ability for eating, drink-

ing and playing the bass drum was noted in the young man. And with these talents he served his country during the late war.

"He entered the army after a three weeks' search by a posse in the Humboldt forest, where he was known as Nanook of the North, and immediately was awarded the grade of private. He emerged from the army without any loss of rank, and entitled to show on his service record the significant letters A.W.O.L.

"When a new sheriff was elected in Humboldt County young Adams decided to visit Honolulu. He arrived in Honolulu on the S. S. Lurline, much to the amazement of the ship's company. His services were immediately snapped up by a Honolulu newspaper and with his broom and dustpan he started his brilliant newspaper career.

"Almost at once he showed his genius as a deviser of labor-saving methods. He invented the 'I'm going out for a sandwich' scheme and the 'I'll be a little bit late today,' and the 'I'm out on a story' idea now universally in use. Patiently he pitted his wits against those of city editors until the perfect device was discovered: That is the column, entitled 'The Meal Ticket of "Doc" Adams.'

"This column, sparkling with time-tested humor, he still conducts in spite of the fact that envious fellow workers stole his shears and paste and destroyed all available copies of Life, Judge, New Yorker and the American Legion Weekly humor section.

"Adams has written many stories and articles for the Saturday Evening Post, the American Mercury and similar publications. One entitled 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' a gripping novel of the South, is expected to be sold at almost any time. In this case he used the pen name of Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Today, young Adams is a young man in the first flush of his youth, unspoiled by success. His tastes are simple, ginger ale and ice being abhorrent to him since a recent trip to Australia with the U. S. Fleet. He is invariably immaculately dressed at all hours of the day or night. He scorns the effete ideas of modern youth and always sleeps in his undershirt and socks, in the manner of his forbears. His favorite food is free. His favorite recreations blondes and brunettes. He plays a marimba band with either hand."

Aloha from

M. JEADELAIRE.

I'M getting a little tired of all this conversation about doing things. All of a sudden we must all up and be creative artists. No matter if we were intended to be merely ordinary people, living mundane lives. We must discover our ego and flaunt it before a disinterested and indifferent world. At least we must, if we would continue to be considered "all right"—the modern world's sesame verdict.

So poor Mary, who writes a fairly decent letter, is told she is a potential writer of the Great American Novel, and spends the rest of her youth wearing out a typewriter, not to speak of her nerves. (And the editors!) She should be playing tennis in the sun, or resting after a hard day at the office—but no—she permits herself barely enough time to eat and then sits down to her self-imposed labor. "A pity not to take advantage of your talents, creating is limited to the clever neat retorts she directs at the current boy friend, who has a yen for a mistress who does things and eggs her on to her less than mediocre efforts. And that isn't all.

Bob, who used to do amusing but crude cartoons of his profs, becomes an infatuated

admirer of the nouveau art, neglects his matress business and spends whole mornings daubing helpless canvases with paints. More creative urge!

The worst of it is YOU probably become infected, too, and torture your poor brain into turning 'out some opus, and spend your next month's salary on postage stamps and your next year's exercise running up and down to the mailbox, looking to see whether your masterpiece has come back once more. You'd probably be a nice person, too, if you let well enough alone. Capable—probably good at writing collection letters or making hats or washing dishes—and intelligent probably—more than averagely intelligent. Probably can do things with words or paints that would help liven an evening when your invited friends don't want to play bridge. But then, I forgot. You probably don't play bridge. "Confession of a weak mind." And you probably don't entertain, because you need the time for your work. And so, while you're writing up an order for the Decorating Company for whom you work, or peeling the potatoes for dinner, you probably harass your mind with "I wonder what original thought I can use in my new story or sketch?"

Remember the good old days when it was just a "dance" that was frowned on and you were considered quite sufficient unto the good if you had readily available a bit of sprightly conversation? Those days are no more. It is not enough. Now you must have at least one book under consideration with Covici Friede, to get by. It's getting harder and harder.

And oh yes! Even little Junior goes to a progressive school where his creative impulses are given free rein. So far he and the dozen others in his class have all made little wagons consisting of five boards each, nailed together crookedly, topping four wooden disks, for wheels, also nailed crookedly. Individual expression! They're all going to be carpenters or delivery boys for grocers and must know how to reassemble wheelbarrows that fall apart.

No thank you—no harassed straining to be a poor imitation of the real thing, simply because this is the era of self-expression—animated conversation, yes; entertaining letters, of course; gracious and full and leisurely (Good Heavens!) living, at a pace that permits of enjoyment—by all means. But writing another book of etiquette or painting a picture of a chatte enceinte or doing a near-De Sylva lyric—no thank you!

And my children are going to the Public Schools!

MIRIAM STEUER.

WHEN I first planned this "Big Idea Department" it looked as though my fortune was made, or at least on the road to the first million. I took the idea to one of the daily papers hoping that its acceptance would mean a syndicate service without further effort, but it was no "bust" for the daily papers. The title intrigued the managing editor into asking me for an example of the "ideas," and after seriously and conscientiously doing my best to impress him with the magnitude of the idea (and I had put every effort into presenting the perfect sales talk; hair combed, trousers pressed, our year-old, thrice-soled Florshirms neatly polished and a nice fresh shave for bolstering up the old morale). And what did he have to do but throw us out (both me and the ideas). No, that isn't quite fair to him. The owner of that paper insists that his editors maintain the moral influence of his

Continued on page 32



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THE SAN FRANCISCAN

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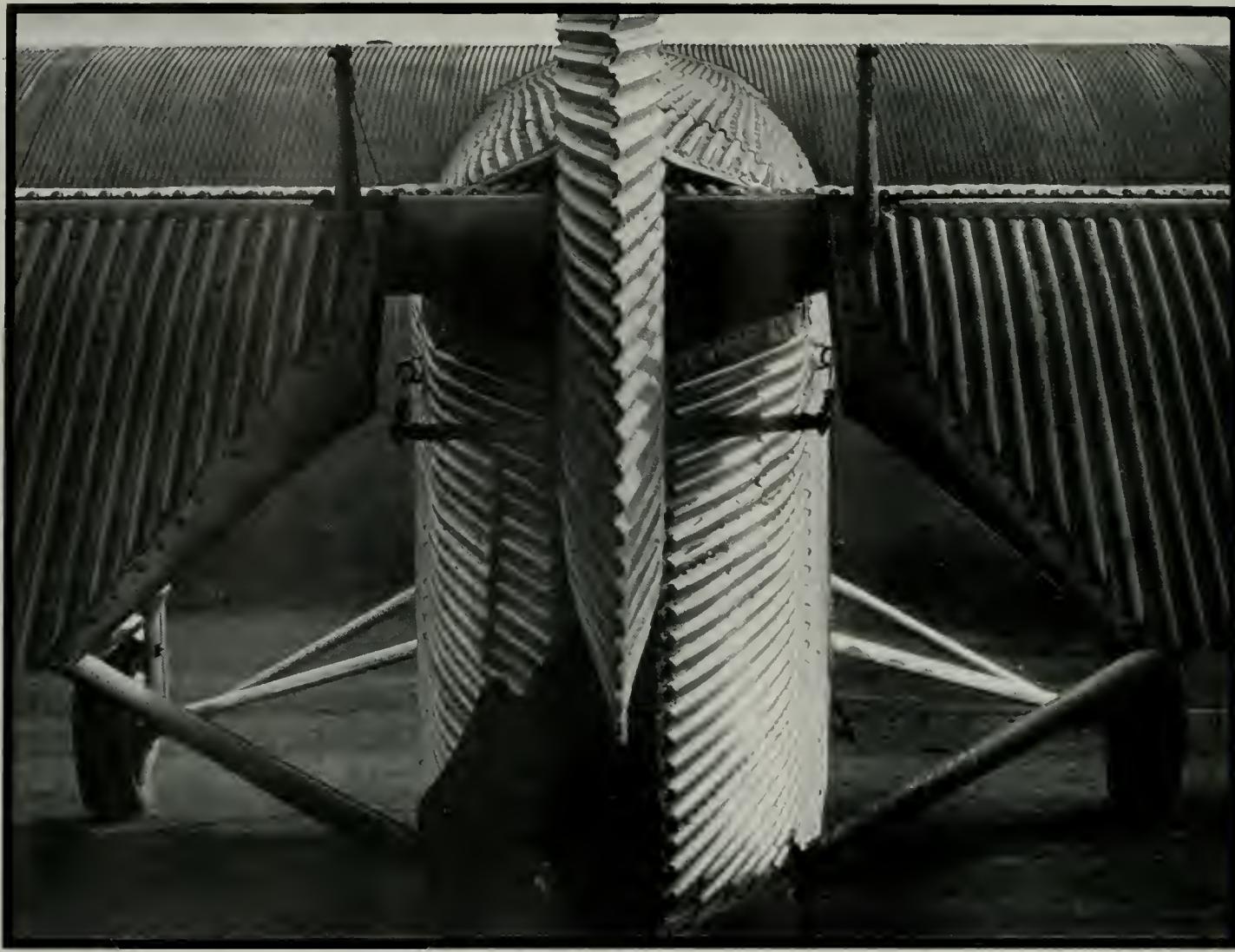
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Aeroplane Angles

A new all-metal Ford tri-motor plane was the inspiration for this seeming abstraction by Stuart O'Brien. He has photographed the plane from the rear, using the corrugated surfaces of wings and body to make this interesting design expressive of the modern spirit of speed.

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



Air Situations

A 2000 Word Survey of Airports and Air Travel in San Francisco

by JOHN PARKER

SHAN FRANCISCO gasped when one hundred and fifty army planes recently swooped over the city in offense maneuvers. The city shuddered at the possibilities of destruction in time of war—but it thrilled with a new sense of power.

People thrilled because most of them had experienced the sensation of flight and it is more exciting to imagine oneself in the soaring airplane than in the imaginary bombed city below—war seemed a remote possibility—the idea of flying an immediate consideration.

Air travel is an accepted thing. More people travel by air in the San Francisco metropolitan area than in any other part of the world. The reason for this is that, besides the many flights made each day by the leading transportation planes going north, south and east, an average of three to four hundred people daily use the air ferries, the world's first major short haul air transportation system.

In Germany, where aeronautics is considered to have had its greatest initial development, 115,000 people made flights during 1929, according to published statistics. This averages less than 10,000 passengers a month.

An average of ten thousand passengers each month has been carried by the air ferries over San Francisco Bay ever since it started operation, February 1, 1930. Up to April 18, 25,000 passengers had been carried on the regular schedule of flights between San Francisco and Oakland and San Francisco and Vallejo.

The West has made the greatest strides in passenger flying of any section of the United States. At the end of 1929 more than one fourth of all the miles of regular air transport lines in this country were in the West. However at that

time, before the advent of the ferries, many more passengers were being carried in other sections than in this region. Only 9,900 of the United States total of 85,000 people flew in the western area. The air ferries have changed this, bringing the West into the lead for both extent and use of the air.

It is next to impossible to obtain traffic figures for this year from the leading air transport lines operating out of San Francisco because the rapid growth and radical changes from month to month have convinced them that today's figures are not necessarily indicative of tomorrow's traffic. The difficulty of "averaging" reports can be seen from the fact that in 1929 the "lowest month" of travel over one of the largest lines was 300 per cent in advance of the "highest month" of the preceding year—there was a gain of 600 per cent from one low to the next.

THE entire story of air travel is one of overnight changes and breathtaking growth. Past accomplishments have stretched the imagination so repeatedly that now a new feat brings only passing wonder. The fourteen hour trans-continental flight of the Lindberghs called for three-inch headlines in the papers and momentary amazement—but the next minute people were thinking in terms of overnight distance between San Francisco and New York.

Last month the new thirty-two passenger Fokker four-motor plane swooped down for its first landing at the Oakland Airport. Its wings spread ninety feet—a huge dragon fly weighing nine tons—but it glided to the field with such ease and taxied to the passenger landing so matter-of-factly that one felt almost ashamed for having

marveled. This, the largest transport plane in the world, was but the next step in the amazing progress of air travel—something to be taken for granted the day after its initial accomplishment.

Today there are accommodations for one hundred and fifty passengers in the regularly scheduled planes leaving San Francisco Bay for points north, south and east each day—and incoming planes can bring as many more without deviating from schedule. Daily, one thirty-two passenger, two fourteen passenger, two twelve passenger, one ten passenger and one four passenger planes leave bay region airports for Los Angeles and as many land in return—accommodations for eighty-four people to leave for or arrive from the south by the air. Travel north is less heavy and is taken care of by two sailings accommodating a total of sixteen passengers each way. Beginning May 1, the Pacific Air Transport has put its eighteen-passenger trimotor planes on the passenger-mail run from San Francisco to Chicago, making two runs daily, one in the morning and one in the evening.

This scheduled travel represents only a part of the actual flying done by people here for it does not take into consideration the many sightseeing flights, the special chartered planes that are used constantly for business and pleasure, nor does it include the many student flights made by young aviators in the large schools at various airports.

The air ferries have received a fifth seven-passenger amphibian plane from the East and are operating on a schedule of fifteen-minute service to Oakland, hourly service to Vallejo and special trips to Alameda Airport. Terminal sites have already been selected in Sacramento and Stockton and within a few

months it is planned to have regular service on a two-hour schedule between San Francisco and Sacramento and San Francisco and Stockton. These trips will take from 45 to 50 minutes from one business center to the other. The amphibian planes will land on the rivers in the center of the two inland cities. Later there will be regular flights to Sausalito and other trans-bay points.

Air Ferries, Ltd., have announced that within the first two months of the trans-bay service 7,400 people who had never been up in airplanes before made "first flights." However this "novelty" traffic merely supplements the increasing percentage of people who are using the air ferries for business purposes and social convenience. The time of flight is only six minutes, a saving of thirty-four minutes over the boat and train service to the heart of Oakland. This is made possible because the planes land in the bay near the Ferry Building, three to five minutes from the heart of business.

Among the most interesting instances of time saving on the air ferries is the practice of three women musicians who keep a radio studio engagement in San Francisco until 10:45 each Sunday morning and use the air ferry to reach a church in Oakland by 11:00 o'clock. Ship captains who berth their vessels at Oakland fly to San Francisco to obtain clearance papers at the Custom House and return in time to leave an hour earlier than otherwise possible. One San Francisco newspaper is sending its afternoon editions to transbay circulation fields by Air Ferries, placing its papers on sale in the neighboring cities when the papers are just twenty minutes off the press—and the front page news is still "hot." Physicians use the service for hurry calls. Attorneys have found that they can appear in courts on both sides of the bay in the same morning or afternoon. Golf, luncheon and bridge engagements are often the reason for the eagerness to save time. Among the curiosity traffic have been several old residents who remember the day when San Francisco Bay was crossed by sailing sloops which sometimes took half a day for the voyage. Announcement has been made of commuting scrip books for those who use the air ferries at frequent intervals.

ALL this air activity has developed within little more than two years. It has been accompanied, and made possible, by the development of airports around the bay. Today there are two large municipal airports, two major commercial fields in operation and another scheduled to open next month, besides the original army airport at Crissy Field. Crissy Field figures in civil air traffic only as the landing point for mail coming in from the north.

Of the municipal airports, the San Francisco site at Mills Field came first. It was selected early in 1927 after an investigation of various possible airport sites on both sides of the bay. It was chosen because it was within a close distance of the business district by motor and because it was judged the best site on this side of the bay so far as weather conditions and air currents are concerned.

Mills Field, a tract of 150 acres, was originally leased for three years at a yearly rental of \$1500. This year at the expiration of the lease, 1114½ acres containing the originally developed field at South San Francisco were purchased from the Ogden Mills estate for a total of \$1,050,000—to be bought in parcels on ten annual payments of \$105,000 each.

When Mills Field was first started there was an appropriation of \$100,000 made from the 1926-27 budget. \$12,500 was set aside during February for the grading, leveling and preparation of the field. In March \$46,000 was appropriated—\$25,000 for hangars and approaches, \$13,000 for station and equipment, and \$8,000 for shops, and later in the year \$80,600 was voted for another hangar.

March 16 Mills Field was announced as the terminal for transcoast airmail, effective July 1. However the airmail contract did not actually start until October 15 of that year and then it remained at Mills Field only two months as, on December 15, the mail terminal was transferred to the Oakland Airport. During 1927, 12,350 people were passengers in a total of 8,077 flights and landings made at Mills Field.

In 1928 Mills Field was used as a

terminal field by Western Air Express, by Maddux Lines and West Coast Air Transport and, on August 5, was voted "America's model airport." However after varying periods of trial, each of these transport lines decided against Mills Field and left for either Oakland Airport or Alameda Airport. Today the only transport company at Mills Field is the Continental Air Express which sends and receives a ten passenger plane to Los Angeles daily.

In 1928 further investments were made in Mills Field development, notably the \$55,000 appropriated for drainage on September 14. A drive was made for the return of the mail terminal and definite efforts made to establish the field as a base for general operations other than the commercial and sightseeing flights which were then averaging from one to two thousand a month.

Early in 1929 general dissatisfaction with Mills Field was publicly expressed and when Colonel Charles Lindbergh's ship mired in a mud hole and Lindbergh was forced to send his passengers in a small plane to Oakland Airport where he could pick them up after having been dragged from the mud by a tractor, the storm broke. Captain Frank A. Flynn, superintendent of the field, was discharged. Investigations were made and the general "public scandal" was aired.

Budget requests for \$898,675 were made and Bartlett Stephens was promoted to the position of superintendant, in April, and negotiations started for the purchase and more complete development of Mills Field. In September \$62,000 was voted for Mills Field improvements and work was continued under criticized political control. A non-political advisory board was appointed and early this year, after another facre, in which the resignation of Bartlett Stephens and alleged payroll padding figured, new order was established with Captain Roy N. Francis as superintendant of the field.

In March of this year the purchase of Mills Field was made and last month was occupied in conditioning the field for the maneuvers of the huge fleet of army fliers brought from Mather Field where there has been the largest aggregation of fighting planes since the war. For this occasion parking space was planned for 60,000 autos and grand stand seats provided for 50,000. It has been announced that the new policy of the field will correct certain limitations that have argued against the general use of the San Francisco municipal airport.

THE Oakland Airport story is somewhat different. The ground was purchased outright (825 acres for \$769,-

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Desert Palms

One of the spectacular sights that have lured people to the California desert during the early spring months. El Mirador, La Quinta and nearby estates have entertained many San Franciscans recently.



Edward Weston, Carmel

Florence and Alexander Leftwich

Coming to San Francisco as the directors of "Hi There," Florence and Alexander Leftwich appear as the Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt of the producing world. Leftwich has to his credit an astounding number of Broadway musical productions and, two years ago, established a world record with five smashing hits running simultaneously in New York. As director, his supervision extends to setting, costumes, ensembles and even to book writing—on occasion he has served as orchestra conductor. Florence Leftwich is first general assistant specializing in costuming—she is also a writer and composer. These two charming people have been brought to San Francisco by Paul Bissinger to produce a musical revue in the authentic New York manner—bringing a New York caste to launch the show in the new Columbia, May 14th, before filling eastern contracts.

Sympathy and Pattern

. . . A Consideration of Impulse and Progress in Book Collecting

By NED HILTON

OF OBNOXIOUS collectors there are many sorts; there are some who store up volumes which they never read; there are those whose interest lies in the monetary value of rarities, there are those who—not knowing an ablative absolute from a sestina—like first editions for the same dismal reason they like peacocks and cast-iron incense burners, and there are those who collect because their doctors have advised a "hobby." With such illiterate, mercenary, affected and pottering coleoptera we are not here concerned.

In what I choose to call proper, decent and self-respecting collecting there are two stages: (1) the Associative, (2) the Complectitive. Whether these stages constitute the symptoms of a grand passion or of a disease depends entirely upon personal opinion; if you are penurious, envious, or unlettered, you will, naturally enough, say "disease."

For the true collector must have a genuine sympathy with *belle-lettres*, for which—also naturally enough—he will suffer many minor persecutions. He will be many times sorely tried by fools—but that scarcely matters. We postulate, then, what we can call (quite inaccurately) only "an innate culture." If our true collector is also a writer—a writer with good taste and understanding—it is so much the better. But before he reaches the two stages named above he will probably pass through certain prior phases which we shall call Eocene, because in them there begins to dawn upon him a vague prescience of the full magnitude of what lies ahead.

The beginning of the first phase is usually hard to demonstrate. I no longer remember what was my first edition; a future collector often has several—acquired in the usual run of book-buying—before he recognizes them as such. The point at which the desire to buy books becomes the desire to buy first editions (or, more properly, first printings—or, more properly still, first issues) is indefinite and difficult of elucidation. We will pass on to the earliest definitely discriminating period, or upper Eocene.

Now, the upper Eocene is sometimes indistinguishable from the true Associative; and we must here tread warily. In this stage the collector has recognized an intrinsic value in the first issue of a book. It is an "original." It bears to literature the relationship which a painting bears to art. It is as much above a reprint as the painting is above a halftone reproduction. For a man writing a book is writing a book—not a manuscript. The

work is not finished until it is between boards or wrappers; it is not finished until the writer has corrected page proofs and galley proofs and sent them back, finally, to the publisher with his last "allez!" It is not finished until, after much suspense, the first copies come from the binder. There it is—a book; all reprints are automatic and soulless, the product merely of a large industry.

Suppose, then, that our true collector, having realized this difference, decides that he should own an original of each of the books which, for one reason or another, mean much to him. Perhaps he wants firsts of *The Crock of Gold*, and *South Wind*, and *Ulysses*, and *The Hill of Dreams*, and *Youth* (for *Heart of Darkness*). He becomes a conscious collector, with—considering the rarity of those volumes—an ambitious program.

But we come close to the Associative stage here; the dividing line is indistinct. The Associative stage demands a considerable knowledge of a given author, a considerable sympathy, and a quite considerable admiration. For in this stage we approach metaphysics, and must therefore tread more warily than ever.

(And I must ask all those to whom reading is just another diversion, or a means to vicarious emotionalizing, or a handy soporific, to turn to some other page and read elsewhere. There can be for them no possible interest in what follows.)

Consider *The Hill of Dreams*. It is necessary that you will have read *Hieroglyphics*; it is all the better if you have read *Far-Off Things* and the note in Danielson's *Bibliography* so that you comprehend the loneliness and the solitude and the agony and the incredible perseverance from which the book came.

For you will not be considering "reading-matter"; you will have watched a tortured and desolated man's strange and terrible traffic with the Impossible. You will have understood (how very well!) the poignancy of that unholy fervor and that so-neatly-insupportable despair. You will have seen, too, the mystery and the splendor which he has brought into being in his heartbreaking solitude. And you will have felt, profoundly, what can be called, quite justifiably in this case, the veritable magic in his writing: "A dark wild twilight country lay before him, confused dim shapes of trees near at hand, and a hollow below his feet, and the further hills and woods were dimmer, and all the air was very still . . . But there was a strange thing . . ."

It is a strange thing that there is or has ever been such a man as Arthur Machen, and if you cannot concede the reasonableness of our considering him in wonder and awe and what I shall call, for lack of a better word, affection, you should have turned away at the warning printed above. For we have entered, now, the authentic first stage of true collecting, and it is no light skittle-playing.

Consider my copy of *The Hill of Dreams*. In it Machen has written the name of Henry Savage, and signed his own. And of Machen, Henry Savage has said, "We lesser writers to whom literature is a great ideal; we who faint by the way and become resigned to the little we can do; may well acclaim, reverence, and be proud of writers of genius so far beyond our own minor powers and achievement. The light burns low and fitfully in these days of plutocracy. Men are inclined to sneer at the life of the artist and the wisdom of the old Latin author: *vita hominis sine literis mors est . . .* But while artists come into the world resolutely set on struggling through in the face of discouragement and poverty—too often their material reward—there will be not only pleasure and a wider culture for the reader at large, but a lamp for the writer who falters in darkness. And of such artists is Arthur Machen."

Here then is the copy Machen gave to Henry Savage; here is the result of the tremendous and awful laboring as it came, after appalling disappointments, from the press set in motion by E. Grant Richards, when Machen was still a young man. Here is a volume to which the master has put his hand. Here is not just a "rare and valuable item, in unusually fine condition"—though that is important, too, for reasons which will follow—but a sign and a symbol and a product of such greatness as some of us look for in the human race. I shall quote, here, from Walter Pater, ". . . For the essence of humanism is that belief of which he seems never to have doubted, that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained in human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal."

Of another book I have written, in another place: "John Donne had been subject also to the eccentricities of biol-

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Spotlight

... A Comparison of Two of the Outstanding Successes of the Season

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THREE could be no more striking illustration of racial differences than a study by comparison of the two outstanding theatrical successes in San Francisco at the present time—Mei Lan-Fang and “The Criminal Code.” The one deals with life in terms of aesthetics, the other deals with life in terms of emotion. One sits through the performance of China’s greatest actor, even in his moments of tragedy, infused with a pleasurable glow, while “The Criminal Code” shakes one’s emotional depths profoundly. The Chinese theatre makes its points with conventions and symbols, our theatre by a simulation of life itself. The two methods are as different as approaching the idea of a religious sacrifice vicariously through a sacrament or seeing the altar stained with real blood.

The Chinese theatre does not scorn any medium of dramatic expression to put over its point. The opera, the ballet, the spoken drama—with us, three distinct branches of stage art—are all pressed into service to form a dramatic unit. It is inconceivable to think of such an occidental story as “The Criminal Code” interpreted in terms of dance steps or occasional music. It is too much the stuff of which life is made, it is too contemporary, too colloquial. A modern Chinese theme might present the same difficulties. Which raises the question: Is there a modern Chinese theatre? Obviously, Mr. Mei Lan-Fang deals in the classics.

We went to the Tivoli Theatre with only a very mild anticipation. The fanfare that had come out of Broadway regarding Mei Lan-Fang performances we accredited to the novelty of seeing something bizarre. The eastern seaboard is too far removed from Oriental influences to be other than diverted by an occasional contact. We, however, had been raised on the Chinese drama. We knew it to be a thing of noise and vigor and clashing cymbals. It had its points but it, likewise, had its stridenties.

But we had not sat through “The Suspected Slipper” more than five minutes before we realized that any other Chinese theatrical fare that had been set before us was as like to this performance as a performance of “The Merchant of Venice” with George Arliss would be to a stock production of “Abie’s Irish Rose.” Even the off-stage orchestra was subdued to a point of being a real and subtle accompaniment.

two helens

by Jo Hartman

What code should fetter one with regal beauty
And blood of proud Zeus purpling too-warm veins—
Whose passions could not brook staid, wifely duty?
Her loves were legion, yet no man profanes
The memory of her: Menelaus lay
Burning her mouth with hungry kisses after
The arms of Paris loosed her; death, they say,
proved vain against her sorery and laughter—
Achilles had his rapture with her shade!
... The other Helen knelt each night and morning
To tell her heads—she’d sinned once when a maid;
Toil, want, and sacrifice, a husband’s scorning—
The farmer, needing help, made her his wife—
These were the bitter meed of her long life!

The moments of movement were the ones that gave the occidental audience the greatest pleasure. Pantomime and grace are universal languages. Thus the sword dance from “The Heroic Maid” served to bring the alien spectators into a closer contact with the performer than perhaps any other of the offerings. Sitting there, it was inevitable that one should hark back to the Japanese players who were in our midst two winters ago. While there were points of contact, we came to the conclusion that in emotional content, or let us say expression, the Japanese theatre came nearer to our own. It lacked somewhat of the delicacy and nuance which informed Mei Lan-Fang’s performance. But it was more moving and less purely a matter of aesthetics.

Mr. Chu Kuei-Fang was likewise an entrancing maiden who danced with vigor and precision. And we fell to wondering how long before the complete route of the female impersonator would be accomplished by a change in female status in far Cathay. Already this has been felt in the local Chinese theatres where leading ladies are now the rule rather than the exception. We came to the conclusion that most women would be rauous ranged up against Mei Lan-Fang. He is, to quote his press notices, “the sublimation of woman” rather than the real thing. He is, indeed, a distilled essence of the feminine principle. He is a symbol of all woman and therefore an exaggeration. And by this same token a complete product of art, since all art is, properly, exaggeration.

Perhaps a word should be said for the Mistress of Ceremonies, Miss Soo Tong.

Her perfect English did not puzzle us so much as the low-pitched and deeply musical voice. This is not a characteristic of Chinese femininity. We understand that there is Hawaiian blood in the young lady’s veins. This explains the rich vocal equipment.

IN THESE days of jail breaks and fire-trapped criminals there could be nothing more timely than Martin Flavin’s “The Criminal Code.” In spite of the press agents to the contrary we do not believe that the play was written as propaganda. If it carries a lesson it does so by force of its inherent truths. Any convincing portrayal of life proves a point. What we carried away from “The Criminal Code” was not so much a sense of the injustice of the system against certain special instances but the grotesque and horrible mainspring of conduct which animates the official chosen by the mob. Over and over again the reason, the humanity, the justice of Martin Brady, district attorney, prison warden, prospective governor, was swamped by the cry “There’s going to be an election!” A boy was railroaded to jail because *there was going to be an election!* He was put in solitary confinement because *there was going to be an election!* He was driven to murder because *there was going to be an election!* Election, election, ELECTION! It is a monster that the American public have allowed to be set up and worshipped. What it means in concrete terms is that Mammon and Unrighteousness are appallingly with us, only they have changed their names. The press bow down to it, the clergy, big business. Everybody is frightened by it! In hundreds of district attorney’s offices throughout the land men are being made or broken by the fact that *there is going to be an election!* This man is arrested for rape. We’ve got to convict him. If he goes free the club women will be sore, and *there is going to be an election!* Here is a petty bootlegger who has sold a pint of gin. Send him up for ten years. If he gets off the Methodists won’t like it and *there is going to be an election!* Here is a gunman from the underworld—don’t convict him—the “push” won’t like it and *there’s going to be an election!* That is the cry that rings in one’s ears after seeing “The Criminal Code.” *There’s going to be an election! There’s*

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Concerning . . .

By ALINE KISTLER

A MAN who has tried idealism in business and found that it pays is president of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. Born in San Francisco, reared in Central America, widely traveled and vitally interested in the cultural things of life, Bertram E. Alanson is a new type of American business man. He believes that business for the sake of money making alone defeats its own ends. As executive, controlling the policies of the central securities market of the West, directing the program of the Stock Exchange and the Institute which trains operatives in the affiliated



Bertram A. Alanson

cisco Stock Exchange. He was then the youngest member in the organization but soon justified his position by foresighted support of Pacific Coast industries and public utilities. In the intervening years he has served three times as a member of the Governing Board and twice as vice-president. He was chairman of the executive committee during the war when the San Francisco Exchange gained the distinction of being the first to resume trading after all exchanges in the country had been closed for four months due to war conditions. He has taken direct interest in promoting amicable relations between the United States and Central and South America. He was one of a commission sent by the National Chamber of Commerce to cross the Andes on a goodwill tour just prior to the trip made by President Hoover. He is today more interested in the cultural development of the future than in immediate gain. Bertram Alanson believes that concern for general welfare brings individual prosperity.

His Grace, Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D.D., third archbishop of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, the

brokerage houses, Alanson's personal experience and the conclusions he has reached will necessarily effect the trend of business. The fact that he holds cultural ideals above dollars and cents tends to modify others' viewpoint.

Alanson is the product of two cultures. Born in San Francisco he was taken to Guatemala before he was two years old. There he was schooled in Spanish literature and thought, he traveled widely in Europe and became an attaché to the Spanish legation. The Guatemala earthquake of 1902 and the San Francisco fire of 1906 both brought family reverses which challenged Alanson to turn to business.

He came to San Francisco, founded the firm of which he is now head and, in 1908, was elected to membership in the San Fran-



Archbishop Edward J. Hanna



Mei Lan-Fang

mother parish of California Catholicism, has recently returned from Rome where he made his quinquennial report to Pope Pius XI. This visit has occasioned new rumors that the Archbishop may soon be elevated to the Cardinalate in spite of the fact that it has been stated that there are no vacancies in the Cardinalate at the present time and no official confirmation of the rumors has been made.

However, the facts remain that Archbishop Hanna is the outstanding figure in western American Catholicism. Coming to San Francisco in 1912, as auxiliary bishop to serve under Archbishop Riordan, he succeeded to the Archbishopsric two years later and since

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Drawings by Philip Nesbitt

Happy Isles of the Pacific

By PHILIP NESBITT

THIS business of traveling in the near tropics is a very pleasant pastime. One goes to Hawaii and receives the fruit of the land with a hastily cultivated indolence.

'Tis the moment of arrival that breaks the most stubborn will. Within the last half hour of the voyage the Island looms up in all its vague blueness, and the hurdy-gurdy beach boys come popping out from dear old Waikiki with their diminutive scarlet outboards bouncing from wave to wave while the incongruous stovepipe hat of "Hawkshaw," the "beach boy superb" is tossed perilously high, in a welcoming gesture. The first impression gained is one of tranquility and, well, "Here we are at last and we are absurdly pleased in being here." Then the brass band strikes into the magnificently solemn strains of "Aloha Oe" and at the same moment one perceives a familiar face here and there in the grinning crowd upon the wharf below, a friend or a friend of a friend, one of the Dillinghams, the Winslows, the Andersons, the charming and young Von Hamm girl or the

Slogetts from Kauai and perhaps one of those three frequent and gay habitues of the Island, Alicia, Louise or Melvia Shingle.

Then the Island round begins. A bit of tropical refreshment, ha! and after lunch, to the beach where are gathered some of the most handsome and, to use a doubtful word, elegant people conceivable. Don't confuse the handsome with the elegant. The latter is composed of those sumptuous souls who attend in order to become five or six pounds thinner and to absorb a great deal of the sunshine, not that they enjoy it but because it's required by the doctor. This brief spell of life here constitutes their "all" before they return to those places they miss with their hearts, Westchester or Winnetka or Spearfish, South Dakota for that matter. (It should be well understood that there are excellent people who go to Hawaii because they love the place; and because it is in their blood; call it a passion for the tropical life, call it adventure.)

Even when one considers the Islands casually, there still remains a great

amount of "made-to-order" glamour. The "poi" is whooped up, along with surf-boards, leis and the Aloha sentiment. Very few persons traveling about these moderately fantastic Isles appear to enter the true life of this chosen place. No one, except a remarkably select few ever attends a native feast, or becomes familiar with South Sea ways as they exist or, one might put it, "persist." Samoa, Raratonga and the Society Islands.

The bulk of the curious tourists is regally housed and so well provided with the established comforts of living as to dull the most eager mind. During the sea voyage, sea-sickness claims them with the greatest enthusiasm. There are several steamships in the service, but the waves continue to roll abominably in spite of their prayers. To most persons the outward appearances of "glamour Hawaian" is wholly satisfying. They ask but little, for which they cannot be forgiven, and surprisingly enough, receive but little or less.

The exceeding and rare hospitality of the actual Islanders is a thing so

genuine and charming as to deny comparison. Properly armed with well inscribed greetings enables one to gain the friendship of these people, who have about them a quaint and lingering Bostonian mannerism. This makes for one's complete enjoyment of the Islands while there.

ONCE escorted to the Pali, that incredible crater of stupendous beauty—the turquoise ocean rim and the gray violet steep, the verdure grown rampant for a thousand years. This is but one of the moments which remain always with the island voyager.

The Polynesian character contains large quantities of humor. Much passiveness and a great deal of music and ceremony. Originally "eugenics," as an element of living, played a great part in the communal life. Through its unconscious use, as a basis of existence, physical perfection was the result. A glorious people—so far superior in most essential ways than the white man with his heavy disguise of enlightenment. Nature has met them, the Polynesians, much more than half way, but the jolly Christian-minded beings who, in the early 50's, broke the crystal shell of the Island social order with their gift of trousers, bible and whiskey, have changed all this.

There are two or three hotels of more than passable quality. The splendid old Moana, which, if it could speak could tell an endless and quite Oriental tale of romance, the sort of thing for which Scheherazade had a flair. But of course hotels don't as a rule speak their thoughts and in this case the atmosphere is quite complete. Also there is the Royal Hawaiian which provides a very fine assortment of lawns, serenaders, sun shades and cool lanais and shockingly pleasant things in the way of drinks with an everlasting accompaniment of the delightful Hawaiian music.

About the music. Many persons hearing it for the first time will laugh disparagingly up the nearest sleeve, but believe one who has been there and languished in the yellowy sunlight and bathed in the white moonlight so long that he realizes the fact of its rightness. It is a deeply poignant and melancholy music, the inarticulate expression of a finely musical race of people, the Polynesians, long may they survive. It is all very well to go great lengths towards intellectualism, but an occasional rest in an environment of palatable sentiment wouldn't hurt even a confirmed Bolshevik. One remembers the Island Adventure with feelings of the purest delight. Down on the inevitable Waikiki Beach are chocolate-colored backs by the score and widely grinning Kanaka (*beche-de-mer* for "man") boys who pluck their ukuleles with a joyousness that would or should penetrate the being of the most iron-clad conservative.

ON the Island of Kauai there lives a Chinese woman. For twenty-three years she has lived in the village of Hanalei. This village! Ah, what a place, this Hanalei! The mountains rise up from the shore of the sea to the clouds. Huge, sombre and darkling blue Cascades pour frothily down their abrupt slopes. One thinks, what a pygmy is man and how colossal the way of nature. However, the Chinese lady is named "Chock Chin" and she is a lady. She will rent the rare visitant to Hanalei, a room and a shower bath within a house which stands in the middle of a golden green meadow. Near the house is a frog pond, the dwelling place of a strange variety of frog, one that "moos" all the night through. This is a suggestion to the more adventurous minded traveler to the Islands. Chock Chin, the Chinese lady, is a charming experience. Hanalei is, incidentally, very moist, more so, it appears, than any other place upon the surface of this bountiful globe of ours.

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A chocolate colored back at Waikiki



The author at work in the semi-tropics



A moment of hard work in the lives of the beach-boys

The Book Doctor

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Flourishes His Scalpel Over a Few New Ones

by A. GROVE DAY

ARE you a New Humanist? Dear me, is everyone who is anyone nowadays giving himself the Inner Check and practicing up on the Higher Immediacy. It's such fun, being a New Humanist. The Doctor is hoping every day that somebody will mistake him for Paul Elmer More. Well, *THE BOOKMAN* was quite a good magazine, once . . . Some people just never get the breaks, that's all. The make-up man last month might just as well as not have put that "Nymph With Peruke" over on my page; my wife says she wouldn't have minded, very much. And nymphs, with or without perukes, help so greatly to brighten up a column . . . And apropos of nothing if someone thinks he's pure, all he has to do is read the *CENSORED MOTHER GOOSE* and find out what a low mind he really has . . . A certain Miss Lillian Symes has just discovered that authors and publishers will often stoop to accept money for their services, and under the title of "*The Book Racket*" spreads her indictment all over the pages of the current *FORUM*, with Mr. Herschel Bricknell as counsel for the defense. It seems that a powerful novel by some unknown Hardy has no chance to be accepted as long as the publishers can get their hands on a sensational dish of pishposh written by a New York tea-hound with a cousin in the newspaper business. Tsk, tsk! Which reminds me of a remark made by Mr. Alfred Knopf when he was in town last month; he was thinking of offering a prize for a novel so terrible that no publisher would take a chance on it, and wagered that the prize would remain unclaimed for years . . . War books and still more war books! Causes of the war, results of the war, the horrors of war, the humorous side of the war, most of them by authors who still seem to be suffering from traces of shell-shock. The Book Doctor is getting so that he leaps for a dugout every time another round of verbal shrapnel bursts, and fears that another month will find him in the galloping garb of a war correspondent, reporting on manuscripts that have been gathering dust since 1919. It's about time the publishers called an armistice. Am I right or am I right? . . . A young lady client recently voiced one of the tenets of the Higher Criticism when she said that she would enjoy many books a great deal more if she hadn't seen portraits of the writers. And what a resounding come-down it usually is to meet the author of a great work face to face! . . . A suitable initial item for our Blurb-of-the-Month Department is found

in an advance notice for Hergesheimer's *PARTY DRESS*, which is brilliantly defined as "a real saga of country club life." Someone should break forth any moment with the ultimate epic of stark existence in the nursery . . . In the case of Mencken's *TREATISE ON THE GODS*, The Doctor thought it best to call in for consultation his distinguished colleague, Dr. Hilton, specialist in menckenology, who will treat this patient on his White Card page this month. I will not, however, deny you the leading sentence of my projected review, which ran: "If Mencken did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him."

Poems in Praise of Practically Hoffenstein

"*YEAR IN, YOU'RE OUT*," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Liveright. 1930. \$2.

1.

Lend me the art, O Muses Nine,
To hymn of Samuel Hoffenstein
Merely to show him that I, too,
Can toot his lightsome tin bazoo
And aim, with disillusioned lip,
The Dorothy-Parker final flip.

2.

He loved a woman
To his hurt,
For she was human
And done him dirt.

3.

Pippa Raises the Ante

The snail's in his heaven, the thorn's on
the lark,
And God holds a bench down, in Battery
Park.

4.

You get a book, though you may not
need it;
You look it over, and maybe read it,
And wonder what it's all about yet,
Because it's called *Year In, You're Out* yet.
Well, you read of science, gin, the sexes,
Insomnia, Moses, rubber checkses,
Gnus, and nymphs in plush-lined grottoes,
Fables, foibles, and cracker-mottos,
The tariff, trout, your endoerines,
Six per cent and classy queens,
Chrysler, Lux, and subway valor
Till you get a positive prison pallor.
You laugh and laugh till your ribs are sore
yet,
And what does it get you? You read some
more yet!

Doors of Mystery

"*THE DOOR*," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. *Farrar & Rinehart*. 1930. \$2.
"*THE BLACK DOOR*," by Virgil Markham. *Knopf*. 1930. \$2.

Two artists in bafflement, one English and one American, appear on the boards this month, and without resorting to high hats or magic eggs win bouquets in the face of frightful competition.

This competition is not that of the umpteen-odd current thrillers listed for the insomnia of midnight-reading diehards. Both Mrs. Rinehart and Mr. Markham are tempting disappointment by issuing new yarns in competition with the memories of their own past performances. It is not the similarity in titles which causes the reviewer to group these books. For it happens that the names of these artful deceivers appear on the title-pages of what he considers to be the best two mystery tales of all time. Mrs. Rinehart's *THE RED LAMP* is to be named the classic of American mystery-detective-horror stories. Only two books have ever made this case-hardened crime-fan afraid to turn out the light—Bram Stoker's *DRACULA* was the other one. As for Mr. Markham, in 1928 he published a gorgeous web of trickery and crime with a stunning denouement, in a lengthy volume called *DEATH IN THE DUSK*. For this breathless book he deserves first British honors not only for the plot, the setting, and his cunning manipulation of the strings, but because he was daring enough to prove that the mystery story may once in a while transcend its stereotyped, hackneyed diction and be written in beautiful and imaginative prose.

It is quite fitting that both these presidigitors should make use of the traditional national methods. Mr. Markham has his Scotland Yard inspector fumble for the "essential" clue, while Mrs. Rinehart's American lack of method makes everybody a detective and everything a clue.

THE BLACK DOOR celebrates an unused entrance to the bedroom of Sir Anthony Veryan in the Otranto-like castle of Kestrel's Eyrie, on a high-cliffed island off the Welsh coast. The surviving members of the family, terrified as one by one their numbers have been cut down by an unguessed doom, gather together in this fortified place; but the hand of Murder is not stayed until Tom Stapleton comes from America and meets Arthur, the boyish young heiress.

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Modern Interiors

WITH the Third Annual Decorative Arts Exhibition at the Women's City Club taking on such a Hollywood air, we turn to actual examples of modern interior decoration to restore faith in what modernism can do. After the exotic cavern of the San Francisco Society of Women Artists' show, the tranquil simplicity of the interiors designed by Edgar Walter for Ransohoff's are a joy. We reproduce (below), a view of the millinery salon on the first floor seen from the lobby, with its gracious light panels at each side. The restraint of the warm-toned walls, accented with blue-green curtains at the far windows, results in a dignified, restful atmosphere—contemporary in feeling and in perfect taste. The private office of Max Sommer, Sr. (right), is on the fourth floor of the Sommer and Kaufman Market Street building. Designed by Kem Weber, the most prominent modern decorator in the West, it combines the efficiency of simplicity with rich materials in grateful color harmonies. This room is similar to Weber's alcove—the best feature of the Decorative Arts Show.



WILL CONNELL



THE REIGNING DYNASTY

WEDDINGS

BROWN-RATHBUN. On March 29, in Budapest, Hungary, Mr. Davis Brown of New York and Vienna and Mrs. Charlotte Ziel Rathbun, daughter of Mrs. Gustav Ziel.

CASSERLY-NICHOLS. On April 21, at La Jolla California, Mr. Michael Cudahy Casserly, son of Mr. John B. Casserly of San Mateo, and Miss Adelaide Dean Nichols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Nichols.

RIVARRA-WINSTON. On April 21, in Santa Margherita, Italy, Signor Vittorio Rivarra, of Santa Margherita, and Miss Louise Winston, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace Winston of San Francisco and Los Angeles.

SOMAVIA-DE LAVEAGA. On April 23 Mr. Jose Ramon Somavia Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jose Ramon Somavia, and Miss Juanita Valerie De Laveaga, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Vincent De Laveaga.

ENGAGEMENTS

BOARDMAN-NIGH. Miss Kate Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman, to Mr. William Henshaw Nigh, son of the late Mr. William Henshaw Nigh of Ohio, and Mrs. Nigh.

BREUNER-WATSON. Miss Katrine Breuner daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner, to Mr. John Barry Watson, son of Mrs. Arthur B. Watson and the late Mr. Watson.

EASTLAND-POTTS. Miss Alice Eastland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Butler Eastland, to Mr. Frederic A. Potts, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Brevoort Potts of New York.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Stanley Kennedy of Honolulu was a visitor in San Francisco for several weeks and was extensively entertained. Among those who honored Mrs. Kennedy at various affairs were Mrs. Warren Speiker, Mrs. Maurice Sullivan, Miss Marion Zeile, Mrs. Alan Lowrey and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Mrs. Theodore Childs of Riverside and Mrs. James Leonard of Nevada were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer recently. The two visitors were guests of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. E. E. Brownell.

Mrs. Arthur Constock of New York and her daughter, Miss Mabel Wilson, are arriving in California shortly and will spend the summer on the peninsula. Miss Wilson's engagement to Mr. Washburn Wright of New York was recently announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour entertained as house guests Mrs. J. Victoria Onatavia Jr. of New York and her niece, Miss Katherine Garrison. Mrs. Onatavia, as Mrs. Conde Nast, visited in Burlingame two years ago when she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mrs. William Fullam of Washington, D. C. and her sister, Mrs. Edward M. McIlvain, were guests at the home of Mrs. Fullam's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch.

Mrs. Harry Macfarlane of Honolulu has been visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, also her sister, Mrs. Dunn Dutton.

Mrs. Andre Alden Beaumont (Cecily Casserly) was a visitor in Burlingame recently and was guest of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. Platt Kent, shortly before the latter's departure for the East.

Mrs. Charles J. Henderson of Honolulu is visiting with her parents-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Henderson. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson recently took possession of their new home in Burlingame.

In compliment to Baroness Tammin and her sister-in-law, Miss Beth Thane, Mrs. Powers Symington gave a luncheon at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn of San Mateo entertained Mrs. Bourn's sister, Miss Helen Moody, and Miss Agnes Lancaster during April.

Mrs. Charles Fraker of Minneapolis (Merrill Jones) visited for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oelrichs Martin at their home in Menlo Park.

In honor of her daughter, Mrs. Kenneth Dole who now makes her home in Redlands, Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle gave a tea at the Palace recently.

An interesting trio aboard the Empress of Australia during her recent visit to San Francisco harbor comprised Count Ferdinand Montecuccoli, Count Ulrich F. Kinsky and Count Henry Buquoy, all of Vienna.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Talbot Jr. and Mr. Walter Phelps of New York were recent visitors in Burlingame and were guests of honor at a luncheon that Mrs. Robert Hays Smith gave at her home on the peninsula.

Mrs. H. E. Schiedius of Holland was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery in Burlingame during her recent stay in northern California. Mrs. Schiedius was also a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan and Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson. Mrs. Schiedius was the incentive for much entertaining during her visit.

In compliment to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills of New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker of Burlingame entertained at a dinner given at their home.

Mrs. J. A. Cranston entertained at a luncheon at the Franciscan Club, the occasion being in honor of Mrs. George McPherson and Miss Edith Sherman of Portland and Mrs. Robert Rogers of Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McWilliams, the former of whom is American Consul at Biarritz spent several days in Burlingame, guests at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Edmunds Lyman gave a luncheon for the visitors and Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron entertained at tea in their honor. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Weatherwax and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford also entertained for Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams.

Mrs. William Bartlett enjoyed a fortnight's visit with Mrs. Corliss Hussey. Mrs. Bartlett's home is in Santa Barbara.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Mark L. Requa have returned home after a visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker have returned from New York and were complimented at a dinner party given by Mrs. Foster Thierbach.

Mrs. George Cameron entertained at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Herbert Allen who recently returned from Europe.

Preceding the musical given by Mrs. John B. Caserly, Mrs. Ashton Potter entertained at dinner at her home.

Miss Evelyn Barron has returned to San Mateo after a year's stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch have returned to their home on the peninsula after a visit of several weeks with Mr. Welch's family in England.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcutt recently celebrated the forty-third anniversary of their marriage. Their son and daughter-in-law Dr. and Mrs. George Wilcutt gave a large luncheon in their honor in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Leib and her children, Miss Renee and Lawrence McCreery are expected to arrive in California about May 20 and will join Mr. Leib in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner and musical at their home in Burlingame, the artists being the Cedroff Quartet.

Mrs. Louis Parrott gave a luncheon at the Palace in honor of Miss Barbara Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vincent have returned to their apartments at the Hotel Fairmont after a visit of several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlain were luncheon hosts at their home in San Mateo where they entertained twelve guests including Mr. Walter Dillingham of Honolulu.

Miss Betty Knight Smith entertained at her home in Jackson street where she gave a dinner party in honor of Miss Anne Odile Porter and her fiancee Mr. Gage Burmister.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham have opened their house in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. William Kent Jr. was luncheon hostess at her house in town, entertaining a dozen friends.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard who recently returned from the East Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Courtney Jenkins gave a Sunday luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Richard Derby has returned to San Francisco after a visit in Pasadena.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and her daughter Miss Peggy Pillsbury have returned to San Francisco after a month's visit in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Lalor Crimmins plan to spend the summer months in their recently completed home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Earle Miller have also completed a summer home at Menlo and will take possession shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman entertained at dinner at their home in Washington street and later took their guests to Miss Dorothy Crawford's recital at the Community Playhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair Foster of Burlingame gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker shortly after the Crockers returned from New York.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley entertained recently at luncheon for Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Miss Mathilde Humphreys has returned to San Francisco after a visit in Honolulu. Miss Nora Stratmeyer of Honolulu accompanied Miss Humphreys back to San Francisco and the two young women plan interesting summer trips through California.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Grant have bought the Baily house on Jackson and Laurel streets. Dr. and Mrs. T. Edward Baily have taken apartments at Vallejo and Octavia streets.

Mrs. Wood Armsby entertained at luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Charles Cornell of New York. Mrs. Cornell is a sister of Mrs. Corliss Hussey.

Mrs. Warren Speiker plans to leave for Honolulu on June 1. Mrs. Speiker has taken a house in Honolulu for the summer and will take her children to the Islands with her.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas recently entertained at a dinner at the St. Francis in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz.

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet has returned to her home in town after a visit in Santa Barbara where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Westphal recently spent several days in Menlo Park with Mrs. Westphal's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Cumerson.

Mrs. Walter Hobart is at present at her ranch near Belewava, Nevada.

In honor of Mrs. Norman Lang of Vancouver, Mrs. John Gallois entertained at luncheon recently. Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois are now living in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin were hosts at a large luncheon given at their home on the peninsula and a few evenings previously entertained another large gathering of guests at a dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have opened their country home at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowrey have also opened their place at Menlo Park and had Miss Marion Zeile as their guest for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Page Maillard have rented a house in Menlo Park for the season.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander enjoyed a trip through the Redwood country during her recent visit in Northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stever have leased a house in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Baltzer Peterson will spend the summer in Menlo Park.

The Gymkhana Club at Menlo Park plans an early opening. On May 2 there will be a riding party late in the afternoon, followed by a supper at the club. In the evening there will be bridge and dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick will go to Menlo for the summer as soon as Miss Florence McCormick returns from Italy.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Miss Elizabeth Oyster and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stever returned to San Francisco in April following a month's visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst have rented the Walker Kamm house on the peninsula for the summer months. In the autumn they hope to take possession of their own home in San Mateo.

The marriage of Miss Claire Giarinni and Mr. Clifford Hoffman will take place on May 24. The ceremony will be performed at St. Matthews Church in San Mateo and will be followed by a wedding breakfast at the bride's home. Only relatives and immediate friends will be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kruttschnitt were hosts at a musical and tea at their home in Hillsborough.

Mrs. Adolf Spreckels, Miss Dorothy Spreckels, Mrs. Alexander de Brettville and Mrs. Clement Tobin returned to San Francisco a few weeks ago from a month's trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breedon (Winifred Braden) has arrived from New York and is at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Mrs. Tobin Clark and her daughter Miss Agnes Clark have returned to their home in San Mateo. Mrs. Clark and her daughter were recently in New York where they occupied their apartments in the Ritz Tower.

Mrs. and Mrs. James Otis have returned from New York. They went East to say goodbye to their daughter Mrs. Warren Smith who sailed for her home in Caracas, Venezuela.

Mrs. Howard Park gave a luncheon in San Mateo for Miss Anne Odile Porter, the fiancee of Mr. Gage Burmister.

Mrs. R. Walker Salisbury entertained a group of the season's debutantes at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Webster Wardell Jennings entertained at tea at her home in Pacific Avenue recently in honor of a group of young women who will spend the summer in Europe.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

At last accounts, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wenda were en route to Cairo from Calcutta. The party is expected to arrive in New York this month and be in San Francisco before June.

Miss Jane Blair and Mrs. Haines Smith left San Francisco several weeks ago en route to New York and Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. James G. Parrish have left for New York whence they will sail for the Continent. They expect to spend most of their time this summer in Germany.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt plans to leave for the East this month and will go on to England where she will spend a part of the summer.

Miss Celia O'Connor spent Easter week in Seville, in company with Miss Mary Longstreet of Los Angeles. Others in Seville during Holy Week included Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Mrs. Alexander A. Cuthbertson and her children will spend the summer in Scotland.

Mrs. J. B. Wright accompanied by Miss Linda Buchanan sailed for Havre on the Ile de France on April 18.

Miss Edith Fullerton, accompanied by her mother Mrs. Darwin Fullerton, will spend the next three months on the Continent.

Mrs. Coppee Thurston and her daughter Miss Lois Thurston plan to visit North Europe this summer. Later they will go to England. Miss Thurston who made her debut last season is returning to Bryn Mawr in the autumn. She is president of her class.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Bull have left for Europe where they will join Mrs. James H. Bull who has been abroad for nearly a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear plan to spend the next three months in Europe and on their return to California will round out the summer at Santa Barbara. Mrs. McNear's son, Mr. Jack Breedon is traveling on the Continent.

Mrs. J. H. P. Dunn and Miss Alice Dunn are visiting Mrs. Arthur Rau (Catherine Dunn) in Paris. They will travel abroad for six months.



Mrs. Charles Keeney

Reproduced from the distinguished portrait by Gleb Ilyin.

War Drums and Printer's Ink

. . . . A Survey of California Journalism During the Civil War

by ZOE A. BATTU

WHEN, during the late 1850's and early 1860's, the debates in Congress over keeping the balance of power between free soil and slave soil waxed hot and violent; when the Northern states were swept with anti-slavery hysteria, those of calm and practical mind wondered on which side California would cast her lot in the approaching division of the Union and the possible armed conflict between North and South. California was a very young and not very populous state, and located on the far edge of the continent quite by herself. Up to now not a great deal of attention had been paid to her politically. But there was a lot of gold in California and a lot of silver in Nevada. Whichever side could draw on that gold and silver in the impending struggle would surely win it.

Editors, publishers, politicians and business men of San Francisco and California gave the matter a good deal of thought. They had lively memories of the Second Vigilance Committee and its rule and the Law and Order Party and its protest. Almost to a man, the Vigilance Committee, its heads and ranks, had been drawn from the city's merchants, manufacturers, traders, shopkeepers, small professional people, who had come to the state from New England, the North, East and Middle West. Damned Yankee shopkeepers, the Law and Order men had called them. The Law and Order Party, almost to a man, had been drawn from the city's lawyers, politicians, successful professional men, gentlemen and scholars, who had come to the state from the South. They represented the Law and its prestige, but once the Vigilance Committee took that law into its own hands, it kept it until it was pleased to surrender it and administered it after its own fashion, while the Law and Order Party frotted impotently.

Then, too, the editors and politicians remembered the sharp struggle between David Broderick and William Gwin for a seat in the United States Senate and political supremacy. Gwin was a pro-slavery, Southern Democrat, a physician turned politician, suave, polished and skilled in diplomacy. Broderick was an ex-Tammany politician, an anti-slavery Democrat, a self-made and educated man, who had risen in the ranks by sheer will. His strange, lonely career came to an end in a duel, in which his opponent was David Terry, former judge of the state supreme court, Southerner and pro-slavery Democrat.

These incidents had, in their essentials, been miniature Civil Wars. As a result of them Northern and Southern feeling in San Francisco and California had been brought to a dangerously tense pitch and to armed violence, when the rest of the country was comparatively peaceful. They had revealed the political resourcefulness of the Southerners and their determination to somehow force the state into the Southern cause, and the determination of the Northerners to see that California and its gold went to the Union cause.

Among the established San Francisco papers, *The Herald* had Southern sympathies. *The Alta, Bulletin* and *Call* inclined to the Northern cause, but apparently no one of the three was willing to turn crusader or take an extreme stand for State versus Federal Rights, or for free labor against slave labor. With the approach of the presidential election of 1860, there arose a situation which spared them of this necessity.

FOR years California had clamored for a transcontinental railroad. It was generally known that a Sacramento engineer, Judah, had proved that a road could be laid across the Sierras, and that four Sacramento store-keepers, Huntington, Crocker, Stanford and Hopkins had ideas about organizing a company to build such a road, and the project at last showed some promise of materializing. Quite suddenly the road question began to be boomed as it had never been boomed before. Lincoln, the nominee of the new Republican Party thought the road a great idea. If he were elected president, he would see that the West got its road. The point was one of the planks of his platform. The wavering San Francisco papers took up the road issue and pushed it vigorously.

In the election, California cast its weight to the Republican Party and for Lincoln. He was committed to see that the West got its road. California and her gold were committed to the Republican Party and Lincoln and his inevitably tragic lot as president. *The Alta, Bulletin* and *Call* were safely on the right high road. With a will they pitched into the drives to raise war funds and troops, and became the right hand men of Dr. Starr-King in his saving of California to the Union and his labors to alleviate the sufferings of the battlefields.

The fiery journalistic crusading of the Civil War was done largely by two papers, established purely for that purpose. *The Democratic Press* was founded

as near as can be learned, early in the 1860's. Its policies were those of the Southern wing of the Democratic Party. It favored Southern interests and sentiments and secretly worked to have California enter the Southern Confederacy, or secede as an independent state, from which the South could draw finances and supplies. It possibly cherished a secret hope that slavery would be established in California. But *The Democratic Press* did not speak its thoughts too openly. Its editors bore in mind the election of 1860, the Vigilance Committee and that slavery was expressly forbidden in the state constitution. After all, the Northern forces had always contrived to carry the signal points in the Northern and Southern struggle within the state, even though the Southerners dominated the courts and made the laws.

The American Flag was established by D. O. McCarthy, early in 1862 in Sonora County, a stronghold of Southern Democrats and seething with Southern plots. McCarthy was a fiery Irishman, who industriously set about exposing the iniquity and infamy of the Southerners and their plots against the flag and the Union. The horrors and sins of slavery he pictured graphically, while the glory and virtues and God-given rights of free, white labor were exalted to the skies. Within a few months McCarthy had the whole country side in an uproar.

LELAND STANFORD had lately become governor, and he had found time to read and watch *The American Flag*. The Central Pacific Company was by this time organized. Nothing stood in the way of actually building the railroad, save the legal formalities of putting through Congress a bill authorizing the road and providing the needed cash and land subsidies. But a war was getting under way and that might mean indefinite delays. The Southerners were not yet licked into submissiveness. They might yet disrupt California and turn the people against the administration and the Republican Party, which would be very bad for the road.

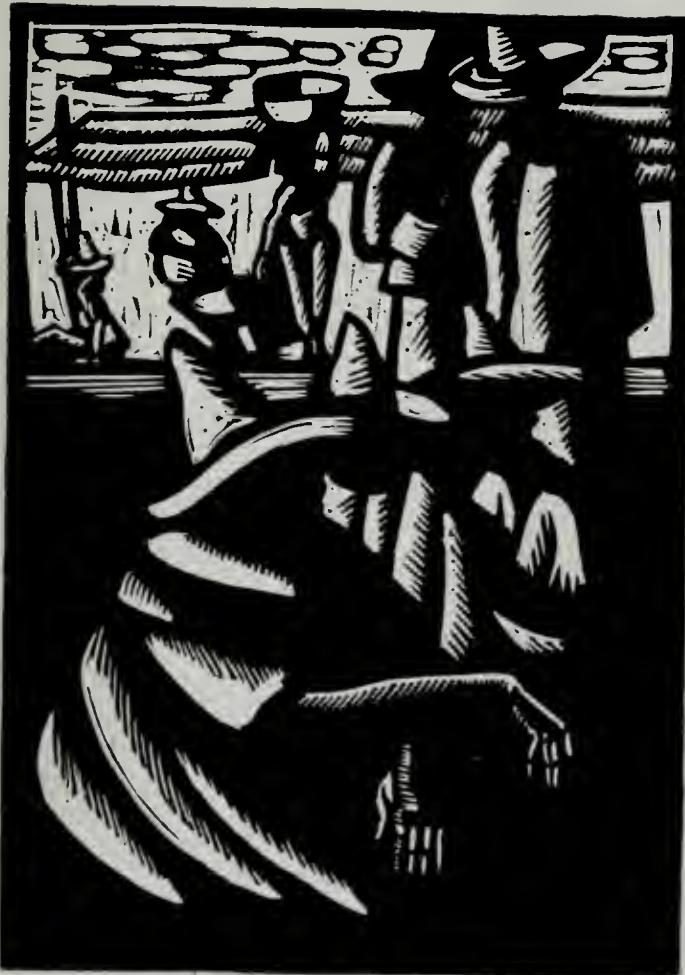
As one means of averting this disaster, there providentially appeared *The American Flag*. Stanford invited McCarthy to meet him in Sacramento. He suggested that the paper be moved to San Francisco and enlarged. To make this possible the Republican Party and the Central Pacific Company would gladly provide any needed financial help.

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Mexico



Prescott Chaplin, young San Franciscan who won artistic laurels in New York and abroad, has returned after two years in Mexico where he made these splendid wood cuts which are being shown simultaneously by Courvoisier in San Francisco and by Steichen in New York. His paintings are to be shown in London next month before they are brought back for an autumn showing in San Francisco. Reproduced here are "Los Soldados" (upper), "Los Trabajados" (lower left) and "El Artisanos" (lower right).



THE WHITE CARD

IN NEW YORK, about two years ago, I was a guest at a party which wandered in and out of several cabs and brownstone fronts in the East Forties in a bewilderingly informal and impulsive manner. Both guests and hosts were transitory and various; and I became so inured to the surprises produced from this mutability that I took quite as a matter of course the sudden attempt of an earnest gentleman to convert me to Swedenborgianism.

The earnest gentleman was, I understood, the president of the Chamber of Commerce of a certain city in south Jersey. But that was not his only distinction; to him had been given, as well as the gavel, a Comprehension of the Nature of Infinity. And the fear that I was perhaps a materialist goaded him into an elucidation of the eternal mysteries.

"So you mean to tell me," I said, in the usual facile and not especially profound retort, "that Yahweh will postpone his burnishing of Betelgeuse to heed the prayer of a delicatessen man in Waukegan and to order the universe in such a way that the man's Chrysler will not be re-possessed? It's out of proportion."

"Not," said he, "when you comprehend the nature of infinity."

Merely as logic, his point was quite reasonable. So I said only, "Well, if I meet you in some sort of Hereafter, I shall apologize. But if it turns out that there is no Hereafter, you will owe me an apology."

And just then a long-distance telephone call informed him that his wife was in the very crisis of her accouche-
ment, so he gulped his drink and de-
parted for south Jersey in all haste. And
I shall probably never see a neater dem-
onstration of the power of biology over
the logic which denies its very existence.



BUT the important point is that the earnestly religious man was one of the freaks of a somewhat freakish night. He belonged in the category with the horse-faced woman who did the black-bottom at every opportunity, and the man who explained that impotence was congenital with all his family. We are—a good many of us, I believe—inclined to think of theology as the sport of the Middle Ages; and it is always a shock to be reminded, as Mencken reminds us, that there are still millions of True Believers extant.

never created. And it is a shock to realize that thousands of people will take violent exception to his book. For the book is urbane and scholarly and even-tempered, and it says nothing which is not obvious to anyone but a True Believer. I wish to call attention to the urbanity; Mencken has a reputation for wild ranting, from which he suffers unjustly. In theological controversy he speaks always in calm even tones. He knows quite well the value of such an attitude when dealing with those whose most important weapon is wild exhortation.

Treatise On the Gods is gentlemanly, in the best reading of the word. And if anyone doubts that Mencken can write beautiful English, I commend this book to him. Mencken has given us, herein, more of such writing as went into *Hills of Zion*.

The book treats of the nature and origin of religion, its evolution, its varieties, its Christian form, and its state today. His conjectures as to origin are shaky, but interesting; his story of religion's evolution and varieties contains nothing new (since he has deliberately held to the "basic patterns"); but in his study of Christianity past and present there is much that is shrewd and diverting (as one might expect.)

It may turn out to be the most important book he has yet issued (though I still plug for *Notes on Democracy*.) Other reviews, and the ads, quote the line about Satan's bootleg apples. Don't let that deter you.

The book has a bibliography and an index.



"They tell me you can't be flattered."
"Yes? Do they really?"

by NED HILTON

HEADLINE in the Examiner: *Club-women Ridding U. S. of Illiteracy.* What! Are they all leaving the country?

There was recently brought to my house, as an unexpected additional guest, a young woman whose intellectual attainments, we were led to believe, were considerable. She announced that she read "a book a day," a feat which makes the Literary Guild seem almost analphabetic. Furthermore, she read "anything she could get hold of." (So did Edison.) From such eclecticism I expected wonders. And when one of my guests released a genuinely witty remark I awaited her answer quite eagerly. She twisted her features from within their surrounding folds of fat and said, with telling force, "Oh, go lay an egg!" My admiration knew no bounds.

Note for Mr. Dobie: We observe a poster recommending one of Duffy's recent gifts to the city's theater-goers. It consists of the name of the play, the statement that it "has everything," and a picture of an Afric in terrified conjunction with a skeleton. I need hardly remind you that such comedy was abandoned some time ago, as too old and too stupid, by even the slapstick masters of Poverty Row in Hollywood.

When I mentioned to Grove Day the tendency of Mr. Duffy toward such cretin-tickling opera—he seems to produce only such things as are booed off Broadway—Mr. Day, whose tolerance is a byword, said, "Well, he's made a fortune at it."

So there's the root of the trouble; if people on the Pacific Coast will pay a fortune to see such trash as would flop in Dubuque, we had better speak in lowered voices of our local drama. And Mr. Duffy might make a second fortune by producing, as tableaus, the illustrations in the Macfadden magazines.



"He's a famous raconteur."
"Where's his machine gun?"

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

As our esteemed Mayor will tell anyone, the task of campaigning for governor is not exactly a veritable path of roses. And thus, on Easter Sunday, when any self-respecting Mayor should stay at home and hunt eggs with the kiddies, we found the Honorable James Jr., attending an opening baseball game and pitching the proverbial first ball in the thriving metropolis of Gilroy. Attired in his tight-fitting Palm Beach suit, with a sombrero and carnation matching his complexion, and wearing his inevitable seven-league boots, the Mayor sweltered under a blazing sun and addressed the assembled rustics who rose to their feet as one man and gave three hearty ones for "the Greatest Mayor in California." Then, not to be outdone in courtesy, His Honor returned the compliment by genuflecting in the middle of the field and gently kissing the hand of the Queen of Gilroy, and rising, called for three cheers for "the most beautiful girl in Gilroy." When the shouts had subsided, Ralph declared that—"This is the happiest day of my life"—but being in a self-sacrificing mood, remained only ten minutes to enjoy this intense happiness.

"In Cimarron," says the publisher's ads, "Edna Ferber does for Oklahoma what she did for the Mississippi."

How much will it cost to keep her out of California?

All-way conductors have always had their ups and downs with inebriated gentlemen with a yen for travel. Prohibition "enforcement" has given them a greater drunk passenger problem than ever, for many of the drunks of today belong to the better classes and cannot be tendered the summary treatment that was once accorded objectionable souses.

The conductor aboard a southbound train one evening recently had his patience tried to a point that a promissory note for two cents would have furnished him sufficient incentive to commit murder.

"Your ticket is for Sacramento," he patiently explained to the genial drunk for the twentieth time, "and this train is on the Los Angeles line, which does not go through Sacramento at all."

At length an inkling of the situation began to percolate through the illuminated traveler's brain.

"Good Heavens!" he gurgled. "Have you told sh engineer?"

I should like to call on every free-thinking American, who can think at all, to break this law, i.e. the Vol-

stead Law. Drink what you please, when you please. Don't betray the bootleggers who are smuggling in liquor for you. In every way possible flaunt your defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment. Render it inoperative. Whilst it stands there, let it be disobeyed."

These very ably and plainly spoken words, are from an article called *The Anti-Speak Easy League* in the May issue of *Vanity Fair*. Their author is Corey Ford, whom, as you have readily guessed, is no relation to the illustrious Henry of the same surname.

What Mr. Ford has to say in his article is something that no one seems to have found the words or courage to say heretofore. Even the most eloquent and ardent campaigners against Prohibition, the Volstead Law and the incredible stupidities and corruption of its enforcement have contented themselves largely with decorously worded arguments anent the rights of the individual and the minority, the basic verities and guarantees of the National Constitution, and have wound up their discourses with good and logical reasons on the rights of those, to whom the Amendment is obnoxious, to work for its repeal or change.

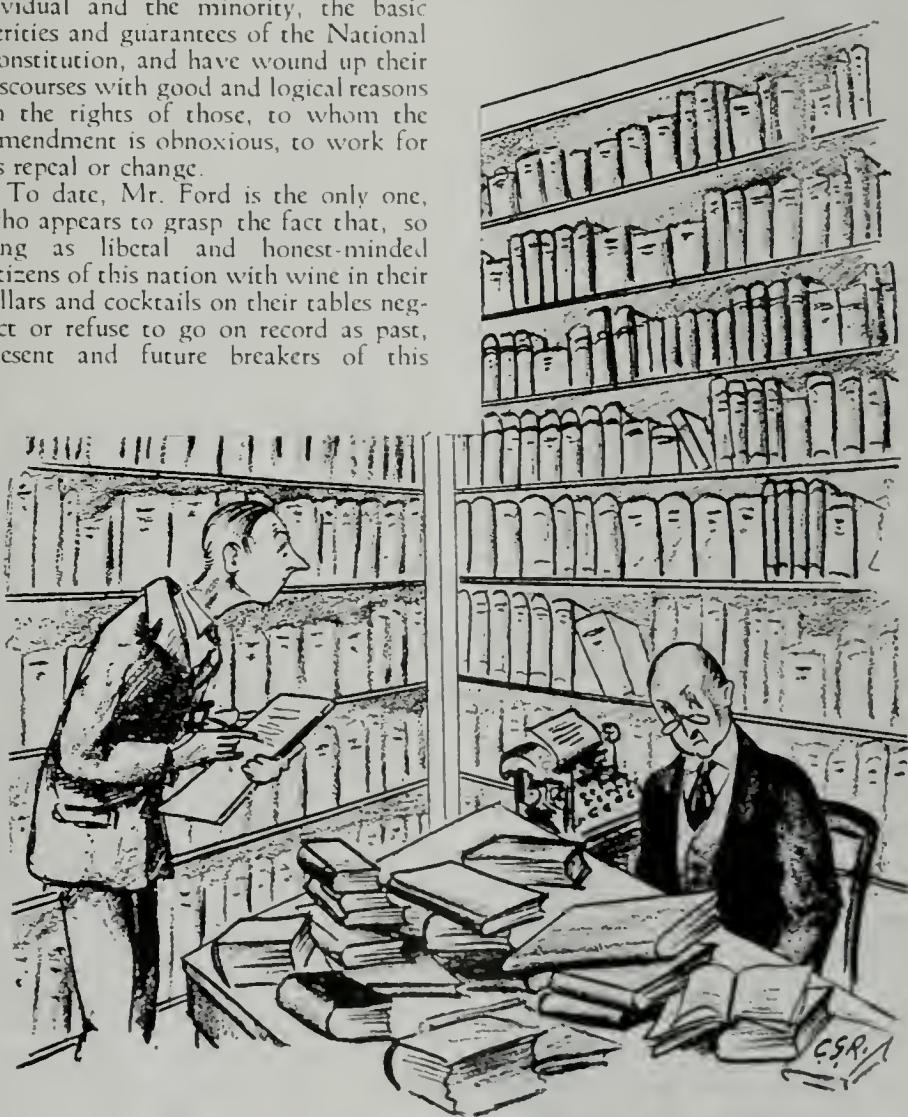
To date, Mr. Ford is the only one, who appears to grasp the fact that, so long as libetal and honest-minded citizens of this nation with wine in their cellars and cocktails on their tables neglect or refuse to go on record as past, present and future breakers of this

abominable law, the Anti-Saloon League, W C T U and similar organizations will never have their bluff called.

Ford blazes a clean trail straight through the muddle this whole sorry business has gotten into. His is a triumph of clear thinking over confused thinking, of courage over hesitancy or doubt. For these, should his name be cast into enduring bronze.

After the successful flight of the pilotless plane, someone is sure to suggest, quite wittily, that we should install nothing but a couple of gyroscopes in the White House. Our recommended retort is, "Why waste good gyroscopes?"

FOllowing the luncheon, given in honor of Mr. Mei Lan-Fang, the celebrated Chinese artist, who was recently in this city, we sat spellbound and entranced, while his manager Mr.



"Read and write?"

Chang expounded the inner meanings and mysteries of Mei's exquisite art. Mr. Chang bears the name of one of China's most distinguished houses, and is an aristocrat to the manner born. He is a graduate of Oxford, and was for several years a member of the Chinese Embassy at London.

Mr. Chang's knowledge of the history and traditions of China's theatrical arts, and of Lan-Fang's art in particular are profound and exhaustive. He is, moreover, a facile and brilliant speaker and in his hands the English language attains a dignity, precision and expressiveness that it rarely, if ever, attains among the American people. As Mr. Chang's talk ended, we were pondering these facts, when a certain woman, whom we happen to know has just come into her first Packard and who was seated next to us, leaned over and said in a loud whisper, "Well, he's come a pretty long way for a Chinaman."

CONFIDENTIALLY, we are getting fearfully bored with these stories having to do with the incredible lack of historical knowledge, prevalent among those beefy Hollywood gentlemen, known as Producers. They are all so damnable stupid—both the stories and the gentlemen. But as a matter of form, we repeat the following:

Said the Casting Director to the Producer, "Here, sir, is the list of the cast for our new Biblical production '*The Vengeance of Jehovah*'."

The Producer read the list over several times, the while, shifting his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, as is the classical wont of his kind. Finally, he snapped impatiently, "Why, this thing only calls for twelve disciples!"

The Casting Director meekly: "Yes, sir."

The Producer: "Well, haven't I told you before, this is a mammoth production. Cast fifty disciples!"

THE VENITO RESTAURANT, a popular Bohemian resort, boasts of the most cultured and educated staff in San Francisco, and points with pride to three of its help to prove this assertion. The head waiter, according to the manager, is a graduate of the University of Santa Clara of the Class of '97; the dishwasher, a nonchalant young Latin, came to them straight from three years at the Beaux Arts in Paris; while the cook, formerly a tenor with the La Scalla, is so temperamental that he will not allow the owner in the kitchen . . . Bohemia!

As we go to press, the Columbia bears the huge sign: "Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson Twice Daily." That, gentlemen, IS commuting.

AFTER much investigation we finally discovered that the little colored chicks, which many have admitted in the windows of Pelicano-Rossi during the Easter Season, are not hatched from colored eggs. The chicks, as we learned through the kindness of Gertrude Wood, hail from Sacramento, and are colored immediately after hatching with a harmless vegetable dye which tints only the downy fuzz and wears off as soon as the feathers grow in. The substance used for the dye is much the same as soda-water coloring or artificial tints for cake frostings . . . And perhaps around Thanksgiving we shall find little pastel-colored Turkeys in the same windows.

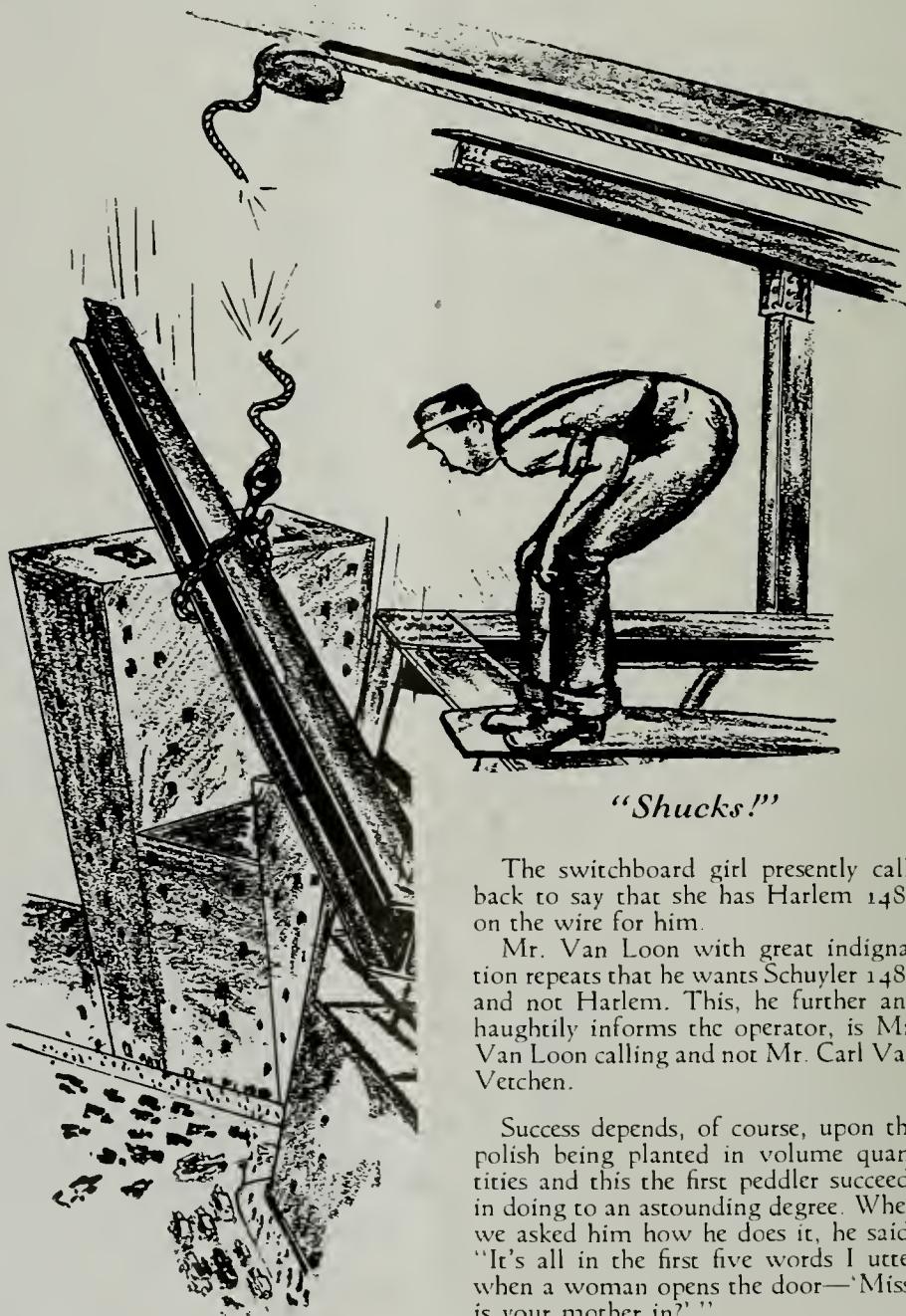
It is perhaps no longer timely, but we've just found in the archives this

tragical classified ad:

Bass drum, lost New Year's Eve in Redwood City.

FROM the offices of *The New Yorker* all sorts of stories are constantly coming to us. People, just arrived from New York, dash into the office to tell us about them. People in New York write them to us, because there is a quaint notion abroad that everything that comes from the offices of *The New Yorker* must be very good or very funny. The notion is a very faulty one, and we have to reject most of these volunteer contributions. But here is one we decided was good enough to print

Mr. Van Loon, in *The New Yorker* office lifts his phone and puts in a call for Schuyler 1487.



The switchboard girl presently calls back to say that she has Harlem 1487 on the wire for him.

Mr. Van Loon with great indignation repeats that he wants Schuyler 1487 and not Harlem. This, he further and haughtily informs the operator, is Mr. Van Loon calling and not Mr. Carl Van Vetchen.

Success depends, of course, upon the polish being planted in volume quantities and this the first peddler succeeds in doing to an astounding degree. When we asked him how he does it, he said: "It's all in the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door—'Miss, is your mother in?'"

A CIRCUMSTANCE which gives us no small measure of satisfaction is the fact that many of the most enthusiastic readers of THE SAN FRANCISCAN are not properly San Franciscans at all, but residents of the East Bay. It is upon this fortunate state of affairs that we are indebted for being kept posted on the peccadilloes of the quaint folk whose antics provide material for the facile pen of Octavus Cohen, for Oakland boasts a large colored colony.

Among our Oakland friends is one who has a colored cook of coal-black pulchritude and vast gross tonnage with appetite to match.

One day when she was eating lunch a neighbor, also a large colored woman, came rushing in with bad news.

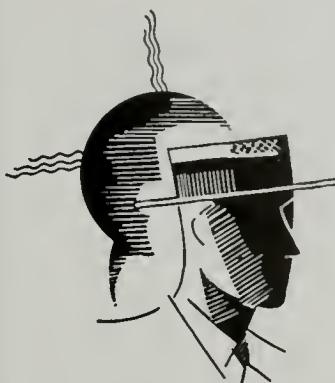
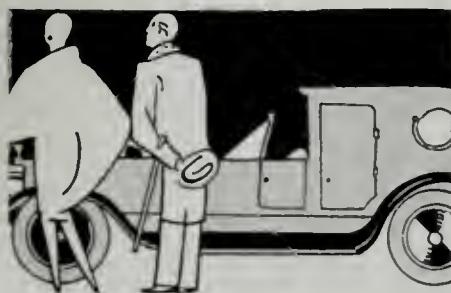
"Mandy," the visitor warned, "prepare yo'se'f fo' some pow'ful bad news. Yo' husban' has jes' been in the worst accident!"

"Lan' sakes!" exclaimed Mandy. "Et Mose am dead yo' sho' am going to hear some awful wailin' soon as I finish dis meal."

A CERTAIN young lady of the chorus, sent out from New York as a member of the cast for *Hi There*, now rehearsing at the Columbia Theatre, was highly incensed that she had been indefinitely torn away from Broadway. Since the conveniently forgotten day, when she left her home tank town, she had carefully avoided and been fearfully high-hat towards all points West.

Consequently, the damsel could see nothing but faults in San Francisco. New York had bigger hotels, bigger buildings, faster elevators, better theatres, handsomer cab drivers and what not. In San Francisco the hotels are all wrong, the cab drivers are homely and sassy, the hills are too steep, and properly speaking, we have no tabloid newspapers to do right by visiting ladies of the chorus.

Came the day of the recent sun eclipse. The haughty young thespian was prevailed upon to gaze skyward through smoked glass at this sight. Dumbfounded, for several long minutes she viewed this phenomenon, but at length found the words to exclaim, "My God, New York has nothing like this."



WILL ROGERS

may have been joking when he said that the California Boosters' Organization, at the beginning of time, sent a committee to the Creator to obtain more hours of sunshine for this glorious commonwealth. Rogers may have been kidding, but just the same it was arranged that California should have a longer Summer . . . and, therefore, more time for California men to wear, and enjoy, Knox Comfit Straw Hats which are \$6 to \$10.

Other Knox
Straws, \$5 up

KNOX

Two Shops in San Francisco

51 GRANT
AVENUE



HOTEL ST.
FRANCIS



Happy Days are Here Again . . . in case you have not felt any personal thrill, ask the first school child you meet and you'll know it's nearly time for vacation.

May is the wardrobe month of the vacation season . . . time to plan and to dream a bit, and to shop, and to cut and sew, and to wish you had planned to go to the Beach when you see a delectable beach ensemble, or to the mountains when a swanky handmade sweater greets your eye.



Oh, those who can pick up and leave for any clime at any time, have no idea what they miss by not having an official vacation season.

Certainly too bad, if you had decided to rough it this year. The success of the new softly feminine silhouette is enough to change any back-woods camping ideas.

Imagine khaki knickers and a rough neck sweater competing with a calculating feminine sports frock of striped silk shirting (the kind Palm Beach has been wearing all through the season) in any of the new sun warmed pastels with a provocatively high waisted belt and gracefully swinging flare skirt!



For tennis sake it is sleeveless. But the Sports Shop and The Little Shop (for sizes 13, 15, 17) are filled with engagingly short sleeved styles, too. These manage to be both feminine and ready for a real work-out on the courts.

They need to be versatile—these frocks that serve both the new mode and the old love of freedom-of-movement.

Who wants to go back to the days when a girl was a decorative nuisance in the mildest kind of sports?

Even dancing suffers no impediment from long skirts—"ankle length for the dance floor," says Paris Trains, even the tiniest and trailing hemis, are not only frowned upon, but trod upon, if they venture away from the highly formal reception where their dignity belongs.

What a shame not to go somewhere this summer where you can get the full benefit of the most flattering after-dark frocks that the couture has sent us since the Gibson girl retired in all her frills and furbelows.



Can't you see yourself floating to the dreamy strains of the latest waltz on some lantern-hung pavilion—moonlight above . . . a divine partner . . . and a jewel toned pastel lace frock . . . or one of Chanel's beaded flower chiffons giving you that delicious sensation of looking so utterly your best that you hardly recognize yourself?

Don't these back-to-nature vacations begin to fade away after you have shopped around a bit?

And, now about luggage. Have you discovered yet the almost miraculous amount you can get into a ward-robe hat box? Seasoned travelers rejoice in their conveniences. The White House has them in every grade from the world famous Vuittons to inexpensively smart fabricoid.

Happy Isles

Continued from page 17

Many, many persons have a secret. They knew what they wanted and attained it. This is a chosen people. They are those who live in Hawaii (the Sandwich group), those who have been there and cannot forget and the fortunate beings who are yet to arrive in this place which needs so little praise. The unforgettable Island Adventure.

War Drums and Printer's Ink

Continued from page 22

The American Flag was moved to San Francisco and the services of Calvin B McDonald secured as editor. McDonald was known as "The Fighting Editor," and in all the chronicles of the time is set down as a man who never accepted employment of any publication whose policies ran contrary to his own thought and principles. He wrote the truth precisely as he saw it and hurled it straight at his opponents. For no monetary consideration or for expediency would he consent to soften his blows, and he bore any unfavorable reaction upon himself without flinching.

On *The American Flag* McDonald could give free rein to his aversion to slavery and to his intense devotion to American principles as he conceived them. He was merciless in exposing the motives and sympathies of *The Democratic Press* and all other California publications that revealed or suggested sympathy, compromise or overtures to the South. His daily and powerful war editorials worked the public temper up to a dangerous pitch and created an almost fanatical support of Lincoln and his policies. It became an exceedingly unwise thing to do in San Francisco to admit one was a Southerner or had ever looked with neutral feelings on the Southern cause. Any man in public life, so rash as to indicate that he had ever subscribed to the latter thought, was burned in effigy.

When word reached San Francisco of Lincoln's assassination, this mob hysteria flared into a mad and merciless flame. A frenzied, shouting rabble stormed through the streets. It descended upon *The Democratic Press* and wrecked its offices and plant, while its editor barely escaped through a rear door with his life. The paper, however, survived the destruction of its office furniture, type and equipment. It was shortly thereafter reorganized and became *The Examiner*, and as *The Examiner* has lived to make journalistic history of a peculiar though startling brand. At the hands of the mob, the office effects of *The News Letter* were also wrecked and thrown into the street,

FOLLOW Spring on a Sun-Kissed OCEAN TRAIL

...to an island kingdom, all scarlet and purple and gold with myriads of flowers . . . a land of perfumes, laughter and romance



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Your days are filled with the subtle thrill of adventure that sailing the friendly old Pacific always gives. Surrounded by the luxury, punctilious service and charm of atmosphere for which LASSCO liners are famous, you enjoy a voyage that ends all too soon over the popular southern route directly from Los Angeles to Honolulu.

The tour cost covers every necessary ship and shore expense. It gives you eight captivating days in the islands with sightseeing under the direction of LASSCO travel experts who take you to every chief point of interest in the islands. The royal palace, the colorful oriental quarter, the beautiful gardens and other features of picturesque Honolulu . . . Waikiki with its exciting surf sports and world-famous hotels . . . and LASSCO's 5-day Wonder Trip winding among the islands to Hilo and Volcanoland.

Make this year's vacation a springtime visit to the Paradise isles!

Flower - Time Tour
sail May 5, 17 and 31

For reservations and full particulars see any authorized ticket agent, or apply . . .

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and this paper too survived the tough handling, and after a fashion, lives to this day. No wholesale massacre of Southerners was reported. Upon hearing news of the assassination, these gentlemen very promptly and wisely made for their homes and other points of safety while the fury of the mob ran its course.

The Book Doctor

Continued from page 18

All the evidence that a discriminating brain should need to unravel the true history of the Veryan tragedies is given; but you'll never guess! While not so carefully written as the previous book, THE BLACK DOOR shows at times a fortunate phrase and a clever twist of meaning.

THE DOOR unadorned has for its pivot the commonly-noted fact that most hotel rooms look very much alike. It is a record of a series of cold-blooded attacks in a wealthy family; and the matter-of-fact setting heightens the horror. So many mystery writers create fantastic characters, and when something strange happens to them, it was expected all the time, and much of the effect is lost; but when Mrs. Rinehart's prim spinsters and young lovers and deferent butlers are tangled in suspicion and tragedy, we feel death lurking at our elbow. Mrs. Rinehart has her usual deftness and plot-sense, and her people are so real you could almost find them listed in the telephone book.

If you like mystery, don't miss these doors. Needless to say, neither book is recommended as a sedative.

Pulling Edna's Leg

"CIMMARRON," by Edna Ferber. Double-day, Doran, 1930. \$2.50.

Back in Oklahoma they have lots of tall stories to tell. Miss Ferber has jotted them all down, and you will find them all in her new story of Yancey Cravat and Sabra Venable, even if you don't find much about what the early days in Oklahoma were really like.

Indians, rattlesnakes, cowboys, and various other tough customers make the Cimarron country lively in the days of the Sooners and The Rush, when the prairie grew populous overnight. The yarn Miss Ferber spins is rich and racing, and will be read as So Big and Show Boat have been read. Her incidents are almost as fantastic as the actual history of that strip of the southwest. And after all, Mr. Ziegfeld doesn't bother much about history, as long as the story has plenty of places for good chorus work and Indian dances and cowboys with red shirts.

Prescribed

The best novel that G. K. Chesterton ever wrote was a fanciful tale of the ris-

Continued on page 31



JUNE IS "MIDNIGHT SUN" TIME IN Alaska

You'll really know long vacation days when you watch Alaska's summer sun, shining all day . . . and nearly all night . . . on giant mountains, glittering glaciers, and the quaint old Totems that always look over the water!

And this summer, a newly augmented vacation-fleet, with famed Canadian National service throughout, to complete the Alaska cruise.

Sail from Seattle, or Vancouver, northward and farther northward through the Inside Passage . . . or take British Columbia's great Triangle Tour, with Alaska as an easy side-trip. From Skagway, the historic Yukon is an easy two-day round-trip while your ship waits.

You can do it all, comfortably, on a two-weeks vacation! June is best. Scenic folders from—

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Sympathy and Pattern

Continued from page 18

ogy; John Donne had arrayed himself also against those disturbing forces . . . And John Donne was gone, leaving only this slight volume, with *Author's Death* in battered and uneven type . . . For his mysticism was the mysticism of one who (said the protagonist), even as I, has slobbered milk, and nuzzled flesh, and barked his shins, and drained good drink, and found somewhere the dispensation of poetry. And he hurried rather desperately over the reflection that John Donne had lived, and had had eyes which saw the things about him, and smiled and sparkled and became hard and empty with a grief not understood by anyone but John Donne. With the volume in his hand, he could not but think of the one-time actuality of the fingers with which the poems had been written, and the one-time warmth of the blood which had quickened them.

"And the man who had set that type—the humble *M. F.* who had labored over the letter-spacing of that page—had perhaps drunk also in the Mermaid, and gone to the Swan and the Rose and the Globe. There remained of him now these small italic initials, whose ink had

been dry three hundred years. And John Marriott, too, had held this book in his hand—when it had come into his shop, shiny of gilt and new morocco . . ."

It is possible to purchase a quite recent edition of John Donne—an edition which has all things essential, except the essential human associations.

We had better return to cool anatomizing. We have considered the Associative stage, which is the first stage of true collecting. And close upon it comes the Complettive stage, for which all bibliographies are responsible.



I have made the accompanying scroll design to illustrate the exposition of that urge which fastens upon all true collectors—the urge to possess "everything he ever did." Much has been said, somewhat foolishly, about the acquisitiveness of collectors, and about the vanity which causes them to gather all sorts of unimportant trifles. The inanity of such envious gabbling is made clear when we recognize that in the writings of any author worth collecting there is a pattern. The artist strives always to give

form to what is formless, to bring all things into harmonious juxtaposition. And in that striving he is working in a larger pattern in which each word he writes has a place.

The collector, sooner or later, has "most" of his writer's first editions. And into what frenzy that "most" throws him. For the pattern is incomplete—as is my scroll drawing. I have deleted part of a spiral, to show how bothersome, how teasing, and how disagreeable is a pattern in which there is present only "most" of it. A person who is not completely an aesthetic will have been impelled, as soon as he saw the butchered scroll, to complete it—to add, if only with a pencil, the missing curve.

And with what damnable accuracy do bibliographies describe the missing parts in the pattern of your collection. I shall probably go through life desiring *The Beaver in Norway*, a slight and unimportant Douglas pamphlet of which there is only one known copy. That is the fault of Macdonald, the bibliographer. And Cabell, now, at the end of the *Storisende Edition*, gives me cause for baffled acquisitiveness. And where will I ever see a 1913 *Chance*? And has anyone ever seen Horlick's Magazine, of the '90s, in which so much of Machen was



For gentlemen
of action . . .

We suggest one of the new Oxford weave shirts . . . In case you're not a gentleman of action,
we might add these shirts are splendid for loafing.

\$2⁵⁰

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HAPPY VACATION DAYS AT SEA

(LOAF OR PLAY TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT)



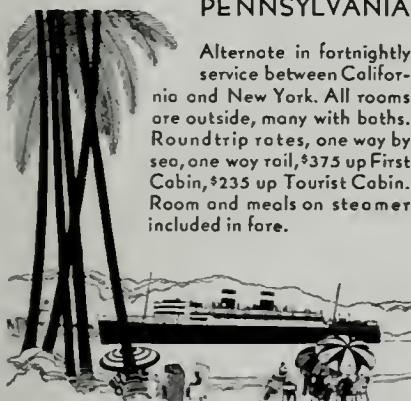
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Your ship is one of the great electric fleet. You'll dance under tropic stars as you sail. You'll swim and play the days away with worry and cares a "million miles" behind.

You'll visit historic Panama, pass thru the gigantic Panama Canal in daylight, spend happy hours in gay Havana.

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Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
ALL NEW STEAMERS
460 Market St. San Francisco 715 W. Seventh St. Los Angeles



first printed? Sometime I shall ask Vincent Starrett; though I doubt that even he has a complete file. Of fugitive Beerbohm items I am yet happily unaware; I have no bibliography.

No, the acquisitiveness is not reprehensible; it is an entirely laudable aesthetic impulse, a desire to see the pattern complete. And to each item, of course, clings the essential human association. No less magical than *The Hill of Dreams* is my copy of Machen's *The Anatomy of Tobacco*, his first legitimately published book; no less magical is my *Dr. Stiggins*, and *The Great God Pan*, and all the rest of them. And it is necessary that they be in good condition; no one wants mildew on a Rembrandt etching, and in religious matters, I suspect, a tarnished chalice is not so valued as one shining and immaculate.

Of the early Douglasses and Cabells and Beerbohms there is not space in which now to speak—nor of the Conrads which are still, many of them, on the shelves of dealers, nor of the *Pickwick* in the original parts which I shall have sometime, nor of the rest of my Menckens, or Bierces, or of the early books of James Stephens.

For part of the greatness of true collecting resides in its near-infinity. You are, and you always will be—though you were the British Museum itself—just starting.

The Book Doctor

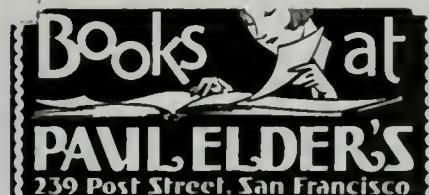
Continued from page 29

ing tide of prohibition. The Monarch of Paradox and neighboring demesnes could not, of course, in those days imagine any such nightmare as a rum-runner praying that not the coast-guard, but merely hijackers, are attacking him; but nevertheless Chesterton, in *THE FLYING INN*, gives us in a mad and merry mood the adventures of Red Patrick and his English Sancho Panza as they leap about the countryside, waving their defiant inn-sign of revolt.

Diagnoses

"UNCLE SAM," by John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill \$2.50. Mr. Erskine's satiric talent strikes home.
"GALLows ORCHARD," by Claire Spencer Cape & Smith. \$2.50. Sensitive first novel by a young romantic.
"MY REMINISCENCES AS A COWBOY," by Frank Harris C. Boni, Paper Books. \$75. He got his start back in the 70's by stealing several hundred head of Mexican cattle and going to the U. of Kansas on the proceeds.
"CASANOVA: HIS KNOWN AND UNKNOWN LIFE," by S. Guy Endore. John Day. \$5. Meaty biography of a fascinating rascal.

Continued on next page



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"THE SWEET CHEAT GONE," by Marcel Proust A & C Boni \$3 A "Remembrance" of disorder and perversity.
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"MOUNTAIN CITY," by Upton Sinclair A & C Boni \$2.50 Hearty wallop at the "go-getter" and the community which makes him possible.
"THREE CAME UNARMED," by E. Arnot Robertson Doubleday Doran \$2.50 What happened when a trio of young wild people of Borneo came to London Town.
"THE PURPLE CLOUD," by M. P. Shiel Vanguard \$2.50 Dazzling paragraphs about the last man on earth.
"MATA HARI COURTESAN AND SPY," by Major Thomas Coulson Harper's \$3 The most flaunting adventures of the Great War, sketched by a member of the British Secret Service.
"THE TOWN OF TOMBREL," by William J. Locke Dodd, Mead \$2.50 Mr. Locke clicks again with this story of the benevolent autocrat of a Riviera town.



DAINTY CHINESE MAIDS

To the Editor

Continued from page 6

And then he went on to add, "The idea that you have can only be published in a magazine for intelligent people to read." So you see he was very kind and diplomatic after all for he excluded a few readers as being serious about Fords and gave a big boost to the magazine business.

Well, you see there wasn't anything else left to do but go over to the "San Franciscan," which is within walking distance—I had no funds for carfare to reach New York, the center for publication of most of our magazines catering to "intelligent" people. You

"Overland Limited"

SAN FRANCISCO meets Chicago in 58 hours of luxurious travel via the "Overland Limited." Color-bearer of the first of the Four Great Routes, this gracious train is famed throughout the world.

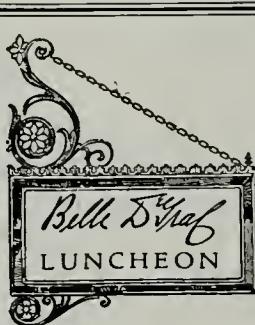
All-Pullman, extra-fare, of course. That its equipment and appointments are the best today can fashion, you rightfully assume. And this exclusive touch—dainty Chinese Maids, gaily garbed, to serve you.

When you go East at the low summer fares, the "Overland Limited" will speed you to Chicago hours ahead of any other train. Take advantage of Southern Pacific's option to go one way, return another, on the "Overland Limited," "Golden State Limited," "Sunset Limited" or "Cascade."

Some examples of low summer roundtrips in effect May 22 to September 30. Return limit October 31:

Atlanta	\$113.60
Chicago	90.30
Kansas City . . .	75.60
New York City .	151.70
New Orleans . . .	89.40

Via SHASTA ROUTE, slightly more



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E. W. CLAPP
Gen. Pass. Trf. Mgr.
San Francisco

know, magazines like Harpers and perhaps Vogue, although our choice would have been Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Dyer seemed to be glad to see me at any rate. It was pretty early in the morning after publication day and he was waiting for the printing bill to come in and when I came in and didn't hand out a bill, he just smiled all over, asked me to have a chair and then asked what he could do for me.

So I started in all over, told him about the "Big Idea Department" as a regular feature of his magazine. How we would not only ATTEMPT to solve all the big problems of the hour, but we WOULD solve them—no fooling. He was just like Mr. Newspaper man, though. Wanted a sample—put in writing. So here is the event of the day, the problem of the hour and just to put it over big this time, we will settle two problems; just like the birds and stone business.

There is the Labor problem. Men out of work. Hunger strikers, paraders and empty dinner pails. You know all about it. Mr. Hoover's Secretary of Labor is worried about it and Mayor Rolph has passed the buck to Supervisor Rossi. A tough job they all say. That is problem number one.

Problem number two according to the papers is this matter of enforcing the prohibition acts. Mr. Ford appears before the investigation committee in Washington and says that he is absolutely set on having enforcement. Tells how the wets and poor old Wall Street are trying to corrupt his employees in Dearborn. Ford says there are speakeasies as thick as telephone poles opposite each entrance to the Ford works and then goes on to say that he has a system of law enforcement in his own factory and it works. Has "breath smellers" who apparently sniff each man's garlic or halitosis as he enters the plant and if there is any odor resembling

sacramental wines or prescription spirits an investigation is made and the employee is sent home for a doctor's excuse, and would you believe this, he gives them notice to stay home permanently if they can't produce the prescription.

Now we have arrived at the point where our "Big Idea" department begins to function. As Mr. Ford is so anxious to enforce the prohibition law and he has some \$300,000,000 according to recent statements made by him, and there are so many starving and jobless people in the country at large, we suggest that Mr. Ford draw up a new contract of sale for each one of these model "A's" he sells, putting a conditional clause providing that any purchaser of a Ford who takes a drink contrary to the law shall forfeit all right, title and interest in the automobile. As there are so many Fords in operation and the example of losing one's Ford would be so forceful to the prospective and present owners, another large portion of the population would be observing the law.

Of course this does not settle the unemployment situation, so we suggest that as Mr. Ford is so set on moralizing that he use some of the three hundred million dollars and pay all unemployed men one dollar per day to act as "Official Breath Smellers" for Ford owners and in that way the unemployed will be cared for. It will take about one "Smeller" to each Ford and if there is any surplus of unemployed, we suggest that a spy system similar to the Soviet organization which would be the "Breath Smellers" of the Official Breath Smellers." This would be an extra precaution and sure to prevent any further drinking of "Holy Water."

We send up a silent prayer that The San Franciscan will recognize our great ability at solving problems and will put us on the payroll regularly. On second thought this will

never do. We are under contract to our present employer not to take on a second job and unless other ideas bring us more than the \$5000 The San Franciscan seems willing to pay for this one, we shall have to stick to our present source of income.

Submitted by,
ELLIS H. WOOLLEY.

Dear Editor:

In the March San Franciscan I find a poem written "at a lady who doesn't like skyscrapers," and since I happen to be that lady, I am sending in a reply to his arguments.

In reply to a certain gentleman who likes skyscrapers.

A Skyscraper in the Year 3000

Lonely, leaning toward the stars
With rivets wrenched from iron bars,
A twisted frame of naked steel—stands
Darkly etched against the sky.
No artist carved with careful hands
His soul upon its marble brow,
Nor had a love of beauty in his eye
While carving crude shapes on its portico.
Steel, rivets, iron, massive cranes, its tools,
Lime, sand, cement, and plaster
Adorn its cell-like rooms, and faster
Ever faster, higher ever higher built by fools
(Who tried to reach the sun)—
It stands a monument to dollars lost and won.
The wind blows through its empty corridors,
Where sullen spiders catch the careless fly,
And rusty hinges on the twisted doors
Make freefall sounds to black bats wheeling by.
Gaunt, towering skyward, sinister in defeat;
It stands a symbol of Men's greed—
Upon the empty street.

—Elsa Nye Meriwether.

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Fine Jewelry



POST AND STOCKTON STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO

Air Situations

Continued from page 10

000) from proceeds from a bond issue voted by the people of Oakland for harbor improvements in 1925. The airport was treated as part of the city's harbor and the development of it was placed in the hands of a non-political committee. The peninsula between San Leandro Bay and a southeastern arm of San Francisco Bay, only six and a half miles south of the Oakland Post Office, was selected in March of 1927 and lay untouched until June when F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics; Porter Adams, president of the National Aeronautic Association, and Lieutenant Lester J. Maitland surveyed the field and promised to use it for the army flight to Hawaii if a runway more than one mile long and 300 feet wide could be completed by June 24.

On the specified date a level, hard-packed runway 7020 feet long, 600 feet wide at one end and 300 feet at the other, was completed. This was the start of the all-over landing field that has brought the Oakland Airport such popularity.

In the fall of 1927 the Dole race started from Oakland Airport and, in May of 1928, the "Southern Cross" flight started from the same field.

Early in 1928 the first two hangars

were built and later the same year the third hangar was completed. Last year two more hangars were built, the fifth one being specially designed for the Boeing school and transport lines.

During this same time a splendidly equipped administration building has been erected and a restaurant and hotel have been installed on the field. The entire plant is unusual in its completeness, standing out for a time as the largest in the United States. Last year it is stated that there were 82,316 landings made on the Oakland Airport and that 52,900 passengers were carried—these figures do not count the 13,000 student flights made during the year.

The Oakland Airport has attracted national attention in various ways. It is cited by national air magazines for its construction and maintenance policy. It has been estimated that the Oakland Municipal Airport will receive from \$60,000 to \$80,000 gross revenue during 1929-1930.

Recently the Western Water Taxi Company started a speedboat service from the Oakland Airport to San Francisco, making the trip in thirty minutes, to carry passengers from the transport planes.

There has been some criticism of the receipt of San Francisco mail in Oakland because of the time it has taken to transport it to its final destination on

this side of the bay. Postmaster H. L. Todd has announced unofficially that soon a mail contract may be let to the Air Ferries, Ltd. to speed the delivery of air mail to San Francisco.

The Alameda Airport is being developed by Curtiss Wright as a commercial field and an aviation school. There is an extensive program outlined for the development of the neck of land now occupied. An extensive landing field with crisscrossing runways is projected and, at the side, a yacht harbor.

Curtiss Wright Co. is also developing an airport near Beresford where they will combine student training with special air service. The Curtiss-Wright flying service is the world's oldest flying organization, an outgrowth of the original company organized in 1910. The branches such as are located here are equipped to supply airplanes for every purpose, including cross country charter, taxi service, emergency transportation of all kinds, aerial photography, mapping, surveying, et cetera. They also cooperate with private owners of airplanes, providing instruction for pilots and servicing for planes.

THE San Francisco Bay Aerodrome, now under construction at Webster street in Alameda, will be the first strictly commercial field in this region.

Continued on page 37

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He—But, Julia, we can't afford a summer cabin.

She—Well, how much do you know about the cost of one? Have you been watching the Want Ads?

He—No, but you can't tell me.

She—Is that so? I do know. I've watched the Ads, and I can tell you lots of things.

P. S.—She knew. She told him. They got the cabin. Examiner Want Ads, of course.

Concerning

Continued from page 15

then has headed the educational, social and spiritual development of the Church in California.

Today he stands the spiritual father to a flock of 400,000 people. He heads an organization that controls numerous churches, many schools and several colleges. He is known as one of the leading mediators between the workers and the employers in wage disputes. He is a member of the Immigration and Housing Commission about which political storms have raged. He is president of the National Catholic Welfare Conference which meets in Washington in behalf of the poor.

During his occupancy, the archdiocese has grown phenomenally in both membership and wealth. He has helped in the virtual rebuilding of St. Mary's and Santa Clara colleges, the San Raphael School for Girls and is now urging the completion of the new San Francisco College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

Beyond these substantial accomplishments, Archbishop Hanna continues to be the best loved prelate in the West, combining keen executive ability with human understanding.

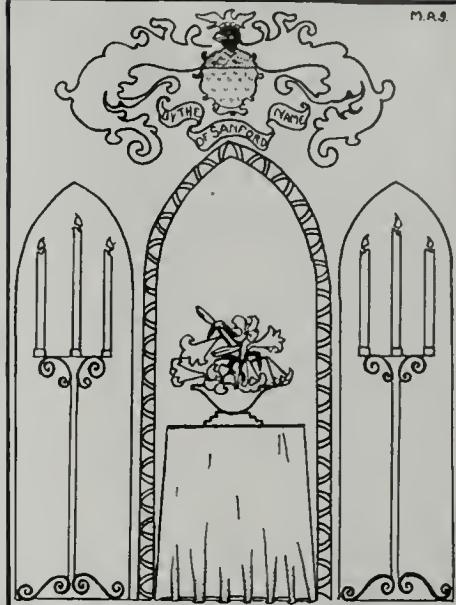
Mei LAN-FANG has come to San Francisco as an emissary of artistic understanding from China. Considered the greatest of Chinese actors he is now completing his first tour of the world playing to Chinese and American audiences in the leading cities.

Rarely does a country send its finest artists to other lands. Too often it is necessary to judge the art of a foreign country's culture by means of work considered second rate at home. In Mei Lan-Fang one finds an actor so subtle in his characterizations that, even without fully understanding the Oriental significance vested in each gesture and movement, it is possible for the Occidental mind to appreciate and admire.

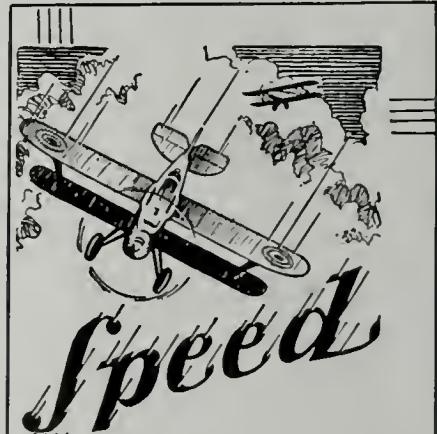
A descendant of illustrious lineage, Mei Lan-Fang bears the honorary titles of Foremost of the Pear Orchard and Grand Abbot of the Ching Chang Monastery—the highest honors at the disposal of the Chinese people. As a *tan* or player of female roles—there are no actresses in traditional Chinese drama—Mei plays at once the most important and most exacting parts in dramas that have been handed down for centuries. He is also a writer of drama and as such is author of about one-third of the contemporary plays in which he appears.

In San Francisco the majority of the performances have been presented in a Chinese theatre which has been crowded night after night with cultured Oriental people and their Occidental friends.

M.A.S.

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PEAOCK COURT has reluctantly said *au revoir* to Anson Weeks who has taken his orchestra to New York for a special season of six weeks. San Francisco has said farewell to its favorites before—with sorrow mixed with pride at the eagerness of the Eastern metropolis to share what we have prized. But this time the good-byes were said with unalloyed pride, for Anson Weeks will return. June 27th has already been set as the homecoming date when San Francisco will welcome home its favorite orchestra.

Meanwhile, the Hotel Mark Hopkins has brought to Peacock Court the one orchestra they judged qualified to substitute for Anson Weeks and his men. While San Francisco lends her favorite to New York, Chicago has sent her foremost dance orchestra with its leader, Ted Fiorito.

TEAD FIORITO is one of the greatest dance song composers today. His "Laugh Clown Laugh," "King for a Day," "I'm Sorry, Sally," "Hanging on the Garden Gate," "Dreamer of Dreams" and "I Never Knew" have all sung themselves into general popularity—but perhaps not much more so than have his "No, No, Nora," "Oh Mabel," "Medoelark," "Sometime," "Need Some Pettin'," "Just Like a Rainbow," "Sweet Southern Breeze" and "Someone to Love"—or, if you prefer, "When the Lights Are Low," "Love Bird," "I Can't Stop Babying You," "The Little Old Clock on the Mantle," "I'll Just Go Along," "Drifting," or "I Love You So"—or even "When I Dream of the Last Waltz With You," "Eliza," "Say Arabella," "Alone at Last" and "Annabelle"—that is, since we can mention only a few of the more popular songs.

Rather prolific? Ra-ther!

But you probably know Fiorito as a Victor recording artist. He's all of that and more! How much more, you could know only if you visited the Edgewater Beach Hotel at Chicago where he was director of the famous Oriole Or-

chestra for three years—or unless you visited the Congress Hotel this last season (he comes direct from there now and plans to return there next fall).

However, by now, you don't really need an introduction to Ted Fiorito because you probably were at Peacock Court Wednesday evening, April 30th, when the new orchestra was welcomed to San Francisco. What a night that was! At first just a slight wondering how it would seem not to have big, blond, loveable Anson at the piano, knowing you all, counting you his friends and playing those smooth rhythms that for years have made Peacock Court the "top of the world" for dancing San Franciscans. The orchestra was all new. Strange hands played the traps, unfamiliar faces loomed behind each familiar instrument. And the leader—how different!

Then the fiery syncopation of this new personality began to get under your skin. Familiar melodies in new arrangements. A fresh interpretation of themes well known.

Ted Fiorito—here was a spirit to be welcomed by San Francisco without reservations. The surging rhythms of his music filled Peacock Court. Tables were deserted except for an occasional couple deep in conversation . . . the dance floor became a human kaleidoscope with ever changing pattern as the colorfully gowned women were guided through the intricate maze. It was an unusual experience. Here were hundreds of people, drawn to the top of Nob Hill by the lure of pleasure, bound together by the dance music into a coherent mass of rhythm. Here was sophisticated individuality amalgamated by an experience shared. There was something magic in the tide of people drained from the tables to the center floor by the music and spread again into scattered units the moment the orchestra stopped playing. One felt the power of a common experience.

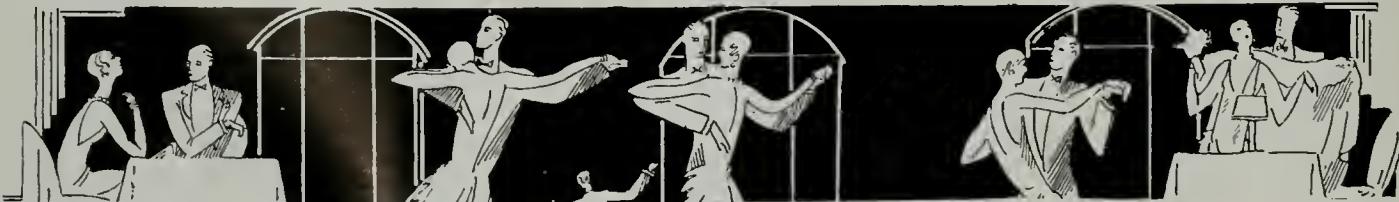
Then came the time when Dusty Roades rose to his feet and started singing! His voice . . . his personality . . . the amusing things he did and said and

sang. If there had been any reservation in the heart of San Francisco as represented there that night, it melted with the appearance of this unusual man known throughout the East and Middle West but coming to San Francisco for the first time.

THE metropolitan personality of San Francisco is never felt more than when one is in Peacock Court. The beautifully gowned women, the wonderfully groomed men, the whole atmosphere of sophistication speaks of the self-sufficiency of the city. Here are people who are equally at home all over the world, people who know not only San Francisco but Paris, Vienna, London, New York. These people are in San Francisco because they know her charm. These people have come to Peacock Court because they know it as the heart of the city. They have dined by the windows overlooking the downtown city blocks with their lighted buildings, their strange silhouettes against the night sky. They have spent evenings secure in the privacy of their own party, sharing the enjoyment with throngs of other dancers. They have driven up Nob Hill after the theater for supper in these gay surroundings.

Perhaps it is because he played to people such as this that Ted Fiorito felt completely at home the first night of his arrival in Peacock Court. To him San Francisco will always be a joy for he has seen it first at its best—he will remember it always as a city of carefree joy where people dance on top of the world with a shining mosaic of light at their feet.

For six weeks Ted Fiorito and his orchestra will be at Peacock Court, then Anson Weeks will return. Again the dancers will know the smooth syncopation of the matchless orchestra. Again they will delight in the slow, almost bashful announcements of the Anson whose ways they have come to love. Friday, June 27th, will be his "welcome home"—the first chance to hear the new inspirations and specialties developed during the New York trip.



Air Situations

Continued from page 34

It is sponsored by Western Air Express, Standard Oil and Richfield. There are 267 acres which are being developed to take care of all types of transport situations. No student flying, private flying or joy riding will be allowed from this field as it will be dedicated to facilitating air express and passenger service. It is announced that the Aerodrome has set a goal of making possible a take-off every three minutes—they feel that future developments may make such dispatch advisable.

Other developments are being made of airports in Berkeley, Richmond and other surrounding places—all in response to the necessity caused by new departures. Last fall over 200 private and commercial planes were used to carry approximately 800 people to the Stanford-Southern California football game at Palo Alto; there were 200 people from Los Angeles in commercial air liners alone.

For the future there looms in prospect the initiation of trans-oceanic service promised by the Pacific Zeppelin Transportation Company, organized within the past few months by R. Stanley Dollar, Herbert Fleishhacker, Kenneth R. Kingsbury and other influential men behind it.

Southern California has announced that at least \$3,500,000 will be put into the development of airports in the region of Los Angeles during 1930. The planned investments in air transportation to be made in this region have not yet been announced but with the recent development of the amphibian planes, reaching as they do the heart of the San Francisco region cities, prospects are that air travel will be put into practice by more people here than in any other place in the world during the coming years.

Spotlight

Continued from page 14

going to be an election! What is integrity or fair-play or justice in the face of that slogan? But enough, we wax oratorical, in the manner of our morally indignant Scotch Presbyterian forebears.

Suffice to say that Mr. Flavin's play is a fine thing. It has sound craftsmanship, superb characterization, drama, restraint. It is as good in its way as "Journey's End." It is as fatalistic as a Greek drama. We hate to drag the Greek drama into the discussion, but there doesn't seem to be any way out. From the moment Robert Graham hears that his victim is dead, in the District Attorney's office, one knows that he is in a web from which there is

Continued on next page

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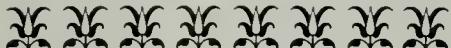
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no escape. From that moment on the drama sweeps downward to its note of doom, relentless, remorselessly. To us this prologue was as moving as anything in the entire play. The confused boy, who would rather stand than sit. His quiet answers. His restraint. His scorn of heroics. Here is no symbol of sacrifice, it is the sacrifice itself, before our eyes upon the altar of the Sacred American Institution—Election Day! For Martin Brady is thinking of election day. He is fine and warm and human. But he can't blind himself to the truth that a district attorney is primarily put in office to convict people.

But, aside from particular truths which the play forces home, there is the fundamental truth that the finest natures are often doomed to tragedy. They cannot accept the easy ways. They cannot go with the crowd. A parole as good as in his hands, freedom, life beckoning, and, yet, Robert Graham could not bring himself to squeal upon his one-time comrades. "What a damn fool!" said a man behind us. Perhaps. The world is full of Julian Oil scandals and the "bright boys" who escape penalties by "assisting" the state to get the others. It is curious that society should still fancy that it gains anything by such cheap victories.

If we do not mention the cast individually it is because they were all too perfect to merit specific praise. The stage sets had enough realism and enough imagination to be thoroughly effective. If you are a tired business man do not stay away from "The Criminal Code" for fear of its greyness. It is greyness lit by flashes of human fire. And, as we have said often in these columns, tears are as rejuvenating to the spirit as laughter. Go have your emotions stirred. Touch hands with great souls. Who can say that the drama is dead with such a fine proof to the contrary?



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AS SEEN BY HER

MAY DAY arrives with new long skirts and subtle feminine graces. Miss Anna A. Gallagher of the Fashion Art School claims that fashion changes perceptibly every six weeks—I wonder. But she must know for she is training girls to be stylists and designers and is in constant touch with the situation. The industrial art exhibition held at the school April 30 was a revelation for it demonstrated the efficient commercial training given at this school. It certainly in no way duplicates the work of the California School of Fine Arts, which emphasizes creative painting and sculpture and the fine arts. Miss Gallagher's own office is one of the most charmingly practical of the modern rooms I have seen.

But speaking of modern decoration, did you go to the opening of Kaya Lama on May 1st? If you didn't you must visit this unique beauty salon soon. Of course you'll miss the crystal gazer and you

won't hear the lovely Egyptian songs that were featured the opening day but you will see the entrancing circle of rooms, beginning very Egyptian and mysterious and extending through restful mauve treatment rooms, past the undeniably scientific frigidaire, and into the modern office of the creator of Kaya Lama. There is where you get the greatest surprise of all. To think that she is—but, no, I mustn't tell you who she is because that will be part of the fun of discovery.

On your way to Kaya Lama, cross the street for a glimpse of the Gump windows. Truly they are outdoing themselves. Gumps have long been known to have marvelous treasures but never before have they been shown with such a "precious" air.

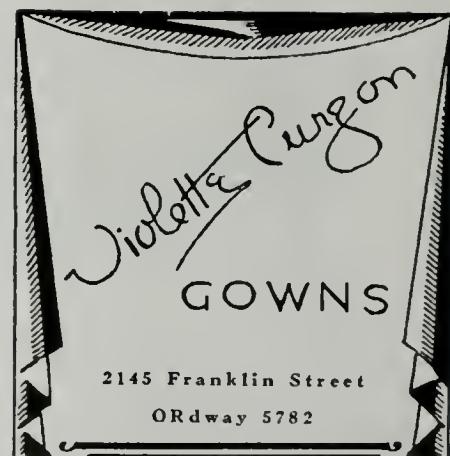
SOONER or later you must drop in to see the new beach pyjamas shown by H. Liebes and Company. Chatming costumes of linen and other washable fabrics fairly shriek of the fun to be had in them at fashionable beach resorts this season. And notice, if you please, the separate blouses and suspender trousers in contrasting and matching materials that give you endless variety, comfortable and practical for morning wear at home and in the garden.

Oh the garden! What woman can resist planting at least a nasturtium in a pot. And joy be to the woman with a real garden—and not too stern a gardener. The lovely Garden Club show last month left me positively ga-ga with envy of people who have more than a window box in which to make things grow.

Of course gardening does work havoc

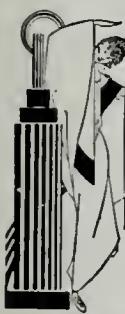
on the hands and nails unless one is awfully forethoughted and careful but, even so, I would like to risk it—anyway Miss Perry of the Palace Beauty Salon (one of the cleverest manicurists in town) says that on occasion one may wear black nails—imagine the effect of black or silver to accent a formal evening gown! And it really is being done . . .

SEVERAL of the most attractive announcement parties and weddings I have attended recently have had such exquisite decorations that I had to inquire who did them. I should have guessed, in the first place, that the responsibility lay at the feet of lovely Mary Phelps Sanborn. Such a charming person couldn't help but create beautiful party backgrounds — especially when she has specialized in that sort of thing for several years and has made a hobby of assembling unusual candlesticks, rich table silks and laces and other accessories all of which she uses in decorating for special events.



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Vo-De-O-Do

by BETH WENDEL

SCENE—Back Stage, On Stage, In the Audience, In the Lobby, Upstairs, Downstairs, In the Office, and—well—just about everywhere in the Columbia Theatre.

TIME—All Morning, All Afternoon and All Night.

CHARACTERS The Cast of "Hi There," Directors, the Producer, etc., etc.

TEDDIE WALTERS: (on stage) O-Vo-de-o-do . . .

CARLTON KELSEY: (Musical Director) I don't like that Vo-de-o-do. I'd like boop de doop.

TEDDIE WALTERS: Well I like Vo-de-o-do, and I won't do boop de doop!

CARLTON KELSEY: Mr. Leftwich! Ooh Mr. Leftwich!

MR. LEFTWICH: (Director General, and how) Just a minute, Carlton. I'm talking to a young lady.

THE YOUNG LADY: I came to see the rehearsal of my skit.

MR. LEFTWICH: Have you a piece of gum?

THE YOUNG LADY: No, I haven't, sir. My skit is the triangle one.

MR. LEFTWICH: Which triangle one?

THE YOUNG LADY: The bedroom scene one.

MR. LEFTWICH: Which bedroom scene one?

THE YOUNG LADY: Is there more than one triangle bedroom scene?

MR. LEFTWICH: We're rehearsing about forty of them, but we may not use that many.

THE YOUNG LADY: I guess I'll go, then.

MR. LEFTWICH: (looking beyond her) Come back next week, and don't forget the gum.

TEDDIE WALTERS: Mr. Leftwich, Carlton is trying to take away my Vo-de-o-do!

MR. LEFTWICH: (snapping) Let her keep it, Kelsey! It means everything to the little girl!

JACK WIGGINS (a Composer) I was the first to use Vo-de-o-do.

RALPH RANGER (Composer of Moanin' Low) Why I used Vo-de-o-do when you were still playing on the linoleum.

KEN MURRAY: (hat in hand) Say, Leftwich, I wish you'd get me set this morning.

STAGE MANAGER: No smoking during rehearsals, Mr. Murray.

KEN MURRAY: (flicking ashes) Oh no? Oh yeah? Oh no?

ODETTE MYRTIL: (Leading Lady) I don't feel comfortable in the middle of that lyric, Mr. Leftwich darling.

MR. LEFTWICH: Well, I certainly want

you to feel comfortable, Miss Myrtle.

Where's that lyric writer?

STAGE MANAGER: He went back to Hollywood last night.

MR. LEFTWICH: (looking at watch) It's eleven o'clock. Tell him to be here by two.

JANITOR: It takes fourteen hours on the train.

MR. LEFTWICH: Then tell him to fly and write a new lyric on the way.

TOMMY BREEZE: (quietly) I, too, am a lyric writer, Mr. Leftwich

MR. LEFTWICH: Got a piece of gum?

BILLIE GRIFFITH: Now WHERE is Lester Vail! I want to go over something with him.

MISS MYRTIL: He's upstairs rehearsing with Beaston.

SALESMAN: I would like very much to quote you my prices on ballet slippers.

ELECTRICIAN: The big spots just came.

SALESMAN: I would like very much to quote somebody my prices on ballet slippers.

TEDDIE WALTERS: Mrs. Leftwich is out now, buying all the shoes for the chorus.

PAUL BISSINGER: (the Producer) Buying all the shoes! I forgot to figure shoes! Oh dear, oh dear.

HAROLD HELVERSTON (Scene Designer) Mr. Bissinger, we'll have to wire east for that velvet. It takes seven hundred yards at three fifty a yard, and

Continued on page 42



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A Man of Few Words

Anonymous

HER parents had promised Patricia a trip around the world if she would get down to business and graduate this year. Unluckily for Pat, she was not attending one of those "finishing" schools—whose stiff tuition includes the price of a diploma.

She just did make it—by cutting out most of those things which make a girl's senior year the most romantic period of her young life!

Farewell dinners, et cetera, left Dad's cellar about as dry as the Arroyo Seco.

Sailing day arrived, with the family down at the pier holding a "bon voyage" party. When aboard, Dad suddenly left them, rushed to a telephone, and called a certain number—breathlessly!

"Hello, (this is) Blank (at the) KYN dock—(sail 15 minutes—but I) just remember (that we'll) need complete restocking (of our) cellar—(and it must be) right away—(so all the) juice (will be) right maturity (by) Christmas—(will be) back then—(and there'll be a) lot entertaining (at our) country place—(your) man (has) key (to my) cellar. Want every jug, keg and barrel full and sparkling when (I) get back—(you) know (I) can't bring any home (from) abroad, (and) say, send (your) bill to office—thanks, s'long."

A dignified, middle-aged man fairly scuttled up the gangplank of the Amasa Jaru, as her deafening whistle Zoomed "au revoir," and two frantic women grabbed him by each arm.

N. B.—Friends, don't wait till the last minute to place your order for Asti Colony Juice of the Grape! By remembering your cellar needs NOW, you will save disappointment upon your return from that trip or vacation. Phone Italian-Swiss Colony, D'Avenport 9250.

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All'Round Town

By WILLARD GIBSON

STRANGERS within the gates are welcomed this month by the rhododendrons of Golden Gate Park. Bank on bank of the precious blooms line the curving driveways of the park or edge lawned glades. Driving through this realization of the artist gardener John McLaren's dream, that marvelous expanse of informal gardening planted



upon former sand dunes, the modern Eden holds the tourist spellbound. Enter the gates of the Waller and Stanyan street entrance to see the full glory of the rhododendrons. Then drive toward the ocean and you will see, tucked beneath a friendly willow, "The Portals of the Past" casting its shadow in the lake at its feet. This was once the doorstep of a stately mansion that was destroyed in the fire of 1906.

Farther on, toward the beach, one finds Amundsen's ship, "Gjoa," resting in a lagoon close to the sea. This small Norwegian vessel was the first to make a cruise through the Northwest passage. Drive farther and draw to the left from the highway to the Beach Chalet if you seek conventional souvenirs for the friends back home—it's ideal for that sort of thing. Ascending the hill to turn back toward the city, you pass Seal Rock where a mother seal is taking a dip in the surf, keeping a watchful eye to the babies that sun themselves on this huge granite formation.

Leaving the park and beach attractions behind, hasten to Fisherman's Wharf to watch the Sicilians and other fishermen with their nets and vividly colored boats. To them there is but the sea—and the Bank of Italy. The sidewalks of the main wharf are dotted with huge iron kettles over quaint stoves. Strange odors! One man lifts a lid and dips from his oversized boiler scarlet crabs fished from the ocean within the hour. Stop for one of the cocktails for which the wharf is famous. Walk around back of the booths and shops to see if you have timed your visit properly just before noon—the boats come in laden with heavy cargoes of fish.

Leaving the scene of these activities let us drop in for lunch at the Lido on Columbus avenue where Italian foods are served in a most appetizing way

Continued on next page

It is said—

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see Gump's is as faux pas as going
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Lester Vail Billy Griffith
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(Opposite the White House)

Strains of music from the orchestra in a palm screened pit coax us to dance while we dine. This cafe is one of the many interesting meccas of San Francisco life—at noon and in the evening when lights burn low.

Returning downtown, drive along Grant avenue, the main artery of San Francisco's Chinatown. Rare treasures are here for the discriminating—but it takes time and more than a casual visit—so the most it can give you on first acquaintance is an extra tang of cosmopolitan flavor to the varying scene offered by this kaleidoscopic city—San Francisco.

Vo-De-O-Do

Continued from page 40

there isn't enough of it in town
PAUL BISSINGER: Oh, dear! Why did I lose my amateur standing!

LESTER VAIL: My darling, before I go, I want you to know—

BILLY GRIFFITH: More tea, Madame? More tea, Madame? Hey, where the hell is Odette?

PAUL SPIEGEL: (Palo Alto Commuter but talented) I saw Miss Myrtel go on the stage. Do you—do you suppose I'll get a line in this show? Mr. Leftwich told me to wait. Maybe I'll be able to play a lunatic by the time I get my break.

THE YOUNG LADY: Oh, let me write a skit for you! I'm just full of ideas!

MR. LEFTWICH: Everybody on stage! We open in two weeks, remember! Now go out to lunch and be back in half an hour—no—twenty minutes, and don't forget to bring me some gum! Make it snappy, kids! You have just ten minutes to eat.

ALL: Come on! step on it!

MR. LEFTWICH: Hey, fellows, girls, everyone! Better stay here. I'm not hungry today, so we'll keep right on rehearsing.

ALL: Vo-de-o-do-do!

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The fairways are dog-legged and trapped, with natural mountain hazards . . . the greens offer every form of approach . . . water piped over the whole course . . . Canadian Pacific spent

\$350,000 on it, and another \$100,000 on the brand-new club house where you sip your long cold Canadian drink.

Exciting holes are "The Cauldron," a mashie lift across a still mountain tarn . . . "Little Bow," a 195-yard carry over a rushing rapids in the Bow River . . . "Gibraltar," 460 yards dog-legged around Mt. Rundle.

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Beach fashions as sketched:

White Flannel Trousers \$13.50 White Shirt \$10.95
Cretonne beach overalls \$3.95 Cretonne Coat also \$3.95
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Tri-toned knitted Jersey swimming suit, one-piece \$10.95

And of course, big hats, espradilles, beach bags, Terry cloth bags, mats and so on...

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900,000,000 people in the lands around the Pacific are coming to appreciate the countless things that modern manufacture means... 900,000,000 people many of whom have never worn a shoe...

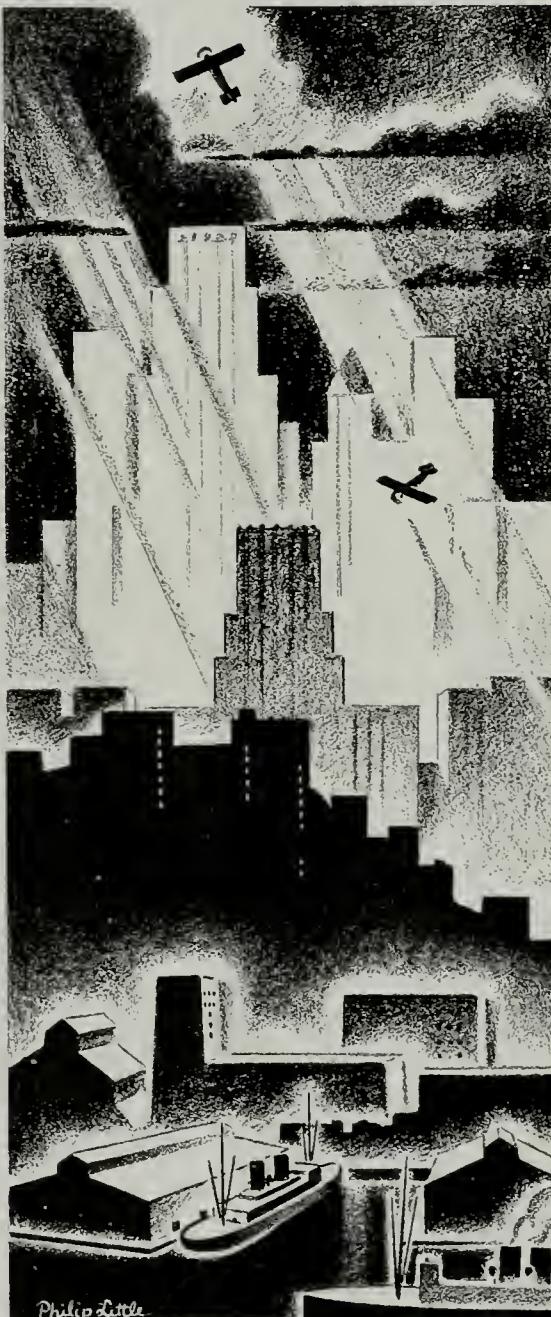
In the years just past the world's attention was turned logically to Europe. But now this newer, most potential *Pacific* market shows unmistakable signs of wide-spread enterprise. Traditionally the gateway to the nearly-hundred million people along the Pacific shore, San Francisco is in a position to know exactly what is going on. And San Francisco is making ready for the role she is to play.

There will be many claims to leadership before the great Pacific Era hits its stride, but men who know the facts that underlie the issue say San Francisco's place is most strategically secured. Today it is headquarters for the leading financial, commercial, manufacturing and transportation interests in the west. San Francisco Bay is second only to New York in value

of water-borne tonnage. The steamships of 118 lines dock beneath its famous hills; and three transcontinental railroads compete to serve it best. An even, temperate climate holds labor to its highest productivity. Economical electricity, oil and natural gas are further aids to industry; and surely, this region's wealth of natural resources needs no description here.

Half the people of California live within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles, while 11,000,000 people who live west of the Rocky Mountains can be served most quickly and cheaply from San Francisco—added reason for this city's present place.

The old romantic lure that has brought thousands to visit, and back again to live, becomes an ever more enticing thing. San Francisco offers able men tremendous opportunity!



Philip Little

THE SAN FRANCISCAN is founded on a deep faith in San Francisco as the metropolis of the West. The facts presented on this page, prepared by *Californians Inc.*, support this belief and justify THE SAN FRANCISCAN'S ideal of presenting the point of view of the sophisticated westerner in the guise of comment on drama, music, art and the passing show in San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO

IN CALIFORNIA "WHERE LIFE IS BETTER"



WHERE TO



MUSIC

June 6: Alberto Terrasi Song Recital at Scottish Rite.
 June 29: Open-air Symphony Concert at Hillsborough.
 July 1: First Summer Symphony Concert.

Forecast of San Francisco Opera Association.

Sept. 11: "Manon," with Mario, Gigli, Picco, D'Angelo, Sandrini, Oliviero.
 Sept. 12: "Salome," with Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas.
 Sept. 13: "La Traviata," with Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani; Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
 Sept. 15: "The Girl of the Golden West," with Jeritza, Marlo, Jagel, Viviani, Oliviero, Picco.
 Sept. 17: "La Boheme," with Mario, Farncroft, Gigli, Viviani, Pinza, Picco.
 Sept. 19: "Haensel and Gretel," with Mario, Manski, Atkinson, Sandrini; American Premiere of Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortileges" (A Naughty Boy's Dream), with cast to be selected.
 Sept. 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Jeritza, Atkinson, Jagel, Viviani; "I Pagliacci," with Jeritza, Rayner, Thomas, Picco, Paltrinieri.

Sept. 22: "Mignon," with Mario, Clairbert, Marlo, Gigli, Pinza, Paltrinieri, Sandrini; Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
 Sept. 23: "Tannhauser," with Jeritza, Manski, Rayner, Thomas, Pinza; Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
 Sept. 25: "Faust," with Hampton, Jagel, Pinza, Thomas; Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.
 Sept. 27: "Salome," with Jeritza, Manski, Atkinson, Rayner, Thomas, Oliviero; "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Clairbert, Gigli, Viviani, D'Angelo, Oliviero; Ballet arranged by Oukrainsky.

THE SCREEN

Paramount: Clara Bow served up all piping hot in "True to the Navy."
 Fox: On the pocket handkerchief at the stage end of the theatre you may see Ramon Novaro "In Gay Madrid" if you take along your binoculars.

Davies: Monte Blue and Lila Lee in "Those Who Dance"—a crook drama what youse guys better get a load of, see?

California: "Bride of the Regiment" offers what looks like a good comedy team in Lupino Lane, Louis Fazenda, and Ford Sterling.

Warfield: "All Quiet on the Western Front"—something no one should miss. It follows the book faithfully, and like it, is unusually fine.

Embassy: John Barrymore successfully goes in for the English-comedy effect in "The Man From Blankleys."

Orpheum: "Swing High"—circus life when grandmother was a girl, with a promising cast.

St. Francis: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson still traipsing "Across the World," when they break down with fatigue.

Golden Gate: Lowell Sherman in "He Knew Women."

Geary: "Journey's End," filmed with the original English cast.

THE STAGE

Erlanger's Columbia: Coming up, June 9, with a New York cast—"Strictly Dishonorable."

Curran: Allan Prior in "The Student Prince." A farewell tour.

Alcazar: "Crime." It sounds wicked to us.

President: "The Whispering Gallery"—a mystery comedy.

DINING AND DANCING

Mark Hopkins: Tuesday specialty night with theatre headliners contributing to the general merriment.

St. Francis: Has taken up the dancing contest idea on Friday nights.

Silver Slipper: Fast becoming one of San Francisco's favorite indoor sports.

Palace: Coming into its own again with the college crowd.

Marquard's: After theatre dancing.

Fairmont: Conventional, but with an allure for smart people.

Sir Francis Drake: Dining, no boop-boop-doo for a change.

Solari's: Has always been popular, apparently always will be.

Russian Tea Room: Anyone who overlooks it is just an old silly.

Hof Brau: A great old place that has been feeding San Franciscans for years and years.

Temple Bar Tea Room: It's hardly possible you don't know about it.

Courtyard Tea Room: Sunshine, blue sky these days.

Post Street Cafeteria: For those who insist on the best even when they're in a hurry.

Russell's: A new addition to San Francisco's list of good places.

Belle de Graf: The home-cooking idea well done.

Coppa's: For discriminating gourmets.

ART

Beaux Arts Galerie: Exhibition of patron's donations until June 7. Group exhibition of Beaux Arts artist members June 9 to 24. Water colors and drawings by Lucy Pierce, June 5 to 19. San Francisco Art Association show closes June 8.

Courvoisier: Water colors of Mexican subjects by Sotomayor.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Holland industrial arts (glass, batiks, etc.) from June 15 to end of month. Photographs by Albert Peterson. Exhibition of private collection of rare Japanese tapes-tries.

Elder's: Group exhibition of etchings and wood blocks.

East-West Gallery: White brothers' photographs of China. Honore Daumier lithographs. Chinese landscapes painted by Mr. Sen.

Oakland Art Gallery: No-jury show. Drawings and water colors by Clair von Falkenstein.

Berkeley Art Museum: Student work from University of California, Mills College, California School of Arts and Crafts.

Casa de Manana: June 1 to 15, exhibition of old engravings. June 16 to 30, etchings by Cleornke Damianakn.

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San Francisco

NOB HILL TOPICS

NOT long ago a New Yorker arrived for a very short visit. She gave one look at the steep hills and gasped in dismay.

"Oh, I'll never be able to see San Francisco," she exclaimed in horror! "Why, the streets go up and down and I just know I shan't be able to see a thing—I'll be too busy climbing."



She was even more aghast when she looked out the windows of the Mark Hopkins tower suite of her San Francisco hostess. She was fascinated by the city panorama spread out below—the crystalline business district with lighted skyscrapers glowing in the twilight blue—the darkling bay with its bauble boats beyond—the low-lying hills rimming the horizon. She drew in a deep breath as though to drink in the city itself.

"I think I should rather see it all from right here."

"Of course, if you prefer."

"But tomorrow I must do some shopping. My friends would never forgive me if I came to San Francisco without buying some of the lovely Oriental things one finds here—and I must have a new frock or two—" There was a bit of a sigh in her voice for, after all, she had been traveling for many days and the quiet aloofness of her friend's apartment was alluring.



That evening dinner was served in the hostess' charmingly restful suite and the two friends spent the succeeding hours in conversation beside the windows with their glorious panorama of San Francisco night time.

In the morning the New Yorker was awakened by a light tap and her friend's voice—

"I'm taking a few shots of golf, so don't hurry—we'll have breakfast here the minute I return."

The visitor yawned and snuggled farther into the covers. These energetic Californians! At least it gave her time for another nap.

Half an hour later she was startled into action by her hostess' reappearance.

"Bu-but I thought you were golfing?"

"I was."

"But where—you're back so soon—I thought—"

"I was only practicing—the putting green is just down stairs. On the lawn in back—Nob Hill is so high it is quite like going out to one of the courses."

Breakfast over, the women visited the various Oriental shops in the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont, quite thrilled over their discoveries there. Then to the Fairmont for luncheon where the guest heard Rudy Seiger for the first time. In the dignified dining room where the vaulted ceiling and heavily carpeted



floor muffled all sounds except the mellow tones of the orchestra, the New York woman was delighted to see the great conductor greet various friends during intermissions, moving from one table to the next with an unassuming cordiality that was utterly charming.

The afternoon was also scheduled for shopping—this time to refurbish the travel-worn wardrobe.

"Now we shall have to leave this charming hill."

"Not necessarily."

"But I have some banking to do—and I need several frocks."

"Come with me first."

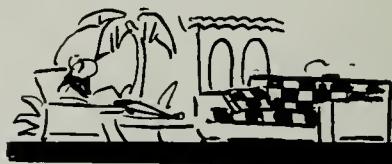
They visited the American bank at the California Street entrance to the Fairmont and, armed with ammunition, visited the shops of the two hotels.

"We'll see what they have here first," explained the hostess.

But the "first" proved final for by 4 o'clock two daringly smart outfits had been selected and hats were in the process of being made to complete the accessories. They were just turning to thoughts of tea when the visitor noticed a charming lingerie shop and

nothing must do but that she should indulge her feminine fancy.

So it was 5 o'clock before they relaxed at the edge of the Terrace Pool for tea. And such tea—served with unusual sandwiches and a mound of fruit sher-



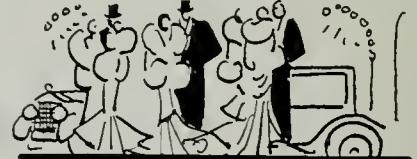
bet as exquisite in color as in flavor!

There was a party for dinner—in Peacock Court . . . Three couples at a beautifully appointed table. The flowers, the favors, the menu—all selected with a personal touch that belied the hostess' busy day.

"But I didn't have anything to do with the details," she refused to accept the compliments. "I always rely on the discretion of the entertainment service of the hotel. It is quite like having a corps of trained servants. I depend on Tony as I would a personal butler."

The throbbing music of the orchestra directed by Ted Fiorito, the surging throng of dancers, the whole atmosphere of gaiety heightened the enjoyment of the private party in the midst of the smart assembly.

With the influx of the after-theater crowd the party became gayer and mid-



night was well past when the hostess and her houseguest retired to the tower.

"Oh, I love your San Francisco." The guest stood once more at a window overlooking the night-shrouded city.

"But you have not seen it yet."

"No? But I have tasted it. On this Nob Hill of yours you have showed me a complete section of its life. I have not climbed your hills—but I know your city. I have not visited Chinatown—but I know its wonders. I have not wandered through your wonderful shops—but their choicest things have been brought to me. You San Franciscans on Nob Hill know the value of living completely."



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T H E SAN FRANCISCAN

JOSEPH DYER, *Editor & Publisher*

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Dr. Alexander Arkatov

Harry Cykman

One of the youngest of San Francisco's five musical geniuses, this phenomenal 8-year-old protege of Zimbalist startled a blase audience at his recent debut with his rendering of the Bruch G-Minor Concerto.

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



Why the Prodigies?

• • • • • • • The Psychology of San Francisco's Music Genius

By A. C. WINCHELL

EARILY within the last decade have sprung no less than five children denoted as musical prodigies. They arise in San Francisco and, literally overnight, two were made known to the outer world by reason of extreme gifts. Even though "genius" is one of the carelessly used words of the day, its true significance cannot fail of recognition when confronted, and each of these young performers has shown, in varying degree, some reasonable claim to that title.

Rarity, alone, of such talent constitutes a main note of importance; first hailed as a suspected new star with mingled hope and doubt, the advent is too impressive to accept lightly. So, the sudden bursting forth of five children, precocious in musical insight and prowess, has fired questioning minds as to reasons for so unusual a grouping. From as many states or countries, simultaneously, five would make a good world showing of genius. That these five originate, practically, from one point, that of San Francisco, makes the problem less easy of solution, if, indeed, a decision can be derived.

Is San Francisco become a place of special destiny for the bearing or nurturing of music's messengers? Why here more than in the Dakotas or Michigan? The forces of nature ever work towards a harmony of universal import, but, undoubtedly, she seeks a proper soil. Italy, as example, holds vast fields of sunshine, color, joyousness whose combination has long produced a music spontaneous and unaffected, often unaccountable; it frequently comes from lowly places and sings its way unimpeded to the top of the earth.

Nature's yearnings, constantly widening their demands, pursue new territory, preferably that less harrowed. Whatever there may be in the theory of vibration,

whose lines encompass the spheres, it is plausible that harmony, flowing with nature, seeks its own in all things, and, finding its kind, logically produces the beautiful. Elements of soil, climate, freedom are of a sort in California making for expressiveness. The setting free of five young souls, even though their processes of evolution have been age-long, is no more of a phenomenon than are extravagant blossoms, flaunting here and there, dimming their fellow blooms. But they come from parent stems of vital origin, while other ground yields rarely and economically.

San Francisco's gorgeous and prolific season, as to prodigies, has now extended itself through about eight years, with no hint of surcease. She revels in pride as the group spreads its names abroad:

YEHUDI MENUHIN, thirteen years of age; Ruggiero Ricci, aged nine; Beverly Blake, eight; Grisha Goluboff, eleven; Harty Cykman, eight; all violinists. To be sternly technical, these were not all born in San Francisco. Yehudi came from New York, infant in arms, but his Western environment has shown mastery over a merely physical birth place. However, the query has been placed: "had he stayed in New York would he not have been the genius he is today?" Who may say? He did not stay in New York.

But his potentialities must not be denied, even though they flowered here. A spiritual adventuring, perhaps. The intent of an invisible master hand can, at best, be little more than surmise, but why does genius come in a bunch to San Francisco? Principally exhibiting itself in violin form.

The fineness of the violin's vibratory structure may have found its special

wave length in this area, and each of the five infantile exponents correspondingly attuned to the forces of the air hereabout. To them, apparently, is dedicated the privilege to imprison such forces within a set of strings, with the added gift of releasing the harmonious messages at will.

IT WILL not be worth while to scoff at emanations of climate and soil as having spiritual results. These two factors send forth shoots of material beauty and, in turn, encounter influences of refinement while they help to upbuild body and brain. And what is there to dispute that sound has struggled its blind way out of darkness, or soil, into the open, freeing itself, as have all archaic things from inert mass into first consciousness. Who shall say that the psychological harmonies of this peninsula have not pierced and vivified these certain young souls, now appearing before us full fledged and awe inspiring in their supremacy over us who listen.

Some law of attraction has drawn these children to these parts, else we should as well have hailed them from Poland or Africa. Europe has furnished her crop of prodigies from era to era, her soil evidently soaked with those elements fit to enter the human body and play their tunes. Europe, aged and worn, rests; the newer continent takes up the work of creative force towards artistic output, and exhibits with primal ardency.

Yehudi, born in New York, comes Westward. He has the germ which seeks congenial care, and becomes the child of California. At five years of age, unknown except in an infant class, he plays the *Vieuxtemps Concerto* at the Fairmont Hotel; is heard by Rudy Sieger and a critic or two unwillingly dragged

Continued on page 32

Pascal Tourtelotte

A Short Story Located in Our Own Latin Quarter

by JOHN NESBITT

OF all the little home-restaurants on the old North Beach, where one may eat of the garlic-scented dishes of France, and dream, perhaps, of the dark waters of the Seine, Marie's is far and above the best.

I think this because I discovered Marie's. In fact every one discovers Marie's. The lady herself knows how much nicer it is to eat at a place one has discovered, and makes no effort to advertise. Besides the romance of the matter, Marie knows that if she made too much noise, one night her clientele might be composed of revenue officers, who, as the world knows, never pay for what they drink.

Another indication of Marie's talent for profit, is that she has carefully refrained from learning English. Besides being very lazy, she knows that many a rare recipe would fall to the lot of the eager, rare-recipe-hunting bachelors of San Francisco.

Marie is as fat as one of her legs of roast pork, and nearly as greasy. On Market street, you might see an obese, foreign peasant woman, with a well-filled market bag on her ample arm. But when one is presented to her in the little restaurant on San Domeno street, one discovers in her something that is particularly celestial—as a rule, after eating her Bouillabaisse of stuffed crab.

She slops in and out of the dining room, in a cloud of steam with each entry, and places before you a dish of her own selection. She may sentence you to a pot of string beans, but, whatever your feelings as you sit down, before you leave, you must beg Marie to become your wife. It is the custom. In no other way could you convey the compliment which is her due. You feel that your debt of gratitude to this woman is immeasurable—until she places the bill before your eyes. Then you realize that cooking is not Marie's only gift. Did I call Marie a cook? Nay. The word is too earthly for one of her talents. She is a creator. Verily, a deity of the kitchen.

But after all, this story is not about Marie and her creations. It is about Pascal Tourtelotte.

HE came into Marie's one night during that Indian-summer which promises a severe winter to the city. I sat at one of the little tables in the corner, as far from the kitchen as possible, for once one has satisfied the demands of the inner man, the smell of rich food is extremely unedifying. Then he came in.

He wore a long black coat, gay tie, and a black felt hat, that somehow reminded one of the bookstalls that line the Seine, or the cool evening of the Riviera. Without hesitation he made his way to my table, Marie's daughter pursuing him for his coat and hat.

In rapid French, they argued for a moment, Denise claiming that the night was very warm, and the place well-heated. However, he seemed triumphant, for Denise went back to the kitchen with a baffled expression on her comely face. Then, bowing low, he begged to be allowed to seat himself at the other side of the table. I glanced at the several empty places nearby, but, taken by surprise, could only return his quaint little bow, and beg him to be seated.

He began speaking at once, while he placed the precious hat beneath his chair. He did not remove his coat.

"Ah, Monsieur," he smiled, "it is a warm night, yes? But I am always cold as a toad."

He tucked a napkin under his chin. I replied that the fogs of San Francisco made the weather very tricky to strangers.

"Perhaps you noticed, Monsieur, that I recognised you at once. It was on such a night as this that I saw you sitting outside the little Cafe of my uncle Rupert, in Paris, during the great war."

I had not been near Paris during the war, and I hastened to correct him.

"Then it matters not much. Perhaps it was another, a cousin perhaps, or a friend. But this is the proper way to converse with one of your novel temperament, Monsieur."

Certainly he was a queer fellow, and as he had removed the hat I saw that he was white-haired. His cheeks were a bright orange color. Before I could find a reply he continued with a satisfied air:

"You are one of those who go in search of the unusual. You dine at Marie's. You do not politely demand that I seat myself at another table, because you enjoy an adventure. Is it not as I say? And I am also an adventurer. I am Pascal Tourtelotte!"

He spoke the last words with an air of infinite pride—fairly seemed to glory in the euphonious syllables of his name. I tried to speak again, but he silenced me with an imperious wave of his hand. Marie had arrived.

She placed a bowl of onion soup before him, and removed my empty fish plate. He sprang to his feet, and before Marie was aware of his intention, he

had kissed her with a resounding smack upon the cheek. Then he turned to me with the air of an emperor.

"You see. I am the only one in the world who dares to kiss Marie. Ah, but it takes courage I can tell you!"

Marie hustled indignantly out to the kitchen, but when she returned a moment later with the next dish she was to bestow upon me, her face was divided by a wide grin.

We ate in silence for a few minutes. Out of reverence, perhaps, for the treasures of culinary art that lay before us. Suddenly he began to glare across at me.

"Monsieur! Have you any doubts whatsoever about my name? Do you doubt that I could possess such a beautiful name?"

I began to realize that he was crazy, so I denied the slightest shade of a doubt as to his being Pascal Tourtelotte in the flesh.

He looked happy then, and in a moment leaned over confidentially.

"My uncle, Rupert Tourtelotte, bestowed it upon me at the age of one day. In a few moments I shall enchant you with the story of my life!"

But he did not "enchant" me with the story of his life then, for we talked of many things. Or rather he did, for I merely expressed full belief in all that he told me, and he was happy. As he ate hugely of Marie's expensive fare he told me tales of every land under the sun. All of them were as believable as the Arabian Nights. But he talked with an enthusiasm that made it a pleasure to watch him. The art of conversing—a faculty which the French language makes necessary—as lightly and cleverly as a juggler with his gilded balls, made the evening pass rapidly. Crazy or not, I thought, he was a very highly civilized entertainer.

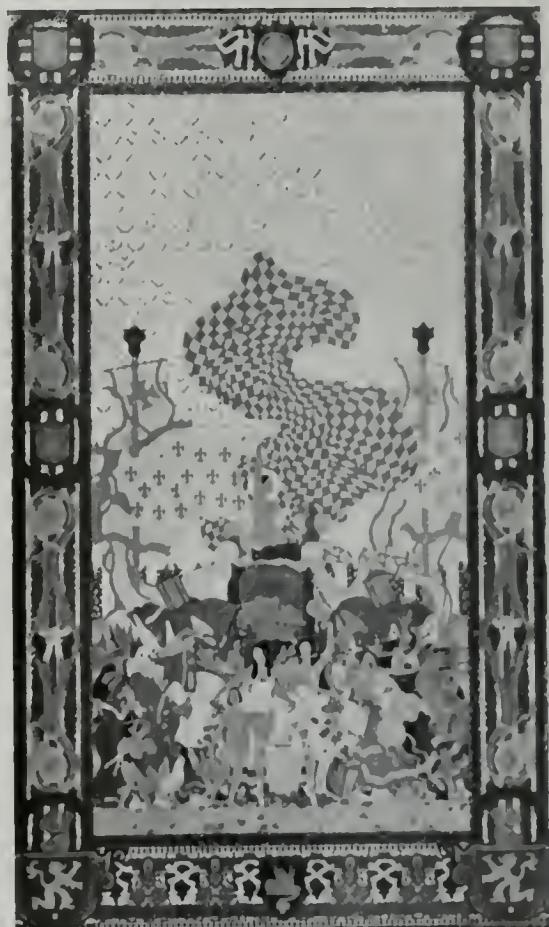
One thing which distracted my attention all evening, was that around his wrist, there was a bracelet of gold and ivory. From where I sat, it appeared to be beautifully made. A pretty thing for some white arm, but hardly suited to the brown wrist that it now encircled. And again, the coat sleeve against which it rubbed, was very threadbare. I wondered how he was going to pay for the huge meal.

At last, as we neared the black coffee stage of the repast, he seemed to remember something. He broke off telling me about an opera which he was about to

Continued on page 27

Thou Shalt not Covet Thy Neighbor's Opera House..

BUT just the same we find more of pictorial beauty in these views of the magnificent new opera house, recently completed by the Chicago Civic Opera Association, than in contemplating the well known hole in the mud on Van Ness Avenue. The 'Diamond crescent' (at right) the detail of the curtain (lower right) and the imposing grand foyer (lower left) must be rather consoling to civic pride—at least Chicago has the satisfaction of having provided a fitting setting for its excellent productions.



Outspoken Anecdotes

Concerning Book Stores Here and There

By NED HILTON

THIE first books I ever bought were *The Moving Picture Boys*, *The Moving Picture Boys in Panama* and *The Moving Picture Boys God-Knows-Where* (I forget the locality). They were purchased with a cash gift, on the occasion of my ninth or tenth birthday, in The Emporium. Thereafter, for long years, I bought no books personally—such books as I acquired being gifts.

I believe that of such stirring literature I read less than the average. The family library was well stocked; and I was busy acquiring some fine neuroses from *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* and *The Arabian Nights* in the rare and (I still think) supreme Payne translation. I was also, for a short while, one of the world's greatest experts on heraldry and on various other subjects which now escape my memory; this erudition was due to my fascinated perusal of an old but extensive encyclopedia.

Feverish book-buying was resumed, however, when I was about seventeen or eighteen. I had been suddenly impelled to draw a bookplate for myself; and, when the finished little rectangles came from the printer's, I so enjoyed pasting them in my few volumes that I set about squandering my funds on new books. It was then that I discovered Paul Elders; therein I must have looked at thousands of books. This was a period of much looking. I remember staring, through glass, at the Rackham *Comus*. I remember examining the *Pape Reine Pedauque*—I couldn't buy it. I remember whole piles of the Vincent Starrett *Shining Pyramid*, which is now a rarity. But I bought Modern Library editions, and one or two of the Nelson India-paper volumes, those reprints of classics in which you read both sides of the sheet at once.

I think the first book in boards I bought was *Messer Marco Polo*; I got it from John Howell, when his shop was on Post street just above Stockton. I had to order it, a transaction in which I took much pride. From him, at about the same time, I got an old Caesar—Bassani, MDCCCI (1802, if you want to know quickly) *Ex Typographia Remondiniana, Cum Regia Permissione*—which attracted me because it looked very ancient bound in sheepskin and somewhat discolored. It was marked at three and a half. I remember saying, "I'll give you three dollars for that Caesar"—very brusque and businesslike. The bargain apparently suited Mr. Howell, and I walked off with my prize. In those days, I could read it quite easily, in spite of the

old type; now, even in Kabel, it would require a little study.

Desultory buying continued for some years thereafter. I fell a victim, as who has not, to the advertising of Doubleday-PAGE. I subscribed for a set of Oscar Wilde—a Patron's Edition de Luxe. The great special attraction was the offer to stamp the subscriber's name in gold on an extra page in the first volume. Splendor! There it stands to this day—Edward, too! instead of Ned. But since then my conduct has been unimpeachable.

And book-buying developed subtly into collecting, depriving me of the Isotta and the large estate I would have had by this time had I been illiterate. Of the many bookstores into which it has led me, I think first of

DRAKE'S

DRACE'S is on West Fortieth street, in New York, opposite the southern end of the Library. In looking for the entrance, it is well to watch out for the sign of a shoe company (I don't remember which one); having found the shoe sign, it is easy to spot Drake's and turn in through the narrow entrance. The main shop is on the second floor (there is an elevator, if you're not as agile as you used to be.) I have never been in Rosenbach's, nor in Foyle's in London; Drake's, in my limited experience, contains the most complete stock of first editions. And I have heard it said, by persons who might be expected to say nothing about it, that one can always be sure of the good condition of any Drake book.

Drake's was the first shop in which I found the ease and quiet so necessary in bookstores. There are ashtrays and easy chairs; and there is never any crowd of customers. (Drake might not be so enthusiastic about that, but to me it is an important point.) Nor has anyone there ever hustled up to me upon my entrance and offered to "help" me.

It was there I once saw Ford Madox Ford (would to God I'd been collecting Conrad then.) He was attempting to sell some Conrad manuscript, and in the course of conversation with one of the Drakes (I've never found out which is which; they look bewilderingly alike) it came out that they had both been in the same places in France during the war; so there was much amiable talk—I was standing at the other end of the shelves, trying to look quite unconcerned.

It was this same Drake, on the same occasion, who assured me that my credit

was good and that I need not deny myself a book because I could not pay for it at the moment. In consequence of this shrewd hospitality (I probably had the stigmata of the fanatical collector upon me even then) I have had some fine volumes from his shelves, and they have all been paid for sooner or later. (Best wishes, Mr. Drake; I'm just setting about writing a check.)

For the sake of western patriots, I shall remind them that the Drakes went to New York from Riverside. Also, they issue catalogues.

GELBER, LILIENTHAL, INC.

IN SAN FRANCISCO (and now I enter dangerous ground; but I, and not the business office, am writing this) the only shop comparable to Drake's is Gelber's. (I hope Mr. Lilenthal will not object to my calling it Gelber's. Grove Day calls it Lilenthal's; perhaps that will even things up.) There, too, are the ease and quiet, the ashtrays and chairs—even cigarettes, if necessary—and the full stock. And a point of the greatest importance is the indubitable authenticity of that stock. There are certain stores in this city upon which I cast a decidedly fishy eye. But one can rely upon the word of Gelber or Lilenthal on all debated points, one may be sure of good condition, and of prices within reason. From them I have got some of Douglas' Capri monographs, and some rare Machens and Beerbohms, and the *Bab Ballads*, and a long list which I need not here catalogue.

DAUBER AND PINE

This large store is in New York, on Fifth avenue somewhere just above the Arch—Ninth, Tenth, somewhere along there. The cataloguing used to be done by Samuel Loveman, with much wit. The good books are (or were) in the basement. It was there I went to ask for a book which Loveman had listed. A strident young woman wanted to "help" me. "Do you still have the Hemard *Rabelais*?" I asked. (The illustrations have since been published in a translation.) "The what?" she asked. I repeated, "The Joseph Hemard *Rabelais*." "What number is it?" she asked. But they have some good things, anyway . . .

NEWBEGIN'S

IN ALL due humility, I offer to Mr. Newbegin a slight criticism. I have never entered his store without being almost bowled over by several females

Continued on page 40



Roy Folger

CAN you imagine San Francisco without Roy Folger?

"It would be a city of diminished laughter, perceptibly curtailed in merriment. Our history mentions several kindly fun-makers, but none just like Roy. He gives San Francisco a genial refreshment of happiness the like of which it has been no other man's privilege to confer." We quote the writing of Edward O'Day.

Who is Roy Folger? A rich man? No. A philanthropist? Only with his time, his energy and his ability to make people happy. A business man? Yes. Why, then, the attention given him? Because his experience restores faith in gratitude.

The fame of Roy Folger rests on neither his good looks nor the fact that he rode the first bicycle in Oakland but rather on the quality of friendship he inspires.

Roy Folger was born in San Francisco. He moved to Oakland, rode the aforementioned bicycle and attended school, then became an insurance salesman. Others have done the same but they have not had Roy's genius for entertaining people. Dialect stories are his forte. Chinese, Italian, Portuguese German—all are at his tongue's tip. Wherever he goes his stories are in demand and he has never been known to refuse anyone a favor.

He did not even refuse when influential men of San Francisco asked him "as a favor" to start his own in-

Concerning . . .

By ALINE KISTLER



John Carroll

surance brokerage office. The "favor" developed into a dinner at the Palace Hotel with over four hundred wealthy and influential men toasting Folger in the words of O'Day, quoted above. That was in 1920 when his present business was launched. The past ten years have seen the results of such appreciation.

A second unbelievable expression of appreciation was given last year when The Family club surprised Roy Folger with the gift of a trip to New York for him and his wife with all expenses paid and the key to the city of New York, tickets to all the New York theatres and a dinner invitation to the White House, with President and Mrs. Hoover, included.

And through all of this Roy Folger remains the same unassuming person, interested in other people, eager to help his friends, willing to add his share to the amusement of his friends. He is today one of the most popular members of The Family and Bohemian Club and a living evidence that the kindhearted do sometimes reap rewards of gratitude.

SAN FRANCISCO hardly knows John Carroll yet he was born here and

lived here through his school days. Today he is one of the best known modernists in New York and San Franciscans are asking "who is he" because his painting, "Idol," received first prize at the fifty-second annual exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. He also had a one-man showing of pen drawings of fragile nudes at the Galerie Beaux Arts during May.

Last year John Carroll came back to visit his father and brother for the first time in several years. He did not bring anything of his work with him because in 1915 he was refused exhibition in San Francisco and thought that his birthplace would have none of him and his modern ways. But friends received him, urged him to send his work here and to return again. In September Carroll exhibited two lithographs in the California Society of Etchers annual and one received the prize as the most distinguished print in the exhibition. Shortly afterward Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gave a portfolio showing of Carroll lithographs among which was the amusing "Circus" reproduced in THE SAN FRANCISCAN. Now his local reception has been made complete with the awarding to his work of the highest prize at the disposal of the San Francisco Art Association.

Carroll is recognized all over the



Captain Ito

United States as one of the foremost contemporary artists. Detroit, at the instigation

Continued on page 29



Courvoisier

The Old Well

A recent lithograph by Henrietta Shore who was awarded the graphic arts prize in the Fifty-second Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association. The restraint and modern idiom of this print is characteristic of the work that has sustained the faith of people who consider Miss Shore one of the leading contemporary artists in San Francisco.

Spotlight

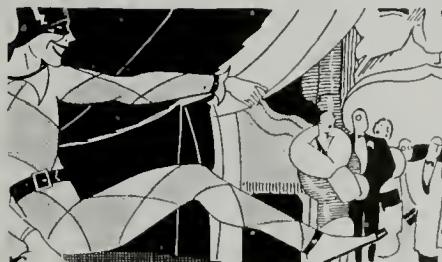
Reviewing a Bleak Month of Dramatic Entertainment

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WITH the departure of Mei Lan-Fang and "The Criminal Code," San Francisco has returned to a state of indifferent drama once again. True, "New Moon" is still packing them in at the Curran, but an operetta, however entertaining, is scarcely dramatic fare; nor is a Revue, however diverting, to be classed as serious drama. "Hi-There" we understand, had its points and, being a strictly home-town product, likewise its defects. We did not see it ourselves. But as this offering was billed as an "intimate revue" we felt that seeing it from the wrong end of the opera glass, so to speak, would be scarcely fair to it. The reports that reached us confirmed our notions, however, that Revues are the most difficult of all things to put over. The producer of a successful revue must be near the center of superlative talent. For, let the local boosters say what they will, where the theatrical audiences are there will the talent be gathered together. There is only one place in the United States where a thoroughly satisfactory revue can be achieved and that is Broadway. The actors, the authors, the composers, the big stage directors, and a prospective audience of 7,000,000 souls, are all within hailing distance. To say nothing of the designers and the costumers. A play may have a run on its plot, or its lines, or its ensemble acting, or by virtue of a star. A revue must have all these things and then some. That is why local revues are foredoomed to only a mediocre success. Having made this statement I shall confess my sins and await a visit to my home by the bombing squad of the combined boosting agencies of Sunny California.

The less said about the third dramatic attraction at top prices the better. We shall not even mention its name. Because we feel that it might have been a fair play if it had not been left to the mercies of ham actors. As it was, we lasted exactly one act.

We do not know how bleak the future of dramatic entertainment in the City by the Golden Gate bids fair to be this summer but, at least, we have a number of lively "little theatres" kicking up their heels. We have been to two performances within the last months sponsored by different groups. And, while it would be folly to say that they gave flawless interpretations, it would be an equal folly to maintain that they did not give much better performances than many an offering at three times the price.



THE Reginald Travers Repertory Players opened with a beating of social tom-toms in the charming little auditorium of the Palace of the Legion of Honor. The play was of the vintage of the dubious nineties: "The Amazons" by Pinero. Or was it by Henry Arthur Jones? No matter, either one could have written it. We confess that we thought it a very bad choice when we read the announcement. But it was surprising how much blood the old play had in it. The audience "ate it up." Particularly, the amusing characterization of a peevish suitor by Templeton Crocker. Unhappily, we have mislaid our program so that we cannot do full justice to the entire cast. But we remember Peggy Blethers with pleasure.

The attempts to bring the play up to date by the introduction of modern gowns and a ukelele was not particularly happy. If there is one thing that an auditor should be reasonably sure he will be spared in a play of the nineties, it is the introduction of a ukelele. And, if the costumes had fit the period, fifty per cent would have been added to the fun. But, take it all in all, it was a diverting evening. And we hope that when Mr. Travers gets down to his permanent theatre in the Fairmont Hotel that he will do as well by us. We see that "The Affairs of Anatole" is scheduled for the opening of the Fairmont venture this month. When the project gets going again in the Fall we understand that there is talk of doing six plays representing as many distinct nationalities: English, Scandinavian, Italian, Slavic, Spanish, German. At least the play-reading committee is now working along those lines. It should not be hard to pick the Slavic play. The success of Lillian Gish in New York in "Uncle Vanya" should pave the way for a Travers' production of this opus by Mr. Chekov. However, directors of little theatres are mercurial. Mr. Travers' weakness is Gilbert and Sullivan. So one never knows.

THE second little theatre movement that engaged our attention was the opening of the Players' Guild by Stanley Mac Lewee. Mr. Mac Lewee deserves great praise for his struggle, which has lasted over a year, to put the Guild on its feet again. The venture which began years ago as the Players' Club in the little church on Bush street has had a hectic career. The writer, having at one time been its chairman, knows whereof he speaks. When fire put an end to its purely amateur activities Mr. Travers went into partnership with Mr. Mac Lewee and opened in the Community Theatre downtown with an ambitious professional program. At the end of the first season the project was in a hole, but, everything considered, not nearly as much of a hole as might have been expected. Mr. Mac Lewee by this time was managing the Guild on his own. He decided to close down for a few months and start afresh, as much to give his subscribers an adequate return for the money they had invested in the form of the purchase of scrip as for personal gain. The period of incubation for this fresh start proved longer than he at first expected. But, in the end, he was able to secure financial backing and the charming little class A Guild Theatre on Sutter street near Fillmore is the result.

Lonsdale's "On Approval" was the opening bill. It is a smart little comedy with only four people in the cast. The acting was acceptable and the reading of the lines good. But one could hardly expect to see a superlative performance under the circumstances and at the price. Sophisticated comedy is the hardest form of drama to put over. It takes consummate skill. It takes a sense of background. It takes qualities which are hard to define. Therefore, the quality of the impending Guild productions can scarcely be measured by this opening bill. We think that its next venture "Children of Darkness" will be more to the point. But, in any event, Mr. Mac Lewee deserves support. We hope he gets it.

The third little theatre movement has unhappily eluded us. At the Community Theatre, Baldwin McGaw is directing interesting plays at a nominal entrance fee. It has happened that we have had to miss all of the performances for one reason or another. We should particularly like to see Roland Hartley's play "To Serve the Queen," which is to be given one performance after this issue goes to press. Mr. Hartley is a San Francisco product. For some years he has been a prime mover in the Playshop movement.

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Those Were the Days

. . . Re-discovering Old San Francisco With the Aid of Mr. Beul

By CONSTANCE DIXON

IN THE year 1882, A. L. Bancroft & Co. of San Francisco (since deceased) published a book whose title page bore the following exciting inscription:

"Metropolitan Life Unveiled; or the Mysteries and Miseries of America's Great Cities, embracing New York, Washington City, San Francisco, Salt Lake City and New Orleans, by J. W. Beul, author of 'Border Outlaws', 'Heroes of the Plains', etc., etc."

That Mr. Beul was a prolific writer is evidenced by the "etc., etc."; that he was also a "fancy" writer of the old school, Sir, anyone would blush to deny after reading no more than his opening paragraph on San Francisco:

"There was never story more entertaining or instructive than the tales of history told by those Argonauts who sought fortune in California in the days of '49. Repeated though a thousand times, they never lose their freshness, but seem to grow more beautiful with age. America, the country which has given such explorations and adventure, a nation distinguished for inherent bravery and the disposition of its mercutial people to decide fortune with a toss of the penny, gives to history, in recording the struggle of California Pioneers, the most marvelous of all its pages. Over these fascinating records every American delights to ponder, and the memory of those hardy pioneers steals up to us like some beautiful vision whenever national progress is considered."

Without a single exclamation point to lean on, Mr. Beul tells us that history has nothing as entertaining or instructive as the tales of the "Argonauts of '49" to offer, that America is distinguished by the disposition of its people to decide fortune with a toss of the head (*or perhaps it was a penny*) and leaves his weakened reader with a final mental picture of the national fireside with every American (*that is, every American worth mentioning*) throwing the "American Mercury" and "Saturday Evening Post" to one side to ponder over California history, the memory of whose pioneers is insidiously stealing up on him like a "beautiful vision" with the obvious intention of saying, "Boo!"

We will brush past Mr. Beul's spicey resume of the bitter arguments that arose between governments over the possession of California just as quickly as we can. Nevertheless we can't overlook the fact that Portugal made Spain "very angry" by claiming all the discoveries of Columbus and consequently most of

the Western Hemisphere, and that things went from bad to worse until Pope Alexander VI simply had to call a halt and decree that Spain have all the territories inhabited by infidels lying west of the Azores. Portugal might have been hurt, but fortunately the Pope in the same spirit of generosity announced her as entitled to the countries east of the Azores. Mr. Beul goes on for a number of pages, even dragging Henry VII and England into the sordid story, until he finally admits that Mexico took California from Spain, and the United States snatched it from Mexico in 1848.

Gold was discovered in 1848 (as you may have heard) and upon this subject Mr. Beul's facile pen sweeps on and on:

"Such excitement as followed this discovery can never be imagined, much less truthfully described. All the workmen about Coloma dropped their tools, plunged into the American River, and began scratching in the auriferous sands. Mr. Sutter's mill was abandoned so suddenly that it was suffered to rattle itself into pieces. From five to fifty dollars a day was taken out in dust and nuggets by each miner, and while this was as nothing compared with the result of subsequent discoveries, yet it was quite enough to inflame the people of California. There was little delay in getting

the news to San Francisco, where it struck the citizens like a cyclone. (*Evidently bowling everyone over up and down Montgomery street and laying them out cold in the Plaza.*) From town to settlement the report spread as though on electric wings, and everywhere it produced the same effect, intoxicating everyone and causing business to suspend as if suddenly paralyzed. The very air seemed to carry these golden stories and deposit them at every threshold. (*Very much like sample packages of breakfast food.*) It spread like an uncontrollable epidemic, and workshops, stores, and professions succumbed to its exhilarating influence. The discovery was soon proclaimed in the halls of Congress and the gravest dignitaries rose from their seats to add a shout and join in the excitement. Thousands joined in caravans fighting their way through savage Indians, braving the desperate elements, subsisting on game and excitement. With the immigration of that immeasurable host of gold seekers, everything in California changed from a lazy existence into frantic delirium. July, 1849 found the Bay of San Francisco filling with the ships of every nation. Five hundred square rigged vessels lay in the harbor with half a mile of mudflats between them and high water mark—Montgomery street. There was



The Overland Mail Starting From San Francisco for the East, 1858.



San Francisco, 1857 (From Second Street, above Folsom)

Prints courtesy of John Howell

but one wharf, Broadway, to accommodate this fleet. Agents and consignees of these valuable ships and cargoes found the crews taking to the small boats as soon as anchor was dropped and heading for Sacramento toward the new diggings."

Things certainly had come to a pretty pass, for, as Mr. Beul puts it, "The scramble now became powerfully intense; everybody on the run unless stuck in the mud or sand. The sand-hills and mud-flats now presented the appearance of a battle field; people of every nation, costume, tongue, and clime in the busy and excited crowd, all seemed to flounder about in supreme recklessness. The first six months of 1849 added more than 15,000 to the population of California, 10,000 of whom landed in San Francisco; less than 200 of this number were women, and their character may readily be imagined.

"After the news of discovery of gold all classes and conditions of humanity flocked to San Francisco. Then was inaugurated the most exciting era of modern civilization in its every phase, except in peace and morality; in its harmonizing and equalizing influence on different classes and nationalities; its riot and debauchery; its crime, vice and bloodshed; its general extravagance of principles and property, and of life itself.

"Wild speculation in city lots, merchandise and lumber succeeded the first year of excitement in the mines Montgomery street, which is today the finest

thoroughfare in San Francisco, was in 1850 a mire in which teams floundered and sometimes entirely disappeared. Yet lots abutting upon it were sold at princely figures, which continued to advance as logs and brush were thrown in to make a bed for the street. Lands and rents were beyond all precedent; fifty and one hundred lots were granted in San Francisco by the Alcaldes as late as 1850, on the payment of sixteen dollars; many of these lots sold in one or two years after for hundreds of thousands of dollars. Fifty thousand dollars for a lot which only a few days before had sold for two thousand, was a frequent occurrence. The Parker House, a common two-story frame, which was near the Plaza (now Portsmouth Square) brought \$120,000 per annum; a small, rough one-story building at the Plaza was rented for \$75,000; and a one-story, twenty-foot front building brought \$40,000. Even the shanty which provided such insufficient accommodations for the customs business rented for \$7,000 per month.

"Amusements were luxuries, in the circus \$60 for a private box and \$3 in the pit. To build a brick house it was estimated that it would, when finished, and that, too, in a tough manner, cost a dollar for each brick in the building. Soon vast overstocks of goods glutted the market, so much so, that rather than pay the exorbitant rents and storage necessary, the mud holes and gulches were filled up with boxes of choice tobacco, and Clay street for a great

distance was paved with shovels, the handles making a kind of corduroy and rather rough surface." (To put it mildly, there is also record of a particularly large hole having been filled with a piano, not to mention sacks of coffee, sugar, and tea. San Francisco may well be proud that its streets were originally paved with goodies.)

In a closing description of the beauties of San Francisco, Mr. Beul lets his pen run riot, simply riot!

"The Pacific Coast, especially California, is essentially the paradise of America. Balmy Italy cannot compare with the equable, salubrious and delightful climate of this pre-eminently favored section of country, a place where neither heat oppresses nor cold pinches those who live in its bright, delicious atmosphere. San Francisco is more cosmopolitan than New York, and more sensuous than New Orleans. The air is tonic, touching every cheek with rosiest health and developing women into beings of transporting beauty. In this particular the Golden Gate Metropolis is peculiar, for more lovely females never blessed God's favorite footstool than may be found in lavish abundance coqueting on all her streets and lighting love's lamp in nearly every California household.

"The city is built on seven mountains (*no small feat in itself*) to attain the summit of which requires the aid of cable railroads. Nob Hill is the most aristocratic residence spot in the city,

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IN these days, when there is so much talk of the decadence of the American theatre, it is of interest that one of San Francisco's major and its only independently owned daily began life as a theatrical newspaper and theatrical program of free circulation. A little four-page sheet of dramatic criticism successfully laid the solid foundations upon which rest *The San Francisco Chronicle* of the present day.

As *The Daily Dramatic Chronicle*, the first issue of the paper appeared January 16, 1865. Its editor was Charles De Young, who had attained the great age of nineteen years; its business manager was Michael DeYoung, who was all of seventeen. The office of the enterprise was in the printing plant of Harrison & Company, specializing in theatrical job printing, at 417 Clay, near Sansome. For desk space and the use of its presses, Harrison & Company demanded and got \$75.00 weekly, partly payable in advance. Composition, paper and other production incidentals were extra. As *The Dramatic Chronicle* was a free circulation paper, its sole income was from advertising, and in selling advertising it was subject to the drawback of being a paper that was given away—possibly forced upon the public—whereas the public bought the other daily publications.

When the city's merchants, theatre managers, restaurant, hotel and saloon keepers were first approached for advertising, they were skeptical as to the value of a free circulation medium. But within a few months this prejudice tended to disappear. Amusement place managers, restaurant, hotel and saloon keepers found that it was a business asset to have *The Dramatic Chronicle* about their places. Their customers not only read the paper but they also expected it to be within ready reach.

The cause of public demand for the sheet is readily enough explained. San Francisco, during the 1850s and '60s was a thoroughly theatrical-minded town. The public knew its theatre, as few publics anywhere or since have known it. The town was still small and personal enough to make possible a certain Bohemian intimacy between the theatre-going public and the people of the theatre. Charles De Young shrewdly gauged his editorial policies, chose and handled his feature news to make the most of these facts. *The Dramatic Chronicle* daily covered all the city's theatrical news, of which there was then a great deal. It daily printed the programs of current attractions at the several San Francisco playhouses. It offered, as well, excellent dramatic comment, and at times, criticism so sharp as to throw the theatre-going public into noisy, heated, but immensely enjoyable discussion and verbal warfare.

The Daily Dramatic Chronicle

To create a demand for and interest in a free circulation paper, the DeYoungs could have chosen no wiser policies.

EIGHTEEN months after its founding masthead statements of *The Dramatic Chronicle* declared that it was in exclusive use as a program in the Metropolitan and Olympic Theatres, Platt's Music Hall, Union and Congress Halls, where it was distributed for every performance. It was distributed daily at Woodward's Gardens; at all principal restaurants, oyster houses, saloons, stage depots, and in the residential districts. It was sent by mail to all important interior points. In all, the paper had a circulation of 7,000 daily, and its contents were about evenly divided between editorial and advertising matter.

Though *The Dramatic Chronicle* during its first years was primarily a theatrical paper, its youthful publishers had other ends in view. There was mixed with the featured theatrical news judicious amounts of general and political news—local, national and foreign. There was also amusing, pointed and satirical comment upon such items of this news as warranted it, upon the contemporaries and rivals of the little paper, who were inclined to be scornful of it, and upon personalities in public life, who were given to pompous airs and gestures. These comments and the general aggressiveness of the De Young brothers played a big part in the ready recognition of the paper.

WHEN *The Dramatic Chronicle* was but three months old, it "scooped" every daily publication in San Francisco on a piece of news of national importance—the assassination of President Lincoln, which occurred on the evening of April 15, 1865. At that time no paper in the city had private telegraph service and news services had not yet come into existence. The San Francisco morning papers of April 16th, accordingly, appeared without a word of the tragic shooting, which had taken place in Washington, D. C., the previous evening. Michael De Young, however, was in the habit of making early morning visits to the Western Union office to pick up any likely eastern news stories that might come in. On the morning of April 16th, about eight o'clock, he was in the telegraph office when the first news of the assassination to reach the West clicked over the wires.

De Young dashed to his own office. All hands turned to work and within a couple of hours the city's first "extra" dealing with the tragedy was on the streets. When further details of the

The early and reckless days of a paper now grown safely beyond "opinions"

by Zoe A. Battu

shooting were obtained a second "extra" was issued. At confirmation of Lincoln's death, hysteria seized the San Francisco populace. Its large Southern faction rejoiced—but very discreetly. Those with Northern sympathies cursed the South and all its hot-headed dramatists. Several mobs quickly formed to clean the town of all newspapers and editors of Southern sentiments and sympathies. The rabble descended upon the plant of *The Democratic Press*, strewing its type and office equipment all over the street. *The News Letter* fared in the same fashion. Police reserves were called out, but contented themselves with following the mob about to see that it did nothing more serious than wreck furniture.

All of which, of course, constituted first-class "extra" material. Michael De Young spent a frantic day between the wake of the rabble and his own office. Charles De Young and his staff spent an equally hectic day turning out "extras," the cost of which, undoubtedly, ran far beyond the day's cash revenue. But the expenditure was quite justified. The infant *Dramatic Chronicle* was definitely placed upon the San Francisco journalistic map.

IN an issue of January, 1867, is to be found a second typical illustration of the De Youngs' editorial tactics. To quote: "The trivial little *Call* is undertaking to persuade the working people that scarcity of work and depression of wages are directly occasioned by a 'radical Congress' . . . We have said before that *The Call* is both a philosopher and statesman . . . Its influence over the mental phenomenon of chamber maids and cork biddies is almost unlimited." Apparently, even in those remote days, *The Call* was the benevolent, self-appointed mentor of shop girls. Baiting the paper for its political, social and economic juvenilities seems to have been the favorite sport of San Francisco's editors of the time—a pastime now monopolized by *The Argonaut* and pursued with the gusto of a football warrior and solemnity of a high priest.

July 1, 1868, the first issue of *The Overland Monthly* appeared, edited by Bret Harte. Literary San Francisco was in a flutter over this event, and it was

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Hacienda de los Amigos

The spirit of the early California Spanish haciendas has been re-created in the Del Monte ranch home of Col. Harold L. Mack by the use of crude hand methods of building similar to those employed by the former Dons. The two feet thick walls are of chalk-stone quarried on the ranch and laid by unskilled labor. The roof and floor tiling is hand made and hand laid. The roof and floor timbers, and even the flooring, were cut out by hand from huge redwood trees in the Santa Cruz mountains. Four years were required for the building which was done under the supervision of Edward Raymond Moffitt who also selected the antiques and designed the hand made furniture with which the hacienda is furnished throughout. The home is the result of a lifelong dream on the part of Col. Mack who wished a place where he would be surrounded by beauty which he personally helped to create.





Mrs. Harry Hill

Who has returned to San Francisco, following a six months' sojourn in Europe.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

WEDDINGS

HOLLINS-CHASE. On May 3, at Pebble Beach, Mr. McKim Hollins, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hollins of New York, and Miss Ysabel Chase, daughter of Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase and the late Mrs. Chase.

FURBUSH-MACE. On May 19, Dr. Claude Furbush, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Furbush of Alameda, and Miss Frances Mace, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Sayre Mace.

HOFFMAN-GIANINNI. On May 24, Mr. Clifford Hoffman and Miss Claire Gianinni, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amadeo P. Gianinni.

DICKEY-HURN. On May 28, Mr. William Duvall Dickey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Dickey of Monterey, and Mrs. Florence Russell Hurn, daughter of Mrs. Atherton Russell.

ENGAGEMENTS

ALLAN-BALDWIN. Mrs. Margaret Aspinwall Allan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Aspinwall of Washington, D. C., to Mr. John Baldwin, son of Mr. Alexander R. Baldwin and the late Mrs. Baldwin.

DUFF-PILLSBURY. Miss Margery Duff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Chapin, to Mr. Charles Taylor Pillsbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury.

HAMILTON-AINSWORTH. Miss Heath Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Hamilton, to Mr. John C. Ainsworth of Los Angeles, son of the late Mr. Harry Ainsworth and Mrs. Ainsworth.

KIERULFF-FENGER. Miss Dorothy Kierulff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kierulff, to Mr. Austin Bryan Fenger, son of Mrs. John A. Fenger and the late Mr. Fenger.

MADDUX-HAIZLIP. Miss Meredith Maddux, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Parker S. Maddux, to Mr. Raymond Haizlip, formerly of Virginia.

SPLIVALO-BAIRD. Miss Elizabeth Splivalo, daughter of Mrs. Lavina Splivalo, to Mr. Walter Howard Baird, son of Mrs. Mary Flavin Baird of Los Angeles.

THOMAS-BULL. Mrs. Grace Mellus Thomas of Los Angeles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus, to Mr. Charles Caldwell Bull, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Bull.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Weida (Flora Miller Langton) are visiting in San Francisco from their home in Dolok Merangir, Sumatra. They are staying with Mrs. Weida's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Miller gave a large dinner at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Weida, and Mrs. Miller gave a tea at the Franciscan Club in honor of her daughter. Others entertaining for Mr. and Mrs. Weida include Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Gibson, Mrs. Philip E. Bowles Jr., Dr. John Strickler and Mr. Dunlap Strickler, Mr. and Mrs. John Franklin Brooke, Mrs. Mark Gerstle Jr., and Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley.

Colonel and Mrs. Joseph V. Kuznik (Lurline Spreckels Eddy) have been visiting in San Francisco, guests for a time at the St. Francis. Colonel and Mrs. Kuznik, whose home is in Paris, spent some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan in Burlingame.

Mrs. Charles Wright of Philadelphia was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery of Burlingame during her visit here. Mrs. Wright will spend a month in Honolulu following her San Francisco visit, and will finish the summer in Santa Barbara. Mr. Prescott Scott and Mrs. Redmond Stephens were among the peninsula residents who entertained for Mrs. Wright during her stay.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr was host to Captain and Mrs. Henry Forester at the St. Cyr estate in San Mateo. Mrs. Forester was the former Mrs. Whitman Hobbs.

Mrs. Thornton High is in San Francisco on a visit from Portland and is staying at the Hillcrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Miller of Los Angeles spent a fortnight visiting their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Fuller in Burlingame.

Mrs. Henry T. Burgin of Washington, D. C., has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Richard Derby at the latter's home in Greenwich Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker were hosts to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald MacNicol of New York at the Crocker place at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCoy of Pasadena passed a recent holiday week-end with Mrs. McCoy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde, at their home in Woodside.

Miss Adelaide Taylor of Chicago visited for a time with Mr. and Mrs. Edward O. Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker of Burlingame were hosts recently to Mrs. Robert Moss of Tokyo and Mrs. Moss's sister and niece, Mrs. Charles Atkinson, and Miss Virginia Atkinson of Pasadena. Mrs. Moss shared honors at a tea given by Miss Tucker in honor of her house guest and Mrs. Cyril McNear of New York.

Mr. Foxhall Keene of New York was at the Pacific Union Club and on the peninsula during his recent sojourn in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Morris of Chicago are passing the summer at the Clift Hotel and are being extensively entertained.

Mrs. T. Wain Draper has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Kirkwood Donavin, and Mr. Donavin, at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Slater (Frances Ames) of Montecito were at the Burlingame Country Club for a few days recently. Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan entertained for the visitors and others who gave parties in their honor included Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst and Mrs. John Drumm.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Moody of New York came to California on their honeymoon and were entertained by Mr. Moody's aunt, Mrs. William Bowers Bourn, at Filoli House, San Mateo. Mrs. Moody was Miss Anne Cater Laidlaw of Englewood, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger entertained their daughter, Mrs. Cyril McNear, on her recent visit from New York. Mrs. McNear was accompanied by her little daughter. This month Mrs. McNear will visit with Mr. and Mrs. John McNear at their place on the Russian River.

Colonel Charles B. Stone Jr. and his son, Lieutenant Charles B. Stone III, are visiting with Colonel Stone's sister, Mrs. Alexander F. Douglas, at the Douglas home in Scott Street. A large family dinner was given for the visitors by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt gave a dinner for Mrs. William Younger shortly before her departure for Paris.

Brigadier General C. R. Krauthoff, U. S. A. (retired), spent several weeks at the Clift Hotel. Colonel Krauthoff was formerly stationed in San Francisco. Since his retirement he has divided his time between Washington, D. C., and Europe.

Miss Mabel Wilson of New York has been the house guest of her grandmother, Mrs. William Cluff, at the latter's home in Menlo Park.

During the time that Miss Louise Boyd was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hills in Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. Hills gave a dinner for her.

Miss Nancy Scott, who traveled in Italy with her stepfather and mother, Colonel and Mrs. E. O. Bartlett, visited her uncle Mr. Prescott Scott in Burlingame on her return. Miss Scott will pass most of the summer with her father, Mr. Harry H. Scott, at his home on the peninsula.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker entertained in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst, the occasion being a dinner.

In honor of Miss Louise Sherer, the fiancee of Mr. Alanson Wood Green, Mrs. Harry Johnson of San Rafael entertained with a luncheon at the Franciscan Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Howard have returned to their home on the peninsula after spending some time on their ranch in Mendocino County.

Mrs. Felix McGinnis has returned home after an extended trip through the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hendrickson are established in Burlingame where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Hendrickson's mother, Mrs. Wood Armsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris have taken possession of their new home in Palo Alto after spending two months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Decker McAllister plan to spend a part of the summer with Mrs. McAllister's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ransome, at the Ransome country home in Mt. Diablo.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin have taken possession of their summer home at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have returned to California after a visit in New York where they were accompanied by their niece, Miss Aileen Tobin, and Miss Alice Eastland.

Mr. and Mrs. Remo Sharboro and their daughter, Miss Yvonne Sharboro, spent a fortnight at their country place, Sharboro Villa, in Asti, Sonoma County. They entertained a large party of guests over a recent week-end.

Miss Evelyn Barron, who has been spending the past year abroad, has returned to her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham entertained at dinner shortly after reopening their country place in Menlo Park.

Miss Anne Odile Porter has announced June 10 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Robert Gage Burmister. The wedding will be held at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, in Vallejo Street. Dr. and Mrs. David Armstrong Taylor recently entertained at dinner for the engaged couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Henderson have rented Miss Amy Brewer's house in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling entertained with a picnic at their summer place at Woodside. The night of Mr. and Mrs. Jackling's return from their recent world cruise, their friends on the peninsula gave them a surprise party.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cartan have taken the Harold Casey home in Woodside for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Casey will travel abroad for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Sergius Klotz (Barbara Atkinson) whose marriage took place in Pasadena last month have taken an apartment on Russian Hill.

Complimenting Miss Katrine Breiner, who will be one of the June brides, Miss Gladys and Dorothy Mills recently gave a luncheon at the Franciscan Club.

Miss Louise Sherer, who will be married to Alanson Wood Green on June 4, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by Miss Kathleen and Miss Gertrude Byrnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a large Sunday luncheon recently in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. Harry MacFarland of Honolulu.

Since their return from Europe where their marriage took place a few months ago, Mr. and Mrs. William Leib have been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe has returned from a trip around the world.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon was hostess to a gathering of about twenty matrons at a luncheon party recently.

Pro Musica assembled at the de Young home in California Street recently to hear the music of Maurice Ravel. Mrs. Nion Tucker was hostess at the tea that followed.

Miss Lilia Johnson is returning from Vassar College this month and will pass the summer with her mother, Mrs. Harry Johnson, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has opened her summer home in Sonoma County for the season. A number of week-end parties are being arranged by Mrs. Spreckels.

There will be a large dinner at the Menlo Park Country Club on the night of June 21.

Honoring two brides-elect, Miss Anne Odile Porter and Miss Kate Boardman, Miss Hettie and Miss Sarah Stephenson gave a dinner party at their home in Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst have taken the Walker Kamn house on the peninsula for the season and were dinner hosts there recently.

Miss Maria Antonia Field gave a reception at the Fairmont Hotel and entertained several hundred friends. An interesting feature of the evening was a harp concert. The hostess herself sang a group of Spanish songs.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Hale are sojourning at Benbow, pending the completion of their new summer home in that district.

A garden party will be given at the home of Mr. Louis Welch in Hidden Valley on June 15, the proceeds to be turned over to the San Francisco College for Women.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman and their family are spending the summer in Woodside. Miss Kate Boardman gave a luncheon at her country home in honor of Miss Frances Mace and her fiance, Dr. Claude Furbush.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, who recently spent six months in New York, are again occupying their San Mateo home.

Miss Eve Taylor gave a dinner and dance at the Taylor country place in Menlo Park. Miss Aileen Tobin was guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery, who are in Menlo Park for the summer, have been entertaining at a series of affairs. They gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Warren Spicker shortly before her departure for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott recently entertained a group of friends at the Parrot ranch in the Carmel Valley.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge will spend the summer at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. Arnold Scheier entertained at a buffet supper at the home of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Scheier in Hillsborough, the occasion being in honor of Miss Margery Duff and her fiance, Mr. Taylor Pillsbury, whose wedding will take place on June 19.

The Sports Calendar

• • • International Competition Predominates the World of Sport

by "BOBS"

THE feature of the 1930 sports calendar is international competition. American sportsmen are meeting in friendly rivalry this year most of the great countries across the big seas and the sport bill of fare includes, Polo, Golf, Boxing, Tennis, Yachting,—Track and Field athletics.

For the most part sport competition between the various countries is productive of good results in that it brings these peoples together in their playing moments and presumably in friendly rivalry. Unfortunately there have been cases in former years of bad feeling between the competitors and more particularly among the spectators in their intense desire of seeing their countrymen win the honors of the day. There was the case of the English runner having a walkover in the quarter-mile event of the Olympic championships at London twenty years ago when the athletes of other countries objected to the decisions handed down by the officials in charge. And in the soccer international matches in which the European and South American countries are engaged, the spectators have rushed on to the field in their partisan excitement on several occasions and the opposing players have been escorted to the sidelines by the police and officials to escape mob attack. These scenes have threatened to call a halt to these inter-country games, which is unfortunate, as soccer has taken quite a hold on the Latin peoples. Wales and Ireland have had disagreeable experiences with the Parisian crowds in their rugby international matches and only cooler and wiser heads have prevented the cessation of these games.

Fortunately there is the other and more pleasant picture to paint. It is one in which sportsmanship is the pigment. Countries of Europe, Asia, the Antipodes and the two Americas are being drawn closer together by virtue of their meetings on the field of sport and each and every country possesses ambassadors of goodwill by virtue of their innate sportsmanship either as winners or losers. It is a far cry since the days when runners were coached how to gain an advantage by trickery. The spirit of fairness is today more marked in a track and field meet than in any other athletic endeavor. Whether it be a duel inter-collegiate meet, a sectional championship or a meeting in which countries are engaged, the athletes, be they Germans, Japanese, French, British or Americans, have a sense of honor that speaks volumes for their coaches. It is pleasing to

Editor's Note—The San Franciscan is pleased to announce that beginning with this issue, "Bobs," the veteran sports writer and authority will write a monthly article on primary local and national sporting events and topics.

see a British or American athlete, pulling hard for a German or French athlete to break the world's record after he himself has failed in a qualifying test. The athletes who competed in a special meeting in London after the Olympic games in 1928, said that it was the most enjoyable event they ever competed in.

TENNIS has done its share in promoting good fellowship between the nations. Norman Brookes of Australia, our own "Little Bill" Johnston, Cochet and La Coste of France, Kumagae of Japan and Cecil Parke of England, are among those who have gained respect not only for themselves as winning and losing sportsmen but also for the countries they have represented, and the same may be said of their sisters, the Wills, Godfrees, Assums and Alvarez's who have been prominent in international competition in recent years. In the Davis Cup series the French players have latterly ruled the roost, with America sitting in the runners-up position, but there are hopes of the younger contingent of American players, consisting of Van Ryn, Allison, Doeg, Coen and Lott, making an even fight for the honors before many years are passed. Led by Mrs. Helen Wills Moody there is little present danger of America losing its supremacy in the women's department. The young Berkeley matron is playing better tennis today than ever and is in no danger of losing in any championship single match across the seas or in her own land.

Polo is coming into its own as an international sport. Originally an East Indian game it was introduced into England by the army officers. International competition between England and America has provided excellent competition with the honors favoring this country. Tommy Hitchcock, the American ace, is voted by most critics to be the best all round player of all time and he is ably seconded by a trio of

young skillful horsemen who are also expert mallet wielders. California polo enthusiasts are hoping that Eric Pedley will be given a chance to prove his metal in international competition against the Britishers this fall. England is moving Heaven and Earth in an effort to turn the tables on its rivals. They have several great players, notably Captain Roarke, who is arranging a series of trial matches in England in order to select the best team to represent "John Bull" in his effort to regain possession of the Westchester Cup, emblematic of the Polo International Championship. The famous four brothers Ashton of Australia have gone to England, with thirty ponies, for the trials.

Polo is fast becoming a popular game with the "Man in the Street." A few years ago the game was considered a harmless hobby for the idle rich who were supposed to be tied to trained ponies. Now the "Man in the Street" has seen this game with its risks and thrills and has voted it both spectacular and exciting. And the polo "powers that be" are catering to the spectator by developing younger blood and inviting university students to join the fold. Such tournaments as were held on Southern California, Del Monte and the peninsula fields have advanced the game appreciably. In the international series of the "tomorrows" the Argentine players will have to be reckoned with. Already they can command respect from the best players on both sides of the Atlantic.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has launched another Shamrock and will make his fifth attempt to "lift" the American Yachting Cup. The conditions which govern this contest do not please yachtsmen on either side of the "Big Pond" and in all probability an effort will be made after the challenge races held in those placid Eastern waters this fall to revise some of the existing rules. Most people are of the opinion that the race should be run without handicap, each country being empowered to build which it deems to be the fastest, without regard to spread of sail.

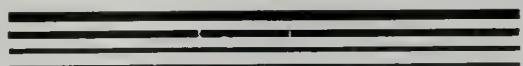
American golfers have crossed the seas in search of world's honors in the Royal and Ancient pastime, the women, led by Glenna Collett, the American champion, have already swallowed a bitter pill. No American golfer has ever won the British women's championship though on several occasions

Continued on page 29



Ralph Young

Shell Tower at Night

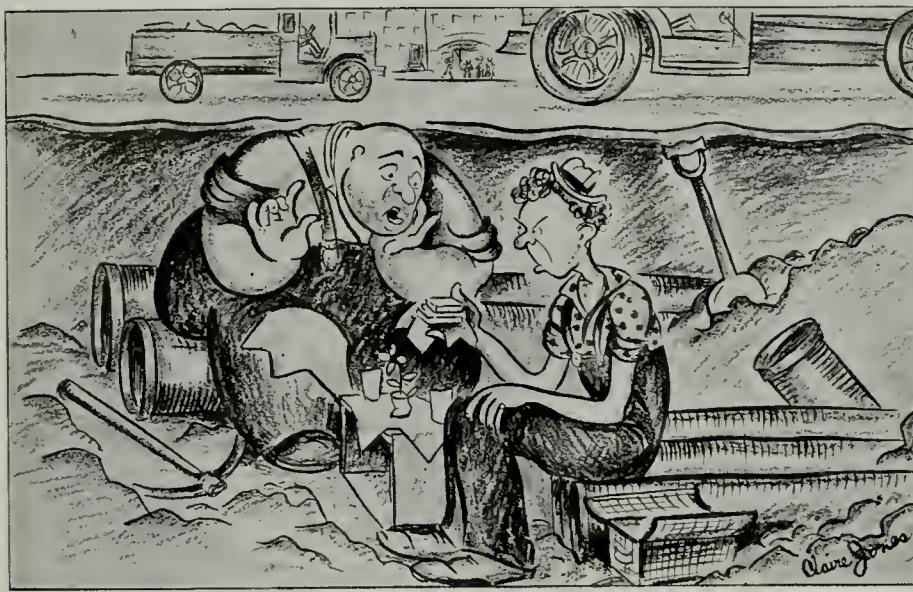


NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

For the first time since its re-building in 1907, The Palace Hotel has had its face washed.

In this process, the man on the street

would be dining-room companions for the voyage, it would be seemly to introduce themselves as a beginning to a better acquaintance. The speaker, ac-



"What! no pate de fois gras?"

manifested a vast interest. It was something of a shock to him and to ourselves to observe twenty-three years' accumulation of smoke, dirt and grime roll off and reveal the structure as built of cream colored brick, when all of our lives we have been ready to swear it was built of dark brick.

That the Palace should thus be washed up and stripped of its dark coating moved certain members of the architectural and allied professions to wrath and to the point of protest. The soil and grime, said these gentlemen, represented mellowing and weathering. These qualities are artistically sacred and it was positively sinful to do away with them in such callous, mechanical fashion.

IN ACCORDANCE with ship board custom, two young men on a trans-Pacific voyage presented themselves, upon the occasion of the first meal, to the head steward to be assigned to their table. The steward led them to a table for three. Whereupon, the youths fell to wondering who would be given the third place and to hoping that it would not fall to anyone lacking in good nature pleasant manners and agreeable appearance.

Their fears were presently set at rest. The steward led to the vacant chair a beautifully gowned woman of striking appearance. The two youths visibly brightened.

Assuming the role of spokesman, one of them remarked that, since the three

cordingly, gave his name as Peter. By way of light humor, he added that,



"By Gad, Mr. Dinsmore, I believe she has a chance."

though he bore a Biblical name, he was not an apostle.

"My name," said his companion, speaking up directly, "is Paul, and I am not a disciple."

Both waited expectantly for the lady to speak.

She paused and hesitated significantly; looked from one to the other of her table companions and said gravely, "And my name is Mary."

As you may be observing, the plot of the Prohibition question is thickening very fast these days.

The Digest, which has always been one of the great household gods of what is known as "the better and more moral elements" of the community, pushes on with its wet-dry poll with the impersonality of a road roller and with results quite as crushing to the claims of these same "better and more moral elements" in regard to public sentiment on prohibition.

And as you may know, corks are now strictly taboo. You may have your garage full of dynamite and be less liable to suspicion and official investigation than if you have a handful of corks. Just let yourself be found with a cork on your person. Just let one little cork fall out of

your pant's pocket. Would you be able to render to hostile and eagle-eyed authorities satisfactory explanation for its presence? Do you think your explanation that you "just happened" to have a cork would carry weight in a court room? Of course not! It would sound silly. You wouldn't have a legal leg to stand on and all sorts of things might lawfully be done to you.

Likewise the ban has officially fallen on ginger ale and ice, known in North Beach restaurant parlance as "set ups." Two well known cafes of Little Italy were recently raided and will probably be padlocked for a year for selling "set ups," into which, it is alleged the guests poured gin, whisky or what have you. Certainly they did! Who the devil is going to drink ginger ale and shaved ice? Why, not even a prohibition agent would willingly drink more than one glass.

But the prize development, which we have saved for the last, is the incident in the lobby fund investigations at Washington, where the Anti-Saloon League refused point blank to show its books on the expenditures for various political and election campaigns. The League, its spokesmen explained, having been born at a prayer meeting was conceived (immaculately) of God. It is doing God's work. Hence it is immune from questioning or investigation by heretics, scoffers, unbelievers and all low minded mortals of this world and its business laws.

COURTS of law continue to be one of, if not, the best inspirations of wit. There is something about the portentous gravity of court in session that produces more real flashes of humor than the most industrious hack can drag out of his brain by the heels. Strained faculties falter and lo! we have the wise-crack of the season.

A lawyer in one of our San Francisco courts was thundering at a witness in a drunk driving case.

"Then you say," he roared, "that this man was drunk!"

"I do not," the witness returned angrily. "I only said he sat in his car for three hours in front of an excavation waiting for the light to turn green."

UPON counting up the first year's profits for the local Fox Theatre, the management of the West Coast Fox Theatre Corporation has found that the house is the most profitable in its chain of 535 movie palaces. Whereupon, Allah is praised. Candles are lit. Incense is burned.

Revelations issue forth from the far, high places where dwell the gods of the Cinema World. We lesser mortals, who are doomed to follow the march of the world's great events through the newspapers or radio, learn that the corpora-



"Oh, I couldn't go . . . tomorrow's Sunday."

tion plans to expend, within the near future, eight million five hundred thousand dollars (\$8,500,000) for the building of additional Fox Theatres. Oakland, Berkeley, Stockton, San Jose, Bakersfield and Porterville will shortly be able to point with varying degrees of pride or embarrassment to a brand new Fox Theatre.

This news, were we right thinking people, would fill us with joy and we too would rush out and buy candles and incense. It fills us only with sadness. But in our own strange, perverse way we are optimists and can see silver linings. We are very sorry, of course, that the above named towns are about to have their collection of faulty architecture added to. Still, we find consolation in the fact, that the San Francisco Fox Theatre will stand as it is for some time to come. It will be quite awhile before the general growth of the city will justify the building of something bigger and gaudier.

THE S. S. Harvard was pitching and rolling its way toward San Francisco one choppy morning, as is its wont on choppy mornings. It had been an unusually bad night and most of the pas-

sengers were feeling rather indisposed. Two in particular seemed quite "done in," and were stretched out in their deck chairs, their eyes closed, their wan faces wearing that "broken in spirit" look, produced by *mal de mer*.

Totally indifferent to his parents' misery, their young offspring was having the time of his life straddling the boat's rail, emitting gleeful shouts with each roll of the ship, as he was nearly pitched headlong into the water. His mother finally saw him, and gathering all her strength cried, "stop, Willie, STOP!" But Willie completely ignored her and went on "playing horse." She turned to her husband and gasped, "John, John, speak to Willie!" With a tremendous effort her husband raised his head, looked at his son, and in a feeble voice said, "hello Willie!"

A SAN FRANCISCAN recently returned from a short visit to Hollywood much elated over the stories he had to tell about the latest fad there of having portraits made in the nude.

While still shaking hands, and before answering a proper how-do-you-do, he

Continued on page 40

THE WHITE CARD ... by NED HILTON

OUR guillotine has been for several months inactive—we can't be malevolent just on principle—but we are shining it up this month for the "artists" who are lowering the standards of craftsmanship under the influence of *The New Yorker*.

Almost any ten-thumbed incompetent, knowing nothing of drawing—and not giving a damn—can find much applause for his (or her) scribbled formless jitterings, because, for some esoteric reason, such insufferable stuff is supposed to be "sophisticated." (Nothing could, in reality, be farther from sophistication, except most "sophisticates.")

I suppose there is some social significance in this neurotic avoidance of beauty; there would seem to be sadism behind such maligning of the human body. (I don't speak of distortion, which is legitimately employed for the sake of perfect line, nor of facility sprung from knowledge, but of the scribbling which is insensitive to line and the interrelation of masses.)

The weak semblance is, in every case, in our civilization, smart, chic, modish. We have fake art and fake music and fake literature. No artist need know anything; ability, nowadays, my dears, is such an affront to one's condescending patrons.

In mentioning *The New Yorker*, I do not, of course, include the fine draughtsmanship of Garrett Price, I. Klein, Rea Irvin, Gardner Rea, Peter Arno, de Miskey, or of certain others who would not permit their signatures on such swine art.

But of the swine-artists, the mentally-vacuous, the spiritually sterile, the despoilers: To the tumbrils with 'em.



"We got the books and we got the fellow that was sellin' 'em, but we can't find this guy Voltaire that wrote 'em."

Now that such a man as Dwight Morrow has based his candidacy for the Senate on an honest and clearly-stated platform of Prohibition repeal, we expect great hordes of peanut politicians to see the light. We wish that we had the opportunity to vote for Morrow; we hope devoutly that his campaign will be successful; and we assure all peanut politicians that they will make no mistake in stumping just as wildly now for repeal as hitherto for enforcement.

Which brings us to local politics and the assertion that C. C. Young is just about four years too late in his support of the Treasonable Amendment. And Fitts is a bit too early in standing for election almost solely on the promise to assure a Hoover delegation to the 1932 convention. By that time, the Noble Experiment and everyone responsible for it will be starting for the junk-heap. It is about time the people of California elected a governor worthy of the respect of the citizens.

WHAT this country needs is a flock of Boswells. Most of our wisest and wittiest discourse is wasted. We should each have a Boswell at our heels. But there are none available. We're all potential Johnsons. The only fellow I know who might be a good Boswell for me is too busy, when we are together, out-Johnsoning me to be of any use. Such smart-aleck practises are deplorable.

ERRATA: In spite of our having personally corrected the proofs of the essay on book-collecting in last month's issue, the compositor's gaucheries appeared in print. Of the loss of a semi-colon we shall not speak; but at the retention of the word "only," which we deleted as a mis-statement of the number of John Donne's books, we protest. Of the phrase "my first first edition," one "first" was omitted, making it meaningless; and the word "anaesthetic" was split into "an aesthetic" (the compositor apparently believing that "anaesthetic" means "ether" and therefore couldn't be right.) This last bull still gives us gooseflesh; not only did it alter our meaning, but it made us seem to be writing barbarous language. Life is becoming too uncertain.

"A man who has tried idealism in business and found that it pays . . ." Magazine article.

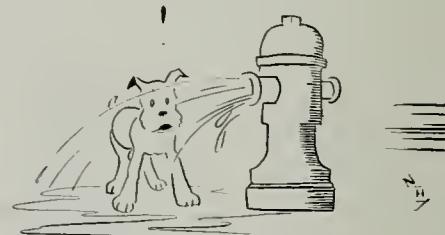
Clip the coupon. We teach idealism in your spare time. It PAYS!



"Pardon me—uh—are you a nymphomaniac?"

Prof. Hoover, of Stanford, waxed indignant over the criticism of certain of his remarks to his class about militarism. He wanted to know what had happened to the traditional sanctity of the classroom; he made it clear that he believes in the impunity of pedagogues. When and how and—most importantly—why was this sanctity established? I suspect that it is an innovation, a quite recent defence by the pedagogues, set up in panic upon recognition of clear signs that students are beginning to see through the collective pedagogical fog-headedness. However, Prof. Hoover's class were only engineers.

Bertrand Russell, in *Harper's*, asks, "Why is modern youth cynical?" Mainly, I should say, because people keep asking why is modern youth cynical?



That's News

"A few hundred years ago any kind of reading was considered somewhat of an accomplishment. Now the deaf are able to read a speaker's lips, the blind read with their fingers and even Bridge players are making good progress in card-reading." Sidney Lenz in *Judge*.

Send marked copies to Dept. G29, Under-Sec'y for Cognizance of Millennium, Establishment of H. G. Wells. Human progress can go no farther.

"Your nails are YOU" Ad caption.

Which makes me just about the dirtiest fellow I know.

The Daily Dramatic Chronicle

Continued from page 18

freely predicted that the publication would completely eclipse *The Atlantic Monthly*, after which it was patterned. *The Dramatic Chronicle* coolly announced that it had been sent a copy of *The Overland* and would read it when it got around to it. A day or so later, the paper commented upon the new magazine to the effect that its poetry was average—no better, no worse than the poetry being run in magazines in other sections of the country. The fiction was criticised as not being up to standard and small in quantity. *The Call's* opinion that Western subscribers to *The Atlantic Monthly* could cancel their subscriptions by reason of having in *The Overland* a Western publication of equal merit was entirely discredited.

The Dramatic Chronicle proposed to go right on reading *The Atlantic Monthly*. It continued also to read *The Overland* and took occasion to speak very favorably of Harte's incomparable *Luck of Roaring Camp* but it did not hesitate to criticise him sharply, at another time, for several passages of poorly worded, poetic vagaries. *The Dramatic Chronicle* was critical. It evaluated things and people for what they were. It expressed its findings without reservations—a policy, alas, at which the present paper raises horrified hands.

In September, 1868, *The Dramatic Chronicle* abandoned its free circulation policy and became a regular daily, *The Chronicle*. The DeYoungs had realized the object for which they had been steadily working from the first. As *The Chronicle*, the paper still flourishes; its chief glories being, perhaps, that in a chain system age it is still an independently owned enterprise, and holds itself safely above wallowing in luridly yellow sensationalism.

Pascal Tourtelotte

Continued from page 10

compose, which would rival *Faust* in drama, and *Tristan* in music, and gazed across at me with a puzzled look in his blue eyes.

"Ah, Mon Vieux, was there something about which I promised to tell you?"

I reminded him that for the past three-quarters of an hour he had been about to tell me the story of his life.

"What! Did I say that, Monsieur? Could I have been so indiscreet? And to a stranger? Alas, alas, what have I done!"

He became quite excited. I tried to calm him in vain. He babbled with his



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hand on the top of the table. The bracelet tinkled on the marble.

"You like it, Monsieur?"

Glad of a chance to change the topic, I answered:

"Yes. It must be very valuable. A keepsake, perhaps?"

"This, Monsieur, I give to you, if you will forget that I promised to confide to you the story of my life. It is too sad. Too deeply involved in international politics ever to be divulged. I, Pascal Tourtelotte, give it to you!"

Before I could remonstrate, he had flung it down on the table. Then he burst into tears;

"Ah, Clarise, Eloise and Yvette! What do you three think of me now? But it is done. I have given it to the wealthy gentleman whom I have never before met. There! Wear it Monsieur, and never remove it for the sweet memory of Clarise, Yvette, and Eloise!"

I knew that he was quite mad, but I very foolishly tried to slip it back on his wrist. He flung my hand from him.

"Monsieur, Monsieur! I—Pascal Tourtelotte, never brook interference! I am an old man now, Monsieur, and Eloise, Yvette, and Clarise will forgive me. I go!"

He sprang up from the table, clutched his hat, darted across the room, and before I could stop him, was gone . . .

Marie came in at this moment, and I called her over.

"Who was that gentleman Marie?"

"The one who left you to pay his bill, Monsieur? I do not know."

"But Marie" I said to the old Shylock, "he kissed you."

"Ah, sir, I was too astonished to do anything. If he had kissed my hand, I should have ordered him out. Yes, that is what I would have done. But—dressed as he was—don't you think he had a very handsome mustache, Monsieur?"

I did not. And when Marie put forth her hand for the reckoning, I began to think that Pascal Tourtelotte was not quite so insane as he had appeared.

As I reached for my wallet, I realized that I was still holding the bracelet. I looked at it more closely than I had had opportunity when he had excitedly waved it before my face. I laughed in chagrin. It was a little circlet of white celluloid bound with gilt tin!

"I think," said I, "that he was a crook!"

"But no one who is not perfectly honest comes here, Monsieur," spoke Marie indignantly.

I described the course of events in bitter tones. Marie listened with a tolerant grin on her expansive face. When I had finished she clapped her damp hands together loudly.

"But how charmingly done! Surely, Monsieur, he was a poet!"



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IT should be one of the world's well-known places, of course. A place where smart people set a tolerant vogue of careful negligence in dress; where wardrobe-packing isn't a problem.

A place, too, that furnishes a wholesome change in climate and altitude. If it gives you an opportunity to gaze on Nature's mighty miracles and hear breezes in the pines at night, a little uplift of mind and spirit won't do a bit of harm.

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The Sports Calendar

Continued from page 22

Uncle Sam's daughter has reached the finals and been installed as favorite. In the team matches the Americans were swamped by their British sisters.

But the amateur men golfers of this country, with the peerless Bobby Jones as skipper, added another to their unbroken series of victories in the Walker Cup team matches, winning as they did two years ago in Chicago without a show of opposition from the British amateurs. The American professionals have shown themselves to be superior to their British cousins in individual competition, yet on two previous occasions have lost their team matches for possession of the Ryder Cup. It is difficult to explain when we note how consistently the Americans carry off the honors and most of the leading places in the British Open Championship, which has come to be recognized as the Blue Riband of golfdom.

Concerning

Continued from page 13

of Dr. Valentin, prominent German critic, is giving Carroll a substantial salary and a good studio as inducement to spend next winter there giving criticism. He is in demand for lectures wherever he goes for his viewpoint is considered a prophetic one in American Art.

John Carroll's art belongs more to a possible tomorrow than to the today except as one finds the present among the sophisticated city dwellers. Carroll senses the rhythms of jazz, the pulse of movement and idea that permeates the life of today, forecasting a somewhat synthetic future. His subtle grey tones, the elusive spirit of his figures, the arbitrary accents in his drawings speak of a life where ideas are reality, where the superficial structure reared by modern civilization is the only actuality. Today Carroll's work speaks of New York because there such life is evident. Tomorrow his work may speak as eloquently of conditions in San Francisco.

CAPTAIN ITO SHINJI called it "good luck" when the new motorship Tatsuta Maru crossed the Pacific in record time on her maiden voyage. This sounds like mere modesty when one knows the preparation that preceded the voyage.

Twelve days and eight hours from Yokohama to San Francisco! That is the record of the first all-Japanese built and motored passenger liner. Back of that record are the years of training in foreign countries of the shipbuilders and designers; years of engineering which led to the perfection of the Mitseu Bishi



A day that took 2000 years to make

NORTHWARD from San Francisco, halfway south from Portland, a shaggy California shadow stretches into Oregon, and underneath it there's a day that took 2000 years to make. It is the day en route to the Pacific Northwest, or back again, that sees you through the Redwood Empire.

The Redwood Empire tour can be a feature of your trip to the Northwest via SHASTA ROUTE, for but \$10.40 more. Comfortable motor coaches, (with glass tops, so you can see how high the big trees really are), speed you through a hundred miles of Redwood forest.

Low roundtrip fares on Pacific Coast now in effect. Low fares East on sale until Sept. 30. Return limit Oct. 31.

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The BULLETIN* founded 1855

Tursai diesel engine, which is the Japanese improvement on the Swiss diesel; and the years of experience of the captain.

Captain Ito was chosen to command the new vessel because he is one of the finest sea captains Japan has produced. His record includes twenty-six years of active service. He graduated from the Tokyo Navigation School in 1903 and saw service first on the Taisai Maru in those days when it was not uncommon to spend sixty days in the trans-Pacific voyage. Subsequently he was given command of the Kushiro Maru, Kokura Maru, Totori Maru, Maksuei Maru, Shidzuoka Maru and the Siberia Maru. He has crossed the Pacific eighty-six times.

As captain of the Siberia Maru, Captain Ito took Prince Chichibu to the bedside of his dying father, the Emperor, for which he received a decoration. He also was decorated by the Crown Prince of Sweden as Knight of the First Order of Wassa in recognition of services when the Crown Prince was on board the Siberia Maru.

Captain Ito captained the Siberia Maru until June 29, 1929. Then he was sent to the Atlantic to travel and study modern methods. He made six crossings on board the Bremen, the Aquitania, Ile de France, George Washington, Augustus, and Kingsholm, all new ships known for their fine service. After this period of observation, Captain Ito returned to Japan to supervise the completion of the Tatsuta Maru in the shipyards at Nagasaki and to superintend the installation of her equipment. And after all this preparation for the voyage, Captain Ito says it was "luck" that brought the Tatsuta to San Francisco in record time.

"Luck?" Probably the same sort that gave the captain a score of 47 and 52 on the Presidio golf course when he played while the ship was in port. The sort of luck that bolsters up his hope to meet the United States' golf champion some day.

Those Were The Days

Continued from page 16

yet it is located on the crown of a hill so steep that a footman cannot ascend it without frequent intervals of rest, but by the use of the Clay street cable-road the summit is one of positive luxury. (And all for a nickel.)

"On this hill will be found residences of Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, and the widow of Mark Hopkins, every one of which cost a million or more dollars.

"Montgomery street is to San Francisco what Wall street is to New York,

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Write for Chef's Cook Book of California Recipes

BEN L. FRANK
MANAGER

33

and as the people are consummate stock gamblers, these institutions flourish constantly with a rare prosperity. (*Uh-huh*) Kearny street is the retail and fashionable thoroughfare, and promenading on it may be found more entrancingly beautiful women to the square foot than Paradise has to the square acre

"One of the most interesting features of San Francisco is Woodward's Garden, a pleasure resort located in the southwestern part of the city, and filled with many wonders, principal among which is the aquarium, which I have no hesitancy in pronouncing the finest on either continent. (And here it begins to become apparent that Mr. Beul has probably never been there.)

"The Bay of San Francisco is a harbor capable of anchoring every ship on the globe, and is universally pronounced superior to all others in the world. A sportsman from the East crossing this harbor can scarce contain himself on account of the myriads of wild fowl that sit so lightly on the dancing water. Ducks, geese, brants, coots, and mud-hens are super-plentiful insomuch as they are scarcely considered game, especially as deer, turkey, and prairie hens are abundant, and grizzly bears are sometimes too easily found ruminating in the adjacent Sierras.

"In the last few years San Francisco has been building a park which, when completed, will be a spot worth a thousand miles' travel to visit. (Unless you're in a taxi.)

"The Cliff House is built on a rock that towers in symmetrical grandeur above the restless waves that unceasingly lave its base. From the long porch that traverses this building may be had the most sublime view that vision ever photographed. Lying a few hundred feet from shore are the Seal Rocks, bold, jutting upheavals, with pinnacles pointing directly starward, on which a thousand seals hold their eternal council. The maddest waves dash round these Herculean monuments, throwing up rainbows of flying spray and building crests upon which ride the lords of the rocks. Hundreds of sea lions hover around in the breakers or clamber up the slippery sides, while some, apparently on adventure bent (*a big thing in a sea lion's life*) amble with cumbrous flippers to the very apex, and from this lofty and circumscribed pinnacle, throw a headlong leap into the foaming crests below. Sometimes the most desperate fights occur among these fierce animals, when their roars and terrible growls will not fail to excite fear on the part of more timorous observers. (With a slight fluttering of the lashes and a tendency to faint gracefully into a Gentleman's arms we suppose.)

"On the sea-shore there are quaint and curious shells (peanut and mollusc)



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strewn by Ocean's hand amid the sand, and jelly-fish, sea-weed, peculiar nuts, (*peculiar newspapers and orange peels*) and a thousand things that excite the stranger's interest will be found profusely spread by abandoning waves. In my visits to all the famous beaches of America I have never found a place so charming as the Pacific shore six miles from San Francisco. The day is not far distant when the summer pilgrimage of rich people to seaside resorts will turn westward instead of seeking the Atlantic shores where intense heat mingles with every wave and the sand grows parched with solar fires."

And so we come to the end of our Author's rhapsody on the beauties of the Golden Gate Metropolis with perhaps a slight sparkle of moisture on our cheek and a great desire to see San Francisco.

Why the Prodigies?

Continued from page 9

in on a precious Saturday afternoon (the critics' day off), presumably to be bored by an *enfant terrible* said to be musical! Yehudi and *Vieuxtemps*, in perfect accord, retired with ace-high honors, and the dreaded prodigy was world-press-agented within forty-eight hours.

"How can he play so at five years of age?" began all the tongues.

"Reincarnated" flew from mouths,

while religious prejudices against such a theory had no answer. "Hereditv," said others, and, true, Yehudi's parents are of a highly cultured race, but that hardly explained the tremendous advance of spirit and brain in five years. "An old soul"; "Mozart singing through the violin." Not inconsistent, these assertions, but why did Mozart, in his new body, come to San Francisco?

Next startling on the horizon was Ruggiero Ricci; slim, petit, aged seven. With Yehudi alone ringing in our ears for four years, a now considered immortal prodigy, it was absurd to speak of another child in the same breath. Nevertheless when Ruggiero, on the platform of Scottish Rite Auditorium, played his stupendous program—Mendelssohn Concerto included—the house became a storm center, with the usual rafters ringing. He was brought back ten or a dozen times, acclaimed by all musical authorities as another evangel of the violin.

"How could it be?" Queries now were sometimes hysterical and superstitious. Yehudi was an idol, sufficient for local pride and history for all time; no other was imagined "nor wanted; it seemed almost irreverent to apply the words, prodigy or genius, elsewhere. But assertive truth blazed its way and with Yehudi losing nothing, Ruggiero

was crowned and set side by side on the throne of genius.

COMPARISONS need not be entirely withheld; Yehudi was colossal and sturdier; Ruggiero was a fairy, playing not only far beyond his seven years but beyond mind. His fingers were sumptuously guided by the unseen through a technique and passion of rarified heights; no failure was possible, nor has he had any; his guiding gods are those of faithful bewitchment.

"Reincarnation" became the word of the day. But why in San Francisco? Born here, Ruggiero is, nevertheless, pure Italian by blood. His progenitors had not the cultured advantages of Yehudi's. So heredity, in his case, constitutes no argument in his favor.

Beverly Blake, also seven, looking like a toddler, came to public eye after one and a half years of human guidance. Her feminine form placed no restriction on her musical soul, and in the baby face there was a light and an unconscious glory as she wielded the shortened bow with conviction across a diminutive instrument. She is San Francisco born and American, a challenge to those who reject this continent as a breeding place of art or genius. If furor for Beverly was shorter lived, it was through her quick withdrawal from here, going at once to "centers" for more rounded observation.

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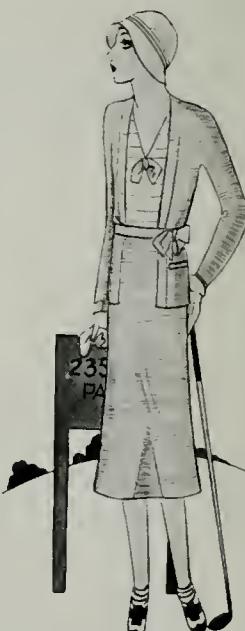
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And, perhaps, its bosom swelling with pride as parent to genius, San Francisco is becoming complacent, not so outbursting with the event of a new child swathed in music fabric: complacent but never indifferent.

Two more are hailed within the year 1929-1930—little Grisha and small Harry. Both are Russian as to antecedents though the souls marched forward to San Francisco for such earthly instruction as was needed, and to feed upon California's harmonic emanations. Both have held musicianly audiences and promise to bring further pride upon the West. Harry's debut is of very recent date. He gave the Haendel Sonata in A major and the Bruch G minor Concerto—too great a task, indeed, though the marvel of eight years grasping such technique is alone worth note.

From the winds of our vast valleys, the nobility of our mountains, the riotous fragrance of plains and fields, the thundering melancholy of sea, all colossal forces at this point of the globe, comes an intelligence seeking to express a chord. And if nature, by caprice or wisdom, has thus chosen this geographical channel, she finds radiant outlet through five young human instruments.

Spotlight

Continued from page 15

over in Berkeley. Many of his one-act plays have been produced there. He did a number of classical short stories into plays, in co-laboration. The volume was published by a New York publisher. But, more than all this, he is forging ahead as a short story writer of great promise. The June issue of Harper's Magazine has a short story "After All," from his pen. It is the 80th anniversary number of the Magazine and Mr. Hartley is therefore in most distinguished company.

IT would seem then that come weal or woe the Little Theatres and the Duffy Players are forever with us. We hope they both will continue to prosper if for no other reason that they bring the spoken drama within the purse of the man in the street. We still think that producers of plays are too disdainful of the man who at one time packed the galleries. Years ago a famous theatrical man said: "The gallery god of to-day is the orchestra man of to-morrow." Since the galleries are empty and have been for a decade, no wonder the orchestra seats are likewise deserted. We understand that one of the biggest publishers in New York is getting ready to reduce all new fiction to a dollar. Let the managers of playhouses sit up and take notice. The time has come to fight the movies with their own weapons; reasonable prices.



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GUMP'S

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All 'Round Town

San Francisco is no place for a little stranger to tackle without a map, a compass, and the ability to speak at least five languages, but we might as well give what advice we can and hope for the best.

For those people who are slaves of the tea-drinking habit, the list of underworld dives is almost illimitable. The big three, as far as present popularity goes, may be said to be the Temple Bar Tea Room, (occupying the historic site of the old Temple Bar and fast becoming one of San Francisco's higher institutions) the Courtyard, (where tea and luncheon is served in the open air in the sunshine, or indoors beside a crackling fire when the weather is not what it might be) and the Russian Tea Room. (And that means really Russian, with colorful costumes, honest-to-goodness Russian food, and music on zithers and things.) Of course, all the big hotels like the Mark Hopkins, the Palace and the St. Francis are conventionally correct places to be seen during the tea hour and all serve delicious sweetmeats and dainties. There is a perfect galaxy of other nooks-and-crannies including the Bib and Tucker, the Green Gate Inn, the Loggia, Le Jardin, Charlotte's, etc. (Out of the friendliest impulse possible, however, we would advise that you not let yourself be intrigued into going to the Japanese Tea Garden unless Aunt Hattie simply insists.)

It being just before dinner, when we troop into the nursery with the kiddies for bread and milk, our mind runs to nourishment, and what's more, sticks to it.

Like most of us, you are probably pretty sick and tired of hearing about San Francisco's Chinatown, but we doubt if the thrill of being able to walk into a Chinese restaurant unarmed and order things one has never heard of before will ever quite lose its glamour for even the most Life-weary of us. For a mid-day adventure we suggest the Chinese Merchants' Lunch at the Moon Cafe, (675 Jackson, for the uninitiated) 11:30 to 12:00 A.M., where your luncheon is set in front of you without the usual endurance contest with the menu, and where you will find the total expense coming to something between 11 and 35 cents. The idea is that they watch you like a hawk and you pay for only what you eat out of what is set in front of you. It's all great fun for the simple-minded sophisticate.

To continue our tour of Chinatown's sinks of iniquity, (all for two-bits, folks!) about the best place for a Chinese dinner is Hang Far Low, (Grant avenue between Sacramento and Clay) the Chinese

Wrong Number

Anonymous

SHE had just put down the receiver two minutes ago, and now the bell tinkled faintly—

"How can I dress, if he keeps calling me up?"

A determined ring the next time could not be ignored. In one boudoir slipper, she limped over to answer the insistent thing.

"Well," hurriedly.

"I'll be right out," said an optimistic masculine voice.

"What?"

"I have something for you," confided this cheery person in a tone of finality. He spoke as if she anticipated his visit—as if she ought to be glad to see him.

"WHO is this?"

"Larry." (She didn't know Larry from Old Harry, but why not humor him?)

"Oh."

"Are you going to be home?"

"Wouldn't tomorrow do?"

"I thought I was expected today"—

"No, I am expecting my husband"—

"He's the one I want to see," Larry snapped impatiently.

"Really? Well, I haven't any husband." (She would have to hang up on this persistent man, or be late meeting the aforesaid gentleman she had just denied.)

"What number is this?" instantly demanded the exasperated driver.

"The WRONG one! And I'd like to finish dressing for dinner, I am going to—"

"Hell!" (aside, looking in order book) "now where was I supposed to deliver this Tipto Juice?"

"Pardon me, lady, Central gave me the wrong number. Someone ordered a barrel of Tipto Red Juice from the Italian-Swiss Colony"—

"Oh, if that's what you have, won't you please bring us a barrel tomorrow? We have been wanting to try some of their products. The address is 21 Calafia Terrace. I'm glad you got the wrong number, Larry."

Author's Note:

Why don't you try some of their products, Skeptical Reader? ONCE convinces you! Perhaps you'd rather have white Tipto, or Muscatel, or Angelica, or Sherry, or Burgundy, or Reisling, or Port Juice of the Grape.

If you telephone Italian-Swiss Colony, GARFIELD 3546, our representative will call and tell you some interesting facts regarding the condition of ASTI COLONY Juice of the Grape NOW, and six months hence!

N.B.—Keep on, until you get the right number! Italian-Swiss Colony, GARFIELD 3546.

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Neva Timmons

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restaurant which has probably been patronized by old time San Franciscans more than any other. (And if you go, say hello to Charlie for us.)

There is a little restaurant known by the fragrant name of The Magnolia (Powell near Broadway) where about the hottest and most truly Mexican food in town may be found if you creep in on tip-toe. The pale green walls with the small-pox pattern may seem unappetizing, but you'll be overlooking them in a way that's nothing short of rude after you're third tortilla or tequila or whatever they call them.

In the district around about Golden Gate avenue and Fillmore, you will find a lot of Kosher restaurants worth investigating (and you won't embarrass anybody if you wear a badge) where the viands are the crackers (We're sorry to have forgotten the address of the one we visited, but we understand that you may safely take your pick as you whiz by on your bicycle. They're all good.)

Egyptian food is almost beyond our limited scope, but, if you are simply determined to be devilish, you might take a fling at the Nile Cafe on Stockton near Sutter. In any case, you are sure to feel no end exotic what with Turkish coffee and one thing and another.

If you have been a San Franciscan for anything more than two or three hours, some pal has already frisked you off for an Italian dinner. (Dinner. Hah! A nice way of saying it!) Unfortunately, most of these places where they'll serve you a funny looking dark red liquid in tea pots, are nothing to jump into the air and click heels about when it comes to food. The fact is, (all you out there who are still listening) that the better Italian restaurants won't take the risk. So if you can take your mind off the Digest poll for a couple of hours, we heartily (and perhaps a little bit boisterously) endorse Coppa's. (On Spring street, an alley running between California and Clay parallel with Kearny and Montgomery.) Joe Coppa is one of the real old San Franciscans of the "before the fire" period and, to put it modestly, is one of the best chefs in our sea-coast hamlet.

Having partially cleared up the food-stuff situation, sir, we have the best intentions in the world of taking it up again in our next installment. (Along with the amusement problem.) That is, we will take it up, and you can lay it down and decide to go to the Mark Hopkins anyway.

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She—Do you really love me, Arthur?

He—Of course I do, dear. Why?

She—Because I think maybe you might get me that little coupe you promised.

He—Can't spend so much for it right now, I'm afraid.

She—If I find one I like for just a few hundred dollars will you get it?

He—Sure.

She—All right. Put on your hat. Because I've already found it—in Examiner Want Ads.

P.S.—She got the Coupe.



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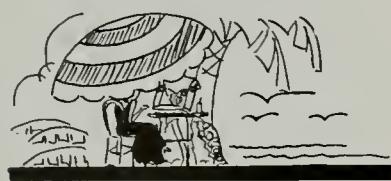
Now It Can Be Told

June . . . just about the height of everything in the year's calendar, including its position as the strategic clothes' month of the season, too. Then, if ever, your wardrobe, whether it stresses the vacation or the remaining-in-town theme, must have reached its peak of completeness and chic. There are several months after June, too, of course, in which to continue to enjoy the fruits of the perfect wardrobe, but if June doesn't start out right, what price the remainder of the summer? It be-



hooves the wise woman, the beautiful and the beautifully clever, to be ready and waiting for the happy surprises that June keeps up its sleeve (we'll warrant it's one of the new and ample Molyneux sleeves!).

Just because business or other interests insist upon a more or less set and limited time for your vacation does not mean that you have to mentally murder that imperious little vacation-minded imp that can think of another place to go and do things as fast as you resist the last impulse. There are always weekends begging to have something done about their tantalizing extra time. And the "week-end vacation" is a modern specialty.



Why not plan a different destination for every one of the four week-ends in June? If you're feeling in a thrifty mood, think of the possibilities for saving while pleasantly vacationing, too. One outfit, with a minor change here and there, in four different environments instead of four different outfits in one en-

vironment. Or if you can't resist that spendthrift urge there's the pleasing prospect of planning a separate ensemble for each week-end.

After all there are only so many hours to a week-end, and no matter how glorious a time you anticipate there are only so many costumes that can be worn during that time. So, after they've been chosen with care and an eye to concentrated effectiveness, the experienced week-ender packs them with care, also, so that nary a wrinkle or crease will steal from their charms. For that, just one thing is needed, in any of a number of exteriors and at any of a number of prices. We mean a Wardrobe Hatbox. Such a travel luxury (a necessity, once you've used one) makes all the differ-



ence in the world in your attitude toward travel. The Migrator (one of its trade names) adapts itself with well-bred flexibility to any-sized wardrobe, and carries two or ten dresses with impartial lack of wrinkles, either on big or little trips. You hang them up on hangers just like your closet or wardrobe trunk. Furthermore, there's ample room for hats, shoes, lingerie, tooth-brush, and you might be able to crowd in the kitchen stove in an emergency!

When you bring your summer wardrobe up to that June pink of perfection, do remember to at least visit The White House luggage shop (on the third floor) and see these typically modern, compact Wardrobe Hatboxes that will keep your wardrobe in that condition, no matter how much vacation traveling it does.

ADVERTISEMENT

Concerning Bridge

By PAUL BLACK

COMPARATIVELY little has been written on defensive plays in bridge. The one who plays the contract has been lauded to the skies. The kabitzer sees the spectacular in the play of the declarer but does not observe the heroic plays of defense. These plays go unlauded and are lost in the sweep of declarer's campaign. If there are subtle moves by defense and cunning little notice is taken of them.

It is the purpose of these discussions on defense plays to bring out the finer points in such a way that their importance will be recognized so that due credit will be given to them.

Conventional bridge consists of following the recognized methods of playing with certain holdings. Unconventional play consists of manoeuvres that are irregular and unexpected. Most of the highlights of the game are found in the unconventional plays. These unconventional plays may be intricate and successful or they may be complete failures. The difference between the expert player and the novice lies in the knowledge of the conventions of plays and the use of the unconventional methods. The expert uses both with a purpose. The novice plays without a knowledge and without a logical purpose.

No hard and fast rules for defense can be laid down for all occasions and with all players. If the declarer is conventional in his playing the defense must be planned to meet it. If he is unconventional a very careful analysis of his plans will be necessary to cope with that procedure. If one defense partner is conventional and unimaginative the other partner will have difficulty in using any unconventional methods successfully. Study your partner's mental procedure as well as that of the declarer and play with a purpose and with imagination.

These discussions will set forth the conventional and unconventional procedures to meet declarer's methods of play and frustrate his plans. They will also explain how to take the aggressive in defense.

THE PLAYERS

WHEN the auctioning in auction bridge or the contracting in contract bridge is completed the playing of the deal begins. In both games the playing should be the same.

The defense players are known as adversaries. The one sitting to the left of the declarer, who plays the contract, is senior adversary. The one sitting to the

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right of declarer is junior adversary. Senior adversary makes the opening lead in each deal.

Declarer plays both his hand and that of dummy and has the advantage of being able to see both hands and coordinate them in a plan of campaign that will function most perfectly. It behooves both adversaries to cooperate in their play or they will fail to use their strength to the best advantage.

If the defense is one of aggression or attacking fearlessly the declarer the defense player who first sees this opportunity becomes the captain of the defense forces and the other falls in line with his plan to assist. If the defense has no plan then each player must patiently wait to frustrate declarer on every play.

Perfect teamwork in defense can never be obtained by a critical attitude of mind concerning the plays of the partner. Encourage and commend the partner who sits opposite and he will play his best. There is no test of good breeding more severe than the test of defensive play at the bridge table.

Defense tactics in no trump contracts will differ in principle from those used in a suit trump contract. There will be differences in the tactics in both instances for both senior and junior. These will be discussed at length later.

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Outspoken Anecdotes

Continued from page 12

who demand to be told, instanter, how the devil I have the nerve to be there and what I imagine I want. (They use no such words, but the tone and the gaze imply such an attitude) On one or two occasions I've managed to win through to the back room, and have seen a few desirable books there. But even then the staff has stood menacingly close, watching hawkishly their chance to pounce upon me if I so much as lay a finger to a volume. I have not yet bought anything there . . .

HARRY STONE

With Harry Stone I have dealt scurvily. I have, some years ago, had catalogues from him; and I have browsed in his shop (it used to be in Fifty-eighth street, just off Madison avenue); but I have purchased nothing. My means, Mr. Stone, are now not quite so limited, and some time I shall send for another catalogue.

PAUL ELDER'S

After looking everywhere else in vain, I finally found a copy of Ralph Barton's *God's Country* at Elder's, just after publication. Of new books, I believe they have always the fullest stock. I suppose

Continued on page 42

PRIDE OF THE SIERRA

Forty-four hundred feet above the sea, among the towering pines of the High Sierra, stands Feather River Inn. In a rustic setting of surpassing beauty, the Inn and Chalets offer excellent accommodations, and to the natural recreational resources of lakes and mountain streams are added facilities for tennis, riding, golf and swimming.

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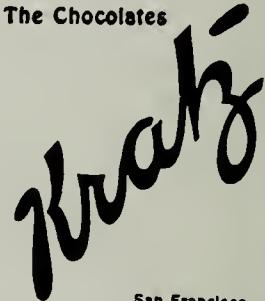
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Paris Letter

By JACK GAMBLE

HERALDS of warm weather and many tourists arrived before Easter, tarried long enough to excite the impresarii of the boulevards, and then departed leaving many hundred nearly nude chorus girls shivering in the first blushes of their new appearances. The tradition has not altered; the music halls are just the same. With the exception of the ubiquitous influence of the talkies and the lamentable absence of the inimitable Chevalier, the revues differ little from their predecessors.

Mistinguett, still an old favorite, has returned to the Casino de Paris and hopes to linger there till September when the dusky Josephine Baker, returning from New York, will shake her fuliginous limbs up the Rue de Clichy to the hushed dropping of many ten franc notes. For, the promenoir of the Casino, still retains its ten franc tariff.

With one more feather than ever before, might be the name of Mistinguett's new "Paris-Miss." She pants and kicks and giggles, and prances down staircases the whole evening once she arrives on the stage, forty-five minutes after the rise of the curtain. She has herself surrounded by Jackson girls and Jackson boys, by the nimble Earl Leslie, and the Norwegian Rocky Twins, who will wander next season to Broadway under the Shubert aegis.

The three song hits are those from "The Broadway Melody," the dances are a trifle more ancient, and an innocent auditor might well be fined for laughing, so barren is this revue of real humour.

At the Folies Bergere are several spectacular numbers, which, when done by George White eventually on Broadway, will be as truly effective as they were envisioned to be. The highlight of the evening is an underwater effect, done with mirrors, of a pearl diver and a mermaid. There are several other moments of tepid interest, but again this revue suffers from an underdose of humour and music.

On the eve of her second American invasion, Raquel Meller has returned to the Palace in a St. Granier potpourri. She now gives a matronly interpretation of the numbers which benefitted so pleasantly from her erstwhile girlishness. Her costumes are gorgeous, although somewhat larger than before, and her voice indulges in a pleasant moment or two, aided by those once bewitching eyes.

Her co-worker, St. Granier, on the other hand, does a particularly sour impersonation of Chevalier in addition to the funniest sketch on the boulevards.

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As an old countess who is having herself rejuvenated and her house repainted on the same day, this comedian has material for some of his undeniable, though seldom used, talents.

For the French and those *au courant* with the gossip of the city, Rip's new revue at the Daunou is the most priceless series of comments which has arrived in many seasons. This satirist burlesques the leading plays, the scandals of the moment, and includes one medical skit, which is the loudest laugh in Paris.

Established hits, revivals, and a flock of failures have characterized the last breaths of this, the best season Paris has known theatrically since the war. America will see "Le Sexe Faible," "Etienne," "Marius" and "Melo." Already New York approves highly of "Topaze," although it is agreeably supposed "The Criminals" and "Amphitryon 38" will never see transatlantic production. The Guittys will follow their present dull revue "Vive le Theatre" with a revival, the Pitoeffs are doing "St. Joan," Bernstein has brought back "Felix" while Jane Marnac has dusted off "L'Ecole des Cocottes" since Noel Coward's Victorian gesture "Bitter-Sweet" bored the Apollo audiences to clamor for more theme songs.

Now It Can Be Told

Continued from page 25

starts: "I had just met . . . — I was a bit flattered and all that. But what a surprise when she started showing me proofs of some photographs she recently had taken. They were beautifully done—by a photographer we all know. There she was. Some of just her head, some of her seated others of her hands or feet or some part of her. In some she was wearing her latest frocks, in others — well, she wasn't . . ."

His story continues on from there—with choicer details along the way—and some he reserves for selected audiences . . . but already our memory is playing tricks. Wasn't it in the first act of "Diamond Lil," the grand entrance, in

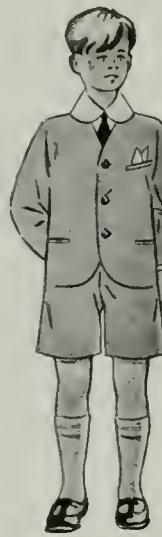


fact, when photographs were passed around? And were they not hailed as "some in this dress and some in that—and 'these for the bedroom' "? Somehow it seems as though Hollywood doesn't have to go far for its latest inspiration.

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As seen by her

JUNE and bride! And now that we are on the subject of brides—Mosse is showing an exquisite table complimenting the June Bride. The colors are peach and blue, and the effect is delectable. The cloth and napkins of Renaissance Oblique design are white bordered with peach, and with beautiful appointments carried out in blue, Mosse has again achieved the individual note so characteristic of their windows.

"As we go to press" the shops have not as yet blossomed forth with their bridal windows. However, advanced models of wedding gowns have arrived. Nelly Gaffney is showing a Patou model that is extremely lovely. Of white satin and seed pearls, it is regal in its simplicity. The neck line is V shaped trimmed with a band of the pearls which are also used at the cuff of the long sleeves, and bordering a bolero effect which comes to a V at the front of the waist and is attached to the body of the dress at this

point. The skirt falls in soft folds to the floor, and the train is a continuation of the back of the skirt, a very new and graceful line introduced this season.

One honeymoon is hardly sufficient for a California bride, with the beauties of Tahoe, Feather River, Yosemite, the Redwood Empire at her disposal. But no matter what her choice may be a glorious honeymoon is assured in any one of these heavenly spots.

ON MONDAY, June second, Gumps formally opened their new silver room in which tea was served during the afternoon. The most impressive thing about the room, aside from its beauty and elegance, is the complete absence of commercial atmosphere. One steps into this Georgian room with its 17th century English masters on the walls, and its original Chippendale chairs created by the "Craftsman" himself with much the same feeling as one would step into the dining room of an English mansion. The appointments are in such perfect taste and harmony one is hardly conscious of the display of silver which includes pieces of workmanship in modern and antique design. A miniature stage coach, cleverly reproduced from the one used by George Washington, decorates the mantelpiece, instead of the inevitable ships model which has been so overdone in the past few years.

IH, THAT I had the genius of Keats or Shelley, that I might pen an Ode to the Star Sapphire after seeing the collection (the largest in captivity, by the way) which was included in the exhibition of precious jewels at Shreves

Those who failed to see the display missed the thrill of a lifetime. One had the opportunity of gazing upon one million and a quarter dollars worth of jewels confined in three cases. Bracelets that would bring tears to the eyes of Peggy Joyce—the *piece de resistance* being a "bangle" over an inch wide, of baguette diamond links and a single emerald measuring one and one-eighth inches by three-quarters inches, and priced at \$67,000. A square-cut diamond ring, the stone weighing fifteen karats and almost equaling a postage stamp in size. Pigeon-blood rubies, carved emeralds—all in modern settings. But of them all the star sapphires were the most beautiful. Ranging in color from a soft, smoky grey to a silvery periwinkle they stand alone, possessing qualities which characterize them from all other jewels.

"To be or not to be—that is the question" in regard to suntan this summer. Last fall when the new styles were

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first introduced we made our adieu to the slim, bare-legged, bronzed, tom-boy of summer in favor of peaches and cream and curves. But though the modern girl has gone feminine in her dress, she is still healthy—and health means tan—though this year will be golden rather than the Kanaka bronze tone affected last year. And speaking of styles, what a relief now that the last faint murmur from even the most conservative has died out and the term "long skirts" has become obsolete because they are taken for granted.

Outspoken Anecdotes

Continued from page 38

you can get fine greeting cards and stationery there, too. But it is a nuisance to have to work past so many fat women who clog up the stairs trying to see Dickie Halliburton or Louis Bromfield or some such cabaret performer.

HOWELL'S

Howell's tiers of old tomes are fascinating and quite out of the usual display. Of such firsts as I collect his stock is very fragmentary; but he has the finest collection of Californiana in the city (as might be expected). I have a good, rare Bierce, a Phoenix, a few other early San Francisco books, and a ponderous two-volume Beaumont and Fletcher from his shelves. When I can afford it, I shall go there for more Californiana.

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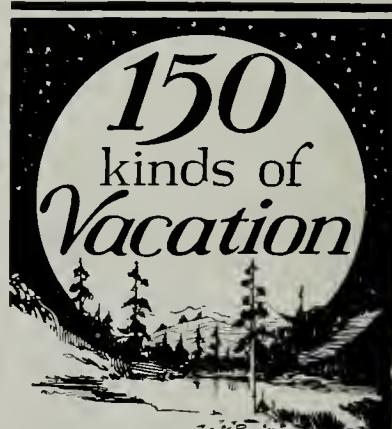
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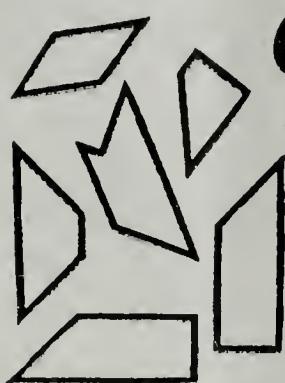
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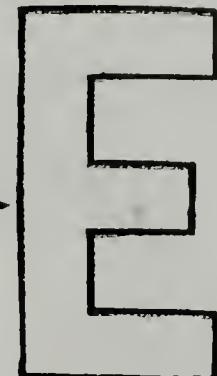
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SENATOR TALLANT T. TUBBS

The young San Franciscan who has announced his candidacy
for Lieutenant Governor of the State of California.

T H E SAN FRANCISCAN



Tallant T. Tubbs

An Unofficial Opinion of An Unique Californian

By ELVA WILLIAMS

TO CALL a man an idealist is to put spectacles upon him and place him somewhere in a clostral atmosphere beyond and away from the traffic of the every day world. Looking in Webster for a synonym for the word "idealist" one finds, "romanticist," "visionary" "dreamer," "castlebuilder." All of which is not precisely true. In San Francisco we have an idealist who dares to carry his ideals into the most unromantic, prosaic, realistic arena of all . . .

His name is Tallant Tubbs. It has been Senator Tallant Tubbs for the past six years. His decision to enter politics was a strictly personal conclusion. He had no friends, no acquaintances, no connections in the political world. Bearing as he did an old and aristocratic name, independently wealthy, a graduate of one of America's most distinguished universities, he might have devoted his energies to the stock market, to travel, to sports but instead with a broad gesture, he entered, without support, his name as a candidate for State Senator. Had he been defeated his gesture could have been construed as ridiculously quixotic and fantastic but he was not defeated. That was in 1924. In 1928 he was again a candidate for State Senator and was re-elected in the primaries, thereby obviating his standing again for the general election in November. The Nineteenth Senatorial district which he was to represent is comprised of Italians in North Beach and a large "silk stocking" vote, to use the vernacular, he carried his district three to one in this second election.

Deprived of the necessity of supporting any group, any clique, any combination, he is free to use his power according to the dictates of his conscience. He can afford a conscience, which, most politicians, sadly enough, cannot afford.

In Europe there is an idea abroad that the United States can boast of no statesmen, that we have instead, politicians. And here in America Mr. Arthur Brisbane iterates and reiterates his lament, "The British statesman, the American politician." A politician has been defined as a man who assumes the responsibilities of government for personal benefits. A statesman, on the other hand, is usually a man of means—of family, who shares the responsibilities of governing to prove his worth, to enhance the well-being of his people and to add lustre to his name and country. Since politicians are men who need money, the only solution for a clean government seems to be to select men to whom money is less essential. It was this idea primarily that actuated Senator Tubbs upon his entrance into politics. He wished to establish a precedent in the hope that others might follow, that young men of independent means, of education, of intellect, would deem the business of government a worthy and honorable field for their endeavors.

TALLANT TUBBS has been called by an opposition newspaper "The Million Dollar Kid with a Title for a Toy." The phrase was coined to defeat him. How little he "toyed" with his title is manifest in the record of what he has accomplished since he has had his title. He has been prominent in Veterans' legislation, successfully steering through the Senate the constitutional amendment that made it possible for them to buy homes without cost to the State or to its taxpayers by reason of an interest rate. This was in 1925. In 1929 the twenty millions had been exhausted and once again Senator Tubbs succeeded in passing through the Senate the same bill

for the same amount, which will be voted upon by the people in November.

Also in 1929 a bill was introduced in the Senate that would invest public school authorities with the power of deciding, by means of intelligence tests, the aptitude of school children. Whether a child was abnormal or subnormal, whether he should be a mechanic or a doctor, whether or not he had criminal tendencies, the intelligence test together with the school authorities would decide—and from those two sources his future would be planned, thereby giving a child in elementary school, to quote Senator Tubbs, "an inferiority complex." Practically alone, the young Senator defeated this bill.

HIS friends called him "The Baby Senator" for he is the youngest man ever to be elected to the State Senate. His confreres in Sacramento call him "the Beau Brummel of the Senate," because he has a London tailor. But he is anxious for a new title. Two weeks ago he announced his candidacy for Lieutenant Governor of the State of California.

He has announced definitely that he is opposed to prohibition, that he is not making an issue of it because it is already the biggest issue in the country. Firmly and without evasion he will take the stand for modification.

He is militantly honest, fearlessly testing the value of his ideals in a very hard boiled world, possessed of a keen sympathy and uncanny understanding of humanism in one so young as has been proved by his efforts in behalf of the old age pension and the bill dealing with school children.

An altogether improbable person, gracious, a little less than handsome,

Continued on page 31

Now It Can Be Told

FOREIGN criticism, on the whole, seems to deplore our terrible conditions, and the manner in which we spend our leisure time. One holds that this so-called "Jazz Age is causing us, both in features and actions, to resemble the negro; yet looking about us we find serious cause to doubt this assertion. George Bernard Shaw, who discreetly admits that he is a greater dramatist than Shakespeare, says that Americans are being influenced by climatic conditions and developing high cheek bones, like the American Indian. If this be true, London fog should make deep-sea divers out of all the British.

THOSE in whose hands lies the beautifying of Golden Gate Park seem to be adherents to the theory that Nature can be improved upon. Their latest creative effort, a water-fall contour. Visitors, they pondered, will not journey far to view an ordinary water-fall. So, after due consideration, they proceeded to place giant colored lightening effects beneath every rock of the fall, and a power house on top of the hill. Thus, the water, every changing in appearance—now resembling a fire-fall in its deep red coloring, now assuming the bright blush of sunset



"No, Wilbur, we can never be more than friends."

—changing from the blue of the sky to the green of the sea, produces a kaleidoscope effect most wondrous to behold, and attracts hundreds of people, nightly... No doubt, the next whole experiment of this art-for-art's-sake-trust will be the placing of Neon lights around the Prayer-Book Cross.

SCANNING a popular magazine, we read the words of ten of the most prominent producers in the motion picture business. Each one seems to say the same thing in different words and each of these would-be humanitarians declares that his greatest interest in motion pictures lies in the great amount of education and culture they bring to his dear public. It gladdens the heart of anyone to know that none of these philanthropists are in the business of money.

A GROUP of visitors from Boston were going through San Francisco's Latin Quarter and were plainly impressed by the manifestations of true Bohemian life. Nevertheless, one of the women in the party, a rather portly matron, was bound to show her disapproval of something or other. In a few minutes, they turned



"Your wife phoned, doctor don't forget the giblets."

a narrow corner and as they passed a doorway, this lady in particular, came face to face with a rather drunken person, reclining his length against the wall. This was her chance.



"But lady! It is a thirty-six"

"How low," she uttered in her best New England accent.

"H'lo, yahshelf," gurgled the inebriate.

We wonder what subtle underlying purpose is veiled beneath the motives of the Municipal Railway in choosing for their monthly car-card slogan the following caption: WHEN APPROACHING CHILDREN DRIVE AS IF THEY WERE YOURS...

BEQUILING ourselves with the recent lively accounts of Mademoiselle Bow and her boy friends, and the ladies laying claim to these same boy friends, we are informed that the anonymous but ardent Dr. boy friend sent the ravishing Clara "the longest cables sent across the Atlantic."

Regarding this statement, we beg to differ with Mademoiselle Bow, her press agents or whoever is responsible for it. It is as impudent as it is inaccurate, and serves as a concrete example of the deplorable lack of historical knowledge, in its larger and smaller aspects, that prevails in Hollywood.

The record for high cost, long length cables belongs to San Francisco and dates back to 1872. In that year William Ralston, who was the big banker of the

he sent him a cable as long as a letter. The cable cost Ralston \$1,100. It was the talk of Fleet Street and caused even the London Rothschilds to gasp. This first lengthy cable was followed by a storm of similar ones. Within a week the cost of cables passing between Ralston and Harapending amounted to a small fortune and merited newspaper feature stories.

The diamond mine later turned out to be a pure fraud, even as Mlle. Bow's affairs appear from the first to be so much over rated nonsense. The moral, of course, being that sensible people with something to say and occasion to use the cables, seem to do very well with very few words.

GOODBYE, God! I'm going to California." This, according to a California Lutheran divine, is the classic phrase of the eastern midwestern churchmen when they come to the Golden State. Lulled by languorous breezes, basking in perpetual springtime sunlight, the newcomers forget their regular genuflections to Yahweh. No longer do they flock to the gothic temples of their fathers to hear the local prophets exhort, mourns the dominie. It is not reported whether the eastern churchmen refused to appropriate moneys for evangelizing California because of utter despair at ever converting residents of the Golden State—for no conventional heaven could possibly lure one who had lived in California—because the ecclesiastical bankroll was too lean, or because they felt that the Native Sons and Californii (correct) of adoption were not so full of unregenerate cussedness as the visiting dominie held. But then—the mournful pastor did not come from San Francisco—

It remained for Dr. Lewis I. Newman, distinguished Jewish scholar and writer of San Francisco, and rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, to answer the charges about the alleged plain and fancy godlessness of Californians.

Rabbi Newman is soon to leave San Francisco to accept appointment as rabbi in a New York synagogue, taking from our galaxy of peerless raconteurs, scintillating wits and strong thinkers a star of the first magnitude.

Defending his western friends and their attitude of genuine religion—unchurched though it may be,

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SPOTLIGHT

. A Review of Three Plays Which Ushered in the Summer Season

BURNS MANTLE, the dramatic critic, writing his weekly letter from New York, said not so long ago that there were distinct signs of a revival in the public's interest in the stage. It seems that even on the road this interest is reviving. The masses want the spoken drama again but they want it *good*. You cannot expect a man to sit through bad drama spoken by a lot of hams when he can see George Arliss, for instance, in a thrilling talkie for half the money. Events within the past few weeks in San Francisco are proving Mr. Burns' contention. Three of the top-notch houses are playing to capacity business and the Duffy theatres are dark. Not that the Duffy theatres gave bad entertainment. But, at the price, this entertainment was not nearly so good as the man in the street could get in the gilded movie palaces on Market street.

The first play that struck town and began to start the crowd toward the box-office again was "Strictly Dishonorable." Coming to the Columbia Theatre that has picked consistent flops ever since it opened on O'Farrell street the success of "Strictly Dishonorable" was no mean achievement. Rumors of its charm and delight had reached us from New York but, even so, we went with our fingers crossed. We have seen too many New York successes this past season delivered into the hands of local hams to be anything but sceptical. But, lo and behold, here was a class A comedy, done by a class A company. And likewise, here was an audience filling the house.

Thirty years ago, the police would have stopped "Strictly Dishonorable." There would not have been that disrobing scene to begin with and those passionate long-drawn-out kisses, and the vision of a respectable girl panting for a little sex experience. And done by a company thirty years ago it would have been a little revolting because, if the truth were known, the people of that sanctified age had dirty minds to start with. Or were their minds merely furtive? Anyway, they wore an awful lot of clothes and, in "them" days, disrobing scenes were disrobing scenes. A lady can't take off tons of underwear and starched petticoats and drawers and rust-proof corsets and covers for same without consuming time and obscenity. Miss Perry slipped off her one-piece dress and her step-ins in less time than it takes to write about it. And no-

cracked face: pueblo variation

By Norman Macleod.

If they say Cracked-Face meaning only
the wash of sand, hard upon these men
Navajos from the start
to the finish, particles of disinterred
flint substance of earth
is as good as palmilla soap to wash
the bodies and souls of men,
the poetry of one to another incarnation,
the physical soil of their poetic
interpretation of half-assimilated
mythology,
at least
the bronze physiognomy of the painted
desert, and the rainbow song
of the Navajos sunward biding
stab like an arrow of lightning
the drab grey of the sky.

body batted an eye-lid. Miss Perry also did her best to lead her Italian tenor astray. And nobody cared, unless it was to feel a fleeting regret that she didn't succeed. At the finish it all ended morally enough with maternal blessings cabled from Italy and marriage bells in the offing. But, somehow, it didn't really matter how it ended, for we came away with a feeling that the young lady from the South would have been equal even to a loss of virtue. She was a gal who knew what she wanted and people who know what they want know how to handle any situation that arises from getting it. One thing is certain, her Italian boy friend in the long run will prove just as strong a dose as the gent from East Orange whom she ditched. But he will likewise be much more exciting. And, after all, a dull life is the only inexcusable life.

WE COME, now, to Ina Claire in "Rebound." Here is a strictly American play. More so even than "Strictly Dishonorable." On the surface it is flippant enough, just as American life on the surface appears to be flippant. But, suddenly, in the third act, it goes profound, although we havn't discovered very many people who were in that first-night audience who sensed its profundity. If Mr. Eugene O'Neil or Mr. Henrik Ibsen or one of the Russians had done that third act we should have had a lot of gabbling concerning its message. But since it was the work of Donald Ogden Stewart and a humorous in the bargain there was no gabbling at all, which is a relief.

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

There may be other plays in which the idea is advanced that hysterical love is degrading but we have never seen them. It has been a theme that we have always subscribed to and we wondered after seeing that third act of "Rebound" why we had never given our conviction voice. There has been a great deal said in verse and story about sublimity of love but precious little about its narrowness, its meanness, its littleness, its contemptibility. Johnnie Coles on his knees sobbing into Sara Truesdale's lap is neither narrow, nor mean, nor little, nor contemptible. But the seeds are there for all these sordid impulses. "Never get on your knees to anyone!" says Sara to Johnnie. Just that line would have made the play for us. But, besides that line there was Miss Claire, and besides Miss Claire there was Robert Williams. Rarely in the theatre have we seen a finer bit of emotional acting than the aforesaid Mr. Williams on his knees before his godess.

The opening night was just like old times. Except that the play was so much better than old times that the idea that the theatre is going to the dogs ought to be set at rest for all time. We don't mean to say that it is a great play. And, yet, if we leave out a classical interpretation of that term it is as great as any contemporary play. It is certainly as great as "Lord and Lady Algy" or "The Gay Lord Quex" or "Heart-ease," let us say, over which we split our lemon colored gloves in the gay nineties. It contains as good an idea as most of Shaw's plays. And, contemporaneously speaking, it's a much more skillful play than "Paris Bound."

As for Miss Claire, we feel very much about her as a friend of ours did on that opening night. A few spectators in the lobby, having heard the voice of the prompter during the performance, expressed themselves as very much hot and bothered. Said the friend in question: "It didn't bother me in the least. I'd much rather hear Miss Claire do a prompted line than most actresses give it without a falter!" We guess that puts us on record. We mean, them is our sentiments, too.

"**T**HE LAST MILE" is another refutation of the charge that the stage is not what it used to be. Or perhaps we should say not as *good* as it used to be. Did the gay nineties, or the senti-

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INA CLAIRE

The stellar role of Sara in Donald Ogden Stewart's scintillating comedy of sophistication "Rebound," now playing at the Curran, is proving to be the outstanding opportunity of this delightful comedienne's brilliant career. Miss Claire's performance when last seen here in Lonsdale's "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" stamped her as one of the real favorites of San Francisco audiences.

Railroad Journalism

Its Beginnings and Unexpected Developments

By ZOE A. BATTU

SAN FRANCISCO and California journalism during the 1870s, '80s and '90s, was a railroad journalism.

There had been talk of a transcontinental railroad as early as the 1830s, while California was still a Mexican possession. With the close of the Mexican War, the gold rush and admittance of California to the Union, there began active agitation for a road. This was almost purely a newspaper movement. Whenever there was a scarcity of news, a reporter was sent out to dig up a railroad story to fill the gap in the news columns. When an editor ran out of editorial material, he wrote a stirring editorial demanding immediate legislative action on the railroad question. When candidates were announced for the state of national legislation, reporters promptly descended upon the gentlemen to learn their views on the railroad question and what they proposed to do about it, if elected to office.

Accordingly, there was considerable rejoicing along the state's newspaper rows, when in June, 1861, the Central Pacific Company was organized. In July, 1862, Congress passed the first Pacific Railroad bill. It authorized the construction of the road and granted suitable land and cash subsidies with which to begin the great work.

On the evening of July 10, 1862, San Francisco held a gigantic torchlight parade (prompted by the newspapers) to celebrate the signing of the railroad bill. The police, the firemen, several divisions of the Army and Navy and every organization in the city were in line. Various interior cities sent delegations to participate in the procession. The town was draped in bunting and hung with flags. Each division of marchers bore huge banners. The legends thereon may profitably be studied by scribes, specializing in booster booklets. To quote a few of them: "Westward the march of the Empire STEAMS its way. The American Union—It strides to power on legs of iron... In its breast is nourishment for the nations of the earth. Its arms are steel. On its head is a crown of gold. A Good Bill—Provisions for free homesteads on every alternate section."

As building of the road progressed, there began to be vague rumblings of dissatisfaction. For a Sacramento store keeper, Collis Huntington had developed amazing and alarming talents as a lobbyist. He had, in fact, gotten the notion that the earth and all its rights of way were his by divine dispensation.

If the Central Pacific asked of any city or district a right of way or terminal facilities, it took the attitude that it should have them immediately, on its own terms.

As the road approached the lower Sierras, sharp disagreement arose as to its route, and work was practically at a standstill. There were a number of

finale

by Sydney King Russell

Nothing was so incredible as this,
That suddenly, without another word
We should forswear the urgent vow, the kiss
And part as strangers part. Again I heard
As from afar, the music we had shared,
Symphonies that had bound us when we sat
Enthralled, and I discovered that you cared
For Mozart as for me. And that was that.
But now the ultimate. I turned my head
And gulped, and felt that all the world was
wrong;
Your voice cried, "Wait!" I woke as from the
dead
My spirit trembling on the brink of song.
"Oh, well," you said and shrugged and broke
the spell;
I smiled and left you echoing, "Oh well..."

newspapers who boldly denounced the whole project as a swindle and stock selling scheme. But the trouble was presently settled. The rumbling died down. After all, the big point was that the road was being built. It was duly completed in May, 1869. West and East were actually joined by steel at the famous last spike ceremony, at Promontory Point, Utah. In San Francisco the rejoicing was noisy, prolonged and very wet, as befitted an occasion where the people were delivered from isolation into communication, development and prosperity.

THE prosperity, however, failed to materialize. The Central Pacific Company's theories on freight rates were, to say the least, very confusing. Shippers and farmers listened in perplexity and anxiety to the mysteries of the long and short haul, and quite failed to see why rebates should apply only to large shippers. The farmers were particularly bitter, claiming that the high rates wiped out their profits. A number of people had bought Central Pacific stock at \$100 a share. They had had no dividends, and there were no prospects of any. But the personal fortunes of the railroad builders were running to staggering figures. There were lawsuits, demanding investigation

of these discrepancies. The suits came to nothing. The plaintiffs would have done better to save the expense of them.

In San Francisco, as the 1870s advanced, an intolerable situation developed. Thousands of men, employed in building the road, had gradually been discharged, to gather in the city. The road had largely retained its Chinese laborers. San Francisco was deeply involved in the exciting but treacherous pastime of making paper fortunes in Comstock Lode mining stocks.

Toward these conditions, the newspapers were evasive. They decried the folly of stock market speculation. They mildly censured the stock exchange as a thing of evil, which was leading small shopkeepers, servant girls and street car conductors astray. The papers inclined (not very convincingly, though) toward the idea that there was nothing basically wrong. There was temporary confusion; it would pass. California was a grand and glorious state.

The speculation craze rudely terminated in the failure of the Bank of California and death of Ralston in August, 1875. The dazed city settled down to recoup its shattered fortunes. The process was slow and the distress of unemployment increased much faster than jobs could be found for the unemployed. Nor was the situation helped any through loss of the interior valley crops by drought.

So matters stood in July, 1877, when Dennis Kearney mounted a soap box in behalf of the laboring man. Mr. Kearney's economics were simple; his conclusions obviously logical; his methods spectacular. Subsidies, political corruption and favoritism had created monopolies, the railroad octopus and an inner circle of capitalists. The white men had no jobs because the capitalists hired Chinese at low wages. Run the Chinese out of the country. Hang the capitalists and railroad builders. The working man, who had built the country, would then be free to run it.

KEARNEY shortly moved to put his ideas into action. Hoodlum mobs wrecked and burned a Chinese laundry, pelted Chinese with cobble stones and threatened to bomb Chinatown from balloons. A Committee of Safety was promptly organized and Kearney's cohorts temporarily clubbed into submission with pick handles.

At the appearance of Kearney, the
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SPENCER MACKY is an artist who has unintentionally come to occupy the most strategic position in San Francisco art today. As executive director of the San Francisco Art Association, he controls the activities of the largest local art group and is responsible for the educational, exhibition and social art program on which the city's artistic future may depend.

I say "unintentional" because Spencer Macky did not intend to become an art executive. He did not even intend to become an art teacher when first he left New Zealand to study painting in Europe. He claims that he really did not consider making California his home when he came here in 1910. He was in London—and rather hoping to remain there. But he was young—and modest—and London seemed formidable. So he bought a ticket to "Berkeley, California," where an uncle lived, not knowing its exact location nor its distance from both Europe and New Zealand.

He was charmed with the climate, so stayed. He engaged a studio and students started com-

CONCERNING . . .

By ALINE KISTLER



ALBERT PETERSON

Leonora Wood Armsby

peared. He married a young Australian artist and together they taught between commissions for portraits. Together they painted an important mural commission for the New Zealand and Australian buildings at the 1915 Exposition. Recognition increased and, along with it, the enrollment of students in their classes.

When the Sketch Club combined with the San Francisco Art Association both Macky and his wife joined the faculty of the art school sponsored by the association, greatly augmenting the student body of five members by the addition of their group of fifty pupils. Naturally, Macky took an immediate personal interest in the school's development and has since played an important part in the affairs of the California School of Fine Arts, developing the night classes, serving on the board of directors, organizing the artist council and helping with the removal of the institution from the Mark Hopkins property to the present Chestnut and Jones street site.

Macky's appointment as executive director of the Association was made early this year by the presi-



C. Spencer Macky

ing. The young, sensitive, English-bred New Zealander was shocked with the matter-of-fact ways of the westerners but the longer he stayed the less he minded their "barbarianisms." He moved to San Francisco—more students ap-

dent, William Gerstle. With it came new responsibilities to bring more artists into the Association, to make the annual exhibition one of national scope, to assist with the new membership drive, to outline new programs of exhibition and lectures, and to organize forces for the completion of the Association's building program which is to provide a gallery for San Francisco art.

LEONORA WOOD ARMSBY is perhaps the only woman impresario in the world—yet she has not made a profession of music. Until three years ago she was known for her social activities far more than her musical interests. It is true she had studied composition with Damrosch and continued writing music. She had worked with the Greenwich settlement music school in New York. She had met musicians all over the world and held many of the greatest her personal friends. But she did not dream of having an entire symphony orchestra to do with as she liked for three months out of each year.

Then came the organization of the San Mateo Philharmonic Society with its purpose of keeping the San Francisco symphony orchestra intact during the summer. Tentative programs were considered but none proved satisfactory until Mrs. Armsby was asked to take charge. It was her idea

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Henry Duffy

The Men from the South.

A Review of Two Books of and for Hollywood

By CAREY McWILLIAMS

FOR years a favorite topic in Hollywood has been: "Why doesn't some one do a book about Hollywood?" This cry was generally interpreted as meaning: why doesn't some one do a book about us? Carl Van Vechten, peeved because of a hoax played on him by a dusky but quite Aryan beauty, returned to New York with "a mad" against Hollywood and wrote a silly piece that amused no one. Don Ryan tried the task in "Angel's Flight" and again in "A Roman Holiday" but Ryan sees America through Spenglerian spectacles which is like studying Carlyle's "Heroes" to understand Hoover. Adela Rogers St. John wrote Mae Busch up in a thin disguise but it was a portrait written with one eye trained on the variable standards of *The Cosmopolitan*. And now the Graham Brothers have published "Queer People."

"Queer People" is by, of and for Hollywood. Its authors—Carroll and Garrett Graham—are Hollywood publicity writers. The title is authentic Hollywood, a neat phrase that will attract many readers who are fetched by "Flaming Flesh" and "Passion's Power" and for a not altogether dissimilar reason. But the reader, like the movie fan, will be disappointed. There is not a single character in the novel who, beneath a labored surface equanimity, yearns for ecstasies beyond the norm. The title is as deceptive as any of the blurbs written about the great masterpieces of Culver City and Universal. The manner of the novel is also of Hollywood. It is written in that brightly brummagem style that so many people confuse with the irony of Mr. Cawell.

But these peccadilloes would be easily forgotten if "Queer People" had more than a suggestion of Hollywood life between its covers. For Hollywood contains many a book for the writer who will look at the place sharply and forget its infectious banter. True to style, the Grahams write in terms of wisecracks. But knowing Hollywood as they do, they have captured one or two fine scenes. The story conference presided over by Mr. Tree has a nice edge; the picture of apartment life is amusing; and the details of the constant and unflagging "parties" may make a few people in Hollywood selfconscious. But the satire on Elinor Glyn which is meant to be quite "uproarious" creaks with faulty mechanics and the trigger clicks again and again with the emptiness of a forced and silly humor. Moreover, the nonsensical melodrama with which the

novel ends must be deplored by every reader. We do have good murders in Los Angeles. If Hollywood novels must end with murders, for the sake of Hickman and Northcott, and in the name of Sanhuber, the newspaper files should be consulted.

TO INSURE the prompt recognition of every character in the book, the Grahams resorted to the subtle makeshift of printing a lengthy foreword in which they protested, loudly in advance of accusation, that "all of the characters are imaginary." This would not even fool the 1930 crop of Iowans. It was with a sensation of mounting pride that I recognized my boodlegger as he was introduced by the Grahams with an appropriate wisecrack. Every columnist in Los Angeles was given an authentic dramatis personae for the novel the day that it was released. The pride of Hollywood is introduced as "Madame Frankie Lee" who conducts a bawdy house and if any supporter of Mayor Rolph has difficulty in spotting the long nose, ranting voice, and evangelical tactics of the novel's district attorney, one Burrows by name, then he has not read the newspapers recently.

AS POPULARLY titled as "Queer People" is the novel of another Los Angeles writer—"Sweet Man" by Mr. Gilmore Millen. From times that antedate the memory of existing anthropologists, the negro has been famed for his virility and the extent to which this myth has permeated white regions is almost unbelievable. Even the negroes believe it now. It is around this legend that Mr. Millen has written his first novel and it is from this well of legend that he conjures forth his title. He has done a difficult task in a manner "Man" by Mr. Gilmore Millen. From that never lacks competency, the sure and practised competency of an able journalist. To write of the origin of John Henry, his life on the plantation, in construction camps, on Beale Street, in prison, on the bum, and taking exotic white women to the Apex Night Club on Central Avenue, Los Angeles, was no easy task. It was a story fraught with innumerable difficulties and if Mr. Millen has not hurdled all of them he is scarcely to be criticised.

Through "Sweet Man" runs a note of nascent sentimentality that Mr. Millen barely succeeds in suppressing with a manly sniffle on the last page. "Sweet man," whose deeds of the boudoir and

alley and rooming house, made black gals cut each other to shreds and dream of a better life, wins the affection of the charming white lady in Los Angeles whose car he drives. When the inevitable quarrel occurs, Barbara Pennfield is shot by John Henry who then takes his own life. He falls to the floor "his left hand touching Barbara Pennfield's blonde hair." One can imagine that it was this touch that moved Mr. Van Vechten, who has made such a superlatively fine thing out of the negro racket, to write of "Sweet Man" so uncritically.

But, even in his sad melodramatic moments, one can sympathize with Mr. Millen. He had worked the novel into a bad situation. To make the book topical, he had to bring in the fatal issue of miscegenation. He had devoted space to the blues, negro folk lore, mob killings, and every phase of popular negro news (with the exception of negro revivals which Mr. King Vidor had about exhausted) and he thought that he must tackle the black-white bugbear. Had he permitted the black lusty magnificently-accountered John Henry to make the daring Barbara merely a "sweet man," he would have risked an anti-climax. Ida, Henry's black sweetheart, was approaching thunderously from the south, and would have won him back in another ten pages. Hence it developed that Mr. Pennfield might shoot Barbara and avenge the slandered masculinity of the whites who had been denounced as shamefully unsatisfactory, or that Barbara would have to shoot Pennfield to make way for John Henry at her side, and this would have violated the Penal Code and necessitated a residence in Ensenada. Henry might have been permitted to kill himself quietly but this would have left Barbara crying piteously over his fallen body above which would have been suspended a fuliginous phallus. Then, too, if Barbara had killed

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song of the valiant

by Vaughn Francis Meisling

None be
Happier than we,
Who chose to stand naked in the rain,
And dared the sea;

Who drank
Bitter after sweet,
Smiled on Pain,
Sported with Defeat
Seek any in vain
Happy
As we.



Louise Janin Portrays Helen Wills Moody

SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN has recently acquired this symbolic portrait of Helen Wills Moody painted by Louise Janin, San Francisco artist working in Paris. The tribute, with its luminous background of athletic figures, was conceived last year when both Helen Wills and Louise Janin were guests at Montalvo. It was completed on Miss Janin's return to Europe and was exhibited at the Trouville Exposition where it received high commendation. Speaking of the portrait, Miss Janin writes: "The truth is that when one gets away from the profile, Helen Wills is an extraordinarily difficult subject, and the merest hairbreadth of change in a line or a plane makes the portrait like or unlike—the modeling, proportions and expression of her face are so elusive, so subtle. At all events, the picture is a symbol (and the best photographic likeness is only a symbol)—of the finest type of young American womanhood. There is an effect of dawning day in the original painting that a photograph hardly hints at. The union of art and athletics, as an inspiration to art, is given in the suggestion of a stadium, the Palace of Fine Arts and the Golden Gate in the background." Miss Janin has painted into the panel the first two sonnets written to Helen Wills by James D. Phelan. Two griffins, suggestive of Montalvo, surround the cartouche bearing the sonnet. Louise Janin is continuing her artistic successes in Paris, having returned to her studio there after visiting in her San Francisco home several months last year.



CONSTANCE FERRIS

Author of "Bay Region Miscellany," first published in *The San Franciscan*. These vivid characterizations portrayed in blank verse will appear in book form early this fall.

PERCIVAL MILLER

I spent my life in a fruitless quest—
The search for the rhythm of life.
I had heard that it dwelt in music,
So I sought it there unceasingly.
Fiddle and trombone, saxaphone
Blared and bellowed and whined,
Often keeping my wife awake
Until next day she drooped at her wash-
ing,
By which she supported eleven children.
Then, when she died and the Doctor
said
It was overwork and malnutrition,
The Bay Region centered its scorn on
me
And took away my eleven children.
About that time I heard someone say
That poetry held more rhythm than
music,
So I concentrated on ballads and lyrics,
But none of them ever were fit to print.
I'm lying now in the potter's field,
But before I died I read somewhere
That creation is the rhythm of life.
God above, and they censured me
For having eleven children!

DR. WESTCOTT

I came back from Vienna and opened an
office
And waited for life to unfold.
The patients came, the old and the
young;
I mended their ills and my life con-
tinued
Devoid of romantic significance.
I watched the success of Dr. McMorrow
And of Garwin, the dentist,
And believed them when they told me
the secret

Bay Region Miscellany . . .

By CONSTANCE FERRIS

Was all in knowing anatomy.
So, when ladies came I preened myself
And dissertated at great length
On the wonders and glories of man's
construction;
They looked abstracted and paid their
bills,
While all my night calls continued to be
For elderly women and children with
earache.
I lived out my span and I died con-
vinced
That no woman cares for anatomy—
At least in its technical aspects!

CHARLOTTE TREADWAY

A sheltered girlhood in the Valley
Dreaming of the promises of life.
A hasty marriage,
Born of a passionate surrender;
A godlike child and devastating happi-
ness.
Then bitter words and separation.
My child and I alone in San Francisco,
Loving and clinging together.
Privation, chastity and denial,
Then the ultimate concession
To the exigencies of existence;
The ruthless questionings of adoles-
cence
And the inexplicability of a festered lily.
More separation.
I sat on the roof and gazed out across
the Ocean
Until my soul left my body—
Separation—
What a strange motif to weave a life
about.

SIMON WHITNEY
(Street car Conductor)

On my farm in Iowa I read of San
Francisco
In the land of burning brush and Euca-
lyptus,
Where philosophic Chinamen
Are said to iron the night away.
How different was the end from the
beginning;
No deathless bird from Shanghai sang
for me—
I rang up nickels on a cable car!
And when sightseers came through
Chinatown
I tried to turn my head away, not wish-
ing
To meet the Doctor and his wife from
Keokuk.
When night came on, I sought my lonely
lodgings—
The breast with vision, dies unsatisfied.

LEONORA BYERS

I was driven out of the Bay Region
By a band of righteous citizens,

All because I lived with a man
Who was not my husband
And entertained somewhat promiscu-
ously.

The truth is, I was not so different
From many lawful wives in the Bay
Region,
But I did not have the immunity
That a husband's name conveys.
When the wife of one of the millionaires
Was surprised in an indiscretion
It was a "friend of the family."
I had no family, therefore
I must leave ignominiously.
To love freely in the ancient days
Was to be lauded in history,
But to love freely in modern times
Is to be cited in court!

SHANNON TYLER

Instead of the smug and simple words:
"A peaceful soul lies buried here,"
There should be inscribed on my modest
stone:
"Here lies a woman who hated the
world."
I gave to the Bay Region all that I had—
The breadth of my vision; the pith of
my wit.
I made them clever, twisted poems
About thick-limbed, surburban wives;
About spectacles and the incongruity
Of orthopedics and high romance.
I sought to brighten their dull, drab
lives,
But they turned on me, these forthright
ones
And I walked in hated, censured ways.
I stood alone and bore the brunt
Of their rustic scorn to my dying day
And I met their jibes with insolence,
But Harlequin is said to have shed tears.

BEN BEAVER

I lift my voice from the ashes in Wood-
lawn
To give counsel to my erring brothers,
who
Mistake themselves for instruments of
justice.
The meting out of justice ruined me.
When a man I trusted seduced my wife
And left me crushed and twice betrayed,
I lay and nursed my wounds and prayed
to die.
Then rising up and cursing them,
I consecrated my blighted life
To the ravishment of other men's
wives—
A perverted and vicarious vengeance.
But, so subtle and so glamourous is sin,
I forgot the end in my enjoyment of the
means.
Imagine the rest—I lie at last
Here in my grave with flesh so rotten
The worms will not eat it.



THE FRENCH



THE SPANISH



THE MEXICAN



THE AMERICAN

Portrait of A Lady With A Turnip after the
Modern Schools as conceived by Sotomayor.



RAYMOND MOULINE

NIGHT LIGHTS

The heart of the Metropolitan Area showing in the background the lights of the East Bay Cities.

Inventory

A Few Assets and Liabilities of the San Francisco Metropolitan Area

By JOHN PARKER

THE rapid growth of the West and the continual westward shift of the center of American population causes one to question the comparatively small margin of growth of the city of San Francisco within the past ten years, as shown by the 1930 census. Because of the sixty per cent growth in population in California as a whole and in comparison with the more than one hundred per cent growth of various other cities in California, the announcement of but twenty-three per cent growth for San Francisco presents grounds for a general analysis of the situation.

The first outstanding conclusion to be drawn is that San Francisco no longer stands alone as a city. The 1930 census shows definitely that the city itself is but one factor in the growth of the metropolitan area surrounding San Francisco Bay. Local development can no longer be considered in terms of San Francisco city limits alone, any more than the city's business can be judged in terms of its downtown section alone. Even as the city's market is composed of a central body with dozens of arms reaching out into various localities, taking merchandise and service to people in outlying districts, so the growth of San Francisco Bay as a metropolis depends on the multiple resources of San Francisco, Oakland, San Mateo, Alameda, Burlingame, Richmond, Berkeley and other communities of the Eastbay and Peninsula. Bound together by their strategic position, the bay cities have a common opportunity and an interrelated responsibility.

Each unit of the San Francisco Metropolitan Area is specialized to some extent. Certainly there is little duplication of function. Business activity is centralized in San Francisco on the peninsula and in Oakland for the eastbay. Manufacturing plants operate best in the outskirts of these cities, in Richmond, in Alameda, in South San Francisco and other points where transportation, inexpensive land and accessible power conspire to make manufacturing economically wise. Home communities are developing more rapidly in Piedmont, Berkeley, and down the San Francisco peninsula. The growth of all is mutually interacting—each unit is linked undeniably with the prosperity of the whole.

From this viewpoint, a review of the census figures is doubly significant. Let me quote the 1930 census figures and the estimated growth since 1920 of the inter-related communities:

City	1930	% Gain
San Francisco	625,974	23.54%
Oakland	284,213	31.4 %
Berkeley	82,120	46.6 %
San Mateo	13,439	125. %
Burlingame	13,055	218. %
Piedmont	9,227	118. %
San Leandro	11,316	89. %
Menlo Park	2,414	194. %
Albany	8,593	290. %
Redwood City	8,957	120. %
Palo Alto	13,635	148. %
Alameda	34,847	21. %
San Bruno	3,609	130. %
Hayward	5,425	56. %
Richmond	20,054	25. %

Even a cursory glance at these figures shows that the greatest percentage of growth has been made in the purely residence communities and the smallest percentages in the manufacturing and business centers. Just as Richmond's rapid industrial growth is shown more in the two hundred and ninety per cent gain of Albany's population than in its own gain of twenty-five per cent, so the development of San Francisco may be estimated only by a visualization of the commuting hordes that are sucked in from every side each morning and scattered to their homes each evening in a throb of life that pulses through the business heart and out to the residential capillaries of the metropolitan area each twenty-four hours. The census can give a picture of the distribution of homes alone.

RECENTLY, long pessimistic fingers have pointed at the comparison of recent San Francisco and Los Angeles bank clearings trying to instill fear of the loss of Western financial leadership. They have compared the 1929 San Francisco bank clearings of \$10,938,000,000 with the Los Angeles figure of \$11,066,700,000 for the same year, forgetting the fact that recently much of the business of San Francisco Bay is handled in Oakland, which shares the financial routine with increasing efficiency. They forget that Oakland's bank clearings last year were \$1,020,614,224 which, added to the San Francisco clearings bring the total of bank transactions for the two business centers of the San Francisco Metropolitan Area to \$11,958,614,224—a sum larger than that of Los Angeles and greatly in advance of the southern figure when estimated on a per capita basis. The eleven billions represented in the Los Angeles clearings, when apportioned to the 1,300,000 population, amounts to only

\$8,512 per person, while the eleven, almost twelve, billions that changed hands in San Francisco and Oakland represents transactions that averaged \$13,138 for each of the 910,187 people in the two cities—certainly concrete enough evidence of the continued leadership of the Central California metropolis.

There seems but one chance of San Francisco Bay failing to realize its full possibilities of development and that (the area's chief liability) is the chance that metropolitan San Francisco may fail psychologically to realize the value of its combined assets and, in that failure, become subject to an inferiority complex that would retard development. However, there is little likelihood of such a situation for the facts are all against it and a knowledge of the resources and strategic position of San Francisco Bay will forestall any psychological dilemma.

AT PRESENT there is a shadow of tradition which seems to befog the vision of people at large. Tradition is valuable only so far as it leads to further constructive effort. It is a menace when it turns the face of the people backward. To many people, tales of the "good old days" go hand in hand with a complacent sigh of "those days are gone forever." Too often they fail to realize that the basis for the picturesque stories was merely the actively virile men making the most of opportunities—opportunities that are more than duplicated in the possibilities of today. Certainly, viewed through an equivalent layer of reminiscence, the recent dramatic development of the Bank of Italy will have a romantic flavor equal to that which the days of James King of William bear today. The gold rush held no greater possibilities in the days of '49 than does the current situation today.

Seventy-five years ago the gold of the West poured through San Francisco—today the riches of the entire Pacific Coast are the resources from which the coordinate communities of metropolitan San Francisco will derive their future wealth.

San Francisco Bay is the inevitable site of the greatest metropolis of the West, for, situated in the path of civilization's flow, it fulfills the conditions on which world capitals have ever been built.

Detailed discussion of the resources and facts on which this statement is

Continued on page 27



MRS. CHARLES EHRMAN

Arkatov

Of San Francisco who is spending the Summer in Beverly Hills.

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

GREEN-SHERER. On June 10, in San Rafael, Mr. Alanson Wood Green and Miss Louise Sherer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex William Sherer.

TURNER-SHERMAN. On June 10, in Piedmont, Mr. Edgar Turner, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Turner of Isleton, and Miss Frances Sherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Sherman.

BURMISTER-PORTER. On June 10, Mr. Robert Gage Burmister, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Burmister, to Miss Anne Odile Porter, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter.

PILLSBURY-DUFF. On June 19, Mr. Charles Taylor Pillsbury, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis Pillsbury, and Miss Margery Duff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chapin.

WATSON-BREUNER. On June 17, Mr. John Barry Watson, son of Mrs. Arthur B. Watson and the late Mr. Watson, and Miss Katrine Breuner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner.

ENGAGEMENTS

WHITMAN-LEWIS. Miss Janet McCook Whitman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson, to Mr. Douglas Batchelder Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. DeLancey Lewis.

PLAYER-McCANN. Miss Audrey Player, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lionel Player, to Mr. John Wilton McCann, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. William D. McCann.

LEES-PARKIN. Miss Emily Lees, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Blacklock Lees of San Rafael, to Mr. John Parkin, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. John Parkin.

KNIGHT-HYDE. Miss Claire Knight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stuart Knight, to Mr. Orra Crosby Hyde, son of Mrs. Orra Crosby Hyde and the late Dr. Hyde.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Lieutenant and Mrs. Thomas Harold Christian were visitors in San Francisco recently, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford, Jr. Mrs. Christian was the former Mrs. Genevieve Morse Hay of Boston and Hollywood.

Mrs. Frances Perkins of the Ojai Valley sojourned in San Francisco for a time and was entertained by Mrs. William Kent, Jr., among others.

Miss Agnes Lowry, who now makes her home in Paris, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. Frederick L. Joyce at the Town and Country Club.

Mr. George Barr Baker of New York is a recent arrival. Mrs. Baker has been visiting friends in Burlingame.

Miss Alice Cooke of Honolulu has been visiting in San Francisco for some time and was one of the guests on a fishing trip organized by Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, Jr.

Miss Mabel Wilson of New York was honored at a luncheon given by her cousin, Mrs. Richard Westphal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Cahill were dinner hosts at their home in Washington street in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Foster and Mr. and Mrs. W. Korndorff of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy entertained their son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Eddy recently. Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn Eddy now live in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Marion Lord of Paris has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour at their ranch in Napa county and later visited Mrs. J. A. Folger at the Folger home in Woodside.

In honor of Mrs. Frederick Weida of Sumatra, Mrs. Harry East Miller and her daughter Mrs. John Bryant Knox entertained at the Town and Country Club at luncheon.

Mrs. Daulton Mann and her young son will spend several months this summer in San Francisco.

Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence Redington (Josephine Parrott) of Paris will spend the summer months on the peninsula visiting the various members of the Parrott family.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson has been entertaining her sister, Mrs. Carroll Alexander, who is in California on a visit from her home in the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernardino Molinari are in San Francisco for the Summer Symphony season and are being extensively entertained.

Mrs. John Clark Burgard entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Guy Talbot of Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark of New York are guests at the Fairmont Hotel for a few weeks and are being entertained by their San Francisco friends and relatives.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. Milton Esberg will entertain a large party of friends over the weekend early in July, assembling his guests at the Esberg country place in Ross.

Mrs. Evan Williams assembled a large party of friends recently at the Menlo Country Club. A dinner dance and Calcutta pool were the attractions.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leib and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heiman recently visited with Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels at her ranch home at Sobe Vista.

Charles McCormick, Jr., has returned from Yale and has joined his family at Atherton for the summer.

Mr. Lewis Lapham also returned from Yale recently and came West with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, and Miss Carol Lapham. Miss Lapham has been attending school in the East.

Mr. John Drum, Jr., is returning from Cambridge shortly and will join his parents here for a time. Later young Mr. Drum and his mother will go to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Wallace and their son, Revert, are spending July at Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Harris and their two daughters have closed their home in Washington street and are at their country home at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertained a large party of young people on July 4 at their home on the peninsula. It was an all-day affair with daylight and evening fireworks a part of the festivities.

Miss Virginia Allen will be the complimented guest at the dinner given by Mrs. Thomas Eastland before the subscription dance at the Burlingame Club on July 11.

In honor of Miss Elizabeth Spivalo, Miss Claudine Gillespie gave a buffet supper at her home in Green street. Miss Spivalo is engaged to Mr. Wallace Baird, Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a large luncheon on a recent Sunday at their country place in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Erle Osborn have returned to town after spending a few weeks at Brockway.

Miss Meredith Maddux, whose marriage to Mr. Raymond Haizlip will be an early July event, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Melville Threlkeld at the Franciscan Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowry entertained at dinner recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Leib.

Miss Isabel Jennings and her brother, Mr. Thomas Jennings, entertained at a supper party in honor of Miss Anne Odile Porter and her fiance, Mr. Gage Burmister.

Mr. George Pope, Jr., entertained a party of friends over a recent weekend at his lodge at Lake Tahoe.

General and Mrs. John L. Hines entertained at tea recently at their quarters at Fort Mason.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Kingsbury have been dividing their time between the McCloud River country and their country home in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall, Jr., are motoring across the Continent on their wedding trip. They will stay at the Newhall place at Lake Tahoe for several weeks. Mrs. Newhall was the former Mrs. Foster Thierbach.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Clifton are at Fallen Leaf Lodge at Tahoe for the summer.

Mr. Templeton Crocker has sailed on his yacht, Zaca, en route to the Orient. He will tour the world and plans to be away about eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bacon entertained at dinner recently at the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

Miss Janet Coleman is at Lake Tahoe at present and plans later to go to the Feather River Country with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Houghteling have taken the Hauser home in Woodside for the summer.

Last month Mr. and Mrs. Richard McLaren celebrated the fourth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, parents of Mrs. McLaren, gave a dinner in their honor on this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, have returned to San Francisco after a world tour which lasted six months. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller have taken possession of their Jackson street apartment.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin entertained at a dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Pedley (Alejandra Macondray) had their small son christened at Mission San Gabriel a few weeks ago. The baby was named Eric Atherton Thomas.

Mrs. Latham McMullin was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home in Atherton.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Tilden are visiting at Tahoe until mid-July.

Miss Barbara Carpenter entertained a group of the debutantes at a dinner given at the Carpenter home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin have returned from New York where they sojourned for several weeks.

Mrs. Felix Butte recently entertained at a musicale at her home in Vallejo street.

Mrs. Harry D. Johnson, Mrs. Edgar Zook and Mrs. Eric Ord recently entertained at an outdoor luncheon party at the Johnson home in San Rafael.

Mrs. Frank W. Fuller and Mrs. Louis Parrott were honor guests at an informal tea given by Mrs. E. E. Brownell.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. La Montaigne who are now living in Southern California were guests of honor at a farewell dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle.

Mrs. Helene Tilden entertained at a bridge party in honor of her sister, Miss Katrine Breuner, and her fiance, Mr. John Watson. The party was given at Mrs. Tilden's home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor who are now established in Menlo Park for the summer gave a dinner party there recently.

A no-host dinner dance was arranged by Miss Patricia Tobin at the Hotel St. Francis recently. About thirty young people were in the party.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman at the Morse ranch in the Carmel Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith enjoyed a weekend with Mr. and Mrs. William G. Parrott at the Parrott place in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan J. Lowrey have taken the Sesnon home at Aptos for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Cates and Miss Barbara Cates will reopen their Burlingame home for part of the summer.

Miss Florence McCormick, who will be one of next winter's debutantes, was given a dinner party by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, preceding the first of the peninsula subscription dances on June 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell will spend a part of the summer in the Carmel Valley.

Mrs. Thomas E. Bailly and Miss Barbara Bailly have returned home from the East. Miss Bailly graduated from Miss Finch's school in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Heywood at the Law's cottage at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus and their children and Miss Theresa Rooney are staying at the Canterbury. They spend their winters in Washington.

An open air performance will take place on the evening of August 23 at the Menlo Circus Club, when a pageant of Midsummer Night's Dream will be presented for the benefit of the Stanford Convalescent Home for Children. Many prominent society women are interesting themselves in the event.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Volkmann entertained Mr. and Mrs. Frank Noyes recently at the Volkmann summer place at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bowes have taken the Charles Warren, Jr., place at Ross for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry U. Chace have taken the Paul McCoy apartment in Jackson street for a term of months.

Miss Frances and Miss Katherine Stent have returned to San Francisco after a long sojourn in Europe. They have joined their mother, Mrs. F. H. Stent, at Atherton.

Members of the San Francisco Garden Club were guests at the tea given by Mrs. Frank C. Havens in the garden of her Piedmont home.

Mrs. Charles Blyth entertained informally at luncheon recently at her San Mateo home.

Miss Janet Whitman gave a luncheon party at her home in Burlingame, entertaining the younger set on the peninsula and from town.

Hidden Valley Farm, the country place of Mr. Louis Welch, was the setting for a garden party given for the benefit of the Building Fund of the San Francisco College for Women.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hearst entertained a party of friends recently at the Hearst estate at San Simeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone recently spent several days at the Ahwahnee in Yosemite.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Colonel and Mrs. Joseph V. Kuznik (Lurline Spreckels Eddy) have returned to their apartment in Paris.

Count and Countess De Limur (Ethel Crocker) have taken a new house in London for the summer.

Mrs. Kurt Albert will spend the summer in Berlin.

Mrs. Frank W. Fuller is en route to New York from whence she will sail for the Continent.

The Misses Marion and Jane Goodfellow are spending the summer in Europe.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker are in New York and will spend eight weeks there before returning to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft spent some time in the East, at the Savoy Plaza. They are en route home by way of the Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. McKim Collins will spend the summer on the East Coast. They will remain for the cup races at Newport in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Evans are in New York, staying at the Hotel St. Regis.

NOB HILL TOPICS



ANSON WEEKS

Genii of rhythm—who returns to Peacock Court, Hotel Mark Hopkins, after a most successful two months' engagement at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York. Another home town boy who made good in the Big City but who, despite several attractive offers, found the Call of the West more powerful than he anticipated. Anson continues to exercise his spell over the dance lovers of San Francisco, having added an Eastern swagger to his Western tempo—a unique and enviable combination!

SPOTLIGHT

Continued from page 10

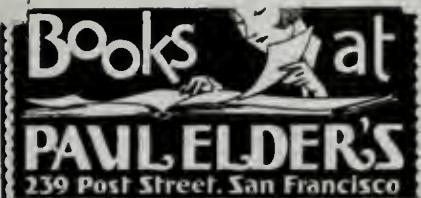
mental seventies, or the puerile sixties ever produce a play comparable with "The Last Mile?" Of course our smug and prosperous friends won't go to see it. They will say like all their ilk: "No it's too harrowing! I go to the theatre to be amused. There is enough sadness in real life without seeking it in the theatre!" You know the sort who say this: Folk who have a town and a country house, belong to an exclusive golf club, vote the Republican ticket and give fifty dollars a year to the community chest.

We don't think "The Last Mile" proves anything. Except that prisons are filled with just as much injustice and sorrow and terror as life outside of them. People inside and outside of prison walls are always reaping what they have sown and a lot of harvests that somebody else has planted. But in prison injustice and sorrow and terror are emphasized, exaggerated, thrown into a terrible relief. Justice is a cold, hard word. And people bandy it around carelessly. We are always insisting that we want justice. Nothing is more absurd. If we were given one-half of one per cent of the justice we deserve we should all be doing a goose-step.

But to the play. So far as we were concerned it could have been over with the first act. Except that we should have missed seeing the brutal jailer first strangled and then shot down while he was still sniveling for mercy. But, after the first fall of the curtain we had yielded up all the emotion that was in our system. As a matter of fact, the events pile up so swiftly in the last two acts that one hasn't much time to think about emotion.

The last hours of Richard Walters going to the electric chair was of the stuff that tries men's souls; the last hours of the other convicts were not so poignant. Perhaps because they died fighting. It makes a difference. The most moving lines in the show were not written by John Wexley. They were the Lord's Prayer. Said with simplicity and sincerity they had a tremendous emotional effect.

If you are a lover of the spoken drama well done don't miss any of these three plays. They are all American products. And they are good. They exhibit a wide range and in their several ways they make an interesting composite of contemporary American life.

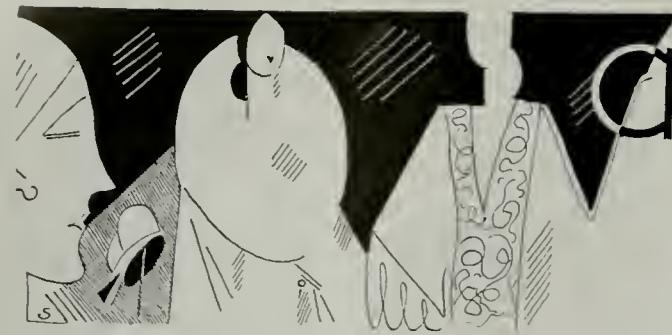


For Vacation Wear... men's sport togs of that smarter, finer character that is simply the natural out-growth of Knox Quality.

K N O X

TWO STORES IN SAN FRANCISCO

FIFTY-ONE GRANT AVE.  **HOTEL ST. FRANCIS**



ANTICIPATING with genuine joy luncheon at the St. Francis, Monday caused the pleasurable sensation of finding myself ten minutes too early so I had real leisure to sit back and watch the butterfly mob. I can see there is a certain ritual to be observed as you enter and they all go through with it. Even if you are much too early it's good form to rush into the waiting room like a Kansas tornado, all breathless like, snake out the woolen powder puff, and begin to freshen up a bit. Not that you have been doing your darndest to look your best all day but this is expected of you. It is part of the tea. Then sit back, haul out the cigarette, be sure its lighted at the first inhalation and look nonchalant. Nobody chokes any more. The stage is set, until your particular crowd arrive. Listening in discouragingly "You're looking just wonderful," seems to take the Nobel prize and if I had to listen to that once more I would have made a ring of my hands and in-

As seen by her



vited the lady to put her neck in it and hear a funny noise. Here comes my bunch and all but one remarked "you're looking wonderful." Oh! for an aspirin to calm down a bit. The St. Francis Hotel may not be a tower but its middle name is Babel, Monday afternoon at 1:30. Lindy's baby, the latest books, vacation, and the stock market seem to be the hub of discussion. I can say one favorable thing for panic, it caused a new topic for conversation among women. Some of them handle it intelligently while others—well, papa would throw his shoe if he heard Mary expound at length on the bulls and bears. She hasn't been to the Bronx zoo for nothing. One cannot help but be impressed on how little affect the new low has on this crowd of pleasure seekers. Evidently their real margin is solid. It restores the confidence to look around and see unmistakably evidence of easy money. Speaking of vacations some people have all the luck, and they actually complain of the drudgery of helping in preparation for Ahwahnee, Honolulu, La Ribera at Carmel or what have you. While I stand for hours on one leg chewing a hole in my best handkerchief to restrain my longings, I'd give a Blimp to be able to tune in on any one of these outings, especially as I have a yen to see for myself La Ribera at Carmel. The exquisite Inn of Moorish-Spanish architecture. Suppose some of these fortunate ones would even receive Bon Voyage baskets from Podesta and Baldocchi. I always think of them as glorified prize boxes and feel like little Jack Horner when I dig in. Sort of delay that for the flowers are arranged so ex-

quisitely in them, one hesitates to spoil this work of art.

THAT last phrase "work of art," brings to mind a screen in Lee Eleanor Graham's. It is a copy of an old Roman Frieze taken from the palace of the Italian King. One doesn't have to know art to appreciate this lovely thing. I'll never know why it caught my eye but I do know I looked and looked and came back to look some more. Its fascination is indescribable. Do go see it.

A winding stairway of tile at 685 Sutter brought me to Dimitri Schoch's, interior decorator. I lingered far too long. This studio presents an unmistakable peasant atmosphere from its Brittany beds to the Normandy checks. These old fabrics are very much in vogue just now for drapes and upholstery have a charm all their own. Faded and mellowed with age, they lend themselves in innumerable ways to

Continued on next page

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decoration. French Provincial furniture—poudre tables, chests of drawers and old time china closets—lend their quaintness to this very different little shop. No wonder I was loathe to leave.

A two table game of contract, today, developed into a call to arms, for the eight women to do something about the hideous safety-pins men are wearing to keep their collars down. Homeward bound I went—a committee of one—to the Knox Shop for help. A young Brummel immediately took away my melancholy by producing a shirt with a Prince of Wales Tab Collar that has the problem solved. In the first place long collars are out. The proper thing is to have them stubby with tiny bone stiffening under the wings. These are simple and I breathed again. The way our boy friends went back to infantile days was alarming to say the least.

No question so flattens me out as the one "How do you put in your time?" They always ask it prissy like, and I see red. I can't check on what I do. I know there never is time enough to do all the things I plan. But today I double-checked so I could answer promptly and not feel as if I had a woolly worm in my mouth. Ordered for the day; gave directions that would insure peace and harmony for the family and just made a luncheon engagement at the Russell Tea Room. Wish I had a speaking acquaintance with their cake baker. From there went to A. Schmidt's for a wedding present my mind fully made to Sheffield Plate with a fascinating crest.

SO MUCH for plans. I came away with the most exquisite piece of Bristol glass you ever saw. What alchemy of blend gives this glass its silky luster? It doesn't take much flight of the imagination to believe it cooling in the light of moonbeams. From there I strolled to Gump's for a Kimona. Must have looked swanky for the gracious sales person brought forth the most ravishing ones from the Lotus Land. One can hardly realize that some of these gorgeous robes are over a hundred years old and many used in historical ceremonials.

AFITTING at Nell Gaffney's was next on my list and I was all pepped over my new chiffon gown when the model with a devilish gleam in her eye walked in with a wrap she thought would be just right for me. Yeah! Just right is good. A paletot of all white broadtail and I looked like a million in it. Oh! for a vocabulary to describe this delectable wrap. Its very simplicity was ingeniousness. Nothing is quite so descriptive as "Just right."

A delightful and refreshing facial at Kaya Lama made me feel like Cleopatra's second cousin and modestly forgives my divulging how young I looked after it.

Made Joseph's before closing time and had the great satisfaction of getting the flowers I wanted to fill out my table decoration. There isn't any color scheme that you cannot carry out at Joseph's, from his flowers to the exquisite vases which are unusually lovely. The whole place is a riot of color.

Meanwhile Peter, the chauffeur, has been turning to the right for the last half hour looking for parking space. There he is on his last round, and if I do a little running and dodging I'll make it before he stops. I got my training from "Run, Sheep, Run." That's how I have double-checked on a day.



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for luxurious lounging and beach wear are to be viewed in Gump's famed Kimono Rooms. • Distinguished hand-blocked linens in uncommonly effective color combinations and rich brocaded silks are the favored materials. • The selected style will be fashioned to your order; the prices are not high.

Gump's

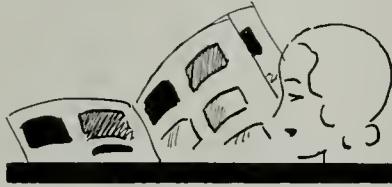
246-268 Post Street San Francisco

THE WHITE HOUSE RAPHAEL WEILL & COMPANY

Now It Can Be Told

The new silhouette gives us so much latitude for new ideas in the design of clothes that colours lose their customary news interest as the season for Fall Openings rolls around. Ideas in details, trimmings and types of fabrics are crowding other interests out of the spotlight. (The general silhouette has not changed at all, you know . . . it has just become established.)

However, there's no fear of going drab in this age of colour . . . this, in



spite of the fact that black is named by many who should know, as the first colour of Fall. On the other hand, brown is receiving marked attention, and it would not be too much of a surprise if it turned out to be a brown Fall. All the smart tones of brown seen to date admit the influence of red, so we shall have plenty of russets and hennas.

The ten basic shades chosen by the color coordination committee of the National Retail Dry Goods Association (a prosaic name, perhaps, to the fashion-minded, but one that has much to do with what we wear and how we wear it, nevertheless) are picturesque in name and shade both . . . Manila Brown, Bison Brown, Salvador Brown, Rubytone, Winetone, Cricket Green, Marble Green, Admiralty, Bluglory and Cop-



pergo. Remember, that if you plan your wardrobe in any of these tones it will be a simple matter to match shoes, bags, hosiery and other accessories . . . especially at The White House where every effort is made to carry out colour coordination.

And now The Great American Fash-

ion of the afternoon and Sunday Night Frock has demanded that its vote be cast in the fashion forum, with the result that we are to have more formal velvets and metals in sheer, chiffony "wedding ring" qualities. For now that we have accepted the Sunday frock, it is here to stay for a while. Which all goes to show that we Americans take our "high" Paris fashions most cautiously. Somehow we don't take to these will-o'-the-wisp, here today—gone tomorrow styles.

But to get back to Fall styles . . . these same sheer metals are going to be smart in tunic blouses a la Patou for formal suits. That's quite true, in spite of the usual tongue-in-the-cheek attitude that is customary with metal cloths. Perhaps it's their exquisite beauty. (No one ever



likes a really beautiful woman). Velvets are going to take a quieter place . . . about the same position as a younger married woman at a prom.

Everyone who has anything to do with fashion promotion wears an excited little air when the subject of Fall woolens is brought up. Evidently we are to expect some big moments in planning that side of our autumn wardrobes. We have this much information to pass on as this goes to press . . . and that is, that weave and texture, rather than pattern, are to be featured, while color acts as a background to the high art of intricate weaving.

In the important "job" of assembling your costumes for Fall remember that The White House has been a leading style authority for the last seventy-six years!

Concerning

Continued from page 13

to bring great conductors to the Woodland Theatre each summer. Because this would be impossible for one organization alone, she interested the Hollywood Bowl, secured the cooperation of the San Francisco symphony organization and made arrangements through Arthur Judson of New York to guarantee a full season of concerts to conductors from abroad.

Today Mrs. Armsby has full responsibility for engaging conductors, and deciding upon programs for the series of concerts at Woodland. Because of the cooperation she has been able to enlist, she has brought to California world-renowned figures who have directed programs that have attracted the attention of the entire musical world to this idyllic outdoor concert amphitheatre in northern California. These same summer concerts have also been instrumental in making the reputations of several of the European conductors whom New York did not acclaim until after the Hillsborough season.

The successes of Bruno Walter, Gabrilowitsch, Goosens, Coates and others of the world's finest directors during the past seasons will be followed this summer with the return of Molinari, the arrival of Arbos from Madrid and the presentation of exceptional programs including the first western presentation of the Ravel "Ballero," the first playing of Arbos' own "Arabian Nights Suite" and "Iberia," the repetition of "The Pines of Rome" and the playing of the March of the Viceroy from the Crocker-Redding "Fay Yen Fah."

And throughout the season Mrs. Armsby will serve not only as an impresario, directing the policies and programs of the summer symphony, but she will entertain the visiting artists at her gracious Hillsborough home and guide the social activities that accompany the concerts. She will entertain Owen Downes, perhaps the most distinguished music critic in America, who is drawn to California instead of Europe this summer. She will, with her sympathetic understanding of music and musicians, do far more than merely create the opportunity for California to hear splendid programs.

HENRY DUFFY has proved his belief that people are interested in others like themselves by creating a western chain of theatres that enjoys the greatest aggregate popularity of any theatre group on the Pacific Coast. Today Henry Duffy has won a place in the hearts of the general public as the champion of the tragedy and comedy of middle class life—but he has reaped little personal reward other than the

satisfaction of having made a dream come true.

Duffy was born in Chicago. He played his first stage role in Omaha when, at the age of eleven, he was the barefoot boy rushing on the stage to cry, "Here comes Stonewall Jackson" in "Barbara Fritschie." His first professional engagement with a touring repertory company brought him experience as juvenile actor, assistant stage director, candy hawker, property man, bill poster, specialty act man, and megaphone announcer—as well as the magnificent sum of \$5 a week. At seventeen, he operated two stock companies of his own and made his first New York appearance in "Pollyanna." David Belasco discovered him and cast him for the lead in "Dark Rosaleen." John Golden gave him the lead in "Chicken Feed." Then came more stock experience—throughout the United States and Canada. Personally, I'll never forgive him for an inane stock show that spoiled an otherwise perfect "first spring evening" in a small city about 1920.

In 1924 Henry Duffy opened the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco with "The Cat and the Canary" which ran for nine weeks and paved the way for the chain of Pacific coast theatres which now include houses in Oakland, Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle. For six years he has championed the activities and emotions of the common people. Many times I have gone to his plays to laugh over the comic tragedies of small people and cry over the tragic comedies of ordinary family life.

Henry Duffy has done more than anyone else in the West to develop the comedy of modern manners—the drama of the people that later may be judged far more representative of our time than the plays now sanctioned by the intelligentsia and brightly patted by the critics. He has contributed to the play of American life and had the satisfaction of having a dream realized—a fair reward of effort, irrespective of any financial success or seeming failure he may have had.

Inventory

Continued from page 19

based cannot be made here. It should be enough to support it with the following summary taken from the analysis of the metropolitan area recently published in the year book of San Francisco Business:

San Francisco Bay occupies the most strategic position on the Pacific Coast. It is midway between the Canadian and Mexican borders. It is closer by two hundred miles to Hawaii and other mid-Pacific points than any other coast seaport. It is the logical outlet for the wealth of the richest valleys in California and for the entire central western area.

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Bill Jones lands big orders—and dresses the part. He's an ardent sports fan—and he ramps with his children on Sundays.



Mary, his wife, is a charming little housekeeper—with seemingly untiring energy for teas and swimming and shopping and golf.



They quarrel a little, love a lot—and people turn ra woch them on the dance floor.



As for Billy Junior and his small sister, Nancy—you can be sure no grass grows under their feet.



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San Francisco Bay constitutes the finest natural harbor on the Pacific. It has an almost unlimited capacity for expansion of shipping. Its inland waterways drain rich agricultural areas. Its Golden Gate faces the rich markets of the entire Pacific Ocean and, by means of Panama, gives access to Atlantic ports without high transportation premium.

The shores of San Francisco Bay provide a wide variety of physical character. Factory sites, ideal residential locations and varying intermediary land formations are contained in the immediate metropolitan area. Water, natural gas, electricity and other natural resources are abundant.

San Francisco is already recognized by foreign countries as the most important Pacific Coast center. Forty-four nations are now represented in San Francisco and most of the governments of the world consider it a post of sufficient importance to appoint to its consular service here officers of high rank and wide experience.

For over seventy-five years San Francisco has been the financial leader of the West.

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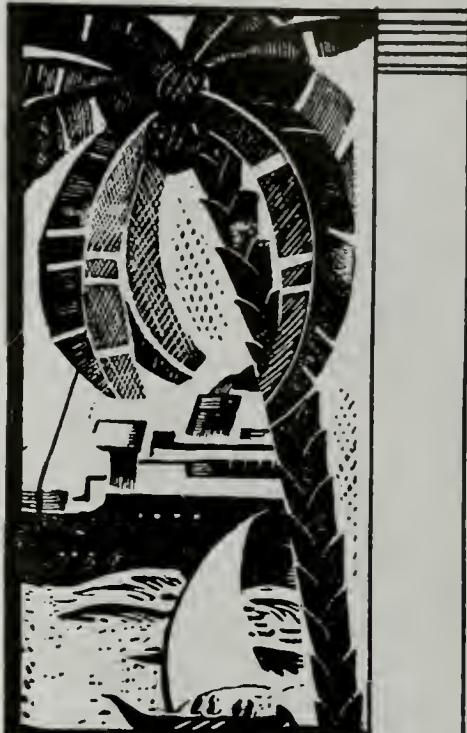
Francisco—if her citizens throughout the allied communities but acknowledge the existing facts and realize the possibilities within their grasp.

The Men from the South

Continued from page 14

herself, John Henry would have gone back into the lawful arms of Ida, which would have pleased everyone. No, Mr. Millen did what any sensible man would have done under such trying circumstances: he killed them both with bullets from the same gun and broke Mr. Van Vechten's heart.

But this, in retrospect, seems rather harsh. It is because such situations as Mr. Millen writes about strike me as being not as dramatic or tragic as they are journalistic, that I am not appropriately impressed with their importance. Despite this captious yell, "Sweet Man" will win its merited praise in circles more congenial. It is well written; the story is dramatic and colorful; and the characterization is vivid. Although it may sound like a backhanded compliment, "Sweet Man" is easily the soundest piece of work of its kind that has come out of benighted Los Angeles. It is written by a man who, in his first novel, leaves no doubt as to his skill and craftsmanship and who will write some excellent novels.



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With Our Contemporaries

By JAMES MARTIN McINNIS

SCANNING the AMERICAN MERCURY, as is our humble wont, we found food for thought in a rather lengthy article by Hoffman Nickerson entitled "Elective Monarchy in America." The gist of this piece tends to predict that American Government, by evolving through certain stages, is certain to arrive at a state of elective monarchy. Though this prediction is a trifle far-fetched, we found no serious departure from the bounds of logic in Mr. Nickerson's arguments . . . Who Knows?

We admired George Jean Nathan's "The Critical Circus" in last month's FORUM. In this article, the colorful George Jean couples his usual irresponsible spontaneity of style with the caustic manner of criticism found in his "Materia Critica" to refute the opinions of leading writers on humor, art, drama, and other cultural fields. Corey Ford is the first to fall before Nathan's scathing comment. It seems that in a recent magazine article, Ford declared America to be practically devoid of any outstanding humorists. Nathan, ever aggressive, resents this, and names at least a dozen Americans fit to be classed

as leading humorists. We notice, however, that he omits Mr. Ford's name from his list. The remainder of Nathan's article is composed of about ten other refutations written in the same vein.

BOOKMAN, for June, offers an interesting glimpse into the life of Oscar Wilde in an article by T. H. Bell, called "Oscar Wilde's Unwritten Play." The author who gleans his data from personal connection with the incident, tells of an agreement between Wilde and Frank Harris to collaborate upon a play. The episode took place in Paris a few months before Wilde's death and its outcome is but another instance of Oscar Wilde's excess of temperament. Wilde, it seems, on account of his recognized brilliance in dialogue, was to write the first and fourth acts, leaving Harris the other two. But when Harris had completed his allotment, finding Wilde had not composed a line—he proceeded to finish the play himself. In the meantime, however, Wilde had already sold the play to two different persons, and Harris was plunged into financial difficulties.

"English as a Dead Language," by

Walter Prichard Eaton, is SCRIBNER'S latest flaunt at our system of English education. Attempting to prove that our children are being taught in an obsolete manner, the writer narrows his discussion down to the statement of—Ring Lardner vs. Sir Roger de Coverly. Four out of five will agree with Mr. Eaton.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY features "Humanism—attitude on Credo," by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. This article purports to be an out and out review of Humanism, but in reality is but a commentary on the philosophy of Irving Babbitt. Mr. Mather begins by stating that Humanism can be defined only in a vague and nebulous manner, and develops his theme into a survey of Babbitt's ideas as compared with the more venerable tenets of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More. He concludes the article with the statement that Humanism is still an attitude, or state of mind, and not a credo . . .

Voicing the opinion of the voting public, OUTLOOK offers "The Tragedy of the Tariff" by Paul Mazur. This article is more than an ordinary attack on the tariff system, since it considers not only the evils of the present, but of the future. The writer's main argument is contained in the following sentence—"It would be stupidity to barter indus-

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try's golden opportunity of tomorrow for an illusory protection of today."

WORLD'S WORK seems to go almost American Weekly in publishing Guy McConnell's latest brainchild—"Let's Merge the Churches." Mr. McConnell bases his views upon the altogether debatable supposition that diverse religions produce sect bigotry, poverty of resources, lost spiritual and moral prestige—and empty pews result. The merge, he points out, would be for the common good, would promote economic independence, and settle all disputes . . . this idea may be all right for Protestantism, but how about Catholicism, Judaism and the other faiths which comprise our civilization?

Tallant T. Tubbs

Continued from page 6

two inches above six feet, thirty-three years of age, a bachelor with every advantage life offers, youth, masculinity, wealth and he chooses to return to Sacramento as Lieutenant Governor when London, Paris, Biarritz and the Riviera offer the "serious pursuit of pleasure."

It is singular the part alliteration has played in American politics. On thinking of the one might easily be concerned that there is something in a name, actually some magic in names, some truth in numerology—three of our last four Presidents bore given names and family names beginning with the same letters. Woodrow Wilson, Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. And now in California's politics we have Tallant Tubbs. It is most singular the role alliteration has played in it. Tallant Tubbs is a highly alliterative name.

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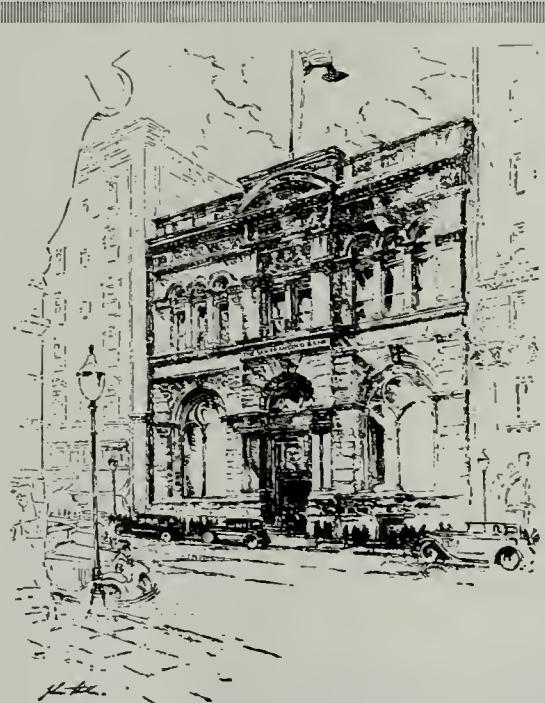
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Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly

“Lachryma Christi”

WHEN a certain Russian Hill family of bon vivants entertained a retired M. D. upon his return from Europe, the hostess' best crystal sparkled meaningly beneath the glow of candle light. Well, she hoped he was not a teetotaler—

The doctor passed up the “hot stuff”, his profession having taught him more consideration for his interior, especially if the origin of the liquor was uncertain. His hostess was gratified to see him sipping the delicious beverage served with the second course—but who could resist this molten topaz poured from quaint wicker wrapped bottles?

He lifted his glass, gazed into it as if it were a crystal, sipped again, then exclaimed:

“Lachryma Christi!”

“What's that, doctor?” asked his host, Colonel Dash.

“This rare, imported vintage reminds me of the first time I tasted it in Italy recently.”

“Yes, do tell us about it,” asked the colonel, rather eagerly, his guests thought.

“They told me that the grapes for making it were grown on a volcano, hundreds of miles out in the Mediterranean, which are considered even better than the Vesuvius variety.

“Really?”

“Although still active, 500 inhabitants on this four-mile island, cultivate this perpendicular vineyard right up to the crater of old Stromboli—”

“Incredible!”

“—until there is an eruption, wiping them all into Eternity—”

“Horrors!”

“—and because they believe the Savior weeps for them, they call the fruit of their toil, *Lachryma Christi*. When in Italy—and Greece, too—I drank nothing else. Yours, Colonel, has the old flavor, the fine bouquet—”

“So you think this is the famous Lachryma Christi? Well, my dear friend, you don't know how much you flatter my Cellar Builder—”

“Your WHAT?”

“The ITALIAN SWISS COLONY who keep me supplied with seven varieties of the Juice of the Grape—”

“But how does it get this way?”

“As they say in your profession, we let nature take its course.”

“Please give me their 'phone number, I must have some of this—think what I've been missing—”

“Just ring GARfield 3546, ask their representative to call—and leave the rest to their Cellar Builder. It's simple, but subtle!”

(Personal)—Every one says the doctor is looking better—and is a wonderful host.

Adv.

Railroad Journalism

Continued from page 12

newspapers took heart. Here was a personality and issue to which they could commit themselves freely. *The Alta* denounced the fellow from the first. It steadily maintained that the sand lotters were Communists and hoodlums, declaring that there was nothing they disliked more than labor; nothing they would like better than political offices. Kearney was condemned as an opportunist, radical and arch hoodlum. *The Call* took the same attitude, and *The Bulletin* dealt severely with Kearney and his movement. In profane terms he denounced them all as hired organs of capitalism and the railroad.

The Chronicle was the only friend the working man had. It reported Kearney's ravings, speeches, dreams and hopes at length and favorably. The press section at Kearney's meetings was for *Chronicle* reporters only. Kearney's many public acknowledgements of the paper's support were eloquent and touching. Clergymen made capital of, and preached sermons against the menace of Chinese heathenism, prostitution and filth in the heart of Christianity.

But suddenly *The Chronicle* turned on Kearney. It exposed him for a low order of demagogue. It revealed that his lofty pretensions in protecting the working man from capitalism did not interfere with him accepting cash considerations from capitalism.

Kearney in good time went the way of all his kind. The details of his descent and exit are irrelevant and somewhat dreary. The net result of the Kearney agitation was a wave of public hysteria and a new state constitution, whose soundness, logic and statesmanship are not above questioning. The railroad had been the main target of attack. But its position was not weakened thereby; rather it was strongly entrenched. There was to follow even more exciting episodes in the story of railroad journalism.

Now It Can Be Told

Continued from page 9

at times—Rabbi Newman in a radio address, declared the San Joaquin valley churchman had put the proper phrase in the mouths of the Californians by adoption.

Only emphasis, punctuation and spelling were slightly askew, said Dr. Newman. The proper words for the newcomer, topping the Sierras and gazing into the Golden State, the doctor says, are:

"Good! By God, I'm going to California!"

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FILLED with disgust for the snooping proclivities of prohibition agents, and especially for the border customs inspectors, one young San Franciscan resolved to "pull a fast one" on his return from British Columbia, baiting the officers.

He purchased a bottle of vinegar, clear and white as gin, on the Canadian side, and placed it under other baggage in his automobile.

At the border he feigned haste and nervousness, and looked worriedly at a motor party already held up for possession of contraband intoxicants. Gruffly the uniformed officer pulled the baggage this way and that, pointing his flashlight into corners of the baggage compartment.

Then the crucial moment came. He saw the bottle, looked quizzically at the owner, and thrust it quickly back under the baggage.

"Okeh. Go on," said he.

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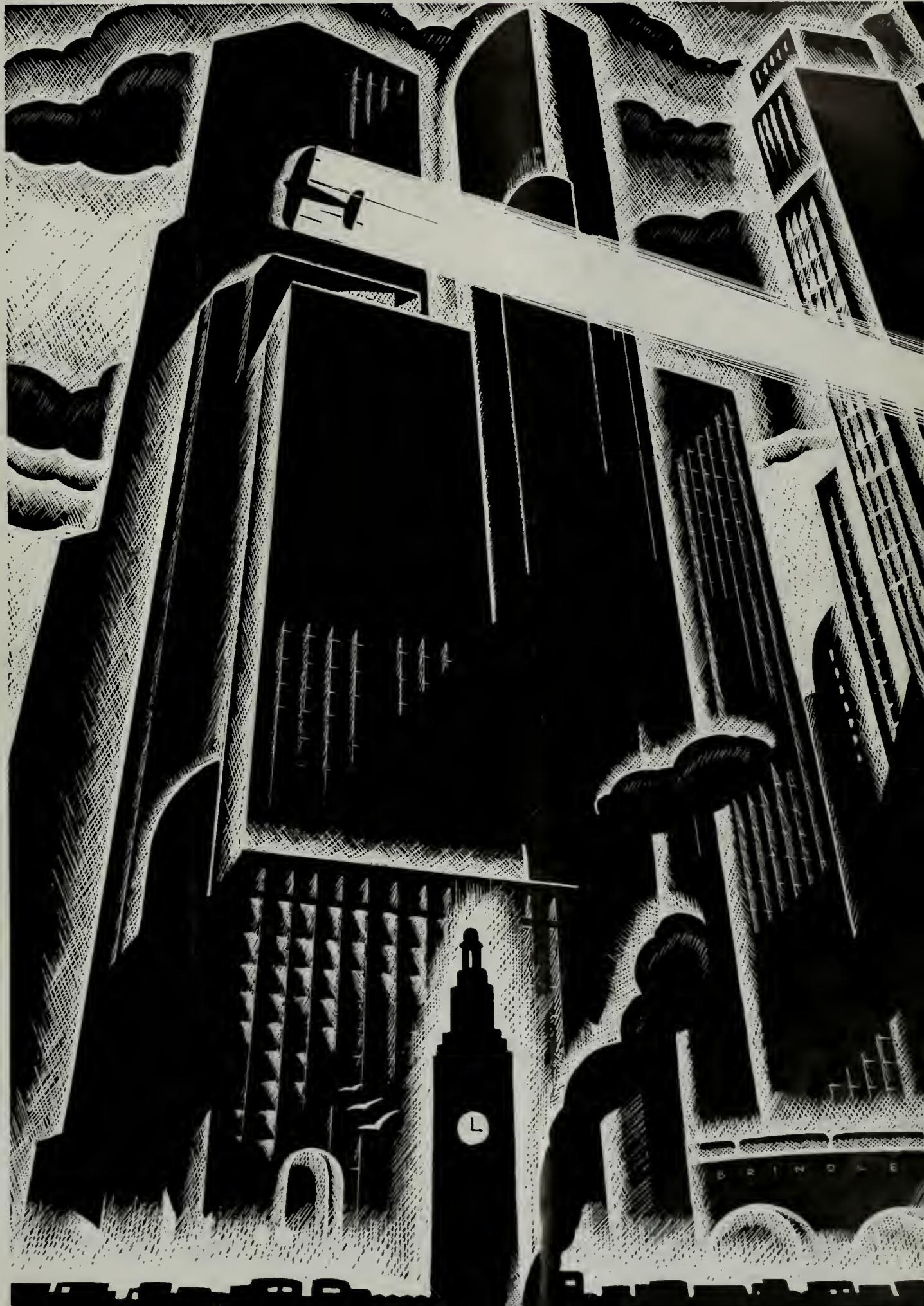
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THE SAN FRANCISCAN

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San Francisco



Sandra Crane

ALMA DE BRETEVILLE SPRECKELS

This distinguished woman who has earned San Francisco's gratitude with her magnificent gift of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and also served as an artistic ambassadress to interest European royalty in the San Francisco memorial, now turns her attention to the organization of a salon of the arts to welcome distinguished visitors.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

The Feeling of the West

Olin Downes

THE West may very possibly be the cradle of American art. I say this not in any mere attempt to seem complimentary but because I have been impressed by the feeling of California, the feeling of the West that it characterizes to me.

Since arriving in San Francisco I have felt a freshness and a spontaneity in people and their surroundings as though something is really growing here, taking root in new soil. You are eager and alive and not self-conscious. You seem to think for yourself.

It is true that you do not have as much music, as many artists, as swift a movement as in New York and you are not so rich in present accomplishment. But I feel that what you have is actually yours. It has a native flavor which, to me, savors of future development which may possibly be more truly American than the outgrowth of New York's efforts.

You are outside the stream of European culture that is flooding New York and making it, in many respects, more European than American. New York is stimulating. It is stupendous and her artistic activity is amazing—truly the art market of the world. But it is not the logical place for the growth of American culture.

At times I think of New York as being in a position similar to that of an immensely wealthy banker to whom I was speaking some time ago. I said to him, "I know that most people think that a man who has accumulated a million dollars must be a financial genius, but sometimes I wonder if those we consider great financiers are not, after all, like children with toys." And he answered very seriously, "Yes, I often wonder what it is all about. I inherited money and here I am where money is passing by and I sit here amazed at the amount of it that sticks to my fingers."

New York is in the path of music and drama and art of all kinds. It is at a cross-roads where various streams of culture pass. There is a constant influx of European musicians and artists of all kinds. There is a steady inflow of audiences from all over the world. An ever moving tide of culture. And it is amazing how much culture "sticks to its fingers."

But the West is not yet inundated by the flood of foreign culture from which New York draws its life. Out here things

are quieter. You seem to have more calm. Ideas have a chance to grow. What art you have here seems to have its roots in the soil, to have sprung up from the people themselves.

I WAS amazed to enter your Bohemian Club and find there paintings and sculpture by the members themselves—to find people who are doing things spontaneously and seemingly for the very joy of doing. I am a member of a club in New York that is supposed to contain the cream of artistic and appreciative talent but I can not recall ever having felt the freedom of expression and activity there that I find here. They do have an exhibition of paintings from time to time, I believe, but it is a decidedly formal affair. I am a rather dilatory member, I must admit, but I do not recall their having a theater or any such group activity.

Recently when I was in Bohemian Grove, though I hold myself as the world's worst pianist, I mentioned in an offhand way that it would be interesting to do the Cesar Franck Quintet in that setting. And immediately they said, "why not?" I demurred that I didn't have the score and that there would not be time for rehearsals and that I did not even know if players were present. Within half an hour a very creditable quartet was assembled and presented to me. The score was produced, I presume from the club's own library, and without rehearsal we played the Cesar Franck Quintet while other club members sat around on logs and listened or went to sleep as they felt inclined. Such a thing would not have happened in New York; there we are too self-conscious. In the first place I should have worried for fear I

■ As music critic for the New York Times, Olin Downes is in position to feel the tempo of America's artistic development and to analyze possible trends. He is now in California—ostensibly on a vacation but lecturing on occasion. However the "occasions" have become so frequent (he has accepted twenty-six invitations to speak since he arrived, July 1st) that the vacation has slid somewhat into the background. We have a weakness for vacations and a fondness, matching Mr. Downes' own, for fishing—so took the informal occasion of a trip on San Francisco bay in an Italian fishing boat to transcribe the accompanying observations made by one of America's foremost music critics. You may punctuate the article at your discretion with nibbles on Mr. Downes' fishline and credit any abrupt transition to the landing of a fish.

should make mistakes, and I should have insisted on two or three rehearsals and it would all have been very formal. Of course at the Grove I did make mistakes, we gave a very imperfect rendition of the Quintet but it did not seem to matter. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and the whole spirit was happy and, in a sense, creative.

Since my arrival in California I have met an amazing number of truly cultured, intellectual people. Friends in New York who had never been West expostulated with me before I left. They said, "You'll die out there. They don't know anything about music or drama or the other things you like. You'll be starved." My experiences have been quite to the contrary. I have met people who know and respond to cultural things. I have met business men too, and where does one not? But I think that in the West the business men I have met have been a bit more frankly money makers and more likable because of the absence of pretense. Those who are cultured are definitely so and those who are not are not ashamed of their ignorance and, because of this, I like them and I feel that there is to be a healthy development in the West where you are more free from the superficialities of modern urban life.

I WILL be interesting to observe the processes by which American art does achieve a national consciousness, assimilating the hundred and one influences to which it is subjected and choosing the forms best suited to its needs.

At present, the symphony seems to me to be the musical form best suited to American feeling. In New York our best effort is put into the symphony and we demand most of it. Opera seems less adapted to the American temperament but it is impossible to say that it will or will not be important in the future. I am convinced that you will not have general enthusiasm for opera until America itself has produced great opera of its own—but I may be mistaken. Opera in its present form may have a deeper hold on the American imagination than I suppose. It is true that there is a very deep feeling for opera in many people. I feel that the social factor in opera appreciation is overestimated. It is evident that those who are

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

A WEDDING in June should be a lovely thing and some of them are. One of the recent San Francisco crop would have been if only some one hadn't placed a potted plant on the platform before the altar.

The demure young bride, her face a mark of winsome innocence, slowly walked down the church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father. But as she reached the platform, her dainty foot brushed against the potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, then raised her large childlike eyes to the sedate face of the minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

ENTERING the Civic Auditorium on tip-toe recently, all prepared for one of our cultural evenings listening in an orderly way to a symphony concert, we ran right into one of the gayest old bar-room scenes we have seen for many a day. Since we'd spent all of five minutes in a taxi putting ourselves firmly but gently into a receptive mood for some fine music, the shock was bad enough to have a pretty horrible effect on us.

While the conductor tapped his baton briskly several times in an attempt to catch our eye, we were lost, utterly, in the beauty of our surroundings. To all appearances, and appearances don't always lie, the entire auditorium had been decorated by a bunch of bar-tenders on the loose. Golden nymphs of generous proportions leaned back upon gold frames and tooted horns with an easy nonchalance that made us green with envy. Large stone urns vied with one another in spilling fruits and vegetables in wasteful profusion. Color harmonies cast off the old shackles of conventionality and good taste and emerged before our startled gaze in such rich combinations as sky-blue and chocolate-brown, or blood-red and Paris-green, and other advanced symptoms of acute alcoholism.

But fascinated as we were we might as well admit that the greater part of our

evening was spent in furtive upward glances in the direction of an array of bright red chandeliers. As the evening progressed and the music and one thing and another affected us more and more, they took on a remarkable likeness to so many malign bloodshot eyes.

An occasional shy glance about us revealed many a head tipped back, open mouthed and glassy-eyed, completely swept away by it all. Every oldtimer who knew the Barbary Coast in the days when it was more than a word, was swallowing hard and winking to keep back tears of sheer sentimentality. Our own heart strings were badly twanged, for that matter, because it's not every day that one finds anything so exquisite, so extraordinary, in a civic building usually devoted to symphony concerts.



"Why did you enter Prince in the horse show? He hadn't a chance."
"I know—but he met so many nice horses."

A GROUP of gentlemen, obviously a bit under the alcoholic influence, boarded a Market street car, and being of course in a spirit of revelry, were a source of much annoyance to other passengers on the car. Several times an heroic conductor attempted to remonstrate with them, but always the ready wit of one of the gentlemen sent him back to the rear of the car intellectually vanquished. Finally an old lady with a rather acid tongue, sitting nearby gave them a sermon on the terrible effects of bad liquor, and they were silent for awhile.

A few minutes later the car gave a peculiar lurch, as Market street cars are wont to do, and the lights went out.

"My God," cried the noisiest of the group, "I'm blind!"

IF PRESENT indications hold true, the coming Pacific Coast Tennis Tournament, to be held soon in this section, will be the greatest of its kind ever to be held in California. This year finds Mrs. Helen Wills Moody among the list of stars entered for the first time in many a moon, and the entrance of William T. Tilden, America's most brilliant contribu-

" -- and how's my sweetie today?"



tion to the tennis world is considered a surety. Added to these we find a galaxy of stars headed by France's famed Three Musketeers, Henri Cochet, Jean Borotra, and Jaques Brugnon and many Davis Cup stars from other countries. All in all, it will be a tournament paralleling in talent the recent world's championships at Wimbledon.

RECENTLY a prominent San Francisco business man, rotund, jolly, but pained by his inability to catalogue pictures into good, bad, or indifferent, approached a prominent artist and asked him just what the formula was for discovering the worth of any painting. The artist was taken aback, we gather, but still able to fend for himself and Art answered, (after deciding what the business man's capacity for art appreciation was; in fact, probably after deciding that he had practically none at all). "Look at the picture carefully. Give it a chance to make itself felt and give yourself a chance to begin to grasp its real meaning. View it from all its aspects and be sure that you understand it. If after some time and a great deal of consideration you still like it, you can be pretty sure it's bad."

WE HAD always supposed that Prohibition was entirely a phenomenon of these later and Puritanical days. But exploring obscure byways of Roman History, we are aston-

ished to learn that a people so astute and well balanced as the Romans fell victim to the Prohibition fallacy.

In the year A.D. 92, the Emperor Domitian, who from all accounts was a cheerless, dogmatically practical and arbitrary fellow, issued an edict to prohibit the growing of wine grapes in Spain and France. He ordered all existing vines and vineyards to be uprooted and the land set, instead, to corn. He enacted a series of laws, designed to enforce his edict and delegated a couple of legions to enforce them. All of which, as you see, is a close counterpart of our own 18th Amendment, Volstead Law and Prohibition Enforcement forces.

WE ARE impressed with the turn-the-other-cheek attitude of modern San Francisco business if the rumor be true that Diego Rivera may be asked to paint the overmantel decoration in the board of director's room at the San Francisco Stock Exchange. What a lesson in charity and forgiveness that would be! But why not? Why should not American business open its arms to the communist protagonist who has consistently fought all forms of capitalism, publicly spat upon the very Americans whose favor keeps him in the Mexican limelight, whose best known works are caricatures of American capitalism? Personally, the prospect of seeing a primitive fresco reared above the deliberating heads of the stock exchange

directors heralds an amusing millenium. Perhaps the directors will even sit for caricatures such as those the great Rivera did of Rockefeller and his own patron, Morrow, that they may humbly remember that to the communist they are mere "materialists" and "money bags."

FLAGPOLE and tree sitters may turn green with envy, rocking chair champions may turn white with fear, marathon and endurance dance title-holders may furbish their laurels but the center of this particular stage of prowess belongs to another today.

Walter McGovern, one of San Francisco's biggest attorneys (he teeters the beam of the Fairbanks at over 300 pounds) was relaxing in a Trinity County summer resort the other evening when the alarm was sounded that a large active rattlesnake was loose in camp. Flashlights and lanterns and candles appeared while vacationing he-men armed themselves with tent-poles, axes, clubs, revolvers and other weapons equally dangerous—to bystanders. Vainly they searched the camp over. No trace of the venomous reptile. Then someone recalled that McGovern's cabin had not been checked. The posse descended upon it and found the San Francisco attorney asleep on a deeply cushioned rustic bench. He woke with a start at the news and rose to join in the search. A woman shrieked and pointed to the seat McGovern had vacated. There, quashed flat as warm beer the morning after, was the snake.

Today McGovern claims the title as the champion rattlesnake sitter of the world—with no competition in sight.

APARTY of San Franciscans, vacationing in the Yosemite, had climbed to the top of an "echoing" mountain. There they saw an old man sitting on a rock, a pair of binoculars in his hands. Every few minutes he would let out a series of loud whoops.

The puzzled vacationists looked on and listened in amazement for a while, then one of them asked, "Why do you keep looking through your binoculars and then yelling as if you were hurt?"

The old man looked up impatiently. "Don't bother me," he snapped. "Can't you see I'm busy? If you distract me, I'll lose my job. I'm the echo of this here hill."



The DeYoung-Kalloch Episode in the History of San Francisco Journalism

by Zoe A. Battu

THE American public, reading with amusement of the hypocrisies of the Reverend Elmer Gantry in Sinclair Lewis's novel of the same name, wondered if such fellows ever exist in the flesh and occupy the pulpits of American churches. At the book's first appearance, competent critics rose to declare that Lewis had again demonstrated his uncommon skill at creating a "type," which, while thoroughly representative of the given phase of American life, hardly exists outside of Lewis's imagination.

Such comment, though erudite and impressive, may be discarded as of no account; and Lewis' claims as an accurate portrayer of American life may, accordingly, be fully honored. In San Francisco (as might be expected) there lived, very much in the flesh, a gentleman of the pulpit, whose misdeeds almost exactly paralleled those of the fictional Elmer Gantry. The gentleman's name was the Reverend Dr. Isaac Kalloch, and he flourished in the late 1870s and early '80s.

The Reverend Kalloch and his father, also a pastor of the Baptist faith, hailed originally from New England. Isaac Kalloch was pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, Fifth and Jessie streets. The Temple was a non-sectarian but religious organization. It was a forerunner of the present day churches, dedicated to Service, whose pastors affect the methods and manners of "the snappy business man," and concern themselves with the novels, plays and political affairs of the day.

Isaac Kalloch was eminently fitted to preside over such an enterprise and such was his zeal and general popularity, that in June 1879 he was named as candidate for mayor of San Francisco by the Workingmen's Party, which had been organized by Dennis Kearney of sand lot and anti-Chinese fame. Like Kearney, Kalloch yearned for reform, for the speedy annihilation of all millionaires, bankers, bond holders and railroad builders, for justice to the working man and his elevation to power. Like his fellow pastors, he was shocked and grieved at the "Chinese stream of heathenism, filth and prostitution pouring into Christian America."

Until Kalloch's nomination for mayor, the newspapers had been indifferent toward him. But with his nomination, he assumed a position and importance that could not be ignored. Moreover, his being the candidate of the Workingmen's Party tremendously strengthened the case and standing of that organization. It con-

firmed upon it an almost impregnable bulwark of integrity and respectability. Affairs within the city quickly came to the pass where no public official or judge dared to express any opinion unfavorable to the Workingmen's Party, its mayoralty candidate, demands, policies or motives. Labor, insisted the several spokesmen of the party, could do no wrong.

IN THE CHRONICLE office this rise of the Workingmen's Party and the Reverend Kalloch was viewed with alarm. The paper had succeeded in laying the motives of Kearney open to questioning and now, in Kalloch, was a new and possibly greater menace. The DeYoung brothers and their editorial staff set themselves diligently to a search for ammunition and arguments with which to combat the party and discredit Kalloch. The trail led them to Boston and environs, where they found what they sought in abundant measure.

Dr. Kalloch and his father had, it seems, shared a lurid past. At the tender age of twelve, Isaac Kalloch had been found sharing the bedroom and bed of an adopted daughter of his parents, who was several years his senior. As he progressed in years, he wrought havoc among the servant girls of the countryside. Finally, in desperation, he was sent to a Baptist college in Maine. He was dismissed from this institution for his amorous escapades. While the junior Kalloch was thus disporting himself, his father was engaged in similar affairs of his own. His ministrations, it was found, to certain maids and matrons of his flock had nothing of the spiritual about them. He was, accordingly, unfrocked and left New England for California.

At this exposure of his father, the younger Kalloch was fired with a resolve to redeem the family honor. He contrived to achieve ordination as a Baptist pastor and succeeded in obtaining the very pulpit in Rockland, Maine, from which his father had been dismissed. He specialized in tirades against sin and as an evangelist. Such was his eloquence that he speedily won more than a local fame.

But Kalloch was able to overcome neither his father's weaknesses nor his own. He was habitually but secretly in the company of a comely lady who was wedded to an elderly but prosperous deacon of his church. Kalloch left Rockland under a cloud but succeeded in obtaining the pastorate of the Tremont

Baptist Temple, Boston. Here the ladies of the choir engaged his fancy with the result that the Boston church dismissed him in disgrace. Kalloch came to San Francisco, and as may be seen, was doing very well for himself.

THESE facts were published in The Chronicle in August, 1879, at the height of the mayoralty campaign. San Francisco read, gasped, blazed with gossip and waited for further developments. It did not have long to wait. Kalloch promptly mounted the platform and referred to Charles DeYoung as the inferior progeny of a father of questionable identity.

The following Sunday morning, Charles DeYoung took his pistol in hand, hired a closed carriage and drove to the side entrance of the Metropolitan Temple where Kalloch was holding services. He sent a messenger boy to tell Kalloch a lady wished to see him without. Kalloch answered the summons, opened the carriage door and peered within. Without warning, DeYoung fired two shots, which lodged in Kalloch's chest and shoulder. For several days his life was feared; but he recovered. DeYoung was arrested and released on bonds, pending his trial.

San Francisco rocked with excitement. The daily press lined up solidly against DeYoung and decried the shooting as cowardly and brutal, although it had been done to avenge the insult to Mrs. DeYoung. The Alta had previously been at a loss for words with which to express its scorn of the Workingmen's Party and Kalloch. Suddenly, however, The Alta perceived remarkable virtues in the party and its mayoralty candidate and The Chronicle and Charles DeYoung were set forth as symbols of sensational journalism, violent and politically corrupt. Dr. Kalloch thus became the martyred hero of the hour. He polled a large vote for mayor and triumphantly assumed office in December 1879.

The election disposed of, the trial of Charles DeYoung for the shooting of Kalloch again became an issue. Michael DeYoung was able, however, to invoke various legal technicalities in behalf of his brother and was able to postpone the trial. The courts allowed the case to languish until it appeared that DeYoung might never be brought to trial for the attempted killing—a circumstance which met with clamorous condemnation from Kalloch and the labor element.

LATE in April 1880, Kalloch's son decided to take action on his own account. One evening about eight o'clock he entered The Chronicle's business office. Charles DeYoung stood talking with a friend. Several employees were about. Before they were aware of young Kalloch's presence, he directed

Continued on page 31

On the Air

San Francisco Broadcasting Outgrows Swaddling Clothes

by Patricia May Astra

RADIO broadcasting is classified as the "fastest moving business in the world" by Don E. Gilman, for twenty years a prominent figure in the newspaper world and at present vice-president in charge of the Pacific Coast division of the National Broadcasting Company. If one faces that statement with any degree of imagination one begins to appreciate somewhat the present scope of radio but I doubt if even Mr. Gilman could do more than guess what radio will mean in the future of industry. It is, like the tomorrow of aviation, something with which to conjure.

One may trace sound vibration communication through different ages in widely separated countries but it is the actual development and achievement of radio broadcasting—illustrated by the accomplishments of studios in San Francisco—that is of importance to us.

A review of but a half dozen years

covers practically the entire industry. I asked a popular radio soloist how long he had been broadcasting. His answer might be used to illustrate the entire radio broadcast story. "I made my radio debut when a small room hung with a lot of old draperies, fitted up with a microphone constructed from something that looked like a cigar box and a huge funnel was dignified with the name of broadcast studio." This was a very few years ago. In fact it was the same year that you and your friends were making crystal receiving sets—and bragging because occasionally you actually heard something with the help of the aforesaid "gadget" and a couple of ear phones.

Many of those prominent in broadcasting today recall those first coffin-like studios, usually a small room on the top floor of some office building, hung with motley drapes and fitted with the crudest conceivable apparatus. In such dreary and



DON E. GILMAN

one of the most prominent figures in local radio.

mysterious "studios" the pioneers of this now great industry worked.

Is it any wonder that artists accustomed for many years to public appearances not infrequently became dumb with "mike-fright" when placed in one of these airtight cheerless studios before a queer device that was about as mysterious as it was uninspiring? I can still recall an incident that happened some years ago when I was interested in radio programs sponsored by an advertising client. Two artists arrived though only one was scheduled to appear and, when I expressed my surprise, I was told by the station director that it was the custom to have an emergency artist within easy call in case the regular artist should be afflicted with "mike-fright." Today practically every artist and public speaker of note is "mike wise."

HOW different from the settings of these crude beginnings are the spacious, luxurious studios of today. The largest San Francisco studios are occupied by the National Broadcasting Company comprising practically two floors atop the twenty-two story Hunter-Dulin Building. The major portion of the huge twenty-second floor is occupied by three spacious studios. Each is decorated and furnished in a definite "period" style—and it is difficult to decide which is the most beautiful. The smallest of these studios will accommodate comfortably a fifty-piece orchestra, besides a number of artists, directors, announcers and others who participate in the programs. A fourth and smaller studio is used for rehearsals.

Continued on page 26



RALPH YOUNG

Broadcasting in an NBC studio . . . Barbara Blanchard, soprano; Fritz Warnke, pianist; Cecil Underwood, announcer; Winston C. Moore, monitor.

SPOTLIGHT

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

SOME months ago we said in these columns that if a playwright were to write a play around a legitimate child the novelty of the idea would make his effort a sure-fire success. At present writing there does not seem to be a playwright with the temerity to do anything so daring. There are at least two shows in town built upon the bastard theme—"Caprice" and "It's a Wise Child." Whether there is a love-child in "Subway Express" we do not know, but we are hopeful. Children have been born in taxis, why not aboard a subway express? Except that prospective mothers out of wedlock are never quite that public. Even in this enlightened age there is still an attitude of hiding-out connected with the advent of the baby resulting from natural causes without benefit of clergy.

The bastard in "Caprice" is an adolescent with a mother complex. But the scene, being Vienna, the complications are treated with a half smothered gaiety. It is a play that could have been written only by a woman. Even if a man had invented the female characters they would have ended by taking him in. For instance, we are certain that every woman in the audience knew what was back of the self-sacrificing mother attitude. We, being a mere male, were terribly impressed by the earnestness and apparent sincerity of the mother pleading with the father to take over his child and make a man of him. As she sat in Counselor Von Echardt's study and outlined a vision of glory for her child and self-abnegation for herself we thought: "There is a real person. She's going to walk out of the picture and leave father and son alone with their happiness!"

We came to with a shock when Ilsa entered upon the scene and reduced Amalia's prospective self immolation to its proper values. But, even then, we were unconvinced. Even, then, poor male that we are, we fancied that Amalia's motives were high and pure and noble. Well, maybe they were at the start. Maybe she had honest intentions. Maybe she did think that her husband could make a man of Robert. Maybe she did fancy that a pansy plant could be made to develop into a carnation. She was fool enough, God knows, to have fancied anything. The boy that was her handiwork proved that. And her underestimation of Ilsa Von Ilsen was added proof of her stupidity. We confess that Ilsa's competence dazzled us. She never made a false move. And her triumph was

complete. Without apparently lifting a hand she won every trick.

Miss Bainter gave a searching interpretation with just the proper amount of swagger. She was the aristocrat who was sure enough of her position to be vulgar when the situation demanded. She could flip the brim of her hat back and say "To hell with everything!" because she was Ilsa Von Ilsen. We cannot give higher praise to Lily Cahill than to say that as Robert's mother she was a complete foil to Miss Bainter. And, as for Reginald Owen, superlatives would not be adequate to convey the nuances in his acting. His silent stage bits were as effective as his spoken words. The pantomime of father and son eating cake together was perfect in feeling and execution; so perfect that we wonder whether this scene was an invention of the author, the stage director, or Mr. Owen himself. It was cheering to find an announcement on the program to the effect that "Candle-Light," which will follow "Caprice" at the Geary Theatre, had been staged by Mr. Owen. Likewise that Alan Mowbray would be in the cast. Unless we are mistaken Mr. Mowbray is the actor who made "The Second Man" one of the most memorable plays of last season. We hope that Mr. Owen is likewise to be among those present before the footlights.

AND, speaking of "The Second Man," we wonder how much the author of "It's a Wise Child" is indebted to "The Second Man" for his heroine's resolve to announce that she is going to have a baby when there is no truth in the statement. Here is a play that treats the illegitimacy hilariously as in "The Little Accident." It is a Duffy drama with a subject that is usually tabu for the Duffy audience. It concerns middle class people in a middle class town. It has an iceman and a maid who are both of the stuff of which laughs are manufactured, and a number of characters that in these days of type casting we should hate to be picked for if one were an actor. It kept the large audience assembled at the Curran in gales of laughter from start to finish. Which was a good thing, because to have analyzed all the meanness and contemptibility that animated most of the characters would have made one feel as depressed as if one had sat through an Ibsen drama. We don't know why but there is always this sort of character drawing whenever a playwright in these United States inter-

Our Dramatic Critic Finds the Local Stage Offering Variations on Bastard Themes.

prets the common people. And he must be right because, between gurgles of joy, a woman behind us said to her friend: "Aint it just like a family!" We had hoped all along that it wasn't. We had hoped that it was all exaggerated just to get the laughs. But we guess we're wrong.

But the iceman was there to save the day for us, sentimentalists that we are! The iceman was there to beat a man up for seducing his lady. It was of no moment that he got the wrong person. His heart was in the right place. And it was the iceman who rescued the proverbial servant girl from the horrible fate of marrying the proverbial son of the family, who had wronged her. We can think of no worse solution to the problem than to have tied up an erring servant girl to the nasty little bounder responsible for her condition. As to the two suitors for the heroine's hand we think we should have chosen Mr. Appleby in preference to the young prig, Roger Baldwin, that she thought she was going to marry. At least Mr. Appleby was a crook even if a sanctimonious one. And that is something. We kept hoping that we would catch a glimpse of the servant girl, Lena, who, if we may revert to the refined language of the gay nineties, was "in an interesting condition." We had a suspicion that she might have been "spoofing," too. For, after seeing "Caprice" we had no longer the faintest idea that we knew why a woman did anything. On the surface it doesn't appear that a servant girl would have to invent prospective motherhood to snare an iceman, already in love with her. But you never can tell.

WHETHER or not you like dramas founded on the theme of bastard children, a trip to the Curran will convince you of one thing; people these days can face any kind of a baby on the stage with equanimity. Whether they can do so in real life remains to be seen. But when a man laughs at a situation, even if it is make-believe, he is on his way to accept that situation with gaiety. The

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This glamorous actress, whose London and New York triumphs during the past six years have made her one of the truly celebrated contemporary theatre personalities, makes her California debut at the Curran, August 18, playing the "Dishonored Lady."

KATHARINE CORNELL

CAUSERIE

Being a somewhat casual discussion
of several new books and an old one

by Frank L. Fenton

WHEN one has heard the adjectives "stark," "strong," "gripping," "vital," and a whole host of virile words applied to a first novel, one is likely to hope that here again is a book approaching "Look Homeward, Angel." When one knows, too, that this first novel has a preface by D. H. Lawrence, one is likely to expect something quite out of the ordinary. Edward Dahlberg's "Bottom Dogs" (SimonSchuster) is then bound to be a disappointment because it would take a very rare novel indeed to meet one's expectations. Instead we have here only another example of the visceral school of American realism. The story is plotless autobiography. The hero, Lorry Lewis, is placed by his mother in an orphans' home. He goes through the dull life of the school, grows up, goes to work, becomes restless, goes west to Portland, Oregon, down to San Francisco, on to Los Angeles. The book ends there with his experiences in the Y. M. C. A. and Soloman's Dance Palace. Good realism, surely; but no better than Dos Passos, or Anderson, or Tully, or any one of a dozen others. Like all purely realistic novels, local color plays an important part. The only new bit exploited is the barbershop conducted by Lorry's mother and her lady barbers. The book has a local interest, aside from the fact that part of it has a local setting, from the fact that the author was a student at the University of California in 1922. All in all, it's a good bit of Americana, but one finds it difficult to follow D. H. Lawrence when he says, "It is a genuine book, as far as it goes, even if it is an objectionable one . . . That directness, that unsentimentalized and non-dramatized thoroughness of setting down the under-dog mind surpasses anything I know."

If one must write about "Vile Bodies" I much prefer that he go about it in the manner of Evelyn Waugh in his book of that title. Here we have the unpleasant "facts of life" made the subject for—not ribald jest, but jest, certainly. It is a book of sly winks and occasional nudges in the ribs, a book that sees in life a gay and somewhat naughty comedy and insists that you, too, be regaled by it. What could be more charming than the picture of poor Lady Agath Runcidle, who drank much too much champagne and

then drove a racing car into a town pump; or the amorous passage between yesterday's Prime Minister and the Japanese baroness; or the party, quite impromptu, at No. 10 Downing street; or the seduction scene? Particularly the seduction scene! The book surely has no lasting merit; reviewers are not going to speak of it as a "significant contribution" to anything at all. In value it ranks somewhere between Carl Van Vechten and Ronald Firbank, and probably will be forgotten by this time next year, although one feels that the figure of Mrs. Melrose Ape, the evangelist, should keep it from oblivion. She and her angels, who carry their wings in small black boxes like violin cases, travel about holding revivals, and (we assume) saving souls. Of the angels, Divine Discontent and Chastity seem to have more personality than the rest. I forget what happens to Divine Discontent, but Chastity comes to no good end by way of a bawdy house in Buenos Aires.

THE subject of bawdy houses, always an alluring one, brings to mind a book which puts all modern fripperies to shame. In 1665 there was first published a book with the long and descriptive title of "The English Rogue, Described in the Life of Meriton Latroon, a Witty Extravagant, being a Complete History of the Most Eminent Cheats of Both Sexes." It was written first by Richard Head and later augmented by Francis Kirkman. A beautiful modern edition has recently been issued by George Routledge and Sons of London. Here is a book to be dwelt upon and read bit by bit, preferably with congenial friends. The laughter of "Vile Bodies" is the polite ripple one expects over tea cups; that in "Bottom Dogs," when there is any, is a broad, slap-stick ha! ha! But that in "The English Rogue" is the deep, intestinal laughter that makes one thank God for sin. The first part of the book is largely autobiography of Richard Head himself, giving a fascinating picture of life in the late 17th Century. Head would not have us think him an unregenerate fellow

sonnet: no fault
by Witter Bynner

Loving your virtues, let me love your fault.
Let me be glad that there are faults to praise;
If there were none, what book of capitals
Could tell a wonder that no language says?
When I recall how loveliness can poise
Upon your heart, rose-petals on a stem,
And how the living earth is in your voice,
Your faultiness becomes my strategem.

Through every petal in some hidden bruise
Foretells of younger roses fading too,
Your only fault is my fault, since I choose
To call it your fault, that I love but you,
And reck no whit of any roses grown
To fade in other gardens than my own.

and is careful to point out in his Epistle to the Reader the sound moral purpose he has in writing: "It hath been too much the humour of late for men rather to adventure on the foreign crazy stilts of other men's inventions than securely walk on the groundwork of their own homespun fancies. What I here present ye with is an original in your own mother-tongue . . . Every man hath his peculiar guilt, proper to his constitution and age . . . This good use I hope the Reader will make with me of those follies that are so generally and too frequently committed everywhere, by declining the commission of them (if not for the love of virtue, yet to avoid the dismal effects of the most dangerous consequences that continually accompany them). And how shall any be able to do this, unless they make an introspection into Vice? This they may do with little danger; for it is possible to enjoy the theory, without making use of the practice." And theory he gives us with great thoroughness, based, of course, upon his practice and illustrated with numerous diverting anecdotes. His twenty-second chapter bears the title: "Some observations concerning love and women, selected out of the choicest commentators on their nature, together with his own experimental reflections." His opening remark shows his profound good sense in the matter: "Love, 'tis confessed is a natural distemper, a kind of small-pox; most have either had it, or is to expect it, and the sooner the better." I should be thankful if our modern novelists followed one bit of advice from Mr. Head: "It will not only take up too much time, but also offend the modest Reader, here to insert what discourses we had; therefore,

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. . . May This Land Remain Unspoiled

AT THE time of my arrival in Tahiti, the voyage had been unadventurous to a point where even the most horrible of ocean disasters would have been greeted with a bellow of joy from myself. Had the vessel been blown skyward by some accident within its engines, at least the monotony would have also been shattered.

On the last morning, long before dawn, the steward, a sun-browned Cockney lad, came blundering into my cabin and in a hoarse whisper said: "We're here, sir!"

I sprang up, uttering unintelligible sounds and found myself making grimaces of joy in the tiny mirror. The ship lay seemingly motionless, the accustomed throb of the propeller no longer irked my subconscious mind. We had arrived at last.

The blue black silhouette of a jagged mountain thrust itself into the faintly lighted sky. Orange lights twinkled along an invisible shore. The sun, rising abruptly, spread vermillion shafts across a verdigris tinged infinity. The air was pungent with the indescribable fragrance of the tropics, the mysterious smell of

moisture and growth and fresh generative earth. The wild, rich scents of hot countries seemed to fill the air with their essence, copra, limes, vanilla. The crowing of roosters came faintly from across the dark, shining expanse of the lagoon through which the ship was slowly drifting and which held the fiery image of the risen sun. As we approached the shore where dark green shade trees arched above the persimmon-colored dwellings of the town's edge, figures upon unseen bicycles emerged through flecked pools of cool shadow. Suddenly the sun topped the Island heights, spilling coppery light slantingly across the roofs, palm fronds turned silvery yellow and the rusted steeple of the missionary church became gold in the early morning burst of hot brilliance. The water too, had changed from deep green to ultramarine and emerald and the dim form of a shark appeared as it

Tranquil Tahiti

. . . Philip Nesbitt writes of Papeete and sketches his impressions. . .

slipped in the depths alongside the ship.

Tahitian men and women, Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen and East Indians smiled up at us, as we leaned against the railing of the deck. They appeared to enjoy the moment, they were almost too cheerful. Evidently they were no less glad of the arrival than we.

This first glimpse of the life of the Island showed none of the fevered booming of a brass band and the absurd made-to-order-atmosphere of other islands in the Pacific. Girls with white flowers placed in their waist-long jet-black shiny hair, were laughing and chattering together. Round women in yellow and carmine dresses were selling fruits and trinkets. As I left the ship, I arranged for my trunks to be sent ahead to the hotel, to which I would walk. I passed a group of little Tahitian boys whose bare feet marched in the warm dust. They were beating gasoline tins, a butter bucket and a section of split bamboo. In spite of the simple drums they had, I could sense the old, primitive native rhythms beneath the more superficial bangings. Their appeal was irresistible.

The air was warm and pleasant. I passed under the big shade trees, through yellowish spots of sunlight and into shadow again. In the dense foliage overhead, Mina birds were holding forth in cacophonic confabulation. The lagoon glittered through the banana trees. I became aware of the profound beauty of Tahiti. I was here to make water colors. I was fortunate.

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. . . The Artist Sketches in Papeete

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

DYER-LEAVITT. On June 26, at Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, Mr. George Bell Dyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Dyer, and Miss Charlotte Leavitt, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Welford Leavitt.

GWIN-LYON. On July 9 in New York City, Mr. Stanford Gwin, son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin of San Francisco, and Miss Camilla Lyon, daughter of Mr. T. M. Lyon of New York.

ENGAGEMENTS

BROWNELL-POPE. Miss Harriet Brownell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Erle E. Brownell, to Mr. George A. Pope, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope.

HOLBROOK-BELCHER. Miss Harriet Holbrook, daughter of Mrs. Paul Wegeforth, to Mr. Frank Garretson Belcher of San Diego, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Belcher, Jr.

KEHRLEIN-SIMON. Miss Frances Kehrlein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver du F. Kehrlein to Mr. Bernard Simon of New York.

PREAL-CASEY. Miss Anne Elizabeth Prael, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Prael, to Mr. William Kevin Casey.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Howard Gray Park entertained at luncheon at her Hillsborough home in honor of her mother, Mrs. Edward H. Clark, shortly before the latter's departure for her home in New York.

Mrs. George T. Cameron entertained at luncheon in Burlingame in honor of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Sr., who motored north with a party of friends from the Hearst ranch at San Simeon.

Honoring the Spanish Ambassador Señor Alejandro de Padilla and his daughter, Señorita Rosa de Padilla, Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels gave an informal reception at the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood Donavin gave a tea at their home on Broadway in honor of Mrs. Florence Robert who will spend several months in San Francisco with her son Mr. Henry Robert.

Mrs. Willis Goodwin of Santa Barbara was entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Frank Deering at the Hotel St. Francis recently.

Princess Pignatelli (Conchita Sepulveda Chapman) visited in San Francisco for a few days during July and was a guest at the Clift Hotel.

Miss Elizabeth Moore entertained at dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich R. Peck of Los Angeles on their return from their honeymoon in the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Peck was the former Miss Dorothy Fair of Springfield, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Raymond Adams Balf of New York City was the guest of Mrs. Elise Hopkins at Pebble Beach for several days.

The English Speaking Union gave a luncheon at the Hotel Mark Hopkins recently in honor of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair. Miss Ruth Langdon entertained a group at one table in honor of Miss Elaine de Chair.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Taylor of Palo Alto entertained Count L. de Luart of Paris as their house guest. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are occupying the Herbert Hoover house for the summer.

Mrs. Alfred Pearson of Chicago is spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald McCoy have returned to their home in the South after visiting with Mrs. McCoy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde of Woodside.

In honor of Mr. Jack Bradley of New York, Miss Florence McCormick and Mr. Charles McCormick gave a supper dance at their home.

Miss Phoebe Brown has been entertaining Miss Eleanor Musselman of Baltimore as her house guest this summer. The two young women have been passing the greater part of their time at Tahoe.

Miss Max Leona Anderson, daughter of Mrs. G. M. Anderson of Menlo Park, entertained Miss Margaret Thomson, daughter of retired Admiral Franz Thomson of the Danish Navy at the Anderson home recently. Miss Thomson and her family make their home in Paris.

Mr. John Hobart and Mr. Denning Hobart gave a dinner for Mr. Innis Bromfield recently. Mr. Bromfield is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Gordon Bromfield of Santa Barbara. The dinner was given at the Lewis P. Hobart home.

Miss Anita Chadbourne will give a dinner dance on August 29 in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Achilles who recently returned to California after an extended stay in Japan.

HERE AND THERE

On the advisory committee of the recently formed San Francisco Light Opera Company are Mrs. George T. Cameron, Maud Fay-Symington, Richard M. Tobin, Mrs. Leonard Woolams and Mr. Hartley Peart.

Mrs. James P. Pressley and her daughter Miss Ellen Page Pressley have been sojourning at Feather River Inn at Blairsden. Miss Ellen Pressley has taken an active part in the many parties and other diversions at the Inn this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. August Virden entertained with a small informal dancing party at the Hotel Mark Hopkins recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thierbach have returned from their motor trip through the North and are at their apartment on Union street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond of Burlingame spent a week end at Feather River Inn.

Miss Florence McCormick gave a luncheon at the McCormick home in Atherton in honor of Miss Katherine Stent who recently returned from a long sojourn in Europe.

Among the many luncheon parties on the peninsula which have preceded the summer symphonies was the one given by Miss Agnes Clark at her home El Palomar. Mr. Olin Downes, the noted music critic, was the honor guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo V. Merle have taken a house in Palo Alto for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Mary Redington gave a dinner dance at the Hotel St. Francis recently in honor of Miss Janet Whitman.

Mr. Lewis Lapham who is visiting in California again this summer made the trip east by way of the canal on the Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Fletcher and their family enjoyed a ten days visit at the George Towne place at Lake Tahoe recently. Miss Margaret Fletcher will return to Miss Spence's School in New York next month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor of San Mateo recently spent a week-end at Bartlett Springs in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore entertained at dinner in Burlingame before the July 11 subscription dance. The party was planned for the friends of their daughter, Miss Maria Christina Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Watson are now occupying their new apartment in Jackson street.

Mr. Charles H. Crocker entertained a group of friends over a recent week-end at the Crocker home in Belvedere.

The Alired Sutro home at Atherton was the scene of an interesting exhibition tennis match recently. The event was planned by Miss Adelaide Sutro.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Henderson were guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison enjoyed a visit with Mr. Frank Madison at his summer camp on the Rogue River.

Mr. and Mrs. George Filmer recently returned home from the East and made the return trip to California by way of the canal, on the liner Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Brooke have returned to town after an extended visit at Agua Caliente.

Mr. and Mrs. August Virden and Mr. and Mrs. Starr Bruce are on a tour of Canada at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Balfour Bowen have returned home after a trip abroad.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau, who recently returned from abroad, entertained a group of friends at luncheon at her home in Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gay Hooker, Jr., have returned home after a visit to the East coast. They spent the greater part of their time with Mrs. Hooker's sister, Mrs. Jefferson Coolidge at Manchester, Mass.

Dean and Mrs. Wilmer J. Gresham are established in their new apartments which are a part of the Divinity School.

Mrs. Anita F. Moore of Honolulu is at present a guest at the Cliff Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Neylan have bought the Philip E. Bowles home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham and their daughter Miss Carol Lapham are home again after a month's visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker entertained Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin recently at the Tucker lodge on the Rogue River.

Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church is expected to arrive in California next month for a visit. Mrs. Church will spend some time at Pebble Beach.

Miss Alice Eastland and Miss Inez Mejia were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell at the Brownell lodge in the mountains.

Mrs. Gerald Rathbone spent two weeks at Tahoe recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering have returned from abroad and have taken apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Parrott entertained a large party of friends at dinner at the new ranch home in the Carmel Valley. The same group of Burlingame folk were entertained a few evenings previously by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell.

Miss Hettie Stephenson entertained a group of friends over the week-end at the Stephenson home in Ross. The party attended the annual summer dance of the Lagunitas Country Club.

Mrs. Evan Williams gave a large garden party and buffet luncheon at her home in Atherton in honor of her sub-debutante niece Miss Florence McCormick,

The annual benefit for the Stanford Convalescent home will take place at the Menlo Park Circus Club on August 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Herrmann have returned home from Santa Barbara where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan.

Miss Jean Boyd has been spending a part of the summer in Bear Valley, Marin County, where the Boys have a summer camp.

Mrs. Egbert Stone and her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Schnidt, are expected to arrive home shortly from Europe. They sailed from Hamburg on the Europa.

Mrs. George Bowles flew to Aptos recently and spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and their daughter, Miss Grace Hamilton, took a party of friends aboard their yacht "Memory" on an all-day fishing trip near McNear's point.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Hale are established at their summer place near Benbow.

Many of the younger set are looking forward to the dance that Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker will give for their son, Cyrus Walker, at their Montecito home on August 5. One hundred guests will be entertained.

Mrs. George Bowles and her daughter were the guests of Mrs. Dean Witter at the McCloud River Country Club.

Among the San Franciscans at Glenbrook Inn, Lake Tahoe, were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hunter.

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles, Jr., entertained at a luncheon at her apartment in Green street in honor of Miss Fay Bainter, star of "Caprice".

Mr. and Mrs. Blair Foster entertained informally for a group of their friends by giving a buffet luncheon.

Mrs. Spencer Grant went to Lake Tahoe shortly after her return from the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Heath Hamilton has set August 30 as the date of her marriage to Mr. John C. Ainsworth of Pasadena.

The Harvest Moon dinner dance at Mt. Diablo Country Club brought forth a large gathering included the older group as well as the debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., and their family are at their summer home in Butte County.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beaver are motoring through Canada.

Mrs. W. Coy Filmer and Mrs. Cabot Brown gave an elaborate garden party and flower show at the Brown home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Nickel have taken a cottage at Los Banos for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fin Lund are in Burlingame for the summer months.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering and their children are spending the summer on a farm in the south of France.

Mr. and Mrs. George Legh-Jones and their daughter are en route to England. Miss Jones is to attend a girl's school at Ascot.

Mrs. Louis Parrott was in London at last accounts, making her home at one of the women's clubs there. Mrs. Parrott will return to California in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Naylor and their daughters are sailing for France on August 12.

News has been received from Paris that Baron James Baevens who married Miss Mary Clark of San Mateo, has been appointed secretary of the French Embassy at Berne, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lewis are away on a six months tour of Europe.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Deane visited in New York, staying at the Ambassador during the time that preceded their sailing for France.

Mrs. George T. Marye is now in Newport and gave a large luncheon there recently at her villa on Rhode Island Avenue.

Mrs. Morbo de Mailly spent several days in New York on her return from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinerton were at the Ritz Carlton in New York for a short stay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., were entertained at lunch at the Central Park Casino recently by Mr. William Kent.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne was in New York for a few days. She later went to Montreal with her son-in-law and daughter, Commander and Mrs. Harrison Calhoun. There they met Mrs. Cibilion Howard and the entire party, including also Mr. James Langhorne, sailed for Europe.

Mrs. James Ward Keeney is spending the summer in Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wheeler of Hillsborough are in New York for a visit.

Mrs. Carol A. Devol is in Long Island. Her daughters, Mrs. Albert Bates and Mrs. George Brett, accompanied her East.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie and Mr. Allen Oddie are visiting in New York.

Mrs. James B. Haggin will occupy one of the apartments in the huge apartment building now being erected on the site of the old Haggin home on Fifth Avenue.



BOYE

MISS HARRIET BROWNELL

The daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Erle E. Brownell, whose engagement to Mr. George A. Pope, Jr., has recently been announced.



ANTONIA BRICO

FIVE minutes is a very short while in which to study as intense a person as Antonia Brico, the conductor. Even augmented as it was by part of an overheard rehearsal, the few minutes were scant time in which to gain an insight into the personality of this young Californian of Dutch and Italian parentage who has climbed to attainment in a field traditionally reserved for men.

Other women have studied orchestral direction. Other women have aspired to play the master instrument, the orchestra, with its human stops and keys. She alone has persevered to such recognition.

Facing her brown, almost black eyes with their steady intensity, and observing her generous, intelligent nose and her forceful, driving jaw, one feels the effective energy of Brico. But here is not a selfish ego. This is a person who has chosen her way to pursue it in the face of all obstacles—but she is content to climb to the top without sacrificing others on the way. Ambition has left room for warm human concern and unselfish friendships.

Knowing that our conversation must be short, Antonia Brico made two significant requests. The first was that, should I mention any of the people who have helped her to success, I should mention them all. Some names are greater than others, she said, but their importance in the world of music does not necessarily indicate their proportionate claim on her gratitude nor possibly the value of their influence in her career. The second request was that I should make it plain that she has been brought back to America by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra Asso-

ciation and that, in spite of a previous performance in Hollywood Bowl, she regards the San Francisco appearance as her American debut because it was the orchestra from her home metropolis that brought her from Europe and first engaged her to conduct an American orchestra.

Her enthusiasm about her San Francisco program, August 26, was the one thing that made me conscious of youth that is hers in spite of the evidence of mature accomplishment. Her eyes were those of a college girl when she told me that Sigismond Stojowski, her first master, was to be soloist in one of his own compositions at her first San Francisco concert. She did not conceal her thrill over the fact that at her invitation Stojowski had cancelled former plans, left his work in the East and started for San Francisco to play at the debut of his protege.

Though Stojowsky was Brico's first master, he was not the first influence in her career. Her initial inspiration was from Paul Steindorf. She became his protege while still attending the Oakland public schools and from him she received the encouragement and impetus to become a director. The next determining influences came not from musicians but from Dean Lucy Ward Stebbins and Dean Charles B. Lipman of the University of California. Their aid and guidance have remained the most consistent factors in her success throughout the eleven years since Brico entered the University of California. It was they who encouraged the young student, kept up her courage and made themselves felt in times of crisis.

Concerning

At the University there were also Professor Edward Stricklan and Professor Modiste Alloo, members of the department of music, who helped Brico. It was Professor Alloo who was instrumental in interesting Stojowsky in the young girl. The great pianist took Antonia Brico as his protege, and instructed her during three summers before she went to New York for a year of concentrated study with him.

From New York, Antonia Brico went to Europe and there she studied three years with Professor Julius Pruewer at the Berlin Hochschule, the state academy for conductors. During this time she was the protege of Dr. Karl Muck, considered the greatest conductor in the world. She was coached at the Wagner festival at Bayreuth and, last February, made her debut as the first woman ever to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, perhaps the greatest orchestra of today. Critics gave her high praise not only as the first woman to attain such distinction, but as a director among men.

Today Antonia Brico is with friends in Oakland, working even harder than in the years of her training, in rehearsal for her San Francisco appearance, August 26.

IN SPITE of scientific advance, common sense is still the greatest factor in successful crime detection, according to Charles W. Dullea, Captain of Detectives for the City of San Francisco. Contrary to the popular impression, derived largely from detective novels, the spectacular devices such as finger-printing, cigarette ash analysis, handwriting examination and other scientific procedure are of little use in finding the person who has committed a crime. These devices serve chiefly as corroborative evidence.

Captain Dullea talks from the experience of over sixteen years in the San Francisco police service and from the background of thirteen years in the detective bureau. During that time, while rising from patrolman to captain, he served in many different capacities. As head of the shotgun squad, he rounded up some of the most notorious of the hold-up gang leaders, yeggmen and auto bandits. As head of the homicide squad for five years, he was faced with the actual problem of crime detection in its most serious

personalities by
Aline Kistler

phases. Since January, 1929, when he succeeded Captain Duncan Matheson as chief of detectives, he has had supervision of all the activities of the bureau's one hundred and fifty men.

The detective bureau is an interesting organization. Less conspicuous than the uniformed service of police, it takes up the responsibility of watching over the city where the patrolman's work ends. When a felony has been committed, when any act of violence has been done, the burden of fixing responsibility and furthering justice rests on the detective force. The one hundred and fifty men of the bureau are grouped in squads or "details" for specific duties. An idea of the extensive activities is gained from a list of the different details among which are robbery, burglary, homicide, hotel, auto, pawnshop, bogus check, baggage, missing people, auto accident, stock and bonds, women's protective, and general work.

When interviewed in his office at the Hall of Justice, in the midst of bureau activities, Captain Dullea was amused by the thought that anyone might consider detective work "romantic." It is all a serious business to him and his men—and a lot of hard work. Each new situation presents a new problem but usually one that, contrary to general conceptions, rests on former work far more than on

spectacular observations and deductions made at the scene of the crime.

The greater part of the work of the detective bureau lies behind the scenes, between public happenings, before anything has happened. It is then that general information is obtained, connections are established and avenues for future information are opened. It is far more valuable for a man to have a wide knowledge of conditions prior to a crime than to be able to recognize the perfume and brand of cigarette smoke at the scene of the murder. At best, the picturesque devices that figure so prominently in detective novels are useful only in proving the guilt of the suspect—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, neither finger prints, nor handwriting, nor any of the spectacular "clues," are effective in actually finding the criminal.

RICHARD M. TOBIN, today one of the most prominent music patrons in San Francisco, is a man of great culture and broad experience. Just one year ago, he resigned his position as minister of the United States to the Netherlands after serving six and a half years, a period longer than that of any other American minister in our history. Prior to that Mr. Tobin was attached to the General Staff of the French Army during the war and was an attache to the American Peace Commission. France honored him with the decoration of the Legion of Honor, the most distinguished order in the world, and at his departure from Holland he received from the Queen personally the decoration of the Grand Cross of the order of Orange Nassau, being the only American minister to receive this high honor.

However, in conversation, Mr. Tobin preferred not to talk about himself. And, because what he had to say has meaning, I prefer to quote him verbatim.

"It is not uncommon to regard diplomacy as more or less of a lost art. It is true that matters of critical importance, formerly left to the judgment of representatives, are now decided in Washington—facilities of modern communication have made this possible. In the time of John Adams, the first American minister in The Hague, it took three months



BOYE

RICHARD M. TOBIN

to send a message to America and to receive a reply. The ambassadors in those days were therefore of necessity compelled to act upon their own discretion. In our time they are relied upon as a source of confidential advice and information. Decision upon points of policy are made in Washington. The major part of the modern diplomat's mission is still an important one. It is to create an atmosphere of goodwill and friendliness in the country to which they are accredited.

"In the numerous negotiations that constantly arise between nations, very much depends upon the condition of mind of the different governments. A foreign minister can do much to create or intensify a conciliatory attitude with the government to which he is accredited.

"I am far from considering that the profession of diplomacy is obsolete or the diplomats useless!"

Since returning to San Francisco, Richard Tobin has taken an active part in cultural activities. He is a member of the board of trustees of the War Memorial. He is on the executive board of the San Francisco Opera Association and has lent his support to various organizations furthering musical development throughout the city. Having retired to private life, he has substituted cultural diplomacy for more generally recognized public service.

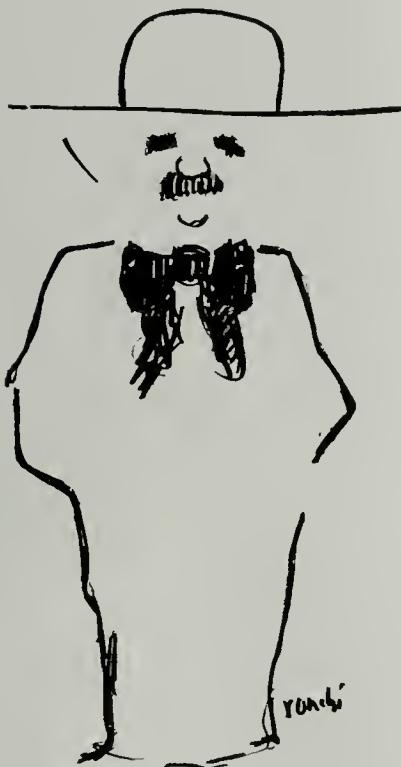
**CHARLES W. DULLEA**

Five San Francisco Artists

caricatured by
Ottorino Ronchi



Ralph Stackpole . . .



Gottardo Piazzoni

Maynard Dixon . . .



Spencer Macky

. . . Otis Oldfield



THESE artists, known intimately over a period of years by Ronchi who is himself one of the city's outstanding personalities, are portrayed here with their foibles and private vanities exposed . . . Ralph Stackpole, the sculptor now at work on the final decorative figures for the San Francisco Stock Exchange, is drawn in the likeness of one of his own figures cut direct in stone . . . Maynard Dixon, whose murals in the State Library building have brought him wide recognition, is shown in an introspective mood . . . Spencer Macky, executive, director of the San Francisco Art Association, is endowed with a generous upper lip and Anglo-Saxon determination . . . Gottardo Piazzoni, now painting murals for the San Francisco Public Library, stands modestly under his well known hat, the quiet, unassuming colorist unanimously revered by local artists . . . Otis Oldfield, modernist and informal delineator of Telegraph Hill life, is shown in full regalia of overcoat, cane and ever-present pipe.

Spotlight

Continued from page 12

term "a wronged woman" is almost dead. Compare "It's a Wise Child,"—if you are ancient enough—with "Way Down East." Even the moving picture version of that classic done some ten years ago by one of the Gish girls was ridiculous. No audience gets excited these days about a woman who is going to have a baby in or out of wedlock, although, as we remarked at the beginning, a baby in wedlock is growing more and more of a novelty.

The iceman is a venerable figure in the literature of seduction. But it is the first time that he has been starred in the role of a knight errant. He had his weak moments but the maid on duty was equal to them. "All I want from you is ice!" was her sage remark. And his retort: "That's all you're going to get!" savored more of pique than rectitude. Altogether we enjoyed "It's a Wise Child" even if we hated most of the characters portrayed. We still have a hope that American family life is better than that. And we're not speaking of the seductions, real or fancied, that it contained, either.

The Feeling of the West

Continued from page 7

socially prominent and who are attracted to opera as a social as well as musical event, are in a position to do more, financially, for opera, particularly in the elaborate way it is presented in this country. However, I feel that in the great body of opera audience there is far more honest appreciation than mere social gesture. Particularly is this true of the increasing number of people who demand the great dramatic operas on one hand and the beautifully melodic works on the other.

YOU should be able to see many things more clearly in the West where you are less confused by counter influences and activities. You say that you have less than a million population around the bay from which to draw your audiences and yet you have symphony all the year around and a creditable season of opera each autumn. New York with its eight million people does not now support two symphony orchestras and in spite of the stupendous musical activity during the winter season the proportionate development is probably not to your discredit. I shall return to New York, eager for the stimulation that the city's season always gives me, but firmly resolved to keep an ear to the ground for signs of significant artistic development in the West.



A new lightweight
Knox felt hat that perfectly
fits the lighter moments
of San Francisco's Summer
days . THE PRICE \$10

KNOX

TWO SHOPS IN SAN FRANCISCO

51 GRANT
AVENUE



HOTEL ST.
FRANCIS

NOB HILL TOPICS



This delightful suite overlooking San Francisco Bay is typical of the charming rooms at The Fairmont where the new program of redecoration and refurnishing is nearing completion. Within a year from the time that George D. Smith took over the management of this Nob Hill hotel, all of the rooms and suites will have been refurnished—the Venetian dining-room, the Terrace Ballroom, the California Room and other public rooms will all have been redecorated! The year's progress includes the completion of the Terrace Plunge, the construction of the Travers Repertorial Theatre—and the entire modernization "back stairs" where the kitchen, service, laundry, and engineering departments have been renovated . . . The old personnel of The Fairmont has been returned with a few important changes, including the addition of a new chef of reputation and a new and dynamic maitre de hotel . . . Word is being received of the return of former guests now abroad—and there is a waiting list of applicants for permanent suites for the winter . . . Rudy Sieger is already planning a program of special events, beginning with the opening of the opera season and extending through the winter.

With Our Contemporaries

By James Martin McInnis

"QUIRT-GUN POLITICS," by Charles A. Beard, appears in HARPER'S MONTHLY for July, and is quite a clever satirical attack upon our National Legislation. Rather facetiously, the author describes Congress sitting grimly in session and voting solemnly upon a bill to reimburse a New England farmer with \$160 for the loss of a cow due to carelessness on the part of government employees. Continuing, he points out the fact that it costs the government over \$1000 in salaries, time, light, investigation committees, etc. to pay the bereaved farmer for his cow.

Enumerating several other equally ludicrous congressional situations, Mr. Beard ends this stirring article with an appeal to the thinking people of the nation for a solution to the problem.

Whenever a magazine runs shy of editorial matter, it seems to delight in publishing another of those countless exposes of Chicago racketeering. Some similar situation must have occurred in the office of NATION, for in its issue of July twenty-third, we found "Newspaper Criminals in Chicago," by an anonymous writer. The author, who refers to himself as a veteran journalist, con-

fines his topic to a rebuttal of the recent charges of criminal racketeering on the part of Chicago reporters, editors, and other press-men. Passing over the murder of Jake Lingle, a reporter for the Chicago Tribune, he points to many reliable sources to prove that no considerable number of newspaper men are racketeering. In conclusion, however, he admits that the situation demands a vigorous and unsparing housecleaning, and an inquiry under the guidance of an independent and resourceful prosecutor.

Only one who has visited San Francisco can appreciate the arguments expressed by Winthrop Martin in REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The article is labeled "A Common Sense Prison" and develops into a laudation of our Alcatraz Island as the ideal prison. The writer gives many reasons for his choice, the foremost of which being that the prison itself is surrounded by water, necessitating only one armed guard on the entire island. The impossibility of escape is also aptly illustrated when the author tells of Col. G. Maury Cralle, the Commandant, quelling a revolt with these words—"Go ahead, swim!"

Naturally we are inclined to agree with Mr. Martin.

Virginia McCormick's article in the Midmonthly SURVEY for July, "Are There Too Many Nurses?", may cause quite a tremor among young girls with aspirations toward this profession. It came as a surprise to us to learn of a superabundance of nurses in the field, but Miss McCormick produces unrefutable statistics of the unemployment and overproduction of nurses and further points out that specialization and business principles must be applied to the nursing profession. Ending, she quotes Julius Rosenwald Fund, of the National Organization for Public Health, who says—"The day of peddling ought to be as far past for the modern nurse as the days of saddleback nursing for the doctor."

The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August features "Is Life Worth Living," a lengthy psychological survey by Florence Finch Kelly. As the writer herself intimates at the start, it is an abstract discussion of a practical matter. Life, says Miss Kelly, holds more in store for people today than in other times and will continue to increase its "stimuli" to live as the years go by. In other words, life is gradually approaching its zenith, according to this writer.

Continued on page 30

T To complement rather than enhance—



Gump's new Silver Room does full justice to the collection of distinguished pieces it enframes; and that is praise indeed for both.

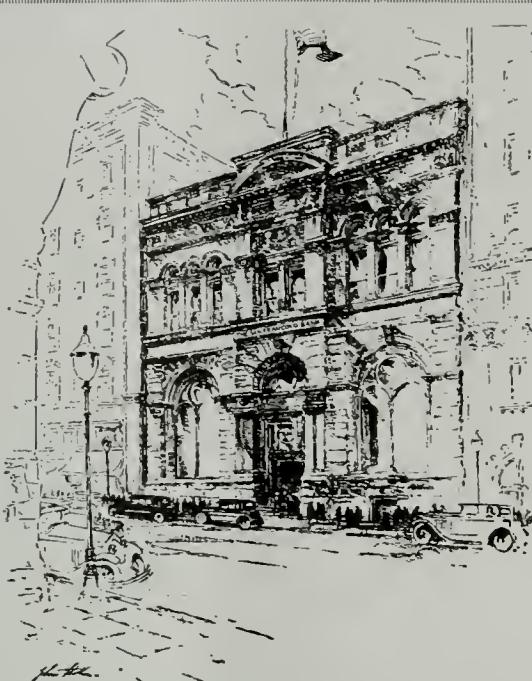
We proffer cordial thanks to our recent visitors for their attendance no less than for the generous flattery of their comment.

And we extend to you a hearty invitation to call. No other American establishment, we believe, can offer a Silverware Exhibit of more completely satisfying attractiveness.

Gump's
246 Post Street, San Francisco

Causerie

Continued from page 14



THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other banks.

**Assets over \$131,000,000.00 Deposits over \$125,000,000.00
Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds, \$5,600,000.00**

The following accounts stand on the Books at \$1.00 each, viz.:

Bank Buildings and Lots - (Value over \$1,925,000.00)

Other Real Estate - - - (Value over \$310,000.00)

Pension Fund - - - (Value over \$690,000.00)

Interest paid on Deposits at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent per annum
Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly

I shall waive them, and come to the conclusion." And his conclusions are remarkable. Here is no maze of introspective circumlocution. Here is a lusty tale that goes straight to its conclusions, all of them founded on the most deficient of modern qualities—common sense.

WHEN I picked up Margaret Anderson's "My Thirty Years' War" (Covici-Friede) I fully meant to dismiss it with a phrase, an airy gesture of the hand. Here, I thought, is another of the I-remember-when books, than which there is nothing I abominate more. But this book is different, chiefly because the author is different. The indomitable will and astonishing energy which kept The Little Review going in spite of all manner of obstacles are here evident on every page. Say what you will, Margaret Anderson is a person! One is sometimes astonished at her blunders, her downright ignorance, but he is always willing to forget those lapses in his admiration of something remarkably close to genius. The book is full of vivid portraits (not infrequently devastating in their diabolical surety in spotting flaws) of artists, writers, and musicians who have in the last fifteen years changed the whole world of art: Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, Pound, Gertrude Stein, Picasso, T. S. Eliot, Hemingway, Antheil, Brancusi—the list could be lengthened indefinitely. Surely no one else has been so closely in touch with the artistic life and thought of our time as Margaret Anderson.

I suppose I liked her first of all because she sees so clearly what most people haven't seen; that is, that Sinclair Lewis is not a great writer. Of his work she says: "Its photographs are faithful and insignificant. Its truth is unimportant. Faithful photography has never been a proof of art—nor has faithful psychology . . . Lewis' heroine is like every other woman in her town . . . All of which can be

J. B. Pagano

H. A. Dunlap

L. J. Capurro



THE
Plaza Florists

Avansino Bros. & Co.

257 Geary St.

San Francisco

Flower Orders Telegraphed Anywhere

Busy Women

TIRED

NERVOUS

OVERWEIGHT . . .

consult . . .

Miss Julia Johnson

Graduate Swedish Masseuse

DIPLOMA PROFESSOR
ULMANN'S INSTITUTE
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

Suite 211 Elevated Shops
150 POWELL STREET
DOuglas 6493

Neva Timmons

Every
Woman
Can
Be
Beautiful

Facials

133 Geary Street
SUTter 5383

traced to Lewis' theory that everyone is like everyone else, that everyone is interesting. No great book has ever been built on such a premise. A great book is always based upon the difference between its protagonist and the other characters—that is, the difference between the author and the other human beings he knows. The critics called "Main Street" a tragedy. It has no tragedy. Tragedy is . . . the difference." She sees, too, the fundamental weakness of Sherwood Anderson when she speaks of his "continued subjectivity which leaves him in the state of vague romanticism about himself that he undoubtedly enjoyed at the age of ten." These judgments are thrown out casually, as if the very next moment Miss Anderson might be off on an entirely different tack. And indeed she is. Interest follows interest, the new one pushing the old one aside. As soon as she had grasped a thing even partially, she was ready for something new. So when the offended Upton Sinclair wrote: "Please cease sending me The Little Review. I no longer understand anything in it, so it no longer interests me," she replied: "Please cease sending me your socialist paper. I understand everything in it, therefore it no longer interests me." And once she felt she understood a thing, she did not bother to follow up any later developments that might occur. Thus one is not a little amazed at her sentence, "Tom Mooney and some other quite innocent man had been thrown into prison—and were kept there I believe several years—because someone had thrown a bomb during a parade." Margaret Anderson's interest in anarchism had waned; what became of Tom Mooney didn't interest her. One feels that she cares nothing for people and everything for ideas; and upon finishing the book one is completely exhausted from trying to keep pace with the tremendous rush of energy with which she rushes from one half-realized idea to the next which seems for the time more alluring. A wearing person, surely. I should like very much to know Margaret Anderson; but I'd hate to have to live with her.

FROM Stanford, although having no official connection with the university, comes an interesting brochure of modern verse under the title "Roon." The contributors are a "group for which verse is a delightful hobby indulged in moments stolen from too busy and too practical careers." Too often the verse

Continued on page 29

THE WHITE HOUSE RAPHAEL WEILL & COMPANY

Now It Can Be Told

WHAT-HO! For the merriest orgy of reduced prices that has happened in such a long time that probably only Grandmother can remember when. If we weren't such a style-educated people there's no doubt that we'd all be laying in a clothes supply for seasons and seasons to come. But fortunately for the "tradespeople," as the English say, we moderns believe that a wardrobe in use gathers no moths! In



other words, we wear our clothes instead of hoarding them. Remember "when Grandmother was a girl" how a good piece of taffeta proved its smartness by the number of times it had been "turned"? Well, even if it isn't quite the thing to lay in a supply of clothes in much the same manner as you would "stock" the pantry shelves, you can still get a thrill . . . and WHAT a thrill this Fall . . . of paying a lot less for the same kind of smart apparel you have always bought at The White House. That's the gorgeous part of it. That's why we have something radically different to talk about in Fall fashions this year. Quality remains at the same high level as always (never would you find The White House departing from its seventy-six-year-old standard of infallible quality). But prices have gone mid-Victorian! That's all!

YOU'LL admit there's something to be excited about when \$29.50 dresses move up from the moderately priced dress class to the Better Dress Shop! That's



to be the "popular" price frock among the better sort of dresses this Fall, if you please. And if you think they're not supremely smart in spite of their modest price, all we can say is, see for yourself. For some time, at The White House, it has been unnecessary to pay more than \$5 or \$7.50 or \$10 (if you really must

be extravagant!) for the best type of hat. Just as you step out of the elevators on the second floor, this Little Hat Shop, as it is known, greets your delighted eye with the season's smartest in millinery at prices that once would have marked them as "bargains."

THROUGHOUT the entire store you will find this game of "values . . . values . . . who has the best values for the least money?" played with true merchandising skill. Shoes and stockings, lingerie and linens, shirts and ties, bedding and books and children's apparel . . . all the fascinating hodge-podge of luxuries and necessities that go to make up the modern department store are joined in this great movement to lower price levels.



BUT, no one can tell how long this delightful condition of paying less and less for more and more is going to last and last. That's the nigger in the woodpile. It's on the same principle as the market right now, (of course, like everything else that has moved up or down the market is held responsible for this pleasant reign of inexpensive smartness, too) and who would DARE even whisper a prophecy about stocks?

SO THE wise move in assembling your Fall wardrobe would seem to be, BUY NOW! It's going to be fun, don't you think, to see how much more you're going to be able to do with the old budget?

And above and beyond the clash and clangor of falling prices stands the seventy-six-year-old reputation of The White House . . . a firm foundation of established quality, no matter what the price!

ADVERTISEMENT

Books at PAUL ELDER'S
239 Post Street, San Francisco

On the Air

Continued from page 11

The National Broadcasting Company is unique in that it produces original programs in San Francisco which are broadcast up and down the coast and over the entire country. The company's local studios represent an investment in equipment and furnishing alone of over \$200,000 and a local disbursement in excess of \$1,500,000 annually.

Even with their present splendid studios (in use approximately three years) the National Broadcasting Company has for some time felt the need of additional facilities. One of the local NBC executives said that his chain could use twice as many studios in the preparation and presentation of the 150 programs released from the San Francisco studios to the Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain area. Fifty-eight additional programs are received from Eastern NBC studios for distribution over the coast chain.

The musical programs originating in the NBC San Francisco studios involve a payroll to musicians alone of \$250,000 annually. Fees to singers, actors and producers are not included in this budget. The musical library of this company—including thousands of orchestrations, besides other music—is declared to be worth about \$100,000.

KPO has just completed two new studios on the ninth floor of Hale Brothers Incorporated. These are equipped with the most modern of facilities including a separate room for the announcer's booth. A 5,000 watt crystal controlled transmitter is part of the new KPO equipment. A powerful and very up-to-the-minute new Master Control room is located in an addition to the Hale Building. These new and additional facilities have made it possible for KPO to enjoy an increasing popularity. The station is operated by Hale Brothers and the Chronicle with Mr. J. W. Laughlin as active manager.

KYA has just installed a new RCA transmitter at the Whitcomb Hotel and is planning also to improve and enlarge the present studios in the Loew's Warfield Building. According to Lewis Lacy, manager, when the new KYA went on the air late in June, they brought to Western dialers everything that is new in radio transmission. The transmitter, installed at the Whitcomb Hotel, is the first on the coast to incorporate the screen-grid vacuum-tube development. The work of installation was accomplished under the direction of John Cope who has flown more than 45,000 miles since January 1930 between San Francisco, Seattle and Washington, D. C., on matters pertaining to the construction of the transmitter. So do these modern twin

industries of the air serve each other in behalf of the radio audience in California. A staff of 58 people are now employed in KYA'S studios.

KFRC's new studios in the Don Lee Building are some eight months old. The larger studio is 50 by 40 feet and is constructed to accommodate an audience of about 180 people. It is here that the popular Monday night "Jamborees" are held. Harrison Hollaway, manager, states that KFRC has been active in the Don Lee Building for over two and a half years and that there are now 30 artists on the regular staff, besides extra talent engaged for special programs. KFRC maintains two regular orchestras, one for concert work and the other for modern interpretations and dance music.

SAN FRANCISCO may well be proud of the fact that it is doing its share in contributing to the diversified programs—entertainment, education, and religion—which reach millions of listeners throughout the West and the nation.

West to East sponsored programs originating in San Francisco have been on the air but a very short time. This is just the beginning as Mr. Gilman predicts that there will be many sponsored programs going from San Francisco over the entire NBC network of over seventy stations in the very near future. So it is

"Radio Advertising Speaks for Itself"

The NEW

The GREATER

K Y A

F O R

Variety • Quality • Entertainment Value

IN SEVEN SHORT WEEKS

Your advertising message broadcast from this station will reach the ears of thousands of buyers.

Unlimited Program and Continuity Facilities.

San Francisco's Greatest INDEPENDENT Radio Station!

CONSULT



RCA Screen Grid
Transmission

1000 Watts
100% Modulation

PACIFIC BROADCASTING CORPORATION

988 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

16 days of gracious living

ON THESE
NEW ELECTRIC LINERS TO

New York *via Panama Canal and Havana*

Return by rail... if you wish



Bouillon is served at eleven... tea at four

Your first step up the gang plank brings

the first thrill—forerunner of gay, happy days spent on these great vibrationless ships—largest ever built in America.

In cool comfort you speed along the coasts of Old Mexico and Central America. You stop at Panama, pass thru the gigantic Panama Canal in eight daylight hours... and visit Havana, "Paris of the Caribbean."

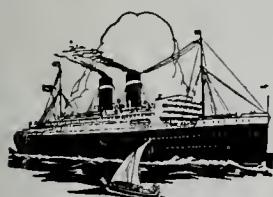
Dancing, deck sports, swimming... or a lazy life, as you choose

Two built-in outdoor swimming pools, unusually broad decks for sports or promenading; dancing—or just rest to your heart's content. Famous cuisine... courteous attendants to anticipate your wants.

S. S. Virginia, California, Pennsylvania

Alternate in fortnightly service to and from New York. All rooms are outside, many with private baths. Rates are \$135 up, Tourist Cabin; \$275 up, First Cabin. Roundtrip, go by water, return by rail—

or vice versa—only \$100 additional. Room and meals on steamer are included in fare.



Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

ALL NEW STEAMERS



460 Market Street . San Francisco
or your local steamship or railroad agent

that the advertiser proves his confidence in radio and in programs originating in San Francisco. As a matter of fact the local studios are presenting programs comparable in every way with those from the largest Eastern stations.

There is entire agreement on the fact that this country leads in the quality of its air programs. There are more radio sets in America than in all other countries put together. The prosperity of the American people is of course a powerful factor, as well as the excellence of our programs.

Now comes the very logical question. "Who foots the bills for this new industry?" I think we can answer this question by a statement made by Harry S. Anderson, sales manager of the NBC Pacific Division. "Last year there were over 227 national advertisers who spent over \$18,000,000 in radio advertising for station time alone and this, mind you, without depreciation of the appropriations made for newspapers, magazines and billboards."

Were it not for the advertiser much of the splendid entertainment that we all enjoy would be impossible. So the very next time you hear some conscientious objector wailing about the advertising that he had to listen to over the "free air"—remind him that his ancestors said that newspapers and magazines were going to the "bow wows" when they began to "soil" their pages with advertising.



For gentlemen
of action . . .

We suggest one of the new Oxford weave shirts . . . In case you're not a gentleman of action, we might add these shirts are splendid for loafing.

\$2⁵⁰

Riggs Bros.
INC.

CITY of PARIS



The Ibsona

\$12⁵⁰

When you wing your way across the fairway be it at Del Monte, Interlachen, or Pinehurst, you'll be in better form if you wear The Ibsona! It is built to fit the highest arch and to grip the narrowest heel. And of course it has that swagger nonchalance which the smart sportswoman demands!

White buckskin with black or tan saddle. Tan buckskin with beige saddle!

City of Paris Shoe Salon, Third Floor





CHANEL MODEL
from

Nelly Gaffney, Inc.
354 Post Street
San Francisco

Without advertising the daily newspaper, the magazine, and the radio program, as we know them, would all be equally impossible.

A debt of gratitude goes to the larger broadcasting companies who allow only the finest type of programs obtainable to go over the network stations controlled by them. In the larger studios every program is very carefully censored. Every minute of every broadcast is monitored, by a skilled technician, and checked by a member of the program staff. It is this stand for high quality program that has built the confidence that the public feels today in the broadcast message. The advertiser, as well as the audience, benefits by this tireless supervision.

Then there is the matter of the King's English—or should I say the Announcer's English and manner of delivery. The careful supervision given to those details of broadcasting by the large companies indicates that they appreciate the fact that their message goes into the home—an invited guest.

RADIO is playing a very important part in the education and entertainment of the American citizen in the home. The man on the isolated farm shares equally with his apartment dwelling metropolitan brother. Likewise this new industry serves the advertiser who pays the bills and business in general—



MARY-PHELPS-SANFORD
FLORAL DECORATOR

Teas • Weddings • Receptions
Bouquets • Centerpieces
RUSS BUILDING • SUTTER 2492

modern motorships

sail monthly from
san francisco via
panama canal to the

mediterranean

- spain
- france
- italy

a 38-day cruise for three hundred dollars

libera line

(general steamship corp., agents)
has moved into luxurious new offices

219 sutter street

Kearn 4100

"worldwide service—at your service"



The A. B. Spreckels Amateur Golf Tournament August 18-23

\$1,000. Silver Punch Bowl presented to winner, with attractive awards in all flights. At Coronado Country Club.

Agua Caliente Horse Races

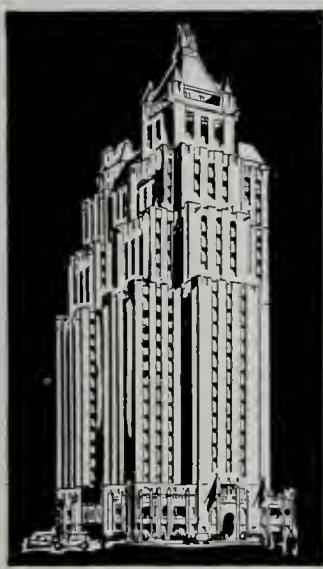
CONTINUE UNTIL LABOR DAY
Track a half-hour auto ride from Coronado

SWIMMING - AQUAPLANING - BOATING
HORSEBACK RIDING
TENNIS - - DANCING

San Francisco agent is Charles T. Scott
2 Pine Street - DOuglas 5600

Hotel del Coronado

Mel S. Wright, Manager
Coronado Beach, near San Diego



For those who live on a normal sensible basis . . .

The beauty of the Hotel Lexington . . . the luxury of its modern appointments . . . the distinguished quality of its French cuisine . . . are available at such moderate rates that many guests who come for a day or a week are staying permanently.

Dinner and Supper Dancing in the Silver Grill. Dave Bernie and his Hotel Lexington Minute Men.

801 ROOMS

Each with private bath (tub and shower) circulating ice water, mirror door.	
341 rooms with double beds, 1 person.	\$4
These same 341 rooms for two persons .	\$5
229 rooms with twin beds Either one or two persons .	\$6
231 rooms with twin beds Either one or two persons .	\$7
Transient or permanent accommodations	

Club breakfast . . . 75c
Special luncheon . . . \$1.00
Table d'hôte dinner . . . \$2.00
Also a la carte service

HOTEL LEXINGTON

LEXINGTON AVE. at 48th ST. NEW YORK CITY
Frank Gregson, Mgr. Phone MURray Hill 7401
Direction of American Hotels Corporation
J. Leslie Kincaid, President

especially the manufacturer of radio sets, the power companies, and the retail merchant who caters to the home.

And so we begin to appreciate that the broadcasting studios in San Francisco today bear the same relation to the so-called studios of a few years back as the modern receiving set does to the homemade "one tuber" associated with our first recollections of radio.

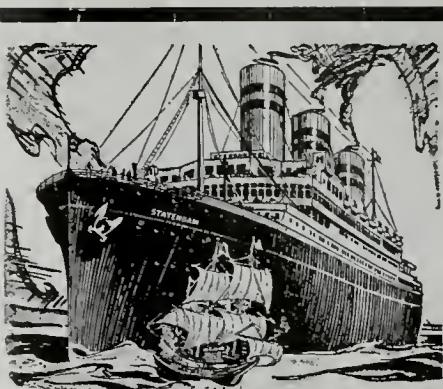
There are so many interesting and impressive facts bearing on the subject of radio broadcasting that one could quote facts and figures to fill a volume. Only the highlights can be covered in an article of this character.

In closing let me remind you once more that radio, though out of swaddling clothes, is still but a husky youngster. What he shall be when he reaches his full stature, only those with a daring imagination could hope to approximate.

Causerie

Continued from page 25

produced in such stolen moments is distressingly bad; it's like the music of middle aged ladies who "just play a little." For that reason I am glad I overlooked the publisher's statement until after I read the verse; otherwise I should have been prejudiced against some really commendable verse, such as "The Earth Bound" by Janet Lewis, or the three excellent Shakesperian sonnets by M. B., who is better known as an authority on Boswell. Perhaps the best known name in the collection is that of Yvor Winters who has gained reputation not only as a poet but as an editor and critic as well. His name occurs with increasing frequency among a group of modern metaphysical poets, as some one has not aptly called them. I understand that he is to publish a book of verse in the fall



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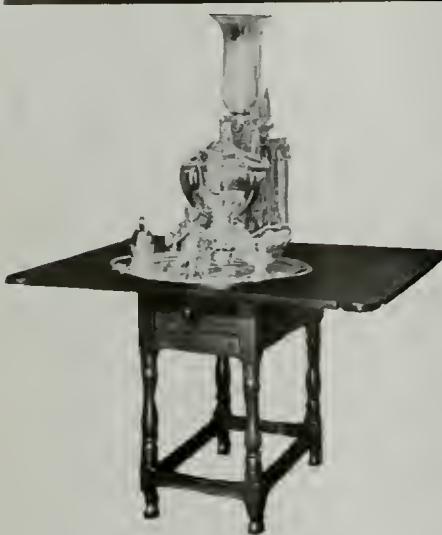
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With Our Contemporaries

Continued from page 23

To the readers of AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Edgar Guest, presents his latest idea under the title of "One Kiss is Worth a Dozen Wisecracks." All in all, it is simply another of Guest's sincere appeals for more naturalness. The theme of the article, of course, is that life is at best a brief journey, and the more friendship and kindness you can pack into it the happier you will be. Anyone who has read "Just Folks" can understand these sentiments. The author ends his gospel of love and tenderness with the statement that—"No woman can slight me by hugging her husband."

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Journalism

Continued from page 10

rapid fire upon DeYoung. His several shots went wild. The room's occupants sought cover. DeYoung crouched behind a counter. Kalloch leaned over the counter and fired two shots directly into his head. Almost instantly, DeYoung was dead.

San Francisco was thrown into a new uproar. The press, it will be recalled, had been experiencing difficulty in finding words to depict the journalistic depravity of the DeYoungs and to exalt the virtues of Kalloch. Magically, the difficulty passed; the situation was completely reversed. The press overflowed with seemly words for Charles DeYoung and bitter words for the Kallochs. The junior Kalloch was speedily brought to trial, but his case dragged for all of a year and ended in acquittal.

Even so, the day of the Kallochs and the Workingmen's Party was drawing definitely to a close. As mayor, Dr. Kalloch revealed himself as nothing more than a self seeking opportunist and demagogue. Toward the end of his term, impeachment proceedings were brought against him. The charges were acceptance of free railroad passes (this was forbidden to office holders by the state constitution, passed in 1879) and various other considerations from the corporations he had so vigorously denounced in his campaign speeches, general neglect of duty and incendiary language and policies. Five judges heard the case. Four voted for dismissal; one dissented.

San Francisco by this time was thoroughly weary of labor agitations and journalistic and political feuds with their attendant tragedies. It was made plain that it wanted no more of them. And to

Continued on page 33

The Cedars . . .

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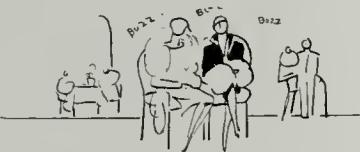
As seen by her



ROMANCE! Romance! It was in the air, and very much in the Fox Theatre with the great Garbo. The picture was so poignantly exquisite one longed for the release of tears that wouldn't come, and relatively speaking the Rock of Gibraltar was a mere pebble compared to the lump in my heart. Whatever kept me from slipping my fingers into the hand of the man on my left is one of many mysteries. I am quite sure he would have understood thoroughly and maybe I would have felt better. As it was I had to go out in the bright sunshine and work. It was too much, and everything conspired against it, from the street car conductor with the steady grey eyes, to the organ grinder on the corner droneing out an Annie Laurie that touched a raw spot. Mentally I yanked at the brakes, but the stores were so unromantic with the end of the seasons sales and their dollar ninety fives, I couldn't go in.

Aimlessly I drifted into a loft at 540

Sutter and found myself immediately interested in the contents of the unique studio of Alice Arnstein. It is a gift shop in every sense of the word and particular stress is laid on original gifts for children. Toys



were different here. Very different. A copy of a cobblers bench made low seemed ideal for a child to sit at. Space partitioned off formerly for tack, nails, etc., held all sorts of possibilities for crayons, beads, and gadgets of all kinds. Surprise packages for vacation, dolls with their elaborate wardrobes; door knockers of owls and poodles vied with interest. This quaint studio overlooks an attractive tea room and its gracious proprietor adds much to its charm.

The whimsical mood still in full possession I went up in the air again just to poke my nose in a little shop in the Liebes Building where they are experts at bead stringing. Haven't you often wondered where to go to. I'll pass it along right now—Herman Mizis is the specialist.

NEW models of hats are beginning to drift into Claire Brown's Studio and believe it or not, they look romantic. Very shallow crowns, perched off the face, and coquettishly tilted far to one side while others with double brims cast fascinating shadows across the eyes. Oh, yes, I am still steeped in it, and luncheon is out for the day. I am going home with a box of luscious Kratz chocolates, and Steven Escott tucked under my arm, given to me by the intuitive young woman in the circulating library of the City of Paris. A soft light, a softer chair and How!

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BROWSING around I took the lift—awfully Continental—in the Doe Building on Kearny to the third floor and walked into Silveys. I wasn't in a commercial mood but did want to look at appealing sport clothes which I knew I could find here. Behind a barrage of cigarette smoke I was utterly satisfied to sit for an hour and look at the lovely models. There's contented feeling making a purchase in this small salon, for you have positive assurance that you will see no duplicate of your costume in your particular golf club. How could one (follow thro) with the replica of your snootiest outfit just over your left shoulder.

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Journalism

Continued from page 31

its sorrow, San Francisco labor, at last realized how grievous was betrayal at the hands of men who spoke piously and with their right hand dispensed benedictions, while with their left hand making peace with and receiving profit from the railroad monopoly they had been elected to combat.

Tranquil Tahiti

Continued from page 15

Along narrow streets, the houses stood back from the road almost hidden by masses of emerald green foliage. The roofs sagged beneath the weight of bougainvillia vines. Voices came floating from the doorways and the music of a distant concertina added to the drowsy potency of the moment. Pale dust swirled in little eddies about my ankles. I passed easy-gaited Tahitian women, dressed in flowing, capacious mother-hubbards. The great charm of the place lay in the verdure, the flambouyant trees, the hibiscus blossoms, the sounds of casual activity which quietly welled up like mist. At the far end of the shadow-cool road shone the fire-white hulls of native schooners, encompassed in the cerulian blue of the lagoon. It was like looking through the large end of a telescope.



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three hours by motor from San Francisco on the Russian River, adjoining Bohemian Grove. Northwood is a picturesque course in the midst of the redwoods—grass greens, grass tees, grass fairways, well trapped and bunkered—comparable to the Cypress Point and Meadow Club courses.

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The sign ornamenting the doorway of my hotel was ahead of me. A large and grinning man stood in a window. He was the proprietor, Johnny Parai. His prime gesture towards me was in the form of a "rhum-punch." I was thirsty and I recall the glow which filled me shortly afterwards.

IF TAHITI becomes like other islands in the Pacific, a tourist resort, (and there is a possibility that it might) woe to this last tranquillity! Where will they flee, they who have been cast forth from a furious and mechanical land to the north-east?

I met a "gent" while I was in Papeete, who nourished dreams of a million dollar hotel, to be erected on an island hilltop. Fabulous and gross materialist! Don't go to Tahiti if the sight of a banana peeling is offensive: don't go if the sun makes your head ache, but by all means, go if quiet beauty and the simplicity of man and nature have a meaning.



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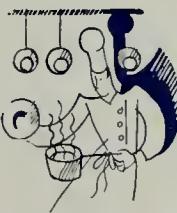


SAN FRANCISCO

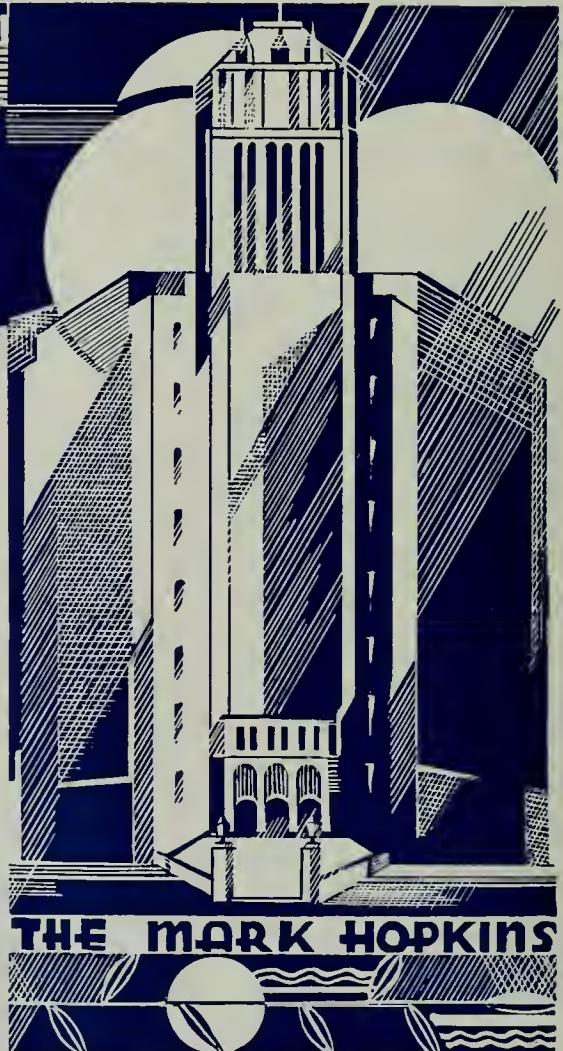


There must be a reason why people of wealth and position who have traveled widely and are accustomed to the best of service are almost unanimous in their choice of the aristocratic Nob Hill hotels when living in San Francisco.

There must also be a cause for the blithe way that exacting people desert their own cooks for the cuisine of the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont Hotels — either for special entertaining or for day-to-day meals.



Perhaps it is the subtle temptation of the modern luxury with which each guest is surrounded that brings those who "know" to Nob Hill for the week-end, to spend the season or to make their home above the heart of the city.



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Geary: D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" for the first time with sound.

Embassy: Coming . . . "Big Boy" with Al Jolson.

St. Francis: September 5, "Animal Crackers" with those funny Marx boys. September 12, "Eyes of the World." September 26, "The Spoilers."

Paramount: One right on top of another, "Sea Gods," "Scarlet Pages," "Follow Thru" (funny), and "The Santa Fe Trail."

California: Coming . . . the heralded Gloria Swanson k. o., "What a Widow."

Columbia: "Young Love" with Douglas Montgomery and Marcelline Day.

Fox: "Man Trouble" with Dorothy Mackaill and Milton Sills.

Warfield: "Our Blushing Brides" with Joan Crawford.

Golden Gate: "The Squealer."

Orpheum: "Inside the Law."

MUSIC

The Arthur Judson Concert Series at the Scottish Rite. To all appearances, rather an intermittent and catch-as-catch-can schedule although with worth while programs.

Myrtle Leonard, Contralto, Scottish Rite, September 5.

Antonia Brica conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Greek Theatre, September 5.

Luisa Silva, Contralto, Scottish Rite, September 10.

Fifty Colored Singers in concert (Negro spirituals, sacred and secular music) at Bethel A.M.E. Church auditorium, 8:15 p.m., September 10, and all for fifty cents admission.

San Francisco Opera Company, Civic Auditorium, September 11 to 27.

Sept. 11, "Nanon."

Sept. 12, "Salome."

Sept. 13, "La Traviata."

Sept. 15, "The Girl of the Golden West."

Sept. 17, "La Boheme."

Sept. 19, American Premiere of Maurice Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," followed by "Haensel and Gretel."

Sept. 20, "Cavalleria Rusticana," followed by "Pagliacci."

Sept. 22, "Mignon."

Sept. 23, "Tannhauser."

Sept. 25, "Faust."

Sept. 27, "Salome" (afternoon).

Sept. 27, "Lucia di Lammermoor" (evening).

ART

Beaux Arts Galerie: Paintings by Lee Hersch, lithographs by Peter Kreasnow, and an exhibition of Coptic embroidery from the private collection of Mr. and Mrs. Charles De Y. Elkus, on view until September 13. From September 15 to the end of the month, a group exhibition of Beaux Arts members.

Courvoisier's: From September 9 to 15, paintings (portraiture and creative) by Bill Justama.

Paul Elder's: Oil paintings by A. Harold Knott from September 8 until the end of the month.

East West Gallery: Premier exhibition of paintings by Ethel McAllister Grubb, and an exhibition of wood carvings by G. Fletcher Clark from September 1 to 15. Exhibition of water colors by the London artists, Captain G. Drummond-Fish from September 16 to 30.

California School of Fine Arts: September 4 to 20 paintings by Arnold Rasch, new member of the faculty, and some of his associates in the Woodstock School in New York. September 20 to October 4, exhibition of the Fifty Prints of the Year concurrently with fine book bindings by Hazel Dreis.

Legion of the Palace of Honor: Two galleries of German prints covering representative work in all schools during the last thirty years in etching, block prints, and lithographs. Beginning September 7, an exhibition of photographs by Doris Ulmann, character studies, portraits of prominent people.

Rudolph Schaeffer Studio: Lecture by R. M. Schindler on Modern Architecture, evening of September 8.

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Mark Hopkins: As if anyone had to be told!

Fairmont: Where gentility rubs noses (or is it elbows?) with gay cosmopolitanites. (Probably our word.)

St. Francis: There's just something about it . . . it must be the atmosphere . . .

The Palace: One of San Francisco's landmarks and very correct places for something almost like four score years.

Sir Francis Drake: Quiet, exceptional cuisine, service, and all the other subtle necessities for a charming evening.

The Silver Slipper: Still on its feet and going strong with the smart crowd according to latest reports from the front.

Post Street Cafeteria: Time is a pretty valuable thing, but when you can save time and get atmosphere and about the best luncheon procurable hereabouts, you're doing mighty well for yourself.

Russian Tea Room: Really a swell place for luncheon, tea, or dinner.

The Courtyard: Truly San Franciscan and delightfully different.

States Hof Bran: Good food and such lovely sentimental music.

La Casa Bigin: Another famous old timer still carrying on in spite of the cruel blow dealt by prohibition.

Grace Trocadero's: Always overwhelmed with popularity.

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THE smart world trips gaily to Pier 32 where flags are flying and music is playing. Flowers and *bon voyage* baskets stream aboard the Malolo. Alert stewards trot swiftly with baggage covered with labels from world famous places. It's Saturday, September 20—sailing day for the Malolo's Around Pacific Cruise.

A warning whistle—the luckless ones must go ashore. The others turn across the glamorous ocean to lands where every day is an adventure.

They will be in Japan at chrysanthemum time and in Java and Celebes when the October spring "down under" fills the jungles with rare orchids.

For them, the Sultan of Johore will open his fabulous palace in Singapore—a place not accessible to ordinary travelers. In the exotic bazaars of China and Siam and the great stores of Australia and New Zealand, they will shop for rare gifts at bargain prices.

Twelve countries and 19 ports will

be visited before the Malolo is home again December 19. Everywhere, expert guides will direct shore excursions.

There's only one cruise like this! Because the Malolo sails right from your doorstep there's still time for you to make arrangements to go. You'll find many pleasant people aboard, from the East and from Hawaii. We'll be glad to send a representative to show you what staterooms are available if you will call or write us.



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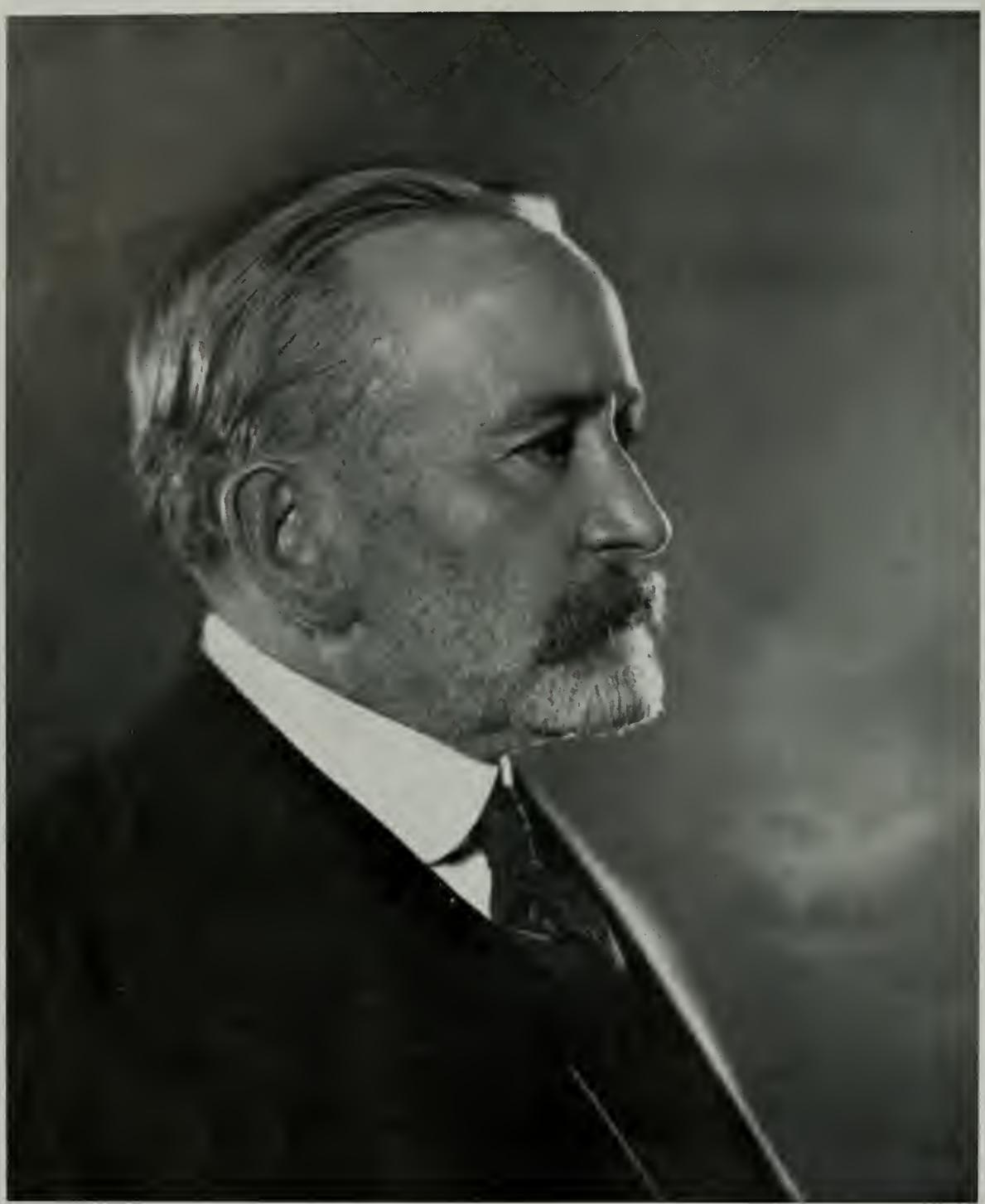
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KENT

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BOYE

SAN FRANCISCO MOURNS THE RECENT DEATH OF SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN, A STATESMAN AND A POET WHOSE INTEREST IN ART, LITERATURE AND PROGRESS DURING HIS LIFETIME HAS BEEN PERPETUATED IN THE GREAT GENEROSITY OF HIS WILL IN WHICH HE REMEMBERED NOT ONLY FRIENDS, RELATIVES AND ASSOCIATES BUT ALSO THE POOR, THE YOUTH, THE STUDENTS, THE ARTISTS AND THE WRITERS OF CALIFORNIA.

the SAN FRANCISCAN

Toward a New Theatre

A Local Event is Discussed in the Light of a New Dramatic Tendency

by Junius Cravens

SINCE the professional theatre, as a commercial project, seems to continue to suffer from the decline that has so materially weakened it during the last ten or fifteen years, it seems almost inevitable that, if existing conditions continue, it must one day be replaced to a large extent by community or neighborhood theatrical activities of the amateur or semi-professional variety. For, come what may, there will always be in every community a certain number of people who will prefer the glamour of the spoken word of the actor upon the stage to the recorded word mechanically correlated to the action depicted upon the silver screen. So, while the theatre may be dying commercially, it is far from being dead artistically.

Through the workings of some perverse law of compensation, as the theatre has decreased in quantity, so to speak, it has improved in quality. There has never been a higher standard of artistic merit in theatrical production, by and large, in this country than that which exists here today. This circumstance is due partially to the remarkable development and growth of the "little" or community theatre throughout the United States during the past ten years, and partly to the advent in the theatre of that new figure which has come to be known as the artist-director.

GORDON CRAIG, the English prophet of a new theatre, once said: "The art of the theatre is neither acting nor the play, it is not scene nor dance, but it consists of all the elements of which these things are composed: action, which is the very spirit of acting; words, which are the body of the play; line and color, which are the very heart of the scene; rhythm, which is the very essence of dance . . . One is no more important than the other, no more than one color is more important to a painter than another, or one note more important than another to a musician . . . The reason why you are not given a work of art on the stage is not because the public does not

want it, not because there are not excellent craftsmen in the theatre who could prepare it for you, but because the theatre lacks the artist—the artist of the theatre, mind you, not the painter, poet, musician." Then pointing out that for the average mediocre production there are "seven directors instead of one and nine opinions instead of one," he says: ". . . it is impossible for a work of art ever to be produced where more than one brain is permitted to direct; and if works of art are not seen in the Theatre this one reason is a sufficient one, though there are plenty more."

Since Mr. Craig made the above observations, some twenty-five years ago, many artists of the theatre have appeared in Europe, and a few of them are now beginning to develop in this country, particularly in connection with community theatrical activities.

The artist-director, then, is a single individual upon whose shoulders must necessarily rest the entire responsibility of a theatrical production. He must be an artist and a designer as well as a director, since he must be capable of visualizing a complete production before the rehearsals are even begun. He must know its color, its light, its rhythm, its structure. As Mr. Craig pointed out, no one feature of the stage is of more importance than another, and a completely harmonious performance can emanate only from the brain and hands of one man.

But however important a figure in the new theatre the artist-director may be, he represents but one of the many interesting phases of its development. There is ample evidence everywhere that the theatre is taking on a new form, and the most recent, as well as one of the most unique gestures

NOTE: Junius Cravens, widely known for his distinctive criticisms of art in *The Argonaut*, has accomplished more than he admits (in the accompanying article) with the recent production of "Midsummer-Night's Dream." After witnessing the performance, August 23rd, and experiencing its charming illusion, we feel that Cravens as artist-director will be a significant figure in future local art drama.

which has been made locally in that direction was the performance of a modified version of Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream" which was given August 23 at the Menlo Circus Club by the Stanford Convalescent Home.

ASIDE from any question of merit that it may or may not have had, that performance of "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was, from many points of view, an important theatrical experiment. For the Stanford Convalescent Home it was a decided departure from the annual Menlo Circus which it replaced, and which had been given for a sufficient number of years hitherto to have become a tradition. Such a radical change of policy was, in itself, by no means without its risks. But, since it was to be a new venture, the logical thing seemed to be to make it a bold experiment in the direction of the new theatre, and to establish a different tradition which would have an artistic as well as a philanthropic value.

The Menlo "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was therefore something infinitely more important than a mere amateur performance of a Shakespearian comedy. And it was also an event of much further reaching import than a "benefit" for a worthy institution. It served as a medium for establishing a new amateur theatrical tradition for the Bay region, a tradition which, it is hoped, is to live and flourish. It is the desire and intention of the Stanford Convalescent Home to present each successive year a pageant-play which will be produced in a form worthy of both those who contribute their time and efforts to it, and those who support it by coming to see it.

In the midst of this machine-jazz age, when the most cherished precepts of the theatre in its old form are being discarded when the growing generation is being educated to little other than "canned" entertainment of questionable merit, such an ambition is indeed a worthy one.

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The 1930 Opera Season

and some rather definite reasons
for our enthusiasm, discussed by

by Edward Maslin Hulme

THE announcement of the impending season of grand opera, both as to singers and operas, is unusually interesting. It promises, indeed, to surpass in some respects any one of the seven previous seasons. We are to have three German operas, four French, and six Italian; we are to have one that represents opera as it was a hundred years ago, when composers paid almost exclusive attention to the voice and treated the orchestra as a big guitar intended only for accompaniment of the singers; we are to have operas that represent a marked approach to dramatic realism in which, while melody still prevails, the orchestra has risen in importance, continually colors the scene, and has much of its own to say; and in one opera, the tempestuous "Salome," we have the most recent of all conceptions of this form of art, a conception in which the orchestra is paramount, in which all its immense resources are utilized with consummate skill, in a masterly manner.

And who can complain of the list of singers? Are we not promised a florid soprano who may, perhaps, prove a worthy successor of Adelina Patti, of Nellie Melba, of Luisa Tetrazzini, one who is certainly young and beautiful, and who has won the enthusiastic admiration of all traveling San Franciscans who have heard her at the Royal Opera in Brussels or in the Municipal Opera at Lyons? Have we not Jeritza, a glorious soprano, the idol of Vienna, whose instinct for theatrical effect approaches that of Bernhardt? Is there not Jaegel, whose sterling tenor, delivered with a truly Italian sense of vocalization, has come to us over the radio from the Metropolitan in New York? Is there not, once more, our own Queena Mario, who is to sing in four roles each of which is eminently suited to display the silvery and pathetic beauty of her voice so much admired by Caruso? Is there not John Charles Thomas, whose rich voice and dramatic intelligence will surely enhance the favorable estimation we have gained of him from his appearances here in concert? Then, among the newcomers, there is Hope Hampton, who has sung with success at the Opera Comique in Paris; Sidney Raynor, an American tenor who may afford us the gratification of seeing another of our countrymen in the rank of the leading operatic artists; and Gaetano Viviani, a

baritone who comes to us, with glowing reports, from the principal opera houses of Italy. And, lastly, are we not to hear, in five roles that give ample opportunity to his golden voice, Beniamino Gigli, the most melodious of all tenors of today? With such a repertoire and such singers, then, surely this is to be a brilliant season of opera, one full of interest and charm, one that will linger many years in the memory, one that will occupy an honored place in the cultural history of San Francisco.

THE question, why should we have grand opera? may well be reversed to, why should we not now have grand opera? Until a generation or so ago we have been, for the most part, a people engrossed in material activity. We were pioneers. We had a continent to conquer—roads and bridges to build, marshes to drain, canals to dig, rivers and harbors to dredge, mountains to tunnel, mines to discover and rifle of their riches, towns to sow broadcast over the prairies, at the mouths of rivers, and at the crossings of roads. The best brains among our people, the intensest of our activities, were devoted to these imperative tasks. And now that they have been in great part accomplished, though by no means finished, culture and art have begun to come into their own, to hold an ever increasing place in our civilization.

This has always been so. Material prosperity has always preceded notable outbursts of artistic ability in the life of man. Long before it produced a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Michelangelo, Florence manufactured the finest woolen cloth and silk, became rich, and was the most powerful financial center in western Europe. And now we are outgrowing an exclusive industrialism and commercialism. This may be seen in every art that flourishes among us. The great business buildings that have been built in our city in recent years, though of course there are some unfortunate exceptions, show an intelligent appreciation of beauty as well as a keen understanding of usefulness. Poets, painters, sculptors,—all gain a ready and appreciative audience. And nowhere else in the world is music so widely loved and so liberally rewarded as it is today in America.

But, again, why should we have grand opera? What are its special merits? What

Editor's Note: Professor Edward Maslin Hulme of Stanford University is one of the most prominent men in western scholastic circles. His books, "Renaissance and Reformation," "The British People" and "The Middle Ages," have earned him national regard. His interest in western culture makes him quite the logical person to discuss the current opera season.

is its peculiar gift? Opera is a synthetic art. It calls to its service the human voice, alone and in unison with others. It employs all varieties of the voice, the soprano with its cadenzas and its trills, the contralto, tenor, baritone, bass. It tells a story—a fairy tale, a charming idyll, a drama abounding in lusty life, or a profoundly moving tragedy, a story of the multitudinous life of the vanished past or one of the frustrations and fulfilments of the life of today.

Opera summons to its aid the orchestra, the numerous instruments of which, as in the case of the voice, it uses alone and in concert. Sometimes it uses the orchestra to accompany a delicate voice of fragile beauty with the lightness of a guitar playing a serenade in a moonlit summer night; sometimes it uses the orchestra to color the scene; again, it employs it to reveal the mood, pastoral, urbane, aspiring, despairing; and sometimes, as in the case of one of the operas we are soon to hear, it floods us with sonorous and, indeed, cacophonous sound, stirring the blood and purging us with the effect of a great tragedy. Still more, the opera enlists the aid of costume, scenery, the dance, and sometimes even the spoken word. It may not be the highest form of musical art, but surely it is the most inclusive. It makes an immediate appeal to eye, ear, heart, and brain. From it the average man or woman can get more diversified emotion than from any other of the arts.

WE HAVE said that the coming season promises to be a notable one, both as to singers and operas. Of some of the chief singers we have already spoken. So now a word as to the operas. Massenet's captivating "Manon" is the most Parisian of all French operas. It gives a true musical portrayal of its light-headed and light-hearted heroine. It has all the delicate and charming qualities of the French mind. It is airy, graceful, melodious.

"Salome" is the work of the greatest of

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Maria Jeritza's first appearance in America in the title role of Richard Strauss' music-drama "Salome" will be undoubtedly one of the highlights of the 1930 San Francisco Opera Season which opens September eleventh to dominate the month's social horizon. Jeritza will also sing in "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Tannhauser" and "The Girl of the Golden West"—roles in which she has appeared with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York.

JERITZA as SALOME

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE Walkathon, which has kept Golden Gate Hall crowded with paying spectators, is still running (rather walking) as we go to press.

The eight remaining contestants, are four staggering couples, men and women who cling together, one holding the other up, as one sleeps, standing.

All the while dance music plays and a broadcaster tells those who are comfortably seated at home how cherrily Number 19 is "standing it." To amuse the audience of bums and swells, also to divert their own slipping minds, the contestants, at intervals, try to sing, or dance, or be funny.

One of the women specializes in a vile, half-conscious hula. Another, in a ghastly voice, sings "It's Springtime in the Rockies." A wiry little song and dance man, evidently seeking publicity for his future, looks ready to die. On Wednesday nights, as a special feature, cots are dragged into the "ring" and one of the rest periods, is taken there. The contestants, instantly oblivious, probably would not care, even if they knew that hundreds of sadistic eyes watched their tortured feet being bathed.

At the end of ten minutes, sirens screech to rouse the sleep, which is deeper than sleep should be. As attendants drag the contestants from the cots, the bums in the audience yell and the swells cheer. Wild shrieks of applause, greet the first distorted features to face the crowd.

The contest is under the auspices of The American Legion.

AT RECENT Bohemian Grove festivities, it is said that Lawrence Tibbetts in a rather jubilant mood joined several other Bohemians who went to eat in a restaurant at the nearby river town. Tibbetts wanted to sing. The waiter told him he could not sing there—they permitted no one to sing—it was a respectable place! Tibbetts plead with him: the waiter was adamant. Finally Tibbetts drew out a five dollar bill and, with it, won permission to sing to his heart's content. If only we knew the name of the waiter and could buy an option on his services as impresario—what fortune awaits the person who can get Lawrence Tibbetts to pay for the privilege of singing!

THE Age of Sentiment is still with us—at least in the minds of writers of blurs for the back page of sheet music. Witness this noble sentiment from the back of a recently published "piece":

A BIG THOUGHT AND A BEAUTIFUL SONG

"If You Can't Tell the World She's a Good Little Girl—Just Say Nothing At All."

The poem of this song is an answer to the century old query, "Should a woman tell?" "Shall bygones be bygones or shall a girl's past mistakes haunt her forever?" "Should our yesterdays be forgotten or remembered?"

"People who gossip are people who lie

So try to keep out of this way;
Many a girl for her happiness die
'cause someone had too much
to say!"

NO MATTER how unusual or startling the news "scoop" that may come our way, it is our policy (taken from the gentlemen in the cigarette ads) to be nonchalant. But our readers may well imagine how moved and agitated we were to receive a special, exclusive dispatch from the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, announcing the formation in that city of The Association for Bigger and Better Miniature or Pee-Wee Golf Courses. Since we are granted first publication rights to this remarkable news because of the great love and respect of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for us, we feel duty bound to give our readers all information possible on this new association.

It is, of course, fitting that the Association for Bigger and Better Pee-Wee Golf Courses should be born in Los Angeles. Great things do not happen by chance to casual cities; they happen only to cities of destiny; they are ordered and ordained by an Intelligence, whose wisdom is hidden from common mortals. Our dispatch informs us that upon the day of its sending, Los Angeles boasted 3200 Pee-Wee courses. But their numbers increase so rapidly that, as you read this, it will be tolerably safe to place the number of courses at 3500.

CLIMENTE OROSCO, the Mexican artist who recently visited San Francisco while starting work on paintings to be hung in the Carnegie International, was asked if he would like to return to do a fresco on the walls of the California School of Fine Arts.

"Me? Why do you want me to paint on your walls? Have you not students? Let them work on your beautiful walls—what if they should spoil the walls? The paintings can be scraped out and done over again. I spoiled many walls while



May I ask by whom these are endorsed?

learning. It is the only way. No, my friends, do not ask me or any other professional artist to come to decorate your walls—they are too valuable for the students who need the chance to work."

TO THE vaudeville wise crackers, theatrical wits and movie title writers, who have delighted the American public with jokes on Chicago, we are willing to concede all the credit they may merit. But in our opinion by far the most superior effort of this sort is one, produced all of twenty-five years ago, when Chicago was doubtlessly bad enough, but still was stranger to its present machine gun regime.

It is hardly likely that the piece in question has seen light and general circulation in recent years. We, accordingly, exhume it from "The Fantastic Fables" of Ambrose Bierce, and quote it as follows:

THE FOOLISH WOMAN

A Married Woman, whose lover was about to reform by running away, procured a pistol and shot him dead.

"Why did you do that, Madame?" inquired a Policeman, sauntering by.

"Because," replied the Married Woman, "he was a wicked man, and had purchased a ticket to Chicago."

"My Sister," said an adjacent Man of God, solemnly, "you cannot stop the wicked from going to Chicago by killing them."

After listening to a recent advertising lecture in which the speaker discussed new trends of design, saying that the old idea of having perfect balance has given way to a deliberately unbalanced layout designed to disturb the eye and catch the attention, we wonder if advertisers should not adopt a new slogan such as—"yours for more unrest, greater excitement, increased tension!"

WE HAVE added another impressive title to our galaxy of characters about town—that of the most educated bootblack in San Francisco. Our proverbial discretion forbids



the revealing of the name, but we may safely admit that he indulges in his cultural recreations in a small shop on Geary street, hiding behind the prosaic title of "Gene's Shine Shop."

Entering, the mundane visitor may discover the great man perusing a volume of Ibsen or Sir Thomas More, or perhaps listening enraptured to the symphonies of Beethoven. It is his sublime boast that he knows all the better-known symphonies by ear. His moods are as versatile as his tastes. On some days he feels like Floyd Gibbons; on others, like Bernarr MacFadden. And, for which God be praised, he is the one bootblack who does not take the Police Gazette.

WITH teary-dimmed eyes, the Confirmed Bachelors Club wends its way down the path of despondency, disillusioned as only confirmed bachelors can be; the Chief Cynic sadly shakes his graying locks and in the distance, the critical world shares his sullen silence—for what matters now? America's heretofore maiden critic, known to all and sundry as Henry L. Mencken, has cast aside his inherent veil of bachelorhood, and entered into the same state of wedlock at which he has so engagingly sneered in the past. And the results of this move are indeed terrifying and stupendous. The much-abused American Mercury, we hear, is about to institute a women's fashion column within its lordly pages—Mencken it is predicted, will soon fall a convert to the wiles of Eddie Guest—and personally, we wish the old hypocrite lots of luck—and twins . . .

AS YOU may have heard, the Art Department of the University of California Summer Session imported the famous Herr Hoffman of Munich this summer for a glimpse of the extremely modern in art, Herr Hoffman's convictions having run from the extreme academic in the past quite suddenly and radically to the new school that encourages anatomical landslides in nudes. Bubbling over with enthusiasm for Herr Hoffman and the new school of German art-thought, his ardent students planned a devilish jaunt, with the Herr professor



and the head of the Summer Session Art Department as guests of honor. Hoping to stir memories of the Rhine or something in the breast of the famous German, they trooped to the States Hof Brau in mass formation. At a given signal the party was served with the fine old Hof Brau steins . . . steins that are almost a part of the history of San Francisco . . . and to the inspiring strains of the Maine Stein Song, hymn of Rudy Vallee, they drank a toast in honor of the German genius . . . in water.

One of the difficulties with these sophisticated dramas is that they make one leave the theater thinking with an English accent.

A pair of crack golfers sliced their drives into the rough at Lincoln Park the other day and went in search of the balls. They searched for a long time without success, a kindly old lady watching them with sympathetic interest.

Finally, after the search had lasted half an hour, the dear old lady spoke to them. "I don't want to bother you gentlemen," she said, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?"

A San Franciscan is someone who consoles himself with the conviction that he could earn more somewhere else if only he did not prefer to be in San Francisco.

You've Been There Yourself!

by Eugene B. Bloch

I HAVE just returned to the West from my first visit to New York. It was the first time that job and purse together would let me get beyond the Golden Gate.

Before many more years elapse I'm going back to New York. And I'm going into business there for myself. I'm going to bottle up the contracts to supply brake lining to the taxicabs.

After I've made my fortune and put aside the first few millions, I'm going to devote the rest of it forever after to public service. It will go into an enormous trust fund to endow a school to teach New Yorkers what they don't know about their own city.

NOT that I was not dazzled, charmed, bewildered and fascinated by everything that I heard and saw in Gotham but I was equally surprised at the lack of information and abundance of misinformation New Yorkers had about their own city. Perhaps they are too busy dodging taxis to bother. That I couldn't learn.

The train that was to transport me to New York stopped abruptly at Jersey City. It was in the dead of night. We shifted into a motor bus and were taken aboard a ferry.

"This is the East River," said the man in the motor coach, and I checked off the minutes until I should see New York.

A few days later I learned to my astonishment that it was the Hudson we had crossed.

Day after day I promenaded downtown with old friends, seasoned New Yorkers. "What's that building?" I'd ask, pointing to one or another that punctured the sky by twenty or so more stories than its neighbor.

"Hanged if I know," was the usual reply. Once in a while a less candid guide assured me that "I did know but it's just slipped my mind."

AND the subways. No one will ever convince me that the nickel jugglingers in the underground passages know anything more about the system than the location of both ends of the line they work on. And a good many I encountered don't know that. Traveling the subways, I began to feel like the groundhog. I'd shove myself out of the coach and come up out of the hole. If I saw my shadow I sort of felt I was in the right place. If I didn't, I was sure that one more well-meaning person had given me wrong directions.

A dozen times a day I broke through the lines in front of the change-makers' cage to inquire how to get here or there.

Usually I was told that the BMT went there while I was in an XYZ station—or some other equally mystifying set of initials.

I gave up bothering the poor souls engaged in making nickels out of dollars. They reminded me too much of less care-worn prisoners I had seen elsewhere making little ones out of big ones. I made up my mind I'd get my information from fellow passengers waiting like myself in the stations. They at least had some directions to offer but invariably their instructions always seemed to wind up with, "But you'll have to take the shuttle first."

Once I asked an intelligent-looking bystander how to reach the shuttle. Imagine my confusion when he inquired of me, "Which shuttle do you want?" And it took me a whole day to convince myself that there was only one shuttle.

On one occasion I asked five people, including two day clerks in the hotel, how to get to a certain address in the Bronx. They gave me complicated maps and diagrams. I followed their directions to the letter. The trip took me more than an hour. It involved a long subway ride, a change to a surface car, and a long walk on foot.

Leaving my destination, I spied an elevated a block away. Curiosity led me to it. More curiosity impelled me to take it. To my surprise it took me to the door of my hotel in about twenty minutes.

OF COURSE, I'm not complaining. It all served to give me a bigger close-up picture of the Big City, to intensify my fascination and to make me long to go back again and again. Every hour of the day and night brought some new thrill, some new surprise.

For instance, I wanted to see the Brooklyn Bridge. Every westerner has heard of the Brooklyn Bridge since he was knee high to a grasshopper. So in the morning of my second day in Manhattan I fortified myself with directions and got aboard a subway headed for the bridge.

Out in the open and down by the river, I looked up for my first big glance of Brooklyn Bridge. If it hadn't been morning I'd have blamed that speakeasy. I HAD COME TO SEE THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE—BUT THERE WERE THREE OF THEM!

The automat impressed me as a symbol of New York. It seemed to typify the whirl and speed of the city's life. It embodies the spirit of mechanics and science mixed together, to save a second. And what proved that most to me was when the revolving dish holder in its mauso-

leum-like crypt spun around before I could extricate my lemon pie, leaving me holding a plate of naked crust and looking longingly at a mass of custard and cream jammed inside the glass.

THE night clubs. Out West we regard them as cross-sections of New York, as habitats of New Yorkers—the only places to find genuine Gothamites in captivity. So I spent night after night in these clubs of the night looking for New

a mild despair

by Gabriel Ondek

My candle burned, as Edna's would,
At both ends, fore and aft—
It burned as brightly as it could,
But friend and foe just laughed,

For though they saw the lovely flame—
How hard it was to handle—
They thought it all was just a game,
And hardly worth the candle.

Yorkers. But all I found was disappointment and cover charges. As soon as I'd fix my attention at a table of manhattans (meaning people, not drinks) I'd hear one of them remark to the other, "What a kick the folks back home would get out of this."

Maybe there are secret night clubs frequented only by New Yorkers with a pass word or a grip. If there are I couldn't find them.

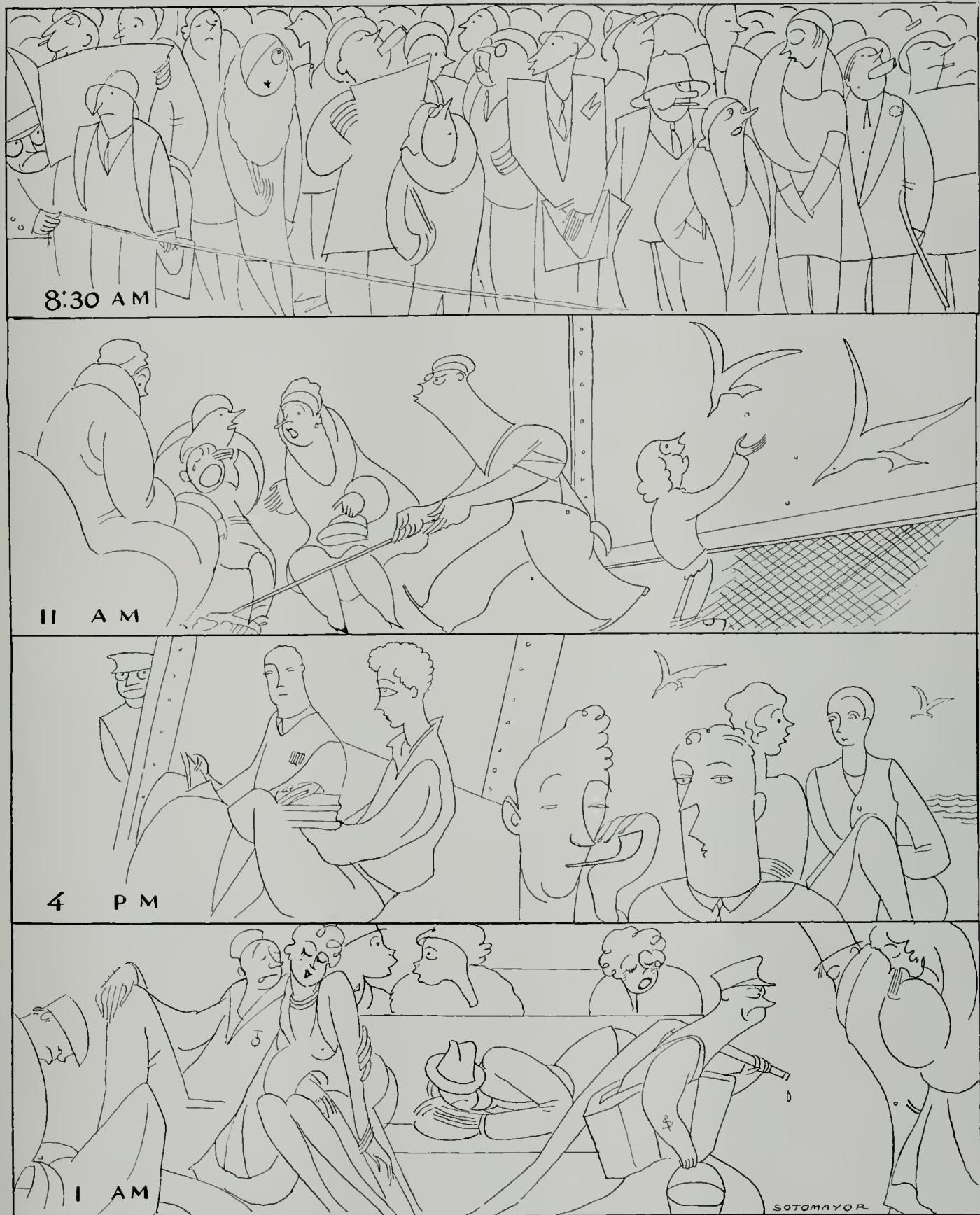
I also found New York to be like a hundred little cities all thrown together into one. And a person in one of the little cities never seems to get outside into another. The fellow who lives in New York is like a cow staked out at pasture—both keep within the radius of the rope that circumscribes their world.

I met many seasoned inhabitants who once upon a time had migrated from San Francisco. "What's Jones doing?" they'd ask me, "He came to New York about the same time I did—fifteen years ago."

"What, you haven't seen him lately," I'd ask in surprise. "I dined with him last night."

"Say, I haven't seen him in ten years," I was told invariably. "He works way over by Times Square."

Maybe some enterprising westerner, some day, will start an information bureau in New York to advise transplanted San Franciscans that two old-time buddies are working across the street from each other. At least it would spare visiting San Franciscans the bother of giving New Yorkers a lot of information about other New Yorkers and give the greenhorn visitors more time to get lost in the subways.



Ourselves and Others—As seen on the Ferry boats each day—caricatured by Antonio Sotomayor



Gabrielle Chanel

by Sylvia Lyon

SHE sits there, nearly every afternoon, at the top of her stairs in the Rue Cambon. Her small, strong, nervous hands, bearing a few clustered cabuchons sternly set without diamonds, are clasped about her knees. Her clever head, her dark hair shadowing her deepset brown eyes, the heavy eyebrows that never were plucked, her upturned nose, her thin determined mouth above her courageous chin, is thrust forward, looking down over her collection en parade. Her broad shoulders, small, wiry, supple body are covered in what is usually a jersey sports tailleur, from, I presume, Chanel.

Surrounding her every afternoon is her little court: Lady Abdy, Mrs. Fred Bate, the Comte Etienne de Beaumont, which is not surprising, because they work for the House of Chanel. There, too, backed by slender repetitive mirrors, sitting on the beige carpeted stairs, are the Duchesse de Gramont, nee Ruspoli, Colette the novelist, Sem the caricaturist, the first Madame Jose-Maria Sert, the famous "Misia" who was the friend of Proust, Mallarme, Mirbeau.

To her two thousand employees, Chanel is "Mademoiselle," and some day I think she will go down in history as another "Grande Mademoiselle de la France." To her friends, for the Parisian public to whom she is a charming but worldly legend, she is "Coco."

EVERY morning at ten o'clock, she leaves her own house in the rue du Faubourg St. Honore, to drive in a Rolls to the establishment in the rue Cambon, the house she started only after the War. Then she made only hats. Unknown in Paris, she evoked success by

charging three times as much as any other modiste. She next introduced the first knitted or jersey sport clothes ever made in Paris. The house now spreads over several buildings on both sides of the rue Cambon.

During the days of designing, of making ready each new collection, she lunches in her bureau. She is the "Tote" of the Princesse Marthe Bibesco's "Noblesse de Robe." When the Princess said that she was an artist, Chanel said, "No, I am the contrary. An artist paints a picture that will not be understood at first, and will be appreciated in a hundred years. I design a dress that will be appreciated at once, and which in six months will look ridiculous."

HER residence faces the Faubourg St. Honore, where her living quarters are approached by the customary Parisian court. The great salons are filled with magnificent Louis XIV furniture, Greek sculpture and flowers, and open onto a terrace descending to a garden that sweeps back to the Avenue Gabriel.

There is no dining room. The table is set at right-angles against one wall of the library. On the table is chaste crystal, modern silver, plain ivory-colored porcelain stamped with the simple twined "C's" that seem in their authority, to suggest the Caesar of the couture.

Sometimes she lunches at the Ritz, Cambon side. It is regrettable that she lunches there so rarely, so amusing it is to see the way in which the most sophisticated people stare at her, perfectly pop-eyed. She does not go out in public very much, unless it is to a concert or ballet. She prefers dining with friends at home. She gives wonderful parties.

One day I was lunching with her in the Ritz grill, in company with the Princesse Lucien Murat. "How on earth," Madame Murat asked her, "can so many French women pay your prices?" "I have often wondered that myself," said Chanel, "but they do." . . . "Have you ever thought of retiring?" . . . "Yes, until I enter the shop and realize that two thousand people are dependent on me."

Her voice is low, deep, her conversation is fluid, intense in its expression, with the rich natural vocabulary of culture, not of cultivation.

ALITTLE girl of village stock, (and so was Jeanne d'Arc) the only music she ever heard was that played by a regiment stationed at Compiegne. And Stravinsky has given all his manuscripts to her. She has a quick, malicious, in the French meaning, sense of humour. I had told her that a certain dressmaker in financial difficulties had been offered a loan of ten million francs by a capitalist, providing that he would give a job, at a salary of five hundred thousand francs a year, to a girl friend. "A very good idea," said Chanel, "and then in a few years he will have all his money back."

She does a great deal of good, and will never discuss it.

But she helps poets, musicians, artists in such a manner, like a prince of the Renaissance, that soon Tout-Paris knows all about it. (If you mention this to her, she merely shrugs her shou'ders.) To help an artist does not mean pity, she say in self-defense. So she will give to an artist, providing he or she works hard and has genuine talent, (and her judgment is faultless) a little house in the country, or an automobile, or some other means of improving his talent, his health or his spirits.

But few people know that she supports an entire insane asylum in the province, having rebuilt the place so that, for creature conveniences and comfort, and kindly medical care, the institution has no peer in France.

She has two country-houses, one at Cap Martin, the other in the Landes. On the latter estate she has built a separate house, staffed with an excellent cook and household servants. Here all her employees from midinettes to stenographers take their holidays in turn.

WHEN Chanel gives a party at her town house, all her women guests tactfully wear Chanel necklaces. But "Coco" wears her pearls.

She has never married. When she refused to marry the Duke of Westminster, she gave as her reason that, whereas by marrying him she would become his third Duchess, by remaining single there would always be but one Gabrielle Chanel. Sometimes she finds great amusement in writing her ideas on fashion for American magazines.

She has a keen sense of social values and is utterly independent.

She reminds me a little of Francois Villon, because she comes from the people, because she is a gentleman, and because she is a robber. To paraphrase the title of Crommelynck's play, I would call her "La Coco Magnifique."

There is something very feminine about her, she is "tres femme" but not the least female. There is something maternal about her, and her art, her business, is her child. She regards it rather like a proud but recent mother, not really very astonished that it has grown up the way it has: because she has given her best to it, has taken very good care of it, and it is hers. . .

She is a darling.



The personal account of
a genius of Paris written
by a San Franciscan now
living in Paris.

THIS has been a good month theatrically for San Francisco. And, judging from the size of the audiences crowding the Columbia and Geary and Curran it has been a good month for the theatre. All of which is extremely heartening in the face of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's surrender to the talkies and his delivery of a sinister prophecy over the alleged corpse of the legitimate drama. We are not one who thinks that the speaking stage is doomed but that is neither here nor there. Perhaps our wish is father to our thought for we have yet to see a company of shadows on a screen, even talking shadows, who can take the place of real flesh and blood.

THE greatest thrill for San Francisco audiences was undoubtedly the appearance of Katherine Cornell at the Curran. This was Miss Cornell's first bow to the Pacific Coast and her fame as an actress had preceded her, with the result that the town flocked at her offering. One never can tell about the dear public. In Miss Cornell's case it crowded to see her primarily because she was a novelty, whereas, last year it stayed away from Helen Hayes because it declared that "it didn't know her." Of course there are other factors. "The Dishonored Lady"—it should have been called "The 'Dishonorable' Lady"—is an old-time play of a type that always catches the public. If you think that melodrama has gone out, go and see it. It is old-fashioned, of course, only in spots. For melodrama moves along with the rest of the world. Its most old-fashioned moment was when the villain writhed on the floor in his death agony and the dishonored lady spit insults and gloatings between her teeth at him. In fact, this was so old-fashioned that Miss Cornell could not rise above it. She ranted with the best of them and we are not forgetting Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland," either. But there wasn't anything else to do with lines like that . . . The second most antiquated scene was just before the writhings, when the passionate Josef dictated a letter for his prospective bride to write to her other fiancee. Making trembling women write letters is very old theatre. The only thing that gave this moment second place was the fact that it was done in conversational tones. Gloatings in a passionate voice may have been O.K. when the scene was laid in a four-story residence set in a block of lawn such as flourished thirty years ago, but, today, when every word that one utters can be heard not only in the apartment next door but in every apartment opening on a light well gloatings by a murdereress are indiscreet to say the least.

But perhaps these lapses are trivial in the face of so many modern touches which the author has put into the play. The heroine, if we can call her that, was

certainly modern enough, until she fell in love. She was a child, to be exact, of the Green-Hat era. In fact, we strongly suspect that she was just another one of the "rotten Marshes." There was no happy ending, either, in this melodrama, in the common acceptance of the term. It would have been easy enough to have married off Madeline Cary to any number of men but the author remained firm. He even scorned death by arsenic for the lady, although we are sure there was a good supply in the house. But whatever the play's shortcomings along purely artistic lines, it made up for them, by a corking first scene to the last act. Here the situation was tense, it was restrained, it was skillfully worked up. And Miss Cornell showed what her real quality was when she was given the proper material.

As far as we are concerned, the play should have ended with that first scene. We would have been satisfied to have had the final curtain fall on the exit of the lady in figurative hand-cuffs. Several corking plays have had such an ending—"John Ferguson" and "Jealousy" to mention two. The ending to "The Dishonored Lady" was on a par with the ending of "Craig's Wife." Except that we felt very much more hopeful about the ultimate happiness of the dishonored lady. Murderesses have so many avenues of escape these days.

As we watched Miss Cornell we couldn't help wishing for a play that would give her talents real scope. We speculated on what she could do with "Hedda Gabler." And even the spectre of Lady Macbeth rose up to tease us. "The Dishonored Lady" is excellent entertainment but it doesn't strike deep. The audience enjoyed it but their comments proved that they did not take it seriously. We didn't hear a sniffle nor see a furtive tear brushed away during the entire three acts. But that may have been because the people out in front didn't care much what became of a lady who deliberately choose a crooked path when she had so many legitimate reasons for going straight.

IN SPITE of a war, in spite of economic impotence, in spite of a shattered Austrian Empire, Vienna still seems to be the favorite locale of a playwright bent on turning out a play dealing with delicate and charming assignations. "Candle Light" is called a "harlequinade in three acts" by its Viennese author, Siegfried Geyer. But after passing through the British hands of P. G. Wodehouse it becomes a champagne-supper comedy of Mayfair. Indeed, we are quite sure that

SPOTLIGHT

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

Prince Rudolf hasn't a drop of pompous Teutonic blood in him. His sense of humor is 100 per cent British, as is the humor of his valet.

We went to the Geary theatre all agog to see Alan Mowbray and Reginald Owen doing team work and we were not disappointed. They ought to hook up for life in the fashion of a vaudeville team.

Eugenie Leontovich gave a baffling performance of Marie. We mean that all during the play we were trying to make up our mind whether her accent was natural or assumed. There were moments when it seemed too good to be natural and there were other moments when it seemed equally too good to be assumed. She made her points charmingly and acted with spirit but we feel that this play is not the measure of her talent. She may be a great actress and she may not.

We found one flaw in the play. So nonchalant and sophisticated a valet as Josef, or at least so nonchalant and sophisticated a valet as Alan Mowbray made him, would scarcely have had to appeal to his employer for instructions in the gentle art of love making. We felt all the time that he was much more competent along these lines than the Prince. But, after all, maybe he was just being the perfect valet and letting his master play at being superior. The fact of the matter is that we suspect that the author had a hard time keeping the last act afloat and the device of having Josef read his declarations of passion from a sheet of paper helped to give an extra ten-minute diversion. Akim Tamiroff did a capital bit as a waiter and Eden Gray looked so lovely that we couldn't help wishing there was more of her, or perhaps we should be less ambiguous to say that we wish she had more of a part. All of which shows what a tricky language English is. She did what she had to do charmingly even to her costuming of the part.

WE SEE that a talkie of "The Birth of a Nation" is scheduled to follow "Candle Light" at the Geary Theatre. We are one of the few Americans in captivity who escaped seeing this screen success in its original and silent form. Now we are wondering whether to hold out and be unique or succumb to curiosity and go to the new rendering. The heights are often lonely so we may decide to go. Our other record is never having read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." After all that ought to be record enough for any American.

SAN FRANCISCO is destined to be the art center of the West—America—the world!" Such a statement in one of its varying forms is heard from time to time, the scope of the stated supremacy depending largely on the degree of self-hypnosis into which the hopeful prophet has worked himself. But it is not alone today that such a statement is made. I have an idea that similar hopes have been expressed from the very beginning of the short history of our city—furthermore I have a meek suspicion that similar statements have been made on occasion in each and every city that at some time or other has received a bequeathed array of pictures or solemnly implanted the cornerstone of a museum.

Not that San Francisco may not have a sounder right to such prophecy than many other localities, and not that I wish to discourage those who would work to make San Francisco realize the highest artistic ambitions, but that, the statement being as common as it is, I would deride it as untrustworthy and not a thing about which to feel complacent.

Poking a finger into the somewhat dusty attic of local art traditions one finds little dependably recorded fact. What has been written about San Francisco art has largely been of the eulogistic sort that is scarcely reliable. To convince you that this is not merely a suspicious attitude, let me call your attention to the nationwide distributed accounts of the recent National Sculpture Exhibition which was heralded variously as the "Greatest Sculpture Exhibition Ever Held," "heralding an art revival," "proving the city's love of the beautiful," et cetera. Reading those blurbs thirty or fifty years later, would they reconstruct anywhere near an accurate picture of that great mass of stone, bronze and plaster which, while being the largest aggregation of sculpture pieces on record, could well have been boiled down to one gallery of things produced within the fifteen years since the 1915 Exposition or to an even smaller gallery of

song without rancor by Sydney King Russell

I can forgive your tongue's persistent clatter,
Your lack of anything approaching tact,
I can condone your mad, insensate chatter,
The fiction that you choose to blend with fact.

Your tepid wrath and your transparent coolness
The phrases you rely on to abuse me,
But damned if I can overlook your dullness
Now that you cease to startle or amuse me!

the pieces really significant in American sculpture?

Personal reminiscences, while much more romantic, are comparably inaccurate. If you have ever discussed an event of

The Glorious Past

The First of a Series of Discussions of Art Tradition and Contemporary Trends

by Aline Kistler

your childhood or youth with someone who shared your experience, you will recall your opinion of his veracity. Memories inevitably are sugar coated or aleso dipped according to individual experience. I should quite expect Emil Carlsen who struggled and, so they say, almost starved during his early days in San Francisco to be much less complimentary to the city's art response of the late 80's than Charles D. Robinson whose work was well received at that time—and yet it is impossible to say that Carlsen's version would be the more accurate just because it is not rosy.

One must be content to outline the plausable history of art in San Francisco with but slight recourse to written effusions and detailed reminiscences.

THERE is little to be gained by looking for artistic roots before 1860 except to acknowledge the fact that the suction of the mining town drew into its vortex people of the usual variation of culture. The Spanish heritage was small indeed except that there, at least, one encountered a certain amount of leisure with its accompanying appreciation. The itinerant portrait painters from Spain or elsewhere that visited the haciendas have left nothing of artistic worth. The earliest picture preserved, now in the de Young Memorial Museum, is of sentimental rather than artistic value. Its preservation and the existence of a few other paintings from a slightly later period indicate less that the Spanish were "patrons of art" and more that they were human and liked to be flattered as do we all.

The mining town period brought some paintings into San Francisco—but it started no more of an art tradition than would the bar-room or bedroom canvases of any other mining town. It is obvious that pictures should be brought to the booming town to add to the "luxury" of certain places. It is also obvious that, having been brought, they should be hailed as "masterpieces." And it is not altogether just to blame second and third generation owners for accepting the time-established opinion of original owners.

It is easy to trace the heritage of pride felt in the elaborate painting, "Samson and Delilah," once the treasure of the Bank Exchange, which reached the de Young Museum by way of the Frank Haven col-

lection. But we must remember also the fact that no possible number of years can change the flavor of a thing which even in its heyday failed to find favor with the discriminating. Record still exists of Mark Twain's apt jibe which might as well have been written yesterday as over forty years ago.

I doubt whether any sophisticate of today could comment on the painting as well to the point as Mark Twain did when he wrote: "Now what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson? Or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at the lovely Delilah? Or is it the rich drapery or the truth to nature in that pretty foot? No, Sir! The first thing that catches the eye is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern. There warn't no scissors like them in them days! Not by a damned sight!!"

THE real influx of paintings began in the sixties. With the assumption of quick grown wealth and its perogatives of luxury there was a wave of importations that passed for art and gave San Franciscans the assurance to resent the printing in the London Times of an article accusing San Francisco of indifference to culture. Were not their homes hung with real European paintings and punctuated with chaste marbles?

Simultaneously there began to be a certain amount of local art activity. Artists from eastern United States arrived on the scene, saw that the city was good and stayed. The first art exhibition on record was a group showing of one hundred and twenty-two paintings in 1869. The most prominent painters participating were Thomas Hill, William Keith, Norton Bush, A. Bierstadt, Narjot and Moran.

DURING the seventies and eighties the era of Nob Hill mansions brought many mirrors, Japanese screens (highly lacquered), carved teak objects, marble top tables, filigree glass cabinets, bric a brac treasures and curios to San Francisco and with it came still further hordes of canvases from Europe. Pictures were everywhere and here and there one found a sprinkling of landscapes and portraits by artists working in San Francisco.

The San Francisco Art Association, the one persisting formal factor in local art, was organized in 1871 and, in 1874,



CALIFORNIA SOCIETY OF ETCHERS

Franz Geritz

CRATERS, MONO LAKE

opened its School of Design, the forerunner of the present California School of Fine Arts. It is claimed that this organization in San Francisco antedates similar institutions in New York and Boston and in that lies one of the chief boasts of the Western metropolis when claiming a heritage of culture.

IN THE eighties and nineties auction rooms played the part now taken by commercial art galleries. Duncan's Auction Rooms were often the center of art buying—then came Morris and Kennedy's and Schussler's and Gump's and Vickery's. People bought paintings at these places at special exhibitions or auctions—but much of the buying was done in the studios of the artists.

Clustered in a comparatively small "Latin quarter," our same Montgomery street studio section, were the studios where the artists made a practice of being at home to patrons and friends at a certain time each day. Then it was the custom for men of wealth or position to call on the artists, going from studio to studio, keeping track of new work and purchasing for their own enjoyment those which pleased them.

In those days a picture was regarded as a thing for personal enjoyment, something to be bought, irrespective of specific wall space, and added to one's collection of things—much as books are added to a

library. From all indications the traffic in paintings was far more active then than now. Paintings were bought for themselves and the direct enjoyment of them alone. The resulting frame burdened walls were dignified with the name of "collections" and designed to make interior decorators scream—but they served as a definite stimulus to the artists.

In those days art was a thing of moment, something to be discussed, damned, praised and become excited about. Reminiscences claim that there was a furore over the disappearance of Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine" and that the "whole town was stirred up" by the removal of a poorly done statue. Undoubtedly there were groups of enthusiasts, then as now, to whom art is a thing to be championed. It would not be hard today to find a group impulsive enough to wreck a monument such as that erected by and to Henry D. Cogswell—even as, one night forty years ago, the stiff figure, holding out its symbolic glass of water, was lassoed and swung from its pedestal to go crashing into the street.

Today in San Francisco the people, more than the artists, are self conscious. There may very well be as much better painting and sculpture done here now than ever before but the golden days of general enthusiasm are past. When the fire destroyed the hordes of paintings it blotted out a questionable though pic-

turesque artistic past and in its place has developed a caution and fear of indiscriminate enthusiasm that, except for the one highlight of the 1915 exposition, has made the artists sweat blood for every ounce of response gained.

With Keith rapidly becoming an honored legend, San Francisco can claim to her traditions at least five men who have worked with the materials of the west and, in their honesty, added enough of the substance that is universal art to count them as forerunners of western distinction. Arthur Putnam is dead but his work promises to live. Arthur Mathews, whose finest mural paintings were destroyed in the fire, has contributed both in accomplishment and influence. Francis McComas has attained a distinction that may mark him in California art history. Both Xavier Martinez and Gottardo Piazzoni have truly worked with the innate qualities of the soil and it is possible that on the primitive work of these two more of the future development will rest than we now realize.

Yes, perhaps it is wise to boast of art in San Francisco—any mining town that produces half a dozen artists of quality in the first sixty years of prosperity has a right to look toward future accomplishment—especially if it has had the grace to wipe out its youthful indiscretions with a wholesale fire that leaves little of the past but romantic illusions.

Causerie

On French and American realism, and a word or two about verse.

by Frank L. Fenton

I THINK it is Margaret Anderson who tells the story of a literary dinner in Paris to which the host, after much effort, had induced both James Joyce and Marcel Proust to go. He felt that these great men, the two writers who have changed the whole course of the modern novel, should have much to say to each other. But as it happened, they had nothing to say to each other. Neither had read the other's books. And one can readily see when reading either of them that neither would be a glib and scintillating ornament for a dinner table. No great artist is; he puts all his best into his work, and the man himself is frequently what other diners-out call dull. I suppose we can be grateful that Proust's fondness for the 'haut monde,' which might have made of him merely another charming person, was thwarted by his invalidism. As a result, there issued from his cork-lined work-room the most amazing novel of our time. The various volumes of "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" have been appearing for several years past, filling a number of books and causing even a greater number to be written about them. But Clive Bell probably has summed up the series in two sentences as well as some ten or twelve volumes can be summed up so briefly: 'A la Recherche du Temps Perdu' is a series of carefully planned explosions by means of which the submerged past is brought into the present, the deep-sea monsters of memory to the surface. The pursuit, capture, and exhibition of these is the motive of the book." It is this pursuit and capture which the reader of Proust finds either fascinating or boring for by this time everyone has become (through the admirable translations of Scott Moncrieff and in rare instances through the original French) either an "ardent admirer" or an equally ardent detractor of Proust. There is no middle ground where he is concerned: either you like him or you don't. And you may like him even though you realize the truth of many of the charges made against him. He is tedious; he has no plot; he is no respecter of time sequence. A character may now be young, now old; now male, now female. His complete annihilation of what we had come to think of as the technique of the novel has caused many of the more conservative to froth at the mouth. But it must be borne in mind that his method is another method entirely from that of the conventional novel. "The

movement is as that of an expanding flower or insect. He exhibits a fact: we expect another to succeed it, effect following cause. Not at all: the fact remains suspended while we watch it gradually changing its shape, its colour, its consistency. For fifty pages we watch the process; after which Proust proposes another fact, new and seemingly irrelevant. Because very often there is no

sonnet

by Robert Hunt

I know no other day will come or go
Before forgetting each our separate way,
We part within the earth; for light is slow,
And darkness quickens not the dreadful
day.
No other time will come. The years will
roll
Unceasingly, but all too brief, I know;
Nor will they break the fusion of our soul,
But being brief will slowly fall like snow
Upon the night to melt again in Spring;
For even when insatiate earth shall grow
And thrive upon our youth that was, this
thing
Intransient, that we think may die, will
sow
Itself unaided by our hands, and bring
Our life into the very grave we go.

progressive relation we have a sense of being thwarted. We are annoyed. Proust does not get forward, we complain. Why should he? Is there no other line of development in the universe?"

The latest member of the series to be translated is "Albertine Disparue" which has been published with the English title of "The Sweet Cheat Gone" (Albert and Charles Boni). It is the next to the last of the entire novel, only "Le Temps Retrouve" remaining yet to be translated, and is the last we shall have in the excellent Moncrieff translation. His death before the completion of the entire novel certainly is a well-nigh irreparable loss to those whose Proust must be read in English. "The Sweet Cheat Gone" is by some considered inferior to the other books in "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" because, why no one knows, Proust never gave it the careful revisions of the others. But Proust even at what is not his

best is undoubtedly better than the best of most of our modern writers, and in "The Sweet Cheat Gone" we find again the keen analysis, the remarkable imagery, and the faint flickerings of subtle humor that make the earlier volumes a continual delight and a source of unfailing wonder. While this volume has perhaps not the greatness of the others, it contains the elements which have caused someone to compare Proust's work to the sea—continually in movement, backward and forward; changing color; changing tempo, but universally encompassing and inevitably true.

ANOTHER of the half dozen or so great writers of our day (Some time when I have a spare moment I shall draw up my own list of the six greatest this, that, and the other!) is also a Frenchman, Andre Gide. His novel "L'Immoraliste" has long been admired in France and by readers of French everywhere. It is only recently, however, that a translation has appeared. "The Immoralist" (Alfred A. Knopf) is a slight book as far as physical size is concerned. It runs to only a little over two hundred pages, which compared to the vastness of "La Recherche" is no length at all. But there is concentrated here a study of an individual which equals anything we find in Proust. The method is entirely different. Instead of the minute and complete analysis of Proust we have here a subtle, indirect method, almost entirely a method of implication. The story is of Michel, who had never valued life until he was about to die. The sudden realization that life is ineffably sweet led him upon his recovery to live with an avidity that swept everything before it. In reaction from his old life of high intellectual endeavor in a world of academic smugness, he turns to experiences at first harmless enough, then crass, finally sinister, adventures involving troupes of Arab boys, young workmen on his estate, a friend who is an explorer, and finally his wife Marceline. The gradual killing of Marceline is one of the most remarkable bits of modern fiction—for Michel as certainly killed his wife as if he had cut her throat, but he never ceased to be the devoted and thoughtful husband. Still when Marceline contracted the disease through which she had nursed him, Michel felt a furious impatience, a resentment at his old weakness being recalled; and there started the amazing, diabolical process by which he finally freed himself of this last reminder of his past. The book is an eminently moral one, even in the restricted Sunday School meaning of the term, for it teaches a lesson. When Michel has finally liberated his soul, he discovers that he has also damned it. Certainly, "The Immoralist" is not a book to be disregarded.

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THREE'S a gay saying about town that San Francisco knows how. We seem to be on the verge of finding out how true this dear old slogan is. In other words, we mad-cap San Franciscans from time to time desert our various so-called Bohemian hideouts for those adorable little houses one just will bump into on a dark night when they are set up along the sidewalks during an election. There are always no end of jolly things to vote about, and one issue that will raise its shaggy head to peer into the heart of San Franciscans is the Golden Gate bridge project.

Any bridge issue in the bay region is an important one, particularly for San Francisco. The reason for this importance is quite obvious since a rapid mental picture of the peninsula reveals the fact that San Francisco is bounded on three sides by what is carelessly called a body of water, and a little more accurately called a geographical restriction. The one remaining outlet for the city is more or less badly blocked by what seems to be a perfect series of cemeteries and one thing and another. Consequently, the only means of avoiding the inevitable isolation is by tossing bridges right and left across the bay. This would give San Francisco a chance to join hands with her neighbors and at Mother Nature's expense. San

Bridges to Cross

Dealing lightly with a serious subject

by Constance Dixon

Franciscans in general being the ready laughers that they are, the present leaning toward "bridge consciousness" will probably grow by leaps and bounds.

It is true that there are already a few bridges in the bay region, each playing its part in the prosperity of the whole metropolitan area. Dumbarton bridge has perhaps the most direct bearing to the city itself. However, one might say that Dumbarton Bridge is at San Francisco's back door, and while a bridge is mighty useful if it provides any outlet at all, still the fact remains that San Francisco has been looking forward hopefully to the conquering of the Golden Gate for a great many years. One might say that the Golden Gate is a gate that has never been opened, and the bridge would be the key to unlock it. Not only that, judging from the estimates made by its engi-

neers in regard to traffic, it would not only be a means of opening the Gate for bigger things, it would probably make it truly golden.

As a rule, a local government hesitates to spend money on a bridge serving a particular community when, with the same amount, highways serving a greater area could be constructed. But herein the Golden Gate bridge differs from most. It would not only serve its immediate locality, it would serve a whole coast and be the finishing factor to the Coast highway now under construction. Traffic observation on the Redwood Highway reveals that there is a surprisingly large quota of Southern California motorists. If that quota is large now, how much larger will it be again when transportation across the Gate sets in. And above all, such traffic passing over a toll bridge will make the bridge pay for itself in such a short time that it will make our heads swim.

If Golden Gate is spanned it will break down the biggest barrier that San Francisco has, overcoming a geographical restriction that up to now has been one of San Francisco's most pressing problems. Unfortunately, it has been easier to overlook the fact that the Golden Gate is more of a problem than an asset for the all too simple reason that it is always easier to maintain a previously established viewpoint than to reach a new one. Back in the days of Yerba Buena (for your benefit, now a city known as San Francisco) it was true that the Gate was a decided asset since it provided a quiet harbor for sailing vessels. Only for a comparatively short time has San Francisco been large enough to be threatened by eventual suffocation through the geographical impossibility of expanding but, incidentally, there is no longer any really urgent need to worry about the safety of sailing vessels. As a matter of fact, we haven't been aware of any worry about sailing vessels for the greater part of our lifetime. The old attitude becomes somewhat unnecessary, if not downright ridiculous and no bones made about it.

HARBOR-CONDITION set gently to one side, it becomes more or less apparent even to the semi-conscious that San Francisco has to start talking bridges in earnest. Why any city of the



A Bridge Fantasy

RALPH YOUNG

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Henry George

Prophet of the Single Tax Theory, Preventer of Poverty.

by Zoe A. Battu

THUS far, in this series of articles, San Francisco journalism has unfolded itself as a hurly-burly spectacle of street fights, wordy feuds, shady politics, questionable methods, dubious ethics, quickly passing personalities and frequent gun play. But there comes now, upon this scene, Henry George, one man whose career and final achievements attained something more than transient and doubtful importance, although the man's life, as a whole, was marked by frustration.

George came to San Francisco as a youth of seventeen. For several years he worked in the composing rooms of various newspapers. There he picked up the rudiments of reporting and editing, and presently graduated to reporting and general editorial work. He seems to have had a natural affinity for economic, political and social theories, systems and issues, and a disposition to view them abstractly, idealistically and theoretically. His reading, within the field in question, was wide and thorough and through it he gained a mastery of the thought on his favorite subjects, produced in Europe or America, in antiquity, in the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and in his own and modern times.

Thus George's reading, coupled with his daily observations gave him a keener perception of the nature and significance of the political, social and economic mal-adjustments and abuses, then prevalent in the United States and particularly in the West, than the average man in public or private life. And Henry George, being blessed or cursed with that peculiar mental quality which precludes the acquisition of any skill in the art of reservations or concessions, always spoke and wrote what he perceived and thought. Such a man is invariably more out of a job than in one, and such was the case with George.

IN 1865, when the "Daily Dramatic Chronicle" became the "Daily Chronicle" George was named as managing editor. But he was with the paper only a few weeks, when he and Charles DeYoung became involved in a dispute over an editorial George had written, concerning a new Federal issue of greenbacks. Rather than concede to DeYoung's wishes and opinions, George resigned from what was considered a splendid opening and opportunity for the young theorist. There then followed several years of uncertain, spasmodic employment, during which George worked for a time on the "Sacramento

Union," wrote magazine articles and lectured on the ideas, now shaping themselves in his mind, upon which he was later to base his famous Single Tax theory.

In 1872, George, in partnership with one, Hinton and state senator, John P. Jones, established the "San Francisco Evening Post." During its early days, "The Post" flourished and did well financially. But presently George's pre-occupation with his land tax theories caused him to be neglectful of daily affairs and he was led into strange inconsistencies. He was persuaded to become a crusader against the evils of wine and cocktails and the gallant defender of the ladies of the temperance forces. This move bewildered and alarmed his beloved "plain people" who saw in their prophet but another betrayer who would take away their beer. They cancelled their subscriptions by the hundreds. Advertising disappeared by the page. Pressed by his partners and diminishing revenue, George abruptly abandoned his temperance crusade, but failed to regain the confidence of his readers and advertisers. His partners had been permanently alienated, and about 1876 full control of "The Post" passed into Jones' hands. George passed permanently from daily journalism. His career, within it, had been inauspicious and unsatisfactory and had meaning to him only in that it yielded much in the way of experiences and observations that were incorporated in his books.

GEORGE now applied himself principally to writing his major book, "Progress and Poverty." He began the work in 1877 and completed it in 1879. The book contains a complete exposition of the author's Single Tax theory, and it becomes in order to briefly consider the theory and the observations that prompted it: as a journalist, George had viewed the often secret, corrupt ways in which railroads and other corporations obtained control of vast areas of land and natural resources of timber, minerals, oil and so on. He knew, also, what power these monopolies gave their holders, and how ruthlessly was wielded that power in state and national legislatures.

As an American and dreamer of his time, the possibilities of machinery and the industrial order filled George with awe and reverence. He saw development of the country as a high and holy process, which would give work and prosperity to every man, education, opportunity and wisdom to his children, and

so inevitably, produce a superior civilization.

But between theory and existing fact, George was forced to admit distressing discrepancies. As wealth increased, the average individual lot should have improved. Poverty should have decreased. Actually, as America's wealth increased, its poverty increased. American workmen obtained much higher wages than European workmen, and had higher material standards of living, but still, the individual's lot remained hazardous, mentally and physically circumscribed. For his children, the outlook was no better. The small business man might increase his revenues, but he could not increase them rapidly enough to meet rising living costs.

George's remedy for these conditions, like all good and simple remedies, went back to the land. Land, he reasoned, is the source of the world's wealth. Like air, rain and sunshine, it is a quantity of the universe, belonging to all alike. But land, being tangible, lends itself to possession, exploitation and creation of inflated economic values. Those people, controlling vast areas of land and natural resources, have, nine cases out of ten, come by them through appropriation, legislative concession or inheritance, rather than through individual productiveness.

Generally only a fraction of this land is made productive at one time. The rest lies idle and closed to him, who would occupy and make it productive—that is to say, to use it as a home, the site of a business, yielding real, tangible wealth in the form of agricultural products, minerals, manufactured articles and so on. But upon the whole area, is put an arbitrary and assumed value, derived from whatever enterprise occupies its fractional area, or its potential productivity. The sustaining and creating of these assumed values give rise to land speculations, an evil from which the America of George's day suffered grievously. Furthermore, small land holders must pay a tax in ratio to these created values, and find it increasingly difficult to retain their holdings and rights.

To abolish these evils George proposed that there be only one form of taxation, a single tax on productive, used land, based upon its value, regardless of improvements. Under the circumstances, there would be no object in holding idle, unused lands, since it would cost the holder as much as the land he was using. Thus idle lands would automatically be freed to those who could use them productively.

For this theory, George put forth a wealth of elaboration, argument, history, statistics, and ways and means of putting it into operation. He succeeded in proving to himself, at least, that it would work a miracle equal to that of the loaves and fishes. With his logic, he banished pov-

Continued on page 42

CONCERNING . . .



MRS. HUGH BRADFORD

ARKATOV

MR. HUGH BRADFORD of Sacramento, President of the National Parent-Teacher Association, is representative of a certain type of interesting contemporary woman—the sort of university graduate who has earned her own living before marriage and, after a few years of ordinary domestic life, turned her energies and capabilities to organization and work outside the home. In her, one has not the modern business woman but rather the emancipated wife. She has retained her social background, the graces of the home, but diverted her domestic assets into channels of individual accomplishment.

As Mary Banning, she graduated from the University of California, an honor student in mathematics. Before marrying her classmate, Hugh Bradford, she taught a few years, quickly rising to principalship of a high school. Marriage to the young lawyer, the birth of a son and a daughter, household duties and social activities occupied her attention for a while, then her energies were drawn to outside interests. The Parent-Teacher Association in Sacramento was starting its work, bringing the school and home into closer co-operation. Mrs. Bradford joined the group and soon was assuming respon-

sibilities in keeping with her executive ability.

Mrs. Bradford headed the Sacramento county P.T.A.; was elected state vice-president; then state president; was appointed national extension chairman and, this year, was chosen national president, the first California woman to head this organization of more than two million members. Meanwhile she has reared her two children—her daughter is now Mrs. Raymond Ruffell, and her son graduated from the law school of the University of California last June—and maintained her place as one of the most gracious hostesses at the state capitol.

The most recent honor given Mrs. Bradford is her appointment as one of the fifty members of President Hoover's Home Planning Commission.

ALL executives do not have a hobby—at least Samuel Kahn, president of the United Railroads of San Francisco, seems not to have. But he does indulge in interests—golf, good books, his two charming small daughters who so love to ride that he has their picture in riding tugs on his desk—and is eager to enlarge his scope of contact with life and people whenever opportunity presents.

His most recently adopted interest was made public when he accepted the presidency of the recently incorporated Galerie Beaux Arts. This art organization, after functioning as a cooperative artist and lay-patron club for five years, has turned to one of the outstanding figures in the city to head its business structure. While Beatrice Judd Ryan will continue

as director of the gallery, the financial affairs will be in the hands of a group headed by Samuel Kahn and including Alan Lowry, Kenneth Walsh, Charles R. Blyth, Ray Boynton, Stafford Duncan and Frank Van Sloun.

This close association with the art life of San Francisco is a departure for Mr. Kahn who, though interested in private acquisition of individual works of art, has heretofore concentrated his energies in the business world. He was born in Texas, in 1882, decided to become an engineer, graduated from Perdue University in 1903, and within a few years deserted regular engineering for executive work in which he has steadily risen until, the past six years, he has headed the largest privately owned street car system in the West. He came to San Francisco about six years ago and now resides in Hillsborough where his lively daughters have full freedom of the out-of-doors.



SAMUEL KAHN

The driving force of his various interests leaves little place for a hobby.

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

ARMOUR-McINTOSH. On August 2, in Montecito, California, Mr. J. Stanley Armour, son of the late Mr. M. Cochran Armour and the late Mrs. Armour, and Mrs. Kenneth Goad McIntosh, daughter of Mrs. Warren H. Clark and the late Mr. Clark.

BARRROWS-STOW. On August 21, in Berkeley, California, Mr. Thomas Nicholas Barrows, son of Major-General and Mrs. David P. Barrows, and Miss Jane Cornell Stow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Stow.

ENGAGEMENTS

PEINOTTO-STEWART. Miss Nina Peixotto, daughter of Mrs. Edgar Peixotto and the late Mr. Edward Peixotto, to Mr. John Hatch Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Stewart of Fresno.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mr. and Mrs. John Lovejoy of Greenwich, Connecticut, were entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Eyer Pinckard. Mr. and Mrs. George Legh-Jones shared the honors of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kennedy gave a luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club for the Lovejoys during their visit.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Wilhoit of Hanford were guests at the Cliff Hotel for a few days recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Legh-Jones entertained at dinner at their home in Hillsborough in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bird and Miss Margaret Bird of London.

Mrs. Clifford M. Weatherwax entertained at an informal luncheon at her home in compliment to Mrs. William Young and Mrs. Joseph Moore of New York, who were in San Francisco at the Hotel St. Francis for a few days before sailing for Honolulu on the Malolo. Before arriving in San Francisco, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Moore were guests of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and Mrs. George R. Hearst at San Simeon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained a house party that included Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Weida.

Mrs. John Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by her daughter, Mrs. George Leib in Burlingame. This month Mrs. Haldeman will go to Long Island to visit her sister, Mrs. Craig Culbertson.

Mrs. George Gordon Moore of Carmel was the house guest of Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran recently. Mrs. Curran gave a dinner in Mrs. Moore's honor.

In honor of Mrs. James Flood and Mrs. Stetson Eddy of Boston, Mr. John S. Drum, Jr., entertained at dinner in the Drum bungalow atop the Hotel Fairmont.

Governor Lawrence Judd of the Hawaiian Islands, and his brother, Mr. Albert Judd, also of Honolulu, were guests at the Cliff Hotel during their San Francisco visit.

Miss Elizabeth Moore gave a dinner party at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Peet of Kansas City and Miss Carol Bush and Miss Emilene Bush of Chicago.

Mrs. George Cameron gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst shortly before the latter's departure for her home in New York.

Mrs. B. C. Forbes was guest of honor at a luncheon that Mrs. Felix McGinnis gave at the Menlo Country Club.

Doctor and Mrs. Tamon Mayeda of Japan were guests of honor at a dinner party that Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander gave recently.

HERE AND THERE

The visit of the Pacific Fleet was the occasion for much entertaining on the peninsula and in town. Among those who honored a number of the officers were Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mrs. Philip Patchin, Mrs. Edward McCauley, Mrs. Archibald Johnson and Mrs. John S. Drum. A dance was given at the Burlingame Country Club preceded by dinners given by these hostesses and there was also an exhibition tennis match at the club followed by a tea.

Complimenting Miss Elizabeth Spivalo, whose marriage to Mr. Walter Baird is to take place on September 3, Mrs. Charles B. Page of Vallejo street entertained at a bridge tea.

Mrs. Paul Butte gave a tea at her home in Washington street in honor of Mrs. Leonard Woolams, Mrs. Woolams and her family plan to go east early this month to establish their new home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Walsh gave a dinner party for eighteen at their home in San Mateo, the occasion being in honor of Miss Harriet Brownell and her fiance, Mr. George Pope, Jr.

Miss Agnes Clark, daughter of Mrs. Tobin Clark of San Mateo, appeared at the Greek Theater in Berkeley with Mr. Gunnar Johansen in a duo-piano recital of Mozart numbers. Following the concert, Dr. and Mrs. Modestine Allos gave a tea at their home in Berkeley in honor of Miss Clark and Mr. Johansen.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Park gave an informal buffet supper at their home in honor of Miss Marian Clark and Miss Peggy Fletcher. The supper preceded the third of the subscription dances given for the

younger set this summer at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Benjamin and Miss Barbara Benjamin are en route home from their trip around the world. Their return has been delayed by Mrs. Benjamin's illness in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hurtgen and Miss Edith Hurtgen and Mr. Charles L. Hurtgen have returned to town after spending the summer with Mrs. Norman B. Livermore in Saratoga.

Mrs. Adrian Spivalo entertained at tea in honor of her niece, Miss Elizabeth Spivalo, the fiance of Mr. Walter Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark entertained a group of the close friends of Miss Patricia Clark shortly before Miss Clark and her mother, Mrs. Tobin Clark, left for the east and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour are expected to return from abroad the latter part of this month.

A surprise dinner was given for Mrs. Rudolph Spreckles by a group of friends, who were Mrs. Spreckles' house guests at her place in Sonoma County during the summer.

Mrs. Frederick St. Goar has returned to her home on Pacific Avenue after a two months' visit at Benbow.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Redington have taken an apartment in San Mateo until their new house is ready for occupancy.

Miss Heath Hamilton announced August 30 as the date of her marriage to Mr. John C. Ainsworth of Pasadena. All Souls' Church in Palo Alto was chosen for the ceremony with Archdeacon Noel Porter officiating.

Colonel Laurence Redington has rejoined Mrs. Redington and his family in San Mateo after visiting with his brother, Mr. Alfred Redington in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beaver have returned home after an extended trip through Northwestern Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark A. McCann entertained a group of friends at dinner and later took their guests to the Palo Alto Horse Show.

Major-General and Mrs. Malin Craig are expected to arrive in San Francisco shortly. Major-General Craig is to take command of the Ninth Corps Area, taking the place of Major-General John L. Hines, U. S. A., who is leaving in November for the Philippines.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall recently entertained a group of friends at the Newhall summer place at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. H. Bliss Rucker has returned to San Francisco from Honolulu, where she was the guest of Mrs. Warren Spieker at the latter's Waikiki Beach cottage.

Mrs. Jerd Sullivan has returned from Santa Barbara where she occupied the William Slaters' house for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick and their family have returned home after spending a month at Del Monte.

Brigadier-General and Mrs. H. Conger Pratt were in San Francisco for a few days and occupied Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan's apartments in the Hotel St. Francis while here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse entertained a group of friends recently at a barbecue at their Carmel Valley ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Whittell have returned from a motor tour of the northern states and Canada.

Mrs. Samuel H. Boardman and Miss Virginia Boardman have returned from their Alaskan trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pond and Mr. Frederick Dohrmann returned to San Francisco from a trip to New York, making the journey by way of the Canal aboard the "California."

Mr. Russel Slade recently made an extensive tour of the Northwest.

Mrs. Charles H. Blyth visited for a time at Huntington Lake Lodge. The young Misses Blyth accompanied her.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Duncan and their children and Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz spent several weeks recently at Weber Lake Country Club.

Mrs. William Ede entertained a group of friends at the fashion review tea given at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Hunter have returned from Salt Lake City, where they spent the summer with Mrs. Hunter's father, Mr. Frederick Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry U. Chace have taken possession of their new apartment on Pierce street.

Doctor and Mrs. Grant Selridge have returned to their home on Green street after spending several weeks at the Burlingame Country Club.

A series of entertainments were given in honor of Mrs. Leonard Woolams on her return from her recent visit East. Mrs. Harold K. Faher, Mrs. William Babcock and Mrs. J. K. Armsby were among those who entertained for her.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding has returned home after a visit at Clear Lake where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sears Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrill and Miss Nancy Merrill have returned to their home in Menlo after spending several weeks in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne recently spent several weeks at Wilderness Lodge in Mendocino County.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Bruce have returned home from their motor trip north. They are at present visiting with Mrs. Bruce's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew P. Welch at their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. DeLancy Lewis entertained at luncheon recently for Miss Janet Whitman, the fiance of Mr. Douglas Lewis. The luncheon was given at the Lewis home in Atherton.

Mrs. Pillsbury Gibson has returned from Santa Barbara and is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Carol Lapham and Mr. Lewis Lapham gave a large buffet supper dance at the Lapham home in Palo Alto. A number of Mr. Lapham's Yale classmates attended the affair.

Mrs. George E. Bates is returning shortly from Europe where she has been traveling since April.

The third semi-annual Flower Show of the Woodside-Atherton Garden Club was held on August 28. Mrs. Selah Chamberlain is president of the club and Mrs. Perry Eyr was in charge of the tea served during the afternoon.

A smart gathering turned out for Miss Katherine Cornell's play "The Dishonored Lady." The opening night produced one of the most elaborate dressed audiences of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Weida returned to their home in Sumatra on August 15. They were extensively entertained during the months of their visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd W. Dinkelpiel have been spending the summer months with Mrs. Dinkelpiel's mother, Mrs. I. W. Hellman, in San Leandro.

Mrs. Charles Doe has returned to her apartments at the Hotel Mark Hopkins after spending the summer at Ben Lomond.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hush Magee entertained at a Sunday afternoon tea in honor of Miss Claire Knight and her fiance, Mr. Orra Hyde, Jr.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is expected to arrive at her home in San Mateo early in the Autumn.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Foster and their son have returned to town after passing the summer on the Tuolumne River.

Mrs. Helen Smyth Rutherford has returned to San Francisco after a visit in the East.

Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Jr., entertained a small group of friends in honor of Miss Janet Whitman. The occasion was a luncheon given in Mrs. Moody's apartment on Sacramento street.

The Misses Katherine and Frances Stent entertained at dinner and bridge recently at the Menlo Country Club.

Mrs. A. Wilhoit of Stockton and her granddaughter have taken apartments at the Hotel Maurice for the winter.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mr. Everett Bee was in Russia at last accounts.

Miss Elizabeth Davis was in Paris when last heard from. Miss Davis left San Francisco last October and she plans to return home before the winter holidays.

Friends of Mrs. Samuel Knight were interested to learn that she was in Genoa at the time of the earthquake. From Genoa Mrs. Knight went on to Naples.

Mrs. Tobin Clark and Miss Patricia Clark are en route to Paris where they will join Miss Agnes Clark.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Clarence Musto has been spending several weeks in New York and will motor home.

Mrs. William Wallace Mein and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Mein, are passing a few weeks in New York before rejoining their family in San Francisco.

Miss Janet Coleman is in New York, where she will spend several months before sailing for the Continent.

Mrs. J. B. Casserly and Miss Marianna Casserly have been in New York for some weeks at the Plaza.

Colonel and Mrs. Julius Ochs Adler are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter. Mrs. Adler was the former Miss Barbara Steitheimer of Redwood City and San Francisco.

Allan Hoover, son of President and Mrs. Hoover, was entertained at a luncheon party given by Miss Helen M. Bunting and Miss Georgina Burk of Stanford.

Mrs. George T. Marye and Miss Marjorie Oelrichs were guests at the Ritz recently. During their sojourn in New York, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. William T. Thomas arrived in New York from Paris.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Doctor and Mrs. Harry Alderson will return from La Playa where they have been passing the summer, sometime this month.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Hearst, Jr., were recently guests at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Ghirardelli-Menefee recently visited for a week in Coronado where she was the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Ghirardelli.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann will return from Montecito early this month. During their summer sojourn in the south they have entertained extensively.

Doctor and Mrs. Langley Porter recently visited in Santa Barbara for ten days.

Mrs. Frederick Pickering has been visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Tenney Williams in Montecito, where Mrs. Williams has taken a cottage for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Fagan have moved to Pasadena where they will make their future home. They have taken one of the bungalows on the grounds of the Hotel Maryland.

Doctor and Mrs. Henry S. Kiersted were in Santa Barbara recently and stayed at El Mirasol where Mrs. Kiersted's mother, Mrs. Peter McBean, now makes her home.

Mrs. Bruce Dohrmann and Mrs. Samuel Knight recently enjoyed a stay in the Montecito Valley.



MAUDE JAY WILSON

MISS SALLY NICKEL

As Queen Hippolyta in "Midsummer-Night's Dream", Miss Sally Nickel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, made a charmingly personal contribution to the cause of the Stanford Convalescent Home for the benefit of which the performance was given



Ready for the Season

William A. Palmer

CALIFORNIA**REGULARS AND IMPORTANT LETTERMEN NOT RETURNING**

Stanley Barr, h., Leland Eisan, q., Ben Lom, H., Irlo Norton, e., Joe Pitts, g., Lee Rice, h., Roy Riegels, c., Bert Schwarz, g., Harry Gill, g.

Don Muller, e., John Preston, e., Red Thompson, t., Ted Klaban, t., "Bull" Driscoll, g., Elwood Wilson, g., Lind Frentrup, h., Walt Heineke, c., Herb Fleishhacker, q., Sherman Crary, q., Chuck Smalling, f.

Frances Tappaan, c., Cecil Hoff, t., Frank Anthont, t., Nathan Barrager, g., Clark Galloway, g., George Dye, c., Russel Saunders, q., Harry Edelson, h., Tony Steponovich, e., Jesse Mortensen, h., Jesse Hill, f.

Russ Avery, Bob Bartlett, Ellis Thorton, ends.
Nick Bican, Fritz Cahn, Dolph Timmerman, tackles.
Ted Beckett, Carl Handy, guards.
Herman Eickmeyer, Frank Medanich, centers.
Edwin Griffiths, Edward Kirman, quarterbacks.
Clarence Garrity, Joe Hickingtonbotham, halfbacks.
Ralston Gill, fullback.

Carl Wittenan, Phil Neil, ends.
Ray Tandy, Corwin Artman, Dick Bogue, tackles.
Bill Bardin, Ray Dawson, Pete Heiser, guards.
Perry Taylor, Marc Alhertson, centers.
Harry Hillman, quarterback.
Phil Winnek, Guido Cagliri, Bill Clark, Phil Moffit, halfbacks.
Harlow Rothert, Bill Simpkins, fullbacks.

Bill Arbelbide, "Dutch" Wilcox, ends.
Bob Hall, tackle.
John Baker, Jesse Shaw, guards.
Stan Williamson, center.
Marshall Duffield, quarterback.
Marger Aspit, Ernie Pinkert, halfbacks.
Jim Mnsick, Don Sahver, fullbacks.

OTHER PROMISING CANDIDATES

Price will have 15 returning members of the 1929 varsity squad besides his lettermen, and 19 freshmen numeral winners. He is depending mostly on untried material from the freshman team to replace his stars, Lom and Eisan, although Ralph Seely, member of last year's varsity squad, is being seriously considered for Lom's position.

Besides the 13 non-lettermen returning, Warner has a wealth of material among the 1929 "Goof" squad from which to pick, including Bill Doub, George Grey (conceded to be the best kicker on the farm since Murray Cuddeback), "Red" Hand, "Spud" Hardy, and a dozen others. He also has 19 members from the freshman squad returning.

According to reports from the Trojan camp little reliance is placed on the non-letter winners who return, the burden of expectations is placed upon the freshman prospects, numbering 24, which include the sensational Orville Mohler, Kirkwood, Armistead, Plaehn and Brown are among the other members of last year's freshman team whom Jones is considering for varsity positions.

Pigskin Prospectus

by Con

EVERY football season is inevitably preceded by post mortems, so let us pause for a moment and survey the ruins. In number, U. S. C. is the heaviest loser of letter-men, eighteen of whom will be among the missing, including eight regulars. California is next, having lost fourteen, including six regulars. Stanford suffered more in loss of quality than quantity, for of the eleven letter-men lost, eight were regulars of exceptional merit.

For the first time in their football history the California team will use the shift. Up till now Price has clung to the Andy Smith system of running all the plays from fixed formation. This year he will introduce a modification of the Notre Dame shift, which includes both the line and backfield.

Jones will follow practically the same style of play as last season, building his team around a "triple-threater"; except that he may divide the responsibility of ball-carrier and use his fullback as well as the quarterback.

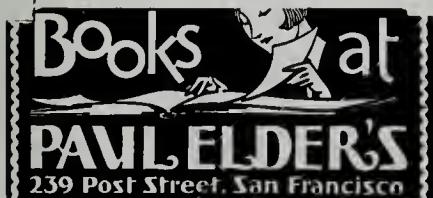
With the great "powerhouse" combination of Smalling and Fleishhacker gone from the backfield, Warner will have a hard time duplicating the punch his eleven displayed last year. His lost letter-men have already caused him plenty of worry and it is probable that "Pop" will do no small amount of experimenting before he strikes a combination that will function satisfactorily.

With the ghost of last year's triple tie to haunt the "Big Three," the rivalry between them will be stronger than ever this year, and needless to say, a repetition of last season's results would be most unsatisfactory to everyone concerned.

STANFORD**U. S. C.**

Schedule of Games Which Include California or Stanford

- September 21—at Stanford
Stanford vs. West Coast Army
- September 28—at Berkeley
California vs. Santa Clara
- September 28—at Stanford
Stanford vs. Olympic Club
- *October 4—at Berkeley
California vs. Washington State
- October 4—at Stanford
Stanford vs. Santa Clara
- October 11—at Berkeley
California vs. St. Mary's
- October 11—at Minneapolis
Stanford vs. Minnesota
- *October 18—at Stanford
Stanford vs. Oregon State
- October 18—at Berkeley
California vs. Olympic Club
- *October 25—at Stanford
Stanford vs. U.S.C.
- *October 25—at Seattle
California vs. Washington
- *October 31—at Los Angeles
Stanford vs. U.C.L.A. (night game)
- *November 1—at Berkeley
California vs. Montana
- *November 8—at Los Angeles
California vs. U.S.C.
- *November 8—at Stanford
Stanford vs. Washington
- November 15—at Berkeley
California vs. Nevada
- November 15—at Stanford
Stanford vs. Caltech
- *November 22—at Berkeley
Stanford vs. California
- November 29—at Stanford
Stanford vs. Dartmouth
(*Pacific Coast Conference Games)



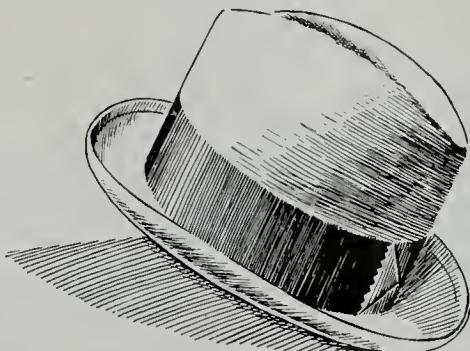
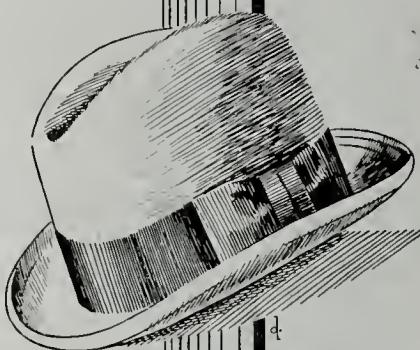
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CITY OF PARIS... GOWN SALON... THIRD FLOOR

CITY of PARIS

Bridges to Cross

Continued from page 21

size and potentialities of San Francisco should have its progress retarded by such out-dated methods of trans-bay traffic as the ferry boat, is quite beyond any reasonable answer. During the last few years the ferries have rallied bravely to the cause and sped up service to almost the maximum. For instance, on peak-load days, the Golden Gate-Southern Pacific ferries come dancing into their slips in an almost continuous stream and the cars fairly pour across the bay to and from Marin. In spite of it all, however, there are still lines of motorists that have to wait. If the present fleet of ferries were doubled, without a doubt there would still be motorists chafing in line to get across the bay. But therein lies the horror of it all. It's impossible for the San Francisco-Marin ferries to double their fleet or even increase it to any appreciable degree for the reason that, while there is pier space aplenty on the Marin side to take care of a larger number of boats, there is very little available on the San Francisco side. The ferry companies are faced with a sheer impossibility, and we have a sneaking feeling all our own that they are aware of it.

In comparison to ferry service, regardless how efficient and well meant, the Golden Gate bridge would provide four traffic lanes capable of carrying a fast stream of traffic, going at perhaps twice the speed of a ferry boat, which would be unbroken by any waits or line-ups at piers. And still the bridge engineers assure us

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for the unusual
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*via Panama Canal
and Havana*

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eleven... tea at four*
Your first step
up the gang
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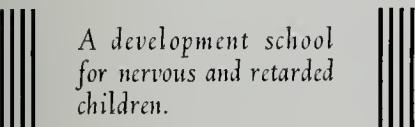
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that there would be no reason for the ferries to give up the ghost and sink slowly into disuse and despair. In nearly all cases where a bridge has been built in place of a ferry, it has turned out to be a supplement to the ferries rather than a supplantment. A bridge has such a tendency to increase traffic, rather than hog it all like an old meaney, that the ferries are pressed into even greater service. This ought to be enough to cheer up any ferry boat that has felt the bridge would relegate it to the de Young Museum.

AESTHETIC souls concerned with the beauty of San Francisco and the bay region have become a trifle unmanageable on the subject of the bridge on the grounds that it would disfigure our famous Golden Gate with its still more famous sunsets. Instead of being a detriment, we can all be pretty sure that it will be a decided stimulant to the post-card trade. As a structure the Golden Gate Bridge plans as they now stand are a masterpiece of suspension-bridge engineering, but viewed from an artistic angle they are still more remarkable. Joseph B. Strauss, chief engineer, has kept in mind at all times the appearance of the bridge as well as its function. It has been so designed that it constitutes a decidedly impressive approach to the bay region. Two towers, tall as the Woolworth Building or as tall as San Francisco's two tallest buildings, the Russ and the Telephone, set one on top of another, will stand on each side of the gate. Both will be finished in silver. The effect either by moonlight or sunset is going to take some diligent imagining to picture with any degree of justice. The approaches to the bridge at each side will be treated more as parkways than highways, and if there is anything we need in this neck of the woods it's just that sort of thing. For a large number of decades, incoming liners have been greeted somewhat dismally by a ghost of the past in old Fort Winfield Scott. We feel that this sort of thing is beginning to become unpleasantly symbolical or something and that it is high time that a bridge, such as that under consideration, built to clear up any doubts about whether San Francisco is going ahead or backward.

The Cedars . . .

CORA C. MYERS, HEAD

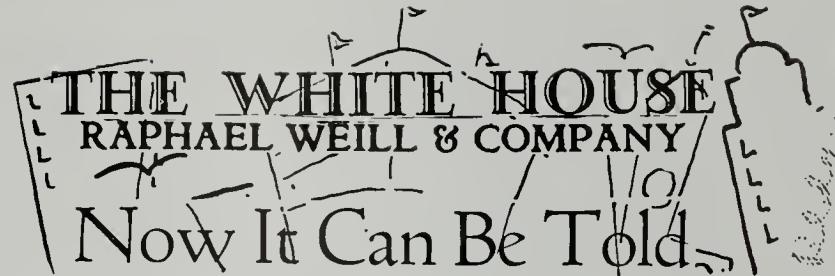


Ideal climate—no fog—delicate children grow strong and develop latent talents.

ADDRESS

THE CEDARS

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OUR child is growing up! San Francisco's eighth season of opera, presented through its very own Opera Association, is also its most ambitious season. Not only the most established names appear on the program this year, but those that are most intriguing to public interest at the moment. Clairbert, who is making her first American appear-



ance in *La Traviata*; Hope Hampton, the first motion picture star to step into operatic fame; Frederick Jagel, who makes his initial San Francisco appearance in *The Girl of the Golden West*. And, by the way, this opera, together with Ravel's, *A Naughty Boy's Dream*, are also making their San Francisco debut at this time. Then among the tried and true celebrities is the glamorous Jeritza who promises a dramatic evening in *I Pagliacci*, and who will also sing the role of Salome which she created in the opera of that name; and the well-beloved Mario and Gigli who appear together in both *Manon* and *Mignon*.

These attractions alone are the makings of sumptuous feast. More than worthy the rich and glowing cosmopolitan background that San Francisco affords its visiting artists.

BRATHES there a feminine soul so dead, who never to herself hath said, "Oh goody, goody, now I can really dress up," when opera nights rolled around. It's the year's best possible excuse



for putting over your wardrobe in a big way. Dignity comes into its own. And, as though in keeping with this most ambitious of all San Francisco opera seasons, fashions, too, are in the grand manner.

Gowns, (and we don't mean frocks or dresses, either!) are most typical of the

incoming fall fashion season in gleaming satin or luxurious metallic cloths. The lines, speaking generally, (if that be possible in this age of variety) resolve themselves into, really, quite a Grecian effect. If you consider Vionnet's draped neckline, which is typical; the natural waistline, which is more sinned against than sinning; the flowing length of skirt, which reveals the torso and conceals the ankle, haven't you the good old Grecian silhouette, varied just enough to meet the more slender requirements of the 1930 figure?

TH E longer evening wrap is back, partly because it's that time of the year, but mostly because . . . well, they were featured in the fall openings at Paris, France, and that's quite reason enough, don't you think? They are so graceful, fitted just so, to blend with the exquisite lines of the frocks they complement.

And, oh, colours this year! One reads of such combinations as a mulberry wrap worn with a rose coloured gown; white satin dress accompanied by a glowing ruby satin cape; poudre blue costume with wrist handkerchief and dyed slip-



pers of deep jacquinet red. These, and countless other amazingly new colour schemes, were noted by a fashion scout just a week or two ago at one of Paris' smartest night clubs. Evidently the more subtle the understanding between gown and accessories, the smarter its fashion rating.

ANY style story related by The White House this season must return at last to a regular O. Henry surprise ending. For fashions may be elegant, (and they are!) they may be unvaryingly high White House quality, (and they most certainly are that, too!) but prices are just plain middle-class! Not just here and there, but consistently so, because our entire merchandising scheme for fall was deliberately planned that way.

NOB HILL TOPICS



THE sentinels of Nob Hill, the imposing Mark Hopkins and the dignified Fairmont, will open the winter season with opera festivities, foremost among which will be Opera Night in Peacock Court, September 11th, when society and opera stars alike will gather for midnight dancing and brilliant entertainment, following the performance of "Manon" . . . Dinner parties and after-the-opera suppers are being arranged in the private dining rooms and reservations are also being made for less formal affairs. . . . All in all, it promises to be a very gay season—not forgetting the smart Junior League Fashion Show on September 15. With permanent guests returning from summer travel and out-of-town people taking suites for the season, the Aristocrats of Nob Hill are, as usual, the hub of the social whirl.

With Our Contemporaries

By James Martin MacInnis

WE HAD rather hoped, by laying side by side upon our desk copies of THE NEW YORKER and JUDGE, to compare the destructive critical styles of Robert Benchly of the former periodical, and the venerable Mr. Nathan of JUDGE. But such a hope, if any, was short-lived, for while Benchly has retained his customary style in reviewing current New York plays, Nathan has diverted his columns from an article of dramatic criticism to one of personal comment.

Formerly his section was labeled, "Judging the Shows," by George Jean Nathan, and we were wont to enjoy the bona fide criticism written in the characteristic Nathan manner. Now, however, it would seem that Mr. Nathan has graduated from the school of ordinary reviewing, for behold—the trend of the article is an accumulation of Nathan's fan mail; the more or less prepossessing title is "The Theatre of George Jean Nathan" and the great man's picture is at the top of the page to boot. But then, that is JUDGE, and we only hope that the man in the street does not mistake George Jean's beautifully embossed photograph for a cartoon.

The National Tariff idea seems to have furnished food for thought to quite a number of writers, for in THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW we found

"Free Trade and Peace" by Gilbert Murray, another attack upon the tariff system. This article is unusual in that the author uncovers the underlying causes of the harm which the tariff seeks to remedy and shows the utter futility of an attempt of individual nations to build up a separate national prosperity by destroying the trade of neighbors. The harm, he points out, is due not to labor, of which there is a multiplicity, but to a lack of co-ordination between producer and consumer, and the greatest evil of all is over-protection. Looking ahead into the future, the author sees only two causes that will disrupt our civilization: First, another European War between the great powers; and Second, a general resort to protection.

But, now that the law is passed, wouldn't it be a bit more practical not to quibble too much about it?

WITH the founding of this column a couple of months ago, we had resolved not to mention Mr. Mencken's green-covered opus for some time to come; but a glance at the AMERICAN MERCURY for August sent this resolution floundering with all our other good resolutions of the past eight years, when we discovered "A Note as to Sinclair Lewis" by James Branch Cabell. And, while we thought

Cabell sneered a little too unkindly at President Hoover,—while we regretted the sudden manner in which he dashed the hopes of those illusionists who conceive of Lewis as a realist, we cannot but accept his sentiments as outstanding, and in a measure quite true. All in all, the author goes out of his way to show all and sundry that Lewis, who has been hailed as aptly depicting phases of American life, is more or less of a romanticist.

"The Theatre's Battle With Itself," by Inor Brown, proved a catchy enough title to force us to open the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, but turned out to be a mere enumeration of trends of dramatic stages. Still optimistic, we read the article through, and found the writer concluding that the theatre is always at war with itself. Now, if Mr. Brown had told us this at the start, it wouldn't have been necessary for us to read the article.

"The Maxims of Ninon" appearing in MENTOR for August, is not, we regret to say, up to Emil Ludwig's best efforts. The thought of this rather brief biography is good enough; Ludwig admits the frailties, and yet extolls the virtues of one of history's greatest lovers, but the style smacks more of Barrington than of the more colossal Ludwig. He delineates her life as a continuous cycle of paradoxes. Ninon was eighty years old, yet eternally young when she had her last lover. She was proud, yet not arrogant—fickle, yet not inconstant—and while she lived for love alone, she often put love aside for more serious pursuits. . . .

Continued on next page

... and some museum sufferers

A nameless museum suffers grievously in the loss of this 16th Century Oushak masterpiece for it is likely to add another regal touch to a great rug lover's home.

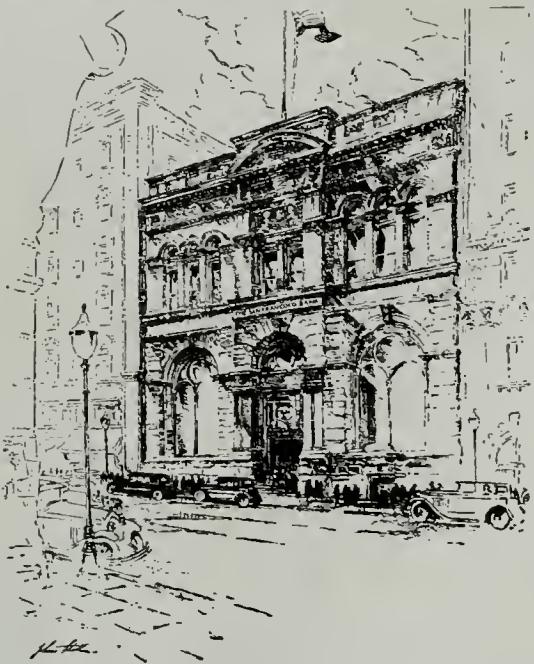
A smaller 16th Century Oushak fragment, alike in design, now hangs in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London.

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Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly

With Our Contemporaries

Continued from page 31

There evidently was something closely akin to suffrage in those days, too.

The editor of THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE—Albert Shaw, goes Boswell to write "This Man Holmes," a tribute to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is now entering upon his ninetieth year in this cosmic existence. "Today," declares Shaw, "there is no one more worthy of praise among living Americans than Justice Holmes." These remarks preface a very fine essay by Justice Holmes, under the title of "Natural Law" heralded as a bit of brilliant thinking by a clear-minded contemporary on the ageless quest for truth.

SOMEBODY is always saying that there isn't enough of something or other, and the glib public usually takes up the cry. In FORUM for August, "Coolidge and the Do-Nothing Decade," by Edward Campbell Aswell, might have been interpreted as a subconscious attempt at sensationalism, if we were not terribly broad-minded. At any rate, Mr. Aswell has been believing some of the things Mr. Coolidge has said about himself in his recent COSMOPOLITAN articles.

Using our former President as an example, the author deplores America's evident lack of great statesmen and leaders during the past ten years. That there have been specialists of distinction, he admits; but he finds modern America practically destitute of great leaders. He bases his parallel on this reason:

"I have dwelt upon Coolidge, because as the most representative man of an essentially commercial decade, he exemplifies our greatest weakness as a nation. Like him, we have never acquired a broad philosophical attitude of mind. Like him, we have never taken the trouble to examine critically the fundamental assumptions of our time. Like him, we have been swept by the current of events to the pinnacle of world power; and like him, we have found ourselves in the pathetic situation of not knowing what to do with it."

But we do hope it's not as bad as all that.

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Cellar Keys

Anonymous

BANNINGTON stood before his door at 2 a.m., fruitlessly searching his dinner clothes for his key ring.

"Damn, and DOUBLE damn!" After jerking the door knob violently, he paced to the elevator to hunt for Hugh, the house watchman. Presently both returned, and after having tried all HIS keys without avail, Hugh went down to the office to get the duplicate key to 909.

Bannington strode down the hall to a fire escape balcony, and smoked a cigarette. Shortly he heard the elevator stop. Two policemen stepped out, looked down the corridor, then in his direction. He came in off the balcony, towards them . . .

"Halt, and don't move," snapped one of the men. "Got your nerve trying a Nob Hill Community. You won't be monkeying with any more door locks tonight, I mean this morning—unless you try the jail's." The other cop slipped on the handcuffs.

"Oh, I say my good fellows, it's *your* mistake—I was trying to get in my own apartment. Lost my keys, and am waiting for the watchman to come up with one from the office. The people across the hall know me, but I hate to wake them . . ."

"Well, you needn't—we'll just take you up on that boast," and he thrust a stout thumb on the bell. No answer. A longer ring the next time, then women's frightened whispers on the other side of the door.

"I wish you wouldn't annoy my friends, take me on, please."

"Don't be afraid, ladies—we caught the man you phoned us about, can you identify him?"

The door was slowly unlocked, cautiously opened a little, and an excited young woman peered out, her mother behind her . . .

"Oh, Mr. Bannington! Whatever are these men doing with you? Why we thought . . ."

"So did they, Miss Andover."

"Say, we're awfully sorry, Mr. Bannington. Are you the attorney? Gosh, Kelly, take those bracelets off—we better be going, but first spring that door lock."

"Thanks boys, bide a wee—"

"Well, Hugh, you've just missed a clever unlocking act! You and I gave my neighbors a terrible scare, man; now let's try to make amends. You take our officer guests into the buffet, and I'll bring these ladies something to quiet their nerves."

"Now you *will* be arrested, Mr. Bannington, if these policemen know you have THAT on hand," said Mrs. Andover, fearing another disturbance.

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"Umm, mm, this tastes like the real stuff to me,—"

"Agatha!"

"That's what every one says, my dear; it was made from PORT Juice of the Grape which I buy from the ITALIAN SWISS COLONY. Any one can buy or make their own grape juice beverage for home consumption—and keep it till, well, till it gets *this* way, you know."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Bannington, but I

found your keys, sir—they were in your CELLAR door," said Hugh.

If this "CELLAR" business sounds interesting to YOU, call Garfield 3546 and they'll tell you all about the inside of it!

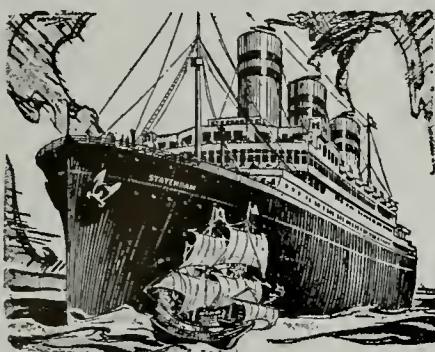
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1930 Opera Season

Continued from page 10

all living composers, Richard Strauss. Its kaleidoscopic score is overwhelming. It is an opera of erotomania and demoniacal vindictiveness. It reveals the ultra-violet rays in the dark spectrum of our emotions, for it provides us with a prism that makes them visible.

"La Traviata" represents the middle period in Verdi's development. It is full of melodious music, and at the same time it reveals a deepening sense of drama. Sentimental? Yes, at times; but some of the scenes have genuine pathos. Will its performance be a memorable night in the musical annals of our city? Is it true that the young soprano, whom we are to hear for the first time in our country, comes to us trailing clouds of glory? We shall see.

The scene of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is California in the days of '49; but the music is thoroughly Italian. It is revived, no doubt, to afford opportunity for the theatrical gift of *Jeritza*.

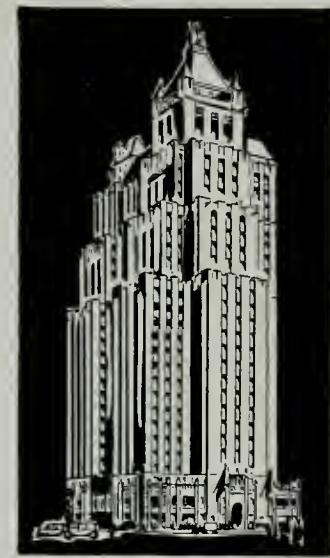
The same composer's "La Boheme" is known and loved by everyone who cares for opera. Of all Puccini's operas, perhaps, it best expresses his spontaneous gift of alluring melody, of perfumed and impassioned phrases.

Humperdinck's "Haensel and Gretel" is a charming fairy-tale set to exquisitely descriptive music, full of the indescribable spell of childhood.

Of Ravel's one-act opera I cannot speak with first-hand information. Some of his piano music, at times ravishingly beautiful, I know; and I have seen his little opera entitled "L' Heure Espagnole" in Europe. It is a fine example of modern musical impressionism, ingenious and vivid, and we may expect its successor, "A Naughty Boy's Dream," to be full of interest, highly entertaining.

The operatic twins of Mascagni and Leoncavallo are too well-known to require comment here. *Jeritza* is to sing in both of them, and on the same evening. Full of the primitive passions of love and hate, these music-dramas of Sicilian peasants and wandering actors will afford her full opportunity to reveal her sense of the theater and also to display her vocal gift. Two tenors will sing for us that evening, and also two baritones.

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"Mignon." Five of the finest voices in the company are to sing it for us. And it is full of melodies. Who does not know the glittering polonoise with its difficult descending chromatic scale? How will Clairbert sing it? Will she recall to us the dazzling Tetzlitzini? And who does not know the melodious and pathetic song of the land where the orange tree grows? Where else, in all the range of opera, is there a song better suited to the voice of Queen Mario?

"Tannhauser" is always welcome to those who know and admire Wagner. It marks a definite stage in his attempt to write a perfect music-drama. And for those who do not know him it is a very satisfactory opera with which to make his acquaintance, for it is often melodious in a high degree, its choral numbers are beautiful and thrilling, and the story lends itself finely to musical interpretation. In the role of the stately Elizabeth we will probably see Jeritza at her best, especially in the great aria of the "Greeting to the Hall."

"Faust" should never be considered as a musical version of the great story by Goethe. It never reaches such a level. Rather is it the love-story of Marguerite; and it would have been fortunate had it borne her name instead of that of her lover. Who does not remember and remain charmed by its copious flow of melody and its lovely orchestration? Once more its phrases will reveal to us the French genius—luminous, graceful, elegant, restrained. And it is sonorous, too, at times, as one may hear in the soldiers' chorus. Hope Hampton, a new American soprano, is to sing Marguerite.

And, finally, the season is to close with Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," written in those far away days when melody reigned supreme and dramatic truth in depicting the mood of the moment was seldom the main concern of the composer. Yet there are passages in Lucia that are artistically true and sincere; and the famous sextet has lost nothing of its popularity.

WILL this varied and interesting repertoire, and this list of singers, at least several of them stars of the first magnitude, meet with due support? The answer, if we are at all confident of the developing culture of our city, is surely in the affirmative. More and more grand opera is becoming a favorite form of artistic entertainment. More people know and like it today than ever before. Its future seems assured.

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Ask for folders and reservations, at The Ahwahnee or Yosemite Lodge, from YOSEMITE PARK AND CURRY CO., 39 Geary St., San Francisco; 604 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles; and Yosemite National Park, California.

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Special Release of Opera Recordings

by John Dittmar

HAS opera interest increased ten-fold in one year?

For the 1929 San Francisco Opera Season, the Victor Company made a special release of two opera recordings—but this year, the city's opera company has been honored by a special release of twenty recordings pertinent to the season! And some of the records will not be available elsewhere until a month or more later.

SALOME

RICHARD STRAUSS' music-drama *Salome*, based on Oscar Wilde's one act tragedy of the same name, caused a veritable storm of controversy at the time of its first performance in Dresden, in 1905. The audience was shocked—women fainted and had to be carried to dressing rooms for resuscitation. The opera was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City in 1907 and withdrawn at once, and strangely enough has been missing from the repertoire of New York's famous opera house. Jeritza's first appearance in America in the role of Salome during the San Francisco opera season should provide an exciting novelty.

The opera is best known through the orchestral performances of Salome's Dance which has been recorded for Victor by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. The wild music in Oriental vein, with which the "Dance" begins

is intended to urge the heroine to start dancing. But she stands motionless . . . thinking of the promise the King has given her. Then slowly she begins the Dance of the Seven Veils. Here is excitement . . . passion . . . frenzy . . . madness! The dance reaches a dizzy climax . . . the music develops a tumultuous "forte." There is a long trill and a precipitous descending passage in the strings as Salome casts herself at the feet of King Herod. Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra play this music superbly. The instrumental solo passages are startlingly beautiful . . . the welling crescendos will hold you spell-bound. *Salome's Dance* requires three twelve-inch record sides. The fourth is Japanese Nocturne by the California composer, Henry Eichhei. It is one of a group of Oriental Impressions which are the result of a sojourn in the Far East, and represents sound heard at night in Japan.

The Finale of *Salome* has been recorded by Greta Ljungberg and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra directed by Leo Blech. This excerpt containing some of Strauss' finest writing receives a vocal and orchestral performance of surpassing merit.

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TANNHAUSER was commenced in 1842 and completed in 1845. It was first performed in Dresden on the 19th of October, 1845. When the work was in preparation for performance at the Paris Opera in 1861 Wagner rewrote a portion of the score. In the Parisian version the overture does not come to an end, but at the second appearance of the Bacchanalian music the curtain rises and the ballet begins. Wagner re-

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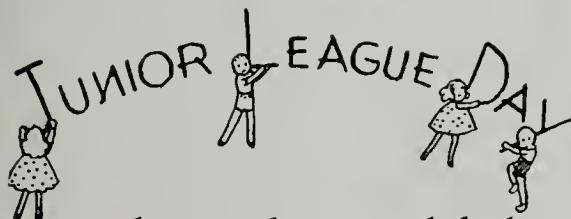


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Galli-Curci and Schipa combine in singing two duets from La Traviata, in which Galli-Curci's tempi are at variance with those indicated by the composer.

JERITZA and PINZA

JERITZA is heard in Brunnhilde's Battle Cry and the Appeal to Wotan, from the "Walkure" and Pinza sings two arias from Don Giovanni.



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Toward a New Theatre

Continued from page 9

"Midsummer-Night's Dream" served primarily as an agent in behalf of a worthy charity but as time goes on it may be regarded as a stone of no mean proportions in the foundation which is being laid for the theatre of the future.

IT WAS a modest beginning. The production as a whole was made on an extremely economical basis, as compared to what the board of the Home probably hopes to be able to offer in the future. But it was a beginning. And modest though it was, like all pioneering it involved a tremendous amount of labor for all concerned.

An out-of-doors theatre had to be created in which to give the performance, a theatre with an auditorium which could accommodate two thousand spectators, and a stage of sufficient proportions upon which a spectacle might be presented. A complete lighting system had to be specially installed. A large cast assembled from a widely scattered summer community, and dressing room accommodations provided—all in the great open spaces back of the Menlo Circus Club. Then the public had to be made aware of the event. Tickets had to be sold. And this is to mention only a few of the thousand and one technical details comprised in giving a public theatrical performance—a performance, moreover, which was given to raise money, and not to spend it. It must, indeed, have been a complex and harrowing problem with which the members of the Home board had to cope all for one performance.



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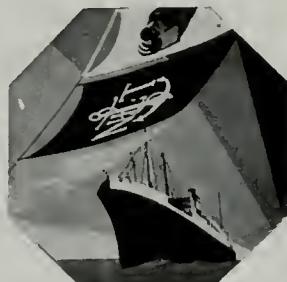
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In Ancient Greece, many plays were given but a single performance. Knowing that the production was to be seen but once the public flocked by the thousands to see it. Who knows? Perhaps that custom will again come to prevail in the theatre of the future. There is something challenging to the imagination in the idea of one best effort for a single dramatic event, the value of recognizing that the art of the production must be brought to its highest expression on one designated evening and that it must stand or fall in the public memory by that one occasion.

Seeing the sincere labor that went into the recent production and the faith in the project held by those who executed the hundred and one details, one can not but feel strongly that such effort is significant. The actual participation of lay groups in such a production, their allegiance to a definite artistic ideal and their willing cooperation under the leadership of an artist-director, constitute not only a valuable contribution to the theatricals of the west coast, but also a decisive step towards the development of a new theatre form.

Causerie

Continued from page 20

WHEN one passes, as I am doing, from these two foreign novels to "The 42nd Parallel" (Harper and Brothers) by John Dos Passos, one is struck first of all by the extraordinarily adolescent quality of American, even good American fiction. Dos Passos is far from an inferior writer; in fact, I think I should consider him one of the really significant people writing

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in America today, but when one compares him with Proust or Gide, who for all their differences have in common a surety, an exactness, an elegance (to use the word in its true sense) which no American writer of today can equal, one sees clearly the immaturity of the American novel.

However, let me not seem to condemn Dos Passos. I admire him tremendously. Ever since he wrote years ago one of the first and best war novels, His growing experimentation was shown most clearly in "Manhattan Transfer." In "The 42nd Parallel" he carries it still further, giving us not a straightforward novel, but a series of closeups and newsreels and narrative.

A LONG the "via dolorosa" that is the way of modern poetry, Louise Bogan goes her way, serenely untroubled by this or that school, or cult, or clique. In her latest book, "Dark Summer," (Charles Scribner's Sons) is found some of the finest lyric verse that has been written recently. Some of the poems are reprinted from her earlier book, "Body of this Death," but taken as a whole this second volume has greater surety of technique, and a fine restraint which show her growing maturity.

Surely, "Dark Summer" is the best book of verse that has appeared in many months. I say this unkindly, I suppose, since I am to speak also of Edmond Wilson's "Poets, Farewell!" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The book has an excellent title. One poem, "Provincetown," stands out above all the rest; it is excellent lyric verse. The others will do admirably to read at the proper moment in the progress of an "affair du coeur."



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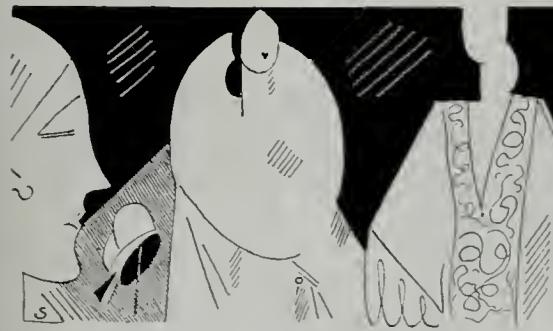
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HARDLY know how to get away to a fair start and tell what I have seen, what with the fleet just fleeting, the opera coming full tilt, market week and yacht races all as distractions. It requires concentration, my girl, concentration—bless my old primary grade teacher.

The parade of sailors and marines, with the old Sousa marches setting the pace, was thrilling. But I paced up and down like Felix, wondering at the lack of enthusiasm in the crowd—one would think they were bringing home the dead and wounded! They are such clean types of boys—and so rollicking. Always a keen desire to get chummy with a sailor suit afflicts me—and the poor dears are only too willing. Naughty nice, the gobs, but mighty dependable when war clouds threaten.

Sure of a well turned ankle, I made a dash to cross Market street during a lull in the parade. Dum-de-dum! dum-de-dum! You know the tune they play when the elephant comes in. I got that. After all, boys!

Still fussed, I went to my appointment with KYA, the comparatively new radio station in the

Loew Warfield building. Everything there was going on with such precision that I regained my poise and began to look around with interest. It is the biggest individual station I have seen, and by that I mean it is an independent one, with the finest radio equipment in the United States, I am sure. It is entirely devoted to the bay area and its interests. Everything pertaining to San Francisco, from crops to sports, is made known over this broadcasting station. I had to stretch my imagination to take in the possible benefits our jeweled city will derive from it.

HALE Brothers' foreign buyer has just returned from Paris so I called on him to look at some of his imports. This store is such an enormous concern of general merchandise that you are quite surprised at the personal selection shown in the gowns in the French Room. One especially to write about was of egg-shell flat crepe—the very low neck in back was bordered with a wreath of crushed crimson roses while the voluminous skirt had touches of crimson in cut-work on the border. An artistic triumph in color combination! . . . and here and now I must pay a compliment to the general courtesy existing throughout the entire establishment.

MORE importations were being unpacked at Nelly Gaffney's. I subsided into a corner like a mouse and looked . . . Easy on the optics? I'll say they are . . . Lace with bordered crushed velvet roses, metallic chiffons, fringe, Lama cloth . . . I clutched the old bank balance and fled. Get thee behind me, Satan! Just a minute—ankle length chiffons are shown for dressy afternoon.

I found just the right shoes for these creations at Werner's on Geary. Silk faille seems to have taken the place of crepe de chine and other

fabrics—I doubt if any other material could take such exquisite shades to compliment our evening gowns. Of special interest to everybody, I think, was a pair of pumps—black satin shot with gold thread that caught light at all points. These will be indispensable to a wardrobe, now that black is the vogue . . . Strictly opera pumps for evening . . . straps over the instep for dressy afternoon . . . and unlimited choice for sports wear, ranging from suede in all colors to patent leather.

ABURNING question is what to do about the grand-dad golf courses—Lakeside, Harding, Lincoln, et cetera—now that they have brought forth so many small offspring . . . and such lively looking youngsters they are that they present a real problem. Being from Kentucky, myself, the way they come to life is a biological puzzle. One was born this morning right around the corner from me and it is a likely looking colt even though its mother was a dirty

Continued on next page

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lot. It really was conceived in the brains of two automobile mechanics. Get that straight? And it looks like a blue ribboner, as many of the others do, too. A new indoor course at the Whitcomb Hotel, I've called Jim Dandy—should be marvelous in the muddy weather! And are these golf colts admired—you should see the crowds. How about returning the big courses to stud and watching the youngsters "Lil ole mouse who threw that brick?"

Yachting being hard on the looks, I paid a necessary visit to Melisse at Kaya Lama for a facial. Thought I'd take one or two to counteract the summer peeling—and found myself sold on a series of treatments. They take from an hour and a half to two hours—but such luxury! Imagine me having the same kind of crushed strawberry and "vin" packs for which parliament once had to increase the personal budget of Mary Queen of Scots! The operator at Kaya Lama is not only wonderful; she's a miracle worker. She turned me out the first time right in the pink to model some of the Liebes gowns at the Junior League Fashion Show. In fact I felt so gay that I went straight up Post to the St. Francis where Dr. Arkatov has opened his new studio and arranged for a photographic portrait. I had seen his exhibit several days before and only needed the added inspiration to engage his services for myself.

Henry George

Continued from page 22

erty, brought understanding between Capital and Labor, lessened crime, eliminated over-speculation and business depressions and abolished war. The appearance of the book caused a sensation in America and Europe.

In 1880, George went to New York City, and immediately became the idol and prophet of eastern labor forces. In 1886, he ran for mayor of New York on a Labor ticket, and was defeated. He ran a second time, and was again defeated. He died in New York in 1897, a disillusioned, puzzled man. If Huntington, Crocker, Stanford and Hopkins were the main springs of California's early railroad journalism, George was its philosopher, and like most philosophers, he found small honor or profit.

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Celebrating its anniversary and the beginning of the fifth year of growth, THE SAN FRANCISCAN will publish a special issue that will incorporate the regular November magazine with a retrospective review of the magazine since its beginning.



During its short life, THE SAN FRANCISCAN has published contributions by H. L. Mencken, Gertrude Atherton, Max Reinhart,

Idwal Jones, Robert Joyce Tasker, Col. C. E. S. Wood, Kathleen Norris, Lincoln Steffens, Carey McWilliams, Sidney King Russell, Wilson Follett, Sara Bard Field, Witter Bynner and other distinguished writers. There have been illustrations, photographs, drawings — by Ralph Barton, Sotomayor, Peter Arno, Ned Hilton, Zorach, Rivera, Davies, Rockwell Kent, Winkler, Johan Hagemeyer. There have been cartoons, verse, pithy comment, short stories that undoubtedly deserve to live.



If you recall something from any past issue that you would like to see included in the retrospective section of the Anniversary issue, please write your suggestion to THE SAN FRANCISCAN before October 15th.



Extra copies of the November issue will sell on the news stands at twenty-five cents a copy—however you may order magazines direct from us at fifteen cents each, prior to October 25th. After that date no orders will be filled in the magazine office unless accompanied by a year's subscription at \$2.50.



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The First Year After

A Brief Discussion of the Business Psychology Following
the Culmination of the Great Stock Market Crash of 1929.

by Covington Janin

THREE is certainly no stronger instinct directing the mind of intelligent man than to project the present into the future. It was the direct cause of the final and most disastrous phase of the late bull market in stocks and all other saleable things that felt its urge, and it is therefore a direct index to the general depression which now harasses us.

After the smoke and tumult of crashing stock prices has at last subsided and the play of human emotions has exhausted the effects of personal financial loss on a somewhat bewildered business man's world, there is nothing at all mysterious about either the recent stock market catastrophe or the ensuing stagnation. A bull market, such as the amazing rise of stock prices which began in Coolidge's administration in 1927 and ended just before the turn of the year, is primarily caused by good business, sound national finances and by the readiness of the public mind to accept the phenomenon. We all remember with a shudder the avidity with which we purchased new and untried securities last year for no other reason than an unshakable conviction that they were going up. Toward the end of this phase, stock prices became, as in the summer of 1929, ridiculously high, everyone apparently making money without the slightest effort, and so firmly rooted is the acquisitive instinct in mankind that at last money became so dear that we were asked to pay four or five hundred per cent of the normal interest rate to buy our stocks.

Yet everyone was perfectly happy for, after all, stocks were in a new era. Everyone could now afford two automobiles instead of one so why should not the manufacturers produce twice as many as before? What if common stocks yielded only 2 per cent and gilt-edge bonds over 4.5 per cent: the stocks could later be sold at a still higher price. Academicians, statisticians, and federal reserve officials, who had seen it all happen before, were old and grey and encompassed by moss. A new age had dawned and only they had not yet felt its enlightening touch.

SUDDENLY, or so it seemed to us in late September and October of last year, everyone had as many automobiles as he needed and he came to wonder how he was going to pay for all his new splendor. The market ceased going up. The business man analyzed, for the first time in two years, his income account and found to his dismay that he had been spending stock market profits for his living expenses; and when he turned to the market to draw out his next month's rent, he found that too many other people had the same idea, and he had perforce to sacrifice some stocks to get out of it at all. The house of cards wavered uncertainly and tumbled; stock market hysteria and depression were upon us, and all the mighty words of bankers and business tycoons and the host of others who found themselves in high places could not replace a single card—for the fusing substance, public confidence, was completely lacking.

Depression slinks over the land like a cowardly wolf, casting suspicious and wavering eyes everywhere, while the blasted new-era populace retires into its half-paid-for mansions and its half-empty factories, trembling for its very life lest he hesitate too long before their doors.

There seems to be no tint of blue in the skies. No ray of sun penetrates the murk. No one will buy anything, from shoe laces to yachts, first, because everyone already has enough to last him for a time, and secondly, because he is afraid to spend any of his still remaining funds for lack of vision as to where more money will come from. Thus continues business stagnation in its season, for the human mind is busy again at its old failing of viewing the future through the eyes of the present.

At last, in this old, old sequence of facts, there comes a day when, through the very exhaustion of commodities and manufactured goods, the public must begin buying again, whether it will or no. The immutable urge of demand against supply makes itself felt. Gradually manufacturers will find that their factories are a little busier, and merchants

that a few more people are entering their shops. Before they know it they discover that their revenues are not so bad after all, and, quite miraculously, business will begin to look good. Factories will take on more men, new businesses start, a real estate boom will be eminent. Just as the former bull market at its culmination left us bewildered, prosperity will have sneaked up upon us and encompassed us in its golden grasp without our knowledge, and without our help. Once more the world projects the present into the future and nothing can stop business then.

THIS is briefly a picture of what has happened to us since the bleak days following the staggering blows of last November, with the last and happiest chapter of the perennial drama as yet not enacted. We are probably at the present time near the end of the depression stage on which a surge of public confidence can draw the curtain for the final act. The daily press already is tinged with a slightly roseate hue, this time with a new note of sincerity, and here and there, as yet at a far distance, a little lightening of the skyward gloom predicts a hint of blue beyond.

But withal we must not let our wish destroy our critical judgment. All of us who are engaged in trade or finance are definitely committed to a policy of enthusiasm toward United States business, but let us do our thinking independently of Mr. Brisbane, and note that American Telephone & Telegraph Common Stock still yields only 4.17 per cent, Pacific Gas & Electric 3.38 per cent, United States Steel 4.16 per cent and General Electric 2.20 per cent against an average obtainable yield of 4.85 per cent in the nation's strongest industrial bonds; and let us not for a moment really believe that new-eras or changed economic conditions, or our shift to a creditor nation, or any other transitory phenomenon, have very much to do with the time-tried laws of the economic cycle. And let us finally remember, while waiting for the first acceleration of the mighty wheels of trade, that there is no "new-era" in human nature.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

NOW she signs and then she cancels. Now she plays, then she won't play. Now she says yes, then no.

Now she passes out her checks, and then she vows they filled blanks with the desired figures.

Blank, we say, is just about the right classification for Mlle. Bow herself, and any and all of her doings. Furthermore, that a smart fellow like Will Rogers should get taken in by her, and have to pass out alibis for his part in this gambling check business is something to both pain and astonish us.

We refer to the latest escapade of Hollywood's champion good little wench solely to afford ourselves the pleasure of ignoring her in the future. She can get drunk or stay sober, get married or stay single, save her money or give it to her boy friends. We don't give a damn what happens to her, and that's an end to her in these pages for all time to come.

A San Franciscan is one in whose geography Los Angeles appears south of Market.

That our Board of Public Works has a notable talent for tearing up the wrong streets at the wrong time must be evident to all who have given any thought or observation to the matter. Generally speaking, San Franciscans make the best of this propensity on the part

of the Board. They pick their way through sand and debris with fortitude and resignation, and say nothing officially, and very little unofficially.

But when, in the midst of the Opera Season, the Board elects to stage one of its tearing up parties in the immediate vicinity of the Auditorium, it is time, we think, that something was said and done about it officially. Personally, we suggest that the Board be given a little lecture course on the fitness of things. This expedient is a mild one. Still, it may serve to bring the Board's several members to a realization of the fact that to scale sand heaps and hurdle trenches in street and working clothes is one thing, but to have to do these things when dressed for an evening of operatic entertainment is quite another, and to subject one under these circumstances, to the hazards of a disorderly street is an indignity and an outrage.

The election of James Rolph, Jr., as Governor of California, will, in more than one direction, herald a return to some of the picturesque, old California customs that made the State memorable in the annals of American history. In such a renaissance of historically hloed customs, modes and manners we are, obviously, deeply concerned.

So we take occasion to suggest that Rolph

usher in his governorship with an inaugural ball on the prodigiously lavish, elegant and grand scale of the inaugural balls of "the good old days." Next, that he promptly attend to re-gilding the dome of the State Capital, which has been allowed to fall into a deplorably shabby state.

These two gestures are, of course, largely symbolical, but executed in the best Rolphian manner they will serve to announce to all the world that all is again well in California, since its destinies are in the hands of a man from San Francisco.

A RECENT overland train westward bound was boarded somewhere in Pennsylvania by a maiden lady bearing a sickly red geranium in a pot. All the way across the continent this geranium absorbed the time and attention of its owner, much to the amusement of San Franciscan fellow passengers. At each stop she took it outside for sunshine. It must have air but not be in a draft. It must be kept moist but not wet. The slightest sign of wither on the edge of a leaf precipitated an emotional crisis.

All went well until the train pulled into Berkeley and the lady stepped out as usual, pot in hand. She stopped suddenly. Before her was a great row of giant geraniums growing along the edge of the sidewalk. Open-mouthed she surveyed them a moment. Then, muttering something strangely unmaidenlike, she hurled her geranium, pot and all, as far as she could, and turned to re-enter the car without one backward glance at the pitiful pieces.

The chief justification of intoxication these days seems to be the fact that it increases the importance of even the most trivial actions until one has a delusion of deliberation in the midst of a hectic life.

A YOUNG wife, whose husband was eager for offspring, was shocked the other day to have one of the leading stores deliver a baby buggy and complete layette. The tags showed that the order had been placed by her husband so she met him at the door that night.

"Were you drunk? What on earth made you send these things? You know we have no use for baby things!"

"bu-but I—I thought I saw you sewing on tiny garments last evening—"

The wife burst out laughing. "You poor dear! Those were the seat covers for the new Austin."

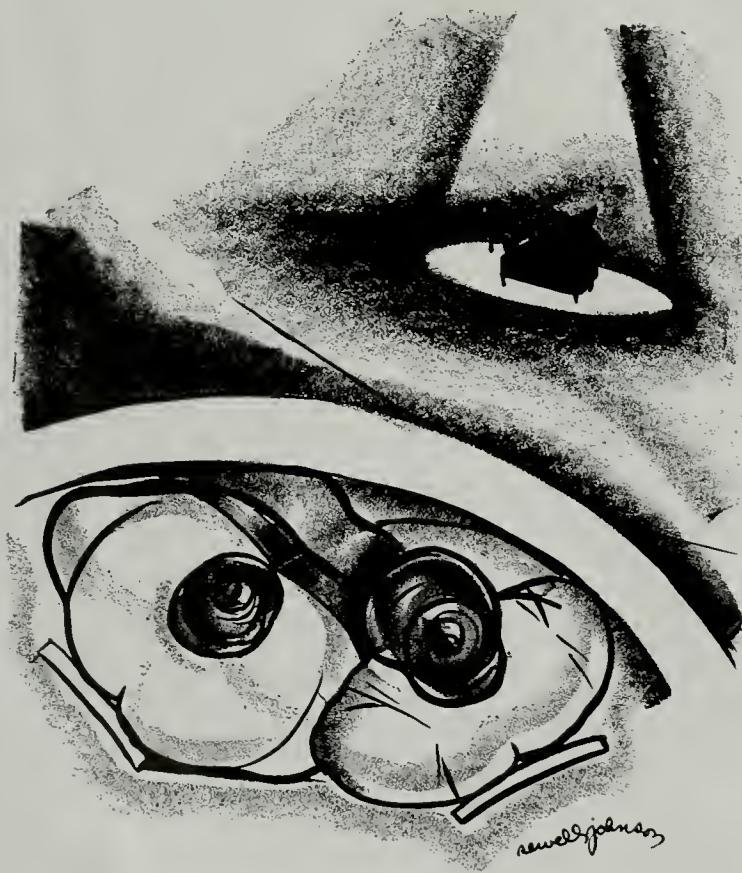
A little man with washed-out eyes who was the meek escort of a strapping Amazon in her tour through the store had fainted.

"Is he subject to this sort of thing?" asked a floorwalker.

"Not exactly," replied the woman. "He's a little nervous sometimes though. I tried to buy it without letting him see me."

"Buy what?" asked the floorwalker.

"A rolling-pin," said the woman.



"Debussy strikes an elfin chord in me."

FAMILIAR FIGURES

Seen on Every Gridiron During
the Mad, Glad October Days

by Roland Coe



The Beef Trust

Willie and Wallie, who football solely for the love of it, have just sighted a pair of beautiful broilers over by the bleachers. Wallie has turned his back, not in scorn, but in hope that the numbers thereon will recall to the fair audience a famous gridiron hero.



The Coach

Time was when the football coach appeared in togs and ran through a practice session or two with the boys, to give them a little added encouragement and keep his foot in. Not so the modern coaches such as I. Haman Howe. A soft bench and hard language are all he needs to turn the boys into champions.



The Halfback

Tony ("Bullfrog") Montana has taken his share of the spotlight ever since, at the tender age of eleven months, he first learned to walk on his hands. He is more than aware that he is quite the most important member of the team, for wasn't it his intelligent command that carried them to victory last week in the bitter battle on the home field? Yes, indeed, Tony is the star player—and he won't let you forget it.



The Martyr

Burchard is quite aware that he is creating a sensation. Ever since he trotted onto the field he has been the subject of snickers not too subdued. He would joyfully jump for a manhole if one were near, for the one girl has just asked her companion why they didn't let the air out of the dummy after the tackle practice was over.

The Three Graces

Left to right: Ridicule, Admiration and Practically Unconscious. The girls never miss a game.



The Critic

Professor Tillinghast, teacher of Biology and Botany, has shown an amazing interest in football of late, due, it is rumored, to a dispute that arose in class last week about being able to tell how far a frog can jump. The connection between frogs and football is somewhat vague, but so, for that matter, is the professor.

SPOTLIGHT

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

WE WENT to the Travers Theatre at the Fairmont Hotel all agog to see "Lysistrata," for word had reached us that several of the older inhabitants of that peaceful hostelry had threatened to vacate because of the production's ribaldries. Doubtless they had gone to the play, also, in a state of high pornographic expectation after a summer season that had held nothing more exciting than a Sunday evening concert in the lobby led by the intrepid but blameless Rudy Seiger. We regret to state that the reality fell far short of the expectation and we do not think that even an old lady would have been unduly shocked.

Mr. Lister rendered a version of the naughty Greek play which was no more bawdy than most Elizabethan comedies and which was decidedly tepid in comparison with any of the Restoration variety. And we came away with a feeling that the old ladies had protested out of sheer chagrin rather than from a sense of having had their morals affronted.

Mr. Travers with a fine understanding of his company's limitations decided to play up the farcical situations for all they were worth. The result was a rapid-fire production that confused the critical sense and gave plenty of wholesome laughs to an audience that had hoped for a covert snicker or two.

Thirty years ago the Travers' presentation of "Lysistrata" might have brought the police but after a post-war course in tabelasian literature and drama this comedy of wives withholding conjugal rights from their sex-starved husbands really seemed very tame. The idea, anyway, wasn't altogether convincing. We mean, where were the ladies of the Athenian night-life? It was quite too much to expect us to believe that there either were no attractive dance-hall girls or that the men were too virtuous to traffic with them. Altogether we should say that the play did not live up to its risque reputation.

LITTLE Orchid Annie," at the Geary Theatre, on the other hand, had a title that exuded sweetness and light, but as a matter of fact contained about as many dirty lines either directly or by innuendo as it has ever been our good fortune to listen to. Some of these lines hit the first night audience amid-ships and some of them flew completely over its head. But, on the whole, the percentage of registered hits was large.

This aforementioned first night audience was in a very friendly frame of mind. Everybody who came on the stage from Betty Bronson down to the Mannequins, imported from

our own City of Paris for Madame Elaine's Wholesale Dress Goods Establishment, got a big hand of welcome. The opening fifteen minutes seemed to augur a flop for the show and even Miss Bronson did not inspire any confidence by her entrance. But gradually the company got into its stride, the audience began to get the bawdy allusions and, before the curtain fell on the first act, a good time was being had by all.

Miss Bronson played the part of the baby-stare go-getter with the proper exaggeration. No one of course in real life could have been as dumb and kept out of the home for the feeble-minded. But farce is farce and as soon as the farcical tempo was established it was easy to accept Little Orchid Annie's idiocies without cavil.

The plot was less than nebulous and could not have carried a second act without the device of a "baby" party. The character that added most hilarity to this occasion was a gentleman in a diaper and the proper pin for supporting it. He had nothing to do with the show except to lead the police to the door and he had even less to say. But a six-foot gentleman in a diaper and a safety pin needs very little else to put over his act.

This second act was likewise enlivened with a song and dance by a lady of color named Albertine Pickens. She stopped the show and rightly so with as artistic shuffling of the nether limbs as we have ever seen.

Next on our list of favorites in the cast was Julia Blanc as Madame Elaine. But Julia is an old friend of ours that dates back to our Kolb and Dill days and then some. The fat lines in the show fell to the lot of Mabel Forrest. Miss Forrest allowed them to suffer through vehemence and over-emphasis. She worked too hard. She was too vindictive. If she would act with a little more nonchalance she would improve the role fifty per cent.

Altogether, "Little Orchid Annie" is entertainment for the tired business man and the exhausted business woman. It doesn't put any strain on either your emotions or your intelligence and stacked up against the San Francisco production of "Lysistrata" is a much bawdier show—that is, with reference to its lines. And like all modern farces hailing from New York it has a "pansy" in it.

IN THE splendid, idle forties a play was written that took the Atlantic seaboard by storm. It was called "Fashion." The main plot of this opus had to do with a vulgar, social climber trying to marry off her daughter to a French count, whereas said young lady

yearned for the office boy in her father's shop. This original idea had so much vitality in it, apparently, that in the year 1930 an alleged sophisticated comedy called "Young Sinners" uses the same framework. Only in this instance the Frenchman yields place to a Hapsburg and the youth of the heroine's dreams is the son of a millionaire who owns a line of chain grocery stores.

As a burlesque the play ought to be labeled great. It is just another one of those efforts that serve up to the man in the street what he is determined to believe the smart set is like. The hero we know was a product of the multiple corner grocery business. Where the heroine sprang from we were not informed. But since her manners were those of a gutter snipe we can only conclude that it might be just as well not to inquire into her origin too closely.

We can't believe that any audience takes this play seriously. If the public goes to see it at all it goes to revel in its three-minute kisses, and the shoulder bites that are featured so prominently in the publicity photographs. The young people created by the author are all sex exhibitionists, and if the truth were known they went out about six months ago along with short skirts and excessive gin drinking. Already the play is old-fashioned. If you do not believe us witness, when you go, the line in which the heroine tells her mother how emancipated the younger set are with their bobbed hair and short skirts—and she wearing a dress that sweeps the ground while she is saying it.

In October "Harper's Magazine" there is an article by La Marr Warrick called "Farewell to Sophistication." It opens by commenting on the fact that Bertrand Russell recently referred to Ernest Hemingway as mid-Victorian. Of course Ernest Hemingway is not mid-Victorian in the chronological sense. That term has grown to be a state of being. And, as such, Hemingway is qualifying rapidly. Unless he changes his tactics and discovers that long hair and long skirts and long gloves have ushered in a new set of youthful manners.

But why should anyone bring up the matter of sophistication in connection with such a play as "Young Sinners!" There isn't a sophisticated line in it. It is cheap, vulgar and blatant to use every trite adjective descriptive

Continued on page 34

A Mathematical Exclamation

by Peter

And if I choose to be a parabola
What of it?

Certainly you who are circles and ellipses
Should not object to my indefiniteness.

You shut out infinity;
I flee to it.

Young Sinners

Back stage at the Curran this month is as exciting as out in front—more so if one agrees with Charles Caldwell Dobie's estimate of the play—because back there is the "real thing." Youth rampant on a field of first stage appearance. Six youngsters fresh from first dramatic adventure in Hollywood. Inexperienced, bubbling, hopeful—their knees not quite steady, ankles still unused to the long dresses prescribed for stage youth this season . . . Marveling at audiences . . . curious about people . . . eager for experience . . . laughing at circumstance that necessitates the one girl who does not smoke to puff a cigarette on the stage and



MAURICE WILLOWS

POLLY ANN YOUNG



that keeps the one whose fingers have an acquired cigarette curve from even holding one . . . Such are the actors in "Young Sinners"—in defiance of the conventional supposition that one must be at least ten years older than the part played to be convincing. Such are Polly Ann Young and Maurice Willows pictured here. Such also are the leads, John Darrow and Marian Marsh, who carry the play after the first act. And all these youngsters are unanimous in their appreciation of Edgar McGregor who directed the production for Belasco and Curran, preparing it for the San Francisco premiere.

Passing Shows

Wherein Art and Artists Bid for Attention Throughout the San Francisco Winter Season

by Aline Kistler

SINCE art and artists are taken very seriously in San Francisco (so seriously in fact that it takes a strong-minded person to buy anything in one of the local galleries) it is highly interesting at this time of the year to look ahead to see what are some of the factors that will determine the activities of the next few months.

Summer and early autumn have been somewhat exciting.

The Art Association has had a heady draught of exhilarating liquor in the James D. Phelan legacy which bequeathed the elaborate estate of Montalvo to its care, together with an endowment for the upkeep and an additional donation of money for the long desired art gallery unit of the California School of Fine Arts buildings at Chestnut and Jones. The late Senator was an active member of the Association for forty-six years, and must have foreseen with enjoyment the situation he would create by giving it both power and money.

There has been much speculation about the possible development of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor under new directorship, but until the past ten days, since the arrival of Lloyd LePage Rollins, no one has known what would happen—and now people are beginning to expect miracles.

The visit of Oroscro from Mexico led some to prophesy a "Mexican season" for art in San Francisco this winter. It remains to be seen whether the arrival of Diego Rivera this month to decorate a wall in the Stock Exchange building will fan the flame of Mexican art enthusiasm or demonstrate the wide psychological gap between the primitive painting of a conscious communist propagandist and the modern pulse of American life. San Francisco artists have been forced by publicity into unanimous laudation of Rivera because none is willing to stand the cry of "sour grapes." However it is not the artists who will be affected by the experiment. The decorations are to be in an "inner room" inhabited by leading San Francisco financiers alone. It will be interesting to see how they stand the experiment.

The visit of Herr Hans Hofmann to teach in the University of California Summer Session caused fresh artistic hopes to rise in many faltering breasts and spread a new epidemic of "spatial relationship," "composing within the frame" and other modern idioms that have come to oust the once important "perspective." Herr Hofmann is a genial sort and a teacher with a talent for making people "see." Reservations are already being made for his classes when he returns to Berkeley next summer.

Furthermore the past month has been

marked by the return to San Francisco, after an absence of ten years, of Sydney Joseph, the "finest draughtsman the city has produced" (I quote with conviction) and a man whose artistic attitude cannot help but effect the coming season whether or not his drawings (now in England, he says) arrive in time for an exhibition this winter.

WITH such summer activities in the background the coming months should be increasingly interesting—if the gallery going public abandons itself to enjoyment instead of hobbling along dependent on a critical crutch.

A long step on the path of unconditional enjoyment has already been taken in the reception of the portraits by Justema that occupied the Courvoisier Little Gallery the last two weeks of September and the equally charming Justema "non-portraits" now there (through October 12th). Justema is the youngest, most vital creature to fling his cap into the sacred circle of San Francisco art for many an exhibition fortnight. A vibrant youth with waving blond hair and full-red mouth, Justema is one of the unforgettable bubbles of genius that from time to time rise to the surface from a Middle West heritage. He came to San Francisco the first of this year from Hollywood and Los Angeles which made two indelible marks on his work, the first an Oriental flavor born of eighteen months ushering in the old Mandarin theatre, the second an appreciation of luminous form gained during his association with Margaret Mather, photographer. His portraits are stylized in a form at once impersonal and intimate. Both they and his non-portraits are the sort of thing that one buys out of sheer love of them. In doing so one is not conscious of fulfilling a duty to ones grandchildren (unappreciative brats that they will probably be). These are things for enjoyment here and now. For hanging on a wall where one can take the swift filip they hold in time to replace them with something equally enjoyed (perhaps a later Justema) next year.

interval

by Vaughn Francis Meisling

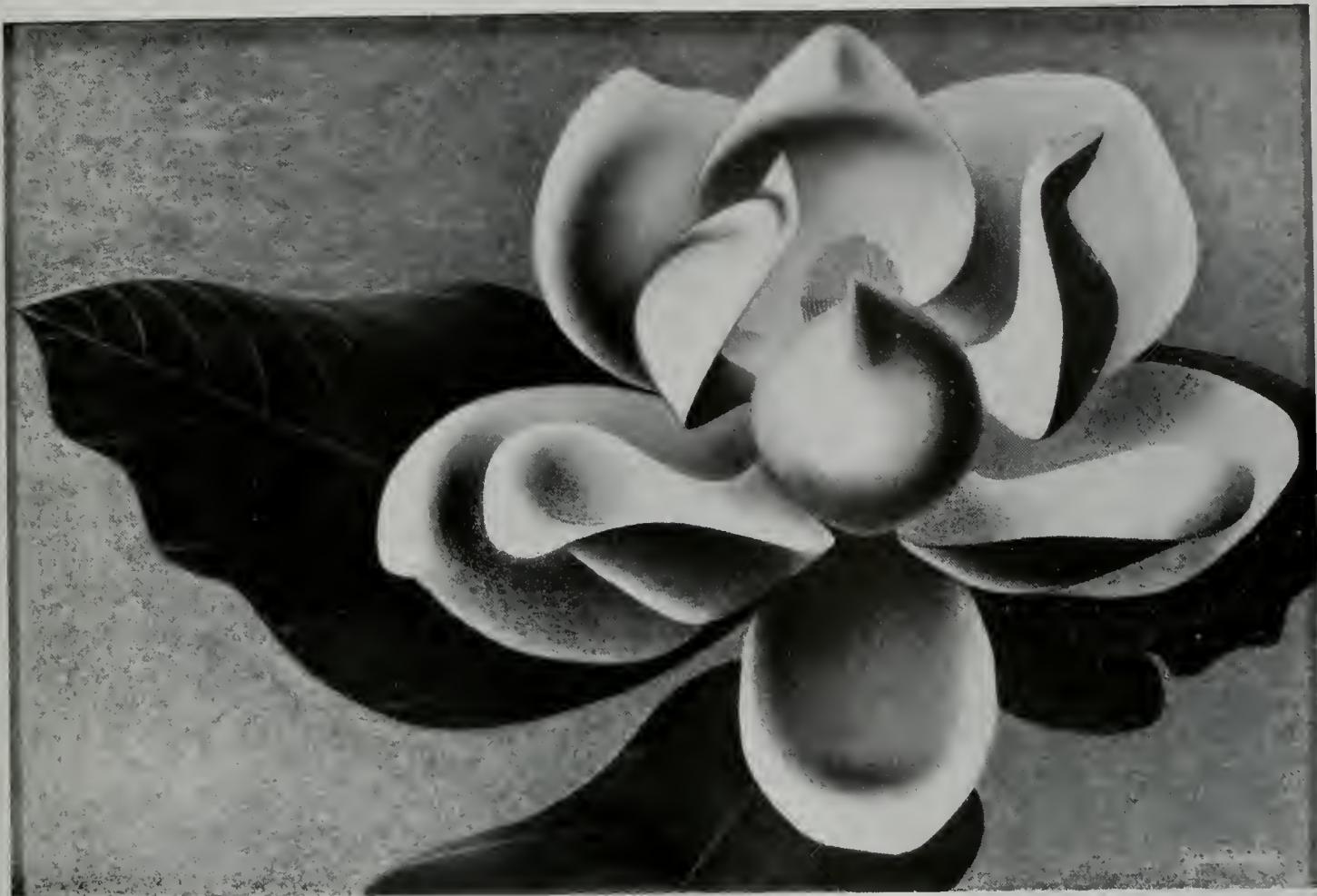
The sea moved in a symphony,
At that moment it was no longer the
sea,
But a subtle music, tender, disconsolate,
Made liquid and limitless, timeless,
and free—
With an overtone of new madnesses,
And choirs of passionate glee!

Courvoisier will follow the Justema exhibition with an unusual collection of contemporary Chinese things brought here by Grete Heilbuth on her recent return from the Orient . . . lithographs by Peter Krasnow of Los Angeles . . . colored woodblocks by Prescott Chaplin whose Mexican black and whites were shown in June, when THE SAN FRANCISCAN reproduced a page of them, and whose New York exhibition, sponsored by Steiglitz, is reported as having been particularly successful . . . a group showing of etchings by Muirhead Bone, Whistler, Rembrandt and others of established reputation—water colors by Jeffrey Holt . . . colored wood-blocks from Honolulu . . . and so on into the spring.

THE other day a woman who owns a large group of prints that she has gathered here, there and the next place told me that she was going to mount them all for her walls. When I visited her I found a few unusually good prints hung in her room (I had not before realized that she had such fine ones) and she told me, rather amusingly, "These are all that Mr. Allen would let me hang." I could not help smiling. She referred to the man who may well become artistic arbiter of San Francisco. Now that H. J. Allen (together with R. P. Blesh) has joined the firm of Vickery, Atkins and Torrey it is to be expected that he will take more or less officially the part he has played behind the scenes for a number of years. Both as director of the former Print Rooms and as head of the print department in Vickery, Atkins and Torrey, Allen has stood for discrimination in art. Now, having at his command one of the most charming galleries in town, people look to Allen to present a truly distinguished season of art.

He will not start the winter season at the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gallery until the first of November when he will present an exhibition of water colors by Stanley Wood. (In the meantime there will be informal hangings, following the California Society of Etchers' exhibition which has now gone to Sacramento on the first leg of its winter journeys). Stanley Wood is one of the few young California artists to make a significant impression in the eastern art market and he is one of the very few artists who have been definitely sponsored by Vickery's (Sydney Joseph, Xavier Martinez, Francis McComas are others). His exhibition will occupy the entire month of November and will be the first of the major shows, but one of which will be held each month of the season.

LLOYD LEPAGE ROLLINS, new director of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, is as closely observed as he is observing. The San Francisco art circles are watching every move to test the extent of power and approval given him by Herbert Fleischhacker. It looks as though there is to be an intelligent housecleaning at the Palace—as though San Francisco will soon have a museum dependable in its installations, provocative in its exhibitions, and integrally



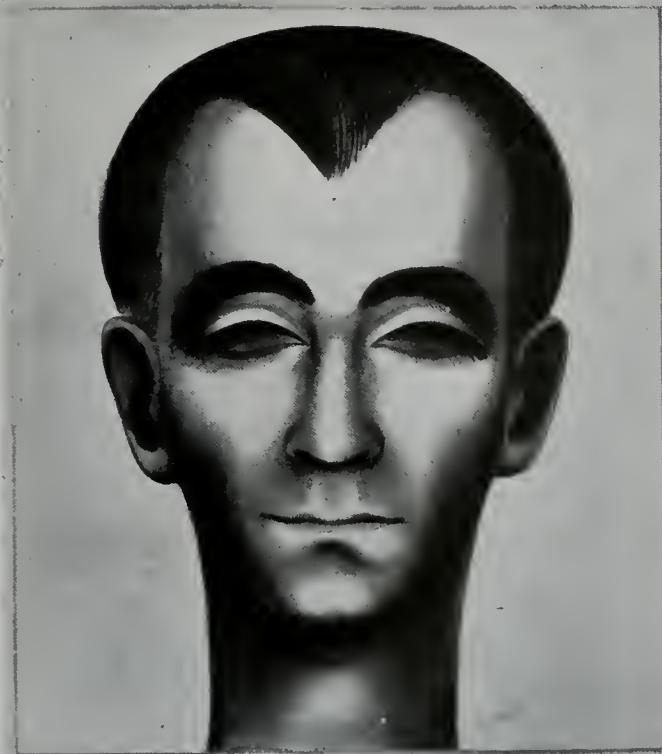
MAGNOLIA

JUSTEMA

active in the city's art life. Certainly the tentative plans sound alluring.

First there will be an exhibition of Gothic and Renaissance sculpture, tapestry and furniture. That and an exhibition of Japanese painting, sculpture and the minor arts from medieval times to our own, assembled by the Japanese government for exhibition here in March, are the first two definite events announced. However, the list of probable exhibitions is such that San Francisco will find even a minimum of the possibilities rich fare. Tentative arrangements have been made by Rollins for a showing of French paintings from Manet to the present time . . . a comprehensive Spanish exhibition of paintings from the 14th century to the present, including El Greco, Velasquez, Goya, Zuloaga and the others . . . a furniture show of European pieces from the 15th century through the first quarter of the 19th—accompanied by a series of eight lectures by Rollins during a two months' showing (probably early in 1931) . . . the Italian section from the Venetian Bi-Annual Exhibition . . . a modern German show . . . French 18th

century drawings and engravings . . . German 15th century engravings and woodblocks including a representative showing of Durer . . . What a prospect! And through it all a consistent program of regular docent service!



NOEL SULLIVAN

JUSTEMA

WITH the financial encouragement of becoming a limited corporation, the Beaux Arts galleries look forward to a very active season. Already the exhibition of paintings by Lee Hersch and the opening "members show" (through October 11) have drawn people to the galleries. Tea is again served informally each afternoon and two somewhat dignified "hostess teas" have gathered delightful groups of artists and patrons—Dr. Walter Simons, former acting president of Germany, and Sydney Joseph serving as lions for Mrs. Drew Chidester and Mrs. Edgar Walter respectively.

The winter months will be crowded full of exhibitions at the Beaux Arts. This month they will show recent work by Guest Wickson and a group of water colors by

Continued on page 28

Success Story

Not as The American Magazine Would Tell It

by Ralph Parker

EVERY woman in the employ of the advertising agency was acutely aware of him, partly because he was so unaware of them.

Stanley Broding was tall and tanned and had curly brown hair. He had a habit, in his office, of sprawling himself over its furniture on schoolboy positions that in anyone else would have been ungainly. But it was not possible for Broding to be anything but graceful. One felt that was true of his character also.

Dirk, the copy chief, quickly learned that Broding did his best work in writing messages addressed to women. There was about his sentences a delicacy, about his paragraphs a sincerity.

No one in the office knew much about Broding. He was friendly enough, yet not of them. They talked in wisecracks: he did not. They drank bootleg and told stories: he did not.

The telephone operator had been unable to make him. One of the stenographers wormed a dinner and theatre engagement out of him but found him most unsatisfactory. The only woman in the office not in some measure disappointed was Jeanne—but then she was incurably romantic and worshipped from a distance.

Broding arrived at the office promptly at nine. He left promptly at five. He made no pretense of liking his work and talked no words at get-together meetings. Dirk tolerated in Broding what he would have considered lack of spirit in anyone else. He did not know why.

The truth was that Broding hated business, offices, advertising, routine. The lines that commercial greed made on the faces of executives were to him ugly lines. A slap on the back was to him not a joviality but an affront—this not through any snobbishness but because of an inborn feeling that his person was sacred.

An admirer of the childlike in men, he saw in lunch-club antics only childishness. He saw business as a grindstone that wore off the eccentricities that made men individual, made them all alike.

Not all manifestations of commerce were offensive to him. Skyscrapers, tunnels and great printing presses thrilled him. "God might well worship Man!" he would think. Then the beauty of mechanics would be marred by imaginings of petty economies, mean organization politics, harshly selfish motives.

There are men with whom dislike of trade is a cultivated pose. That was not true of Broding. He would have preferred to like business, since he lived in a business age. But he could not.

So it happened that he was working for the sole purpose of saving his way out of business. He walked to work, he ate no lunch, he bought few books, he managed to save almost all of his salary. This manner of living was not new to him, for his hatred of business was not new. On his first working day, at the age of eighteen, he made the plans he now was carrying out. In seven weeks he would be thirty and he would have twenty thousand dollars.

In seven weeks! With all his counting of weeks, he had not realized fully how near freedom was until that morning.

SEVEN weeks! All day at the office the significance of "seven weeks" hung about him. He wanted to tell someone about it, about the happiness ahead for him. He had never before wanted to tell anyone.

When Jeanne stepped in to take dictation, he knew that he must tell her. She was sensitive, she would understand. He asked her to have dinner with him.

At dinner, he told Jeanne all that he had never told to anyone. She was wholly absorbed in him, the romantic figure she had made of him in her imaginings, and perhaps heard part of what he was saying—

"I am going to Bali!" Broding concluded. "It's the most unspoiled, the most natural island on the globe. There is no business there. I can live on five hundred dollars a year, enough to last until I'm seventy. Forty years of flowers, sunshine and freedom."

After dinner, they went to his apartment and he showed her pictures of Bali. He had clipped and saved every reference to Bali that he had found, and every picture.

Jeanne's appreciation, her enthusiasm, made Stanley tingle, made his body grow warm. When toward midnight there were no more clippings, he kissed her. It was not Jeanne he embraced, but his plan and Bali and approval of his plan.

They never quite knew how it happened, but it did happen. Perhaps it was because they were, for their separate reasons, so sheerly happy. Or because neither had ever before had even the semblance of an affair.

At the office next day, Broding thought "six weeks and six days!" Six weeks and five days—

Then tomorrow was the day. Broding had made a reservation on a boat sailing at dawn. During the day, he wrote his resignation. He would put it on Dirk's desk after everyone had left. He did not want to have to "listen to reason."

Broding stayed in his office until seven—to be certain that everyone would be gone. He walked down the corridor to Dirk's office and placed the resignation on his desk. He walked back through the general office—and Jeanne was there.

She looked up at him and tried to smile. Her head dropped to hide her fear.

But Broding knew.

The next morning he did not even go down to see the boat sail. They were married that morning.

Today Broding has a twenty thousand dollar interest in the firm, is the vice-president, frequently lectures before advertising clubs, and is well on the way toward becoming a figure of business importance.

October

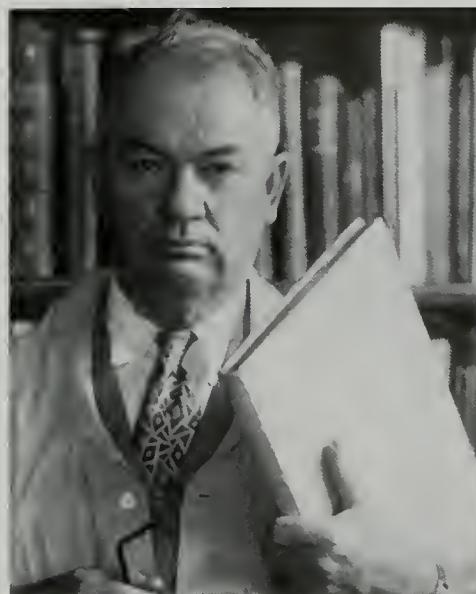
by Elvira Foote

Morning comes with a shout.
Exulting winds ripple the winey air
And toss the colored leaves about.
On the arbor wall
Purple grapes hang in the sun
And, one by one,
With no sound at all
From bending trees
The cider-sweet red apples fall.
A few late wandering bees
Hum round the dying mignonette
And, by yellow leaves hid quite,
The blue figs and the white
Are clinging yet.
Like the rim of some great cup
The naked hills rise up
To greet the sky—
O blue, blue sky
And honey-colored hills!
Once more reckless Autumn spills
His purse of golden hours.
O evanescent gold and fleeting flowers
What miracle is this? Spring, a fragrant
ghost,
Returns to lie in Autumn's arms. O most
Exquisite days—O shining earth,
Every whisper, every sigh is of birth;
Every atom, every particle of breath
Swells the triumphant cry: "there is no
death."

SO MUCH has been written and said about John Henry Nash that one feels that everyone knows about him and his work. This San Francisco master printer whose exquisite work has earned him two college degrees without his having attended any school of higher learning, this ardent designer of fine books whose publications have for years been among the most prized possessions of bibliophiles, this man it is whom I found, on meeting him for the first time, to be less interested in personal immortality as a printer than in the creation of a library dedicated to the fine art of printing.

This library of fine printing is much more than a dream. It already is a reality, the outgrowth of personal collection of books over a period of forty-five years. The Nash collection is housed in the John Henry Nash building on Sansome street—on the top floor with five levels of presses below, sending their rhythms throbbing through the very floor of the room.

The room is a simple one, furnished with simple sturdy tables, book cases, reading racks, chairs and benches designed by Nash himself. It is built around a massive wooden mantel which holds an old figure of Gutenberg, carved in wood—a shrine for bibliophiles. And the substance of the worship of this cult is contained in the shelves, cases and occasional old chests throughout the room. Here are good examples of fine printing, books from all the noted presses from earliest printing to today, a complete collection of Nash's own



JOHN HENRY NASH

publications, and books dealing with every phase of the history of printing. These last are the only ones whose presence in the library is determined by content—others are here because of how they are printed rather than what is written. The books of the history of printing include volumes on book binding, the art of illustration, the mixture of inks, the use of color, all phases of craftsmanship and art that go into the making of fine books.

This library is visited daily by numbers of people from all over the world as well as from the immediate vicinity of San Francisco Bay. It has become a veritable Mecca for travelers and students of fine books, all of whom are welcomed cordially by Miss O'Day, Nash's chief of staff, secretary and hostess.

John Henry Nash dreams of some day building a home for the library high on one of the hills of Berkeley. There he hopes to give it the installation fitting to its purpose, making of both the building and the

collection a permanent library which shall be bequeathed to the University of California for perpetuation.

In the meantime, the library is an integral part of the printing plant of John Henry Nash. From it a door opens into the airy, light, unbelievably orderly composing room. Close by is the stock room with its thousands of sheets of exquisite hand made papers waiting for the day when they shall feel the imprint of hand set type. It is this library room where

Continued on page 34

CONCERNING

BASIL CAMERON, recently arrived to conduct the first half of the San Francisco Symphony sea-

son, has had to please a wide variety of audiences. While very young he played the violin in charity concerts, he contended with the foibles of the dowager members of the Handel Society in London "the oldest and richest amateur musical society in England," he conducted at the festivals in Torquay where he met a sizable American colony, he met the problems of Brighton Sunday concerts, compromised the interests of the pleasure seeking idlers with the enthusiasms of the workers at Hastings, and met the exactions of the audiences at the Royal Philharmonic Society concerts in London. And from this varied experience, Cameron comes to San Francisco interested in the local program of both "pop" concerts and the regular series.

He is interested in music for the masses as well as for the select few who have had musical advantages. In conducting a symphony he feels that he deals with a heritage due the average man as well as the favored minority. Radio and other facilities for reaching the general public are welcomed by him as agencies for more widespread enjoyment of music.

"It is not enough to play for select audiences of one or two thousand," he told Redfern Mason. "In a large community that is only the fringe of the population, so to speak. The audience must be enlarged; the great

BASIL CAMERON



mass of workers ought to be brought in; their life fits them to enjoy music and they need it. So I am glad to hear of your civic "pops" in the great Auditorium."

However, Cameron realizes that in order to reach out to the thousands, music must capture the enthusiasm of those with leisure and insight.

So it is that he delights in the discovery of music patrons in San Francisco who are at once enthusiasts and amateur performers. Having been a violinist among amateurs, at one time a pupil of Auer, and having assisted Coleridge Taylor and later himself directed the

activities of amateur musician groups, he delights to find in San Francisco enthusiasts such as Richard Tobin, with his string quartet, and J. B. Levison who plays the flute.

Basil Cameron has been in San Francisco less than two weeks; he met the symphony organization for the first time September 29th, but he has been welcomed royally by both critics and music patrons and general interest is manifest in his first concert, October 10.

His first program will include Weber's Overture to "Oberon," which has become almost a superstition with him as an opening number to his first concert in a new city, and two numbers given here for the first time, Frederick Delius' tone poem "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" and Dvorak's Symphony No. 4 in G major. The closing number will be Elgar's "Enigma." And so will begin the first season of Basil Cameron.



PORTRAIT BY JUSTEMA

MRS. CHARLES DABNEY, Jr.

The former Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara who has been a frequent visitor to San Francisco and Pebble Beach through the summer months.

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

BIXLER-FAXON. On July 26, in Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Alvin Pray Bixler, of Tennessee, and Miss Elsie Faxon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Steele Faxon.

POPE-BROWNELL. On September 6, Mr. George A. Pope, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, of Burlingame, and Miss Harriet Brownell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Erle E. Brownell.

AINSWORTH-HAMILTON. On August 30, in Palo Alto, Mr. John C. Ainsworth, son of the late Mr. Harry Ainsworth, and Mrs. Ainsworth, formerly of Portland, now of Pasadena, and Miss Heath Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Hamilton, of Menlo Park.

BAIRD-SPLIVALO. On September 3, Mr. Walter Howard Baird, son of Mrs. Mary Baird, of Los Angeles, and Miss Elizabeth Splivalo, daughter of Mr. Raymond Splivalo and Mrs. Lavinia Splivalo.

POTTS-EASTLAND. On September 11, Mr. Frederick Augustus Potts, of New York, and Miss Alice Helen Eastland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, of Burlingame.

STEWART-PEIXOTTO. On September 17, Mr. John Hatch Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Stewart, of Fresno, and Miss Nina Peixotto, daughter of Mrs. Edgar Peixotto.

LEWIS-WHITMAN. On September 20, Mr. Douglas Batchelder Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. DeLancey Lewis, and Miss Janet McCook Whitman, daughter of Mr. Malcolm Whitman and god-daughter of Mrs. Robert Burns Henderson, of Burlingame.

BELCHER-HOLBROOK. On September 20, in Coronado, Mr. Frank Garretson Belcher, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Belcher, and Miss Harriet Holbrook, daughter of Mrs. Paul Wegeforth.

ENGAGEMENTS

ADAMS-BALDING. Miss Julia Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams, of Piedmont, to Mr. W. T. Balding, son of Mrs. W. T. Balding, of Honolulu, and the late Mr. Balding.

JONES-KASPER. Miss Vail Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, to Mr. Robert Marshall Kasper, son of Mrs. Elsie Kasper.

MENZIES-GALLOWAY. Miss Mary Macintosh Menzies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Menzies, of San Rafael, to Mr. Allan Galloway, son of the late Sir James Galloway and Lady Galloway, of London, England.

WHEELER-POTTER. Miss Jean Wheeler, daughter of Mr. Charles O. Wheeler, to Mr. Sheldon E. Potter, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sheldon Potter.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Miss Rosemary Dawson, who visited California with her parents, Lord and Lady Dawson, of Penn, was the house guest of Miss Frances Stent and was honored at a luncheon that Miss Stent gave in the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Dorothy Mein entertained Miss Dorinda Kennerly, of St. Louis, at the William Wallace Mein home on Divisadero street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan entertained Mr. Preston Ames, Mrs. Sullivan's cousin, as their guest for a time. Mr. Ames now makes his home in Paris.

Miss Hettie Stephenson was entertained by Miss Evelyn Lansdale at the Lansdale place in Carmel Valley.

Mrs. Milton Brown, of Los Angeles, was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard. Mrs. Brown is Mrs. Pinckard's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris entertained their niece, Mrs. Gerald Herrmann, recently, at the Norris home in Saratoga.

Miss Sarah Redington, who makes her home in Santa Barbara, visited for a time with her brother and sister-in-law, Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence Redington, in San Mateo.

Miss Aileen Johnson, of Diamond Springs, spent some time with her grandmother, Mrs. Charles W. Doe, at her apartments at the Hotel Mark Hopkins. Miss Johnson left recently for the East to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart S. Lowery gave an elaborate dinner party at their Menlo Park home in honor of Mrs. Jay Gould on Mrs. Gould's arrival from the Hawaiian Islands.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron entertained at dinner in honor of two brides-elect, Miss Janet Whitman and Miss Alice Eastland. The dinner took place shortly before the two young women were married. Miss Whitman is now Mrs. Douglas B. Lewis and Miss Eastland is Mrs. Frederick A. Potts.

The annual Rummage Sale for the maintenance of the Girls' Recreational Home will be held in Larkin Hall on October 15. Mrs. W. Palmer Fuller, Jr., is president and organizer of the sale this year.

Miss Mary Emma Flood has announced October 18 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Theodore Ellis Stebbins. The ceremony will take place at St. Bartholomew's Church in New York. Mrs. Herman Phleger and Miss Mary Flood have already gone East for the event.

Mrs. Charles Christin entertained a group of eight friends at luncheon at the Franciscan Club during the opera season.

In honor of his niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. Heber V. Tilden, Mr. Ross Weir, of New York, gave an informal dinner dance recently at the Menlo County Club.

Honoring their niece, Miss Claire Knight, and her fiance, Mr. Orra C. Hyde, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Y. Knight gave a dinner dance at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Miss Ethel Cooper entertained a group of friends at luncheon at her home, the occasion being in honor of Mrs. Arthur S. Chesebrough.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker entertained a house party of friends at their Pebble Beach home during the California golf tournament.

Miss Virginia Phillips was hostess to a group of friends at her home in Atherton shortly before she and her mother, Mrs. Grattan Phillips, came to town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Bruce are building a new home on Jackson street and expect to take possession of it early in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend, of Tacoma, have taken the Charles O. Martin home in Atherton for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Martin will spend the winter in town and have taken a house on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have returned to San Mateo after spending the summer in Montecito.

Mrs. Russell C. Wilson gave a buffet supper in Burlingame in honor of Miss Julia Adams and her fiance, Mr. W. T. Balding, of Honolulu.

The program of the annual Grape Festival at Kentfield this year includes a tea dansant. This will be held on the afternoon of October 4 on the piazza of the Willian Kent home.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker were among those who entertained for Miss Janet Whitman and Mr. Douglas B. Lewis shortly before their marriage in late September. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker gave a dinner for the couple at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Warren Spicker and her mother, Mrs. James Rucker, have returned to San Francisco after an extended visit in the Hawaiian Islands.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild are again in Burlingame after spending six months in Germany, Austria and England.

Miss Jennie Blair has taken the apartment of Colonel and Mrs. Robert Noble on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart are at their Pacific avenue home after spending the summer in Burlingame.

Miss Claire Knight and Mr. Orra C. Hyde, Jr., will be married on November 15 at the home of the uncle and aunt of the bride-elect. Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. McNear, who have been spending the summer on the Russian River, have returned to their apartment on Hyde street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith entertained a number of friends at dinner at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Blyth and Mr. Beniamino Gigli.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry E. Alderson celebrated their silver anniversary by giving a dinner to seventy of their friends at the Bohemian Club.

Miss Kate Boardman and Mr. William Henshaw Nigh, who are to be married on October 9, have been honored at a round of social affairs. Among those who have honored the couple are Mrs. Claude G. Furibush (Frances Mace), Mrs. Morton R. Gibbons, Miss Doreen Tittle, Mrs. Louis S. Beedy and Mr. and Mrs. Oze Van Wyck, Jr.

Mrs. Ashton Potter plans a trip to China this winter and will leave for the Orient within a month.

Mr. Peter McBean was host to a group of friends whom he entertained at dinner and the theater.

Mr. Edward V. Saunders gave a large buffet luncheon at the Menlo Circus Club preceding one of the recent polo games.

Mrs. Dunn Dutton was hostess at a buffet supper at her home in Burlingame, the occasion being given for Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall, Jr.

The final Fashion Show of the Junior League was given at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in San Mateo on the afternoon of September 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have reopened their Washington street home after spending the summer in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison are again in their Clay street home for the winter season.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mr. William H. Crocker has joined Mrs. Crocker in England and will not return to California for several months. They will spend some time on the Continent.

Mrs. Estelle Monteagle is returning to Paris shortly. Her two daughters are in school in Neuilly.

Mr. Luigi Silitti, Italian Consul General, has been ordered to his new station at Marseilles.

Mrs. Jerome Landfield sailed from New York recently for England and will spend some time visiting Count and Countess Andre de Limur at their home in London.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lewis were in Berlin at last accounts.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse were recently on Long Island, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin. While in New York they stayed at the Savoy-Plaza.

Mrs. Pollock Graham is on a six weeks' visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Tobin were guests recently at the Savoy-Plaza.

Miss Sally Tanner has returned to school in Baltimore after passing the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Clarke Keeny, at the latter's ranch in Mendocino County.

Mrs. Louis R. Cates and her family have rejoined Mr. Cates at the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker are in New York. Mr. Crocker is studying at Columbia.

Mrs. William W. Crocker, who has been in New York for some time, recently entertained Miss Marion Hollins at a luncheon preceding the polo games on Long Island.

Mrs. Marion Lord was at the Hotel Ambassador until the end of September, when she sailed for Paris.

Mrs. Cyril McNear, whose home is now in New York, was among the guests at a dinner given recently at the Central Park Casino by Mr. John L. Merrill, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Major and Mrs. Barclay Warburton were recently at the Hotel Del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Pillshury recently spent a week-end in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillshury.

Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Coffey were recent visitors at Coronado during the meeting of the American Railway Surgeons.

Mr. William Ede, Jr., was a guest recently at the Biltmore Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Paul I. Fagan presented a tract of land to the city of Honolulu, the land to be converted into a park and named the William G. Irwin Park, in honor of her late father. The gift was made during the recent sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Fagan in Honolulu.

Mrs. Frances H. Stent and her two daughters spent a week at the Biltmore Hotel in Santa Barbara recently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller were guests at the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena for a week.

Mr. Frederick Clift spent several weeks at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William Cannon spent a month in Santa Barbara recently and joined in the activities of the younger set in Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their daughter were guests at the Miramar in Montecito during September.



Joaquin Murrieta
From a painting by a Padre of Carmel

T HAS been published and republished that the noted bandit, Joaquin Murrieta, was killed on the border of Tulare Valley in 1853. Captain Harry Love of the Rangers, with a half dozen of his men, surprised the bandit, killed him and one of his lieutenants notoriously known as "Three-Fingered-Jack." Joaquin's head and Three-Fingered-Jack's hand were preserved in alcohol and for a number of years were on exhibition at Natchez's Arms Store and Pistol Gallery on Clay street, opposite the old Plaza in San Francisco.

Natchez was a character. He came from Natchez, Mississippi, and that is how he got his sobriquet. Natchez furnished and loaded all of the pistols used in early-time duels and in this respect his fame became as wide as the state itself. A great pistol expert was Natchez. He was accused of contributing to the killing of Senator Broderick by Judge David S. Terry in 1859. That is, he was accused of setting the triggers of the pistols used so delicately that the sudden raising of one would cause it to go off; that Terry was made aware of this fact, but Broderick was not. Broderick was said to have brought his pistol up with a jerk and it was discharged, the bullet entering the ground, whereupon Terry took deliberate aim and Broderick fell dead. This is the old story, but from my knowledge of Natchez and of all the persons concerned in that duel I am willing to say that it is all an arrant fiction.

• • •

Among the most eminent of those gentry that complimented California with a visit were two whom I particularly remember, Jim Holmes and Jim McLean, both big, handsome, athletic, educated and apparently well-mannered Americans—but cut-throat robbers, nevertheless. The author had the distinguished honor of personal acquaintance with these two celebrities. They honored

San Francisco by their arrival in 1854. Holmes was gathered into the fold at San Quentin in short order, but the authorities did not lay claim to Jim McLean until January '55, when he took up his quarters at the State's boarding house under a ten-year sentence for a Wells, Fargo robbery.

I forget what it was that caused Mr. Holmes to reside temporarily at San Quentin; but it was apparent that he was too great a man, too useful to certain classes of the outside world, to be kept inside prison walls for any considerable period of time. So in March, '56, our then great, beer-drinking governor of California, John Bigler, pardoned him.

It was like this. By some means or other Jim Holmes entered in negotiations with John Bigler for his freedom. He represented to the governor that he had \$200,000 worth of gold dust buried on the Isthmus of Panama, and that if His Excellency would only let him out he would make an equal divvy.

Jim Holmes went free. He immediately sailed for Panama accompanied by an agent of the governor. The author was a passenger on the same steamer.

Oh, what a swell Mr. James Holmes did cut on that boat! Many thought he was a statesman on his way to Washington, others that he was a confidential agent for Cornelius Vanderbilt, on whose steamer we were traveling, which appeared probably because he certainly seemed to own the vessel. Some contended he was Sir Harry Huntly, an eminent English traveler who was then doing the Pacific Coast incog. But a few of us on board knew who the fellow was and somebody let the secret out. But that the gentleman was an eminent cut-throat and Isthmus robber only increased the awe with which he was regarded by the majority of his fellow passengers, because Jim, when the cat got out of the bag, told an appealing story of how the

On the Old West Coast

We present excerpts written by Major Bartlett for publication. California will surely reward Major Bell, the self-styled "King of the Gold Diggers."

fair treatment he had received from the authorities in California had made a new man of him, had reformed him; that now he was going down to claim a fortune which awaited him so that henceforth he could live a good and charitable life. After this sentimental outburst most of the passengers seemed to deem it an honor to touch the hem of the convert's garment, and Mr. James Holmes stalked around the steamer with all the dignity of a mastiff in the presence of poodles.

Having once set foot in Panama Mr. Holmes gave the governor's confidential agent the cold shake. He advised the gent to go back to Governor Bigler with his compliments and tell him that he would lay for him the next time His Excellency crossed the Isthmus going East.

IT IS not to be inferred that only men eminent in a criminal way distinguished the Pacific Coast in those days, though one is tempted to pick these out as the most entertaining to write about. Some of the most remarkable characters that have illumined the world's history within the past fifty years were somehow or other identified with California in her golden age, 1849 and the early '50's. The Californian connections of some of the great writers and artists of various kinds in that period are familiar to the public, but there is also a list of military and naval names that afterward became eminent. For instance: Grant, Sherman, Stoneman, Hooker, Halleck, Mansfield, Steadman, all of whom



Meiggs Wharf, San Francisco near the present site of Fishermans Wharf

from the book "On the Old West Coast",
Grace Bell and recently edited by Lanier
in by William Morrow. The lover of early
delight in these fascinating reminiscences of
confessed "truthful historian".

later won fame on the field of courage. Even grand old Farragut was a familiar figure at the Oriental Hotel in San Francisco when he was in command of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Hubert Howe Bancroft grew great in the biography business. He was the top of the biographical graft. He began compilation of a work to be called "Kings of the Commonwealth." Think of it—Kings of the Commonwealth! Any one could be a king of this commonwealth by paying from one thousand to five thousand dollars. Every old gambler in San Francisco, every old stockbroker, every shoddy real estate man and all of the sand-hill lords caught at the bait.

THE first Los Angeles mob raised its horrid head in 1851 when a Mexican named Zavalete was hanged. From that time on mob rule and lynchings showed a healthy growth from year to year until in 1861 the great traveler, J. Ross Browne, visiting here, was moved to contribute to Harper's Weekly in New York some astonishing observations on life and death in the City of the Angeles. He said he was familiar with all manner of game hunting the world over—buffalo, bear and wild turkey in the West; tigers in India, lions in Africa and jaguars in South America—but that Los Angeles was the first place he had ever been where he had been honored with an invitation to go man hunting.

"Why," wrote the globe-trotting Browne,

"you would sit at the breakfast table of the Queen of the Angels and hear the question of going out to shoot men as commonly discussed as would be duck shooting in any other country. At dinner the question would be, 'Well, how many did they shoot today? Who was hanged?'"

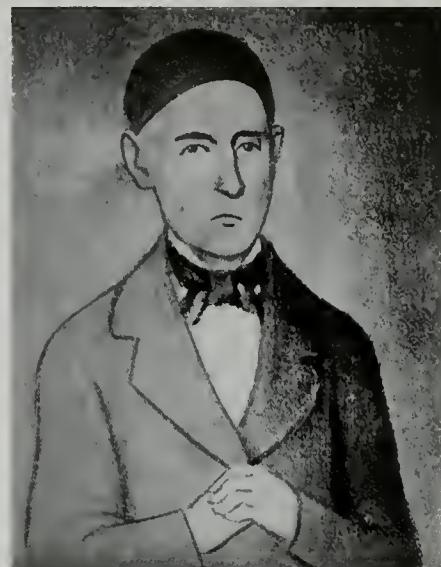
One evening this distinguished traveler was sitting under the portales in front of the Bella Union Hotel on Main street, his chair tipped back against the adobe wall as he enjoyed his post-prandial cigar. Through the deeply-embasured windows to either side of him could be heard the sounds from the barroom—clinking glasses, loud discussions in English and Spanish, the click of billiard balls. Outside the street seemed in complete siesta, thought Mr. Browne, and he was about to yield to that snoozy feeling himself when he noticed that a citizen had suddenly appeared close to him and without paying the least attention to Browne was dodging back and forth, peering into one window and then another, a double-barreled shotgun held at ready. Here in the portales there was deep shadow except for the yellow shafts of light from the windows. The citizen would raise his gun and aim carefully into the barroom of our leading hostelry, then apparently his game would move and he would "recover arms" and tiptoe to another window.

Finally Mr. Browne could restrain his curiosity no longer and ventured to ask the hunter what he was aiming at.

"Sh! Sh! you damn fool!" whispered Gabe, for this was no less than Gabe Allen, an eminent character of the Pueblo in those days. "Don't make a noise! I'm trying to bunch them fellows in there. I'd like to get a half dozen at a shot."

• • •

With the aid of the Spanish-speaking population the Republicans elected Billy



**Don Francisco Sepulveda
Alcalde of Los Angeles in 1825**

Warren city marshal. Billy Warren wanted one more policeman to add to the force, then numbering six. He came to me about it and I named Jack Rhodes, who had been a gallant member of the Second Illinois Cavalry, and with whom I had served.

Did this produce a sensation? You can imagine! Joe Dye, a noted man-killer, was a member of the police force, and he began to brow-beat and insult Warren because of this appointment, and two years later the feud thus engendered ended in Dye killing Warren. Shortly after killing the marshal Dye killed a couple of other men, and then fell out with his foster son, who barricaded himself in a window on the south side of Commercial street and sat there with a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot until Joe came along and then riddled him.

ONE day during the height of the Denis Kearney campaign in San Francisco against the Chinese in California, when the union workingmen were being inflamed against coolie labor, a delegation of so-called workingmen called at Major Reynold's office in Los Angeles. The Major was doing some work in Southern California at the time for the Surveyor General and maintained an office in the old Temple Block, near my own. I said so-called workingmen because the agitators that made up the visiting committees in those days were merely windjammers that did no work except with their voices.

The Major and I were enjoying post-prandial cigars and some gossip in his office when in walked the delegation, requesting a contribution to the "Workingmen's Fund," to be used to bring about legislation for the expulsion of the Chinese from California. Reynolds listened respectfully to their speeches and when they had finished this was the answer he shot back at them:

"A fine set of statesmen you are, picking me out to insult me. You come here asking me

Continued on page 26



Panorama of Los Angeles in the 50's looking north along Main Street

NTHE first issue of *The Argonaut* Ambrose Bierce announced that his intention was to purify the journalism of San Francisco by instructing such writers as were worthy of instruction, and to assassinate those that were not.

In the second issue of *The Argonaut* Bierce commented upon a list of American millionaires published by a New York paper and crediting San Francisco with thirty holders of such wealth. Bierce compiled a list of 100 San Franciscans, having a \$1,000,000 or more, and commented thus: "Some have grown rich by plodding toil. Some have crawled along the slimy path of usury; some have leaped into unexpected riches by unexpected luck . . . The productions of some of them are highly creditable, and there are some whom God Almighty would be glad to be relieved from the responsibility of their creation."

During the middle 1890s Bierce showed a visiting New York journalist the section of sidewalk, shortly before spattered with the blood and brains of a recent murder victim. He remarked sadly that killings in San Francisco had lost quality. The custom of impromptu hangings had also passed from the town's calendar of social usage. It was high time, declared Bierce, that he left the city.

When Hearst sent Bierce to Washington and New York in 1896 to lay close range siege to his old enemy, Collis P. Huntington, Huntington and his railroad owed the nation

OF AMBROSE BIERCE

And His Part in the History of San Francisco Journalism.

by Zoe A. Battu

\$75,000,000 in interest on government bonds, advanced by Congress to aid in financing the Central Pacific. Huntington had introduced into Congress a bill, so worded that its sole purpose seemed to be to arrange for payment of this sum by the railroad in small, convenient, protracted payments.

In its way, this plan might be deemed fair enough. Its logic stood every chance of being accepted as seemly and fair by the country's "best minds," until Bierce exposed the bill as an ingenious scheme to enable the road to ultimately evade payment of the \$75,000,000 and to give the road steel clad and eternal hold on the West and the fulness thereof.

In the Biercian spotlight "Uncle" Collis Huntington squirmed nakedly. The story is told that he one day met Bierce and insolently asked what his price was. Bierce sharply replied that it was \$75,000,000, payable to him or the United States Treasurer. The bombardment continued. Huntington cursed, lobbied and dodged this way and that. The spotlight followed his every move. In time, its hot, yellow glare wore to raggedness even the Huntington resistance. The bill in question was withdrawn from Congress.

ROUGHLY, these four incidents comprise a synopsis of Ambrose Bierce's career, as an American and particularly, a San Francisco journalist. He had come to the town in the middle 1860s, following his Civil War career. He obtained a position in the Sub-Treasury office and proceeded to look about him. To a man of his mind the San Francisco of the day offered a diverting spectacle.

The Central Pacific was building and nearing completion. The air of the mining camp was still with the city. Occasionally, justice was done directly to horse thieves and hold up men, in view of all who cared to witness the proceedings. Divorces were studies in lurid colors. Suicides, by reason of financial reverses or misunderstandings in romance or marriage, were pleasantly and dramatically numerous. The Comstock Lode was in active, fevered development. The Stock Exchange had been organized in 1862, thus rendering it possible to gamble by rule and respectfully, and democratically opening this San Francisco pastime to bank clerks, messenger boys, ladies' maids and street car conductors.

Continued on page 24

fashionable New York suburb. It reveals their bargainings with bootleggers and their dalliance with stenographers. But most of the characters fail to come to life. Even Kay Byrne, one of the secretaries who dismisses a vexing current problem with: "Free love's terrible expensive," does not quite get over. The one character who does is Hartley, spoiled son of a rich and lecherous old father, young and handsome Hartley who "might have shaken himself out of the perfumed bed of some leading actress, or princess visiting America. He might have been standing or lying on the pavement since dawn outside a brothel or the apartment of the night before's pick up. You never could tell." But after the author kills him off before the book is half over, the life goes out of it completely.

Certainly no one has more admiration for the academic attainments of Dr. William Lyons Phelps than I, but I regret that he feels it necessary to publish such anecdotes as we find in *ESSAYS ON THINGS* (MacMillan). The son of a Baptist minister and himself a professor, Dr. Phelps I suppose cannot help preaching, and that he does vigorously whether his subject is a pair of socks or Russia before the revolution. Through it all runs a vein of bland and academic humour which smacks rather too much of the classroom. After a hundred pages or so, one turns with relief to something a little more vital. This something might very well be *OCEAN PARADE* (Robert McBride and Company) by Fritjoff Michelson and Leon Byrne, a rollick-

Continued on page 22

CAUSERIE

by Frank L. Fenton

FOR a number of years Charles Norris occupied a rather uncomfortable position: he was known either as the brother of Frank Norris or as the husband of Kathleen Norris. He hardly could call his life his own. But slowly he has won a recognition which may eventually secure for him a reputation greater than that of either of the other members of his family. Some of us will no doubt go to the end of our days considering Frank a finer writer and regretting his early death, but even we are increasingly willing to admit that Charles certainly has his good points. Unfortunately, his new novel *SEED* (Doubleday-Doran) does not add very much to his reputation. I confess that my reading has been hasty; I have not given the book the fair trial of a long and careful examination. The fault may easily be mine, but I find the book dull. Mr. Norris is too concerned with his thesis, forgetting that once the novelist lets his thesis become his chief consideration, he ceases to be an artist and becomes instead a writer of tracts. The book reminds me a little of a bad novel of Zola, *FECUNDITE*, in which the theme is reversed: Zola showed the catastrophies which followed upon the practice of birth control; Mr. Norris implies rather dire results if one does not practice birth control.

COMING from a literary family surely has its drawbacks. Note the unfortunate case of young Shan Sedgwick. Scribner's have recently published his novel *WIND WITHOUT RAIN*, but they were not content to let the book and the author rest on their respective merits. Instead we are told that Mr. Sedgwick is the nephew of Ellery, editor of the *Atlantic*, a distant cousin of Anne Douglas, and a great grandnephew of Catherine, a literary lady of the ante-bellum (Civil) days. With such a blast of ancestral trumpets, any writer would be (or ought to be) embarrassed. The book is a first novel, if we disregard the one which the helpful editors tell us was thrown into the Seine by its unsatisfied author. We shan't be so cruel as to say this one should have been thrown in, too, although it is a great temptation. The book is an unemotional exposé of the inner lives of our financially secure pillars of society in a

NOB HILL TOPICS

AS THE winter season gathers momentum The Mark Hopkins and The Fairmont Hotels—the Aristocrats of Nob Hill—draw a large number of permanent guests who find that Nob Hill is the ideal situation for town residence. Unhampered with details of a private establishment, more and more people appreciate the perfect service of the two leading hotels. They find the combination of private suite with unlimited entertaining facilities quite suited to the modern social pace . . . As the season advances, Peacock Court and the dignified dining rooms of The Fairmont draw increasingly gay crowds. At luncheon, the city's smartest women meet friends for post-shopping or pre-bridge engagements and business men, seeking an hour away from the tension of Montgomery street, engage tables on Nob Hill, three minutes from the heart of the financial district . . . As evening falls, tea, dinner and dancing follow each other in a crescendo of gaiety.



Causerie

Continued from page 20

ing good tale of a voyage to the Orient as members of the crew o' the West Wanderer. The thing is filled with brawls, fights, narrow escapes, and amazing drinking bouts. It is fantastic. One is almost led to doubt the veracity of the authors, but they swear it's true. And even if it weren't, it wouldn't matter, for the whole thing is told with a vigor, enthusiasms, and complete naivete that makes it a charming relief from the rather weary sophistication of current fiction. One can forgive the self-conscious display of a familiarity with literature which is not complete enough to prevent misquotation; one can forgive the lapses into a rather lurid sentimentality. Both of these defects grow out of the book's chief virtues: youthful enthusiasm and delightful unsophistication.

DO YOU remember Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins who brought out *Mrs. GRUNDY IS DEAD* not so long ago? These two extraordinary young women have now published through the Century Company a very amusing literary game, *CONSIDER THE CONSEQUENCES*. There are three characters, Helen Rogers and the two men who love her. Whenever a character is forced to make a decision, the reader does it for him, the ultimate outcome depending on the decision. Of course, if you get through and don't like the outcome, you can go back, make another decision, and see what happens. That's the book's great advantage over life. *CONSIDER THE CONSEQUENCES* should be a boon to the hostess with a dying party on her hands, and a great consolation to crotchety old bachelors on long winter evenings. Another diverting book is *FUN SKETCHING* by W. R. Maxwell Foster published by MacMillan.

BUT all these seem almost irritatingly trivial when one puts them aside for such a book as Jean Cocteau's *ENFANTS TERRIBLE*, published in translation by Brewster and Warren. Somewhere the idea arose that Cocteau is merely a clever writer, and the American edition of his book is certainly burdened by a format which places great emphasis on smartness. One expects a novel mildly amusing and superficially sophisticated and finds instead a tragedy of fine workmanship, a clear, clean-cut style, a grim but never bitter humour, and a diabolically accurate analysis of the characters of the two strange children, Elizabeth and Paul. The book is not gay, not amusing except in the occasional thrusts at Americans which the author permits himself. It is not a "glad" book, not even a pleasant book. Certainly it is no thing to give your Great-aunt Amelia to read on a train journey. But it is a delight to anyone who enjoys a novel of sure craftsmanship, of restraint, or powerful characterization, a novel which penetrates into the tragic, dark recesses of the human soul.



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Polo in California

by Brookes

THE ranks of the Long Islanders have been crashed, and California now holds a definite place in American polo. In the past, the teams representing America in the International matches against Great Britain (practically equivalent to the World's Championship) have been composed exclusively of eastern veterans from Long Island and vicinity. This year, for the first time, the American team was composed of young men, chosen by Captain Hitchcock for their present ability rather than their past reputations. Among them were two Californians, Eric Pedley, whose brilliant performances in the past few weeks have occupied front page space, and Elmer Boeseke, who, though he just missed making the first string, was substitute for No. 2 position on the International team, and is one of the few eight goal handicap men in the country.

And at this particularly auspicious time a Polo Club is being formed in San Francisco, by representative sportsmen and polo enthusiasts, headed by Rexhall Keene, (former internationalist and one of the best known horsemen in the United States,) who aim to make San Francisco a Western Meadowbrook, in other words, the Polo Center of the West! The club will be situated in the Golden Gate Park stadium and is to be called the Golden Gate Polo Club. Its object is to bring good polo to San Francisco and its board of governors has extended invitations to such eastern teams as Meadowbrook, Rockaway and others, international teams from Argentine, Honolulu, as well as teams from Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. It is the intention of the board to schedule about 20 games each year including the staging of a great United States Army tournament.

With the invasion of California by the Argentines last spring, the possibilities of popular polo were realized for the first time, due to the enthusiastic reception with which the matches were met. Having a definite center at which international matches can be played will greatly increase popular interest in Polo. Up till now the matches have been scattered throughout California with no ultimate "gravitation point" as in most other sports.

THE international games at Meadowbrook, Long Island between United States and Great Britain are international in name only, and might well be called the British-American Championship. These matches will always be played in the East as a matter of convenience if for no other reason. On the other hand, the Pacific Coast Championship, in which any team is eligible to compete is really closer to a world's championship in polo. Using tennis as a comparative example one might sight the Davis Cup matches which for years have terminated in a struggle between United States and France as relative to the Internationals at Long Island as compared to the Wimbledon matches which are a free for all, American vs. Americans, French, English, etc., as relative to the Pacific Coast Championship.

And now a word about the California players. The most outstanding group is the Midwick team, which includes Pedley, Boeseke, Neal McCarthy and Carlton Burke. The most promising new candidates for the Internationalist according to Hugh Drury, who practically made Pedley and who was at one time conceded to be the world's greatest player, is young "Linn" Howard of the San Mateo Burlingame Club. Other Burlingame stars are Will Tevis, Dana Fuller, George Pope and Kenneth Walsh. From this material a representative California team should eventually evolve that, suitably mounted, would be invincible.

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Ambrose Bierce

Continued from page 20

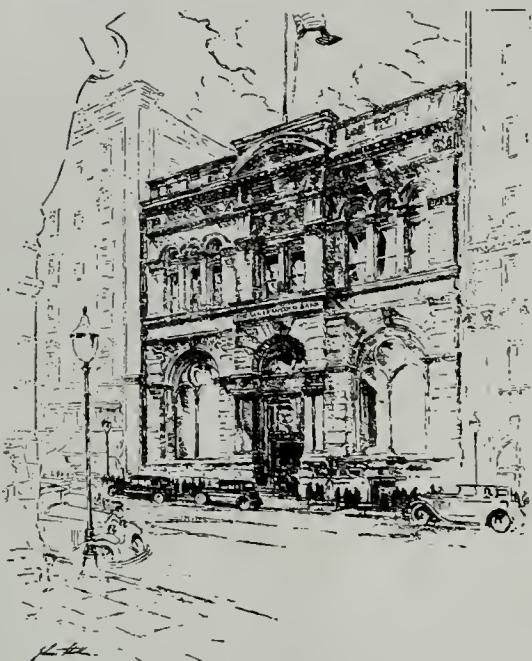
Mark Twain, Bret Harte and Stephen Massett were writing sprightly pieces for *The Alta*, *The Golden Era* or *News Letter*. "The Town Crier" of the latter publication made amusing and pointed comment upon the town's passing show of people and events. Reading this material, young Bierce decided that he could do as well. He decided, in fact, he could do better. The then practicing journalists waxed witty largely over small details. They sidestepped main issues, and gracefully avoided shooting to kill.

Such tactics, Bierce decided, were not adequate to the situation. These San Franciscans were a piratical lot with tough hides. They might be no worse than the Rockefellers, Carnegies, Goulds and Hannas rising in the Eastern sky. But they certainly swaggered more arrogantly, and when they achieved boiled shirts, they gave themselves greater airs as opera goers and art patrons than did their Eastern contemporaries. If they were to be taught to exercise business acumen with pretensions to decency, and were to be given discrimination in art, civilization and culture, they had to be tutored in a hard school. Ordinary criticism would not do.

Bierce presently began to write satirical sketches, employing his own ideas of technique. He submitted them to *The Alta* and *News Letter*, and both papers promptly accepted whatever he offered. Charles Watkins, editor of *The News Letter*, took the trouble to further instruct and guide his promising young contributor. In 1868 Watkins resigned from his position, and induced Marriot to give Bierce the editorship of *The News Letter* and the writing of "The Town Crier." Bierce thus became a full fledged journalist, and his handling of "The Town Crier" won him local favor and New York and London recognition.

TWAS this latter recognition that led Bierce to go to London in 1872, where he remained five years. But the year 1877 saw him again in San Francisco and editor of the newly established *Argonaut*. His special, signed department on the paper was "Prattle." He still had hopes of improving the town's taste in arts and letters, and its business and political ethics. His work on *The Argonaut* was generally enjoyable and satisfying even to him, but presently he wearied of its publisher, Frank Pixley. He resigned from the paper in 1879, and spent a year in an ill fated mining venture in the Black Hills. In 1881 Bierce returned to San Francisco and journalism as editor of *The Wasp*, with which he remained until 1886.

In 1877 Bierce entered Hearst's employ, and resumed on *The Examiner*, his column, "Prattle." He continued to mercilessly belabor frauds, charlatans and impossible theorists in arts, letters, science, industry, finance and politics. He found time to write his



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weird short stories, to make a poet of Sterling, and to make authors of such novices as could stand the rigors of his training. These appear to have been few and ungrateful to their teacher.

Bierce's memorable encounter with Huntington in 1896-97 was the last great battle of his journalistic career. He continued as a Hearst journalist for several more years, but his heart was not in the business. Mr. Hearst's Spanish American War left him cold. He flashed momentarily in the excitement of McKinley's assassination, but he rebelled completely at Hearst's attempt to bind him to his magazine ventures. He turned sadly to select the best fruits of his some forty years of labor and embody them in book form.

He returned wistfully to San Francisco, where killings had lost quality, but such a changed situation was to Bierce not for the better but for the worse. In all things, the town had learned a new diplomacy; it was beginning to chant a new hymn of Service. Chinese skulls were no longer cracked but neurotically overwrought women moaned ecstatically of Oriental occultism, while the intelligentsia grew delirious over Socialism. Impending Prohibition would complete the ruin. Bierce decided with unreserved finality that what he had long suspected was true, namely: the removal of one futility merely makes room for two more. He did the only thing a man of his dignity and integrity could do. He crossed into Mexico one fine day in 1913, and has been heard from no more.



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NOW that the flurry and excitement attendant on the fall openings has subsided into definite fashion facts it is possible to take a look around and see what's what. One thing is certain, and that is that the silhouette is materially the same. So, since fashions must change if they are to continue their hold on the feminine affections, the cour-



ture have wisely and artistically turned their attention to details.

So don't think for one brief moment that you can get away with last season's costume just because silhouettes have been repeated. Details are going to date your costume with inescapable accuracy. And, oh yes, fabrics, too. The time saved on thinking up new silhouettes has evidently been put to the best advantage in years as far as fabrics are concerned. It might well be called a fabric and detail season. And one thing distinguishes them all. That is formality. Even tweed, as you well know, since you probably have several costumes in your wardrobe this minute, has taken on dignity and wears fine furs with as regal an air as smooth broadcloth. But, of course, this season's tweeds are not the sports weaves of last season. They are smooth (though not enough to lose their original tweediness) lighter in weight and in franker colors.

SIMPLICITY of line coupled with intricacy of detail has made high fashions out of panne satin, rich metallic cloth, luxurious lames, cobwebby silk voiles with



pastilles of woven gold, stiff velvets, jewel and gold or silver studded fabrics. Sounds like the Renaissance period, doesn't it, when fabrics were as glamorous as the times.

And the wealth of detail that makes this season so different from the almost alarming simplicity of the past, is also reminiscent of

the Renaissance. Only we refuse to be dominated by detail. We subject it to conditions



of silhouette and fabric. We consider the picture as a whole.

NOW it is not only the actual dressmaker work that goes into your fall costumes to which we refer. Though they are muchly in evidence . . . tucks, shirred bands used in profusion by Chanel, Grecian pleats, Russian embroidery and tunics, "gay ninety" leg o' mutton sleeves, not to mention the many other sleeve types that are making 1930 fashions a sleeve season; with bows from the Victorian era and decolletage from the second Empire adding their romantic bit. No, important as these are they are not the only details to be considered. Such seeming trifles as length of coat and frock, and their relationship to each other, corseted lines, jewelry accent, hosiery and glove shades,



position of the hat on the head, all these and countless other apparently small matters are vitally important to a successful 1930 appearance. And these are details that depend upon your personal sponsoring just as the others are the creations of the couture. So, watch your details.

And, of course, that is just what The White House is doing, too. Watching details of style, price and quality, following a tradition of seventy-six year standing.



Gold Coast Days

Continued from page 19

to put up money to enable you fellows to commit outrages on my countrymen!"

The leader of the delegation asked in astonishment: "What do you mean by your countrymen?"

"What do I mean? Don't you know that I am a Chinaman? I am not only a Chinaman, sir, I am a Mandarin. At my father's house such miserable trash as you are would not be permitted to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table. Get out of here and don't assume to mix with Chinese gentlemen."

Utterly flabbergasted by the Major's lordly manner the Kearny delegation withdrew in sullen confusion. As the door closed Reynolds laughed and turned to me with the question: "Say, Bell, do I really look so much like a Chinaman?"

A word more about the illustrious Major Reynolds. He had a very dark complexion. As I have said, his mother was a Malay and his father an American, and he was even darker than ordinary half-castes. He was sensitive about this and said that he had been as white as any man until he had been artificially colored, and this is the story he told of how he had become colored:

"When I was twenty-five years old I was supercargo of a trading vessel in the South Seas. A hurricane struck us and piled the ship up on a reef where she was torn to pieces. Myself and three or four others escaped to the island and were made prisoners by the natives, who proceeded in detail to barbecue my companions, leaving me for the last.

"Can you imagine a man's feelings when he knows he is going to be spitted and roasted? When he knows that he is going to have his bones gnawed by a horde of hungry cannibals? Well, I knew I was in for an auto da fe and that's all that need be said about my emotions. I brought all my philosophy to bear and just waited quietly for my day to come, for they didn't rush things, but waited for a good holiday to roast a prisoner.

"One day the chiefs gathered around me and held a great pow-wow. The other white men they had simply knocked in the head, one by one, when they needed a feast and

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roasted them without any pow-wow at all. I began to wonder why they were giving me such marked attention; but after awhile I was made to understand that I was not to be cannibalized. No, sir, the women had taken a great shine to me. And the men allowed that I ought to make a pretty good native and that if they were successful in smoking me to the proper color of a native they would not only spare my life but make me a chief.

"Well, sir, I was put into a smoke house, much like a house for smoking hams, and subjected to the smoking process for three weeks. During that time I was taken out several times, washed off and examined to see if the coloring had set into my skin, and each time I was shoved back in again as underdone. They gave me plenty of food and water during the process but I tell you it was a tough proposition. When they got through with me I was as dark as any cannibal on the island and not just on the surface, either."

Major Reynolds died at Los Angeles in 1889, thoroughly lamented.

HARD times fell upon the southern counties of California about '58 and continued for fully ten years, during which we had one year of smallpox and two years of absolute drought. The region became terribly poor and very much demoralized. The bad population that had drifted down from the mines lived a lazy, gambling, vagabond life; in fact, conditions deteriorated until absolute barbarism ruled. It was thus I found it when I returned to Los Angeles in 1866.

I startled the whole countryside by buying farm land at twenty dollars an acre. I secured a place for a home at Figueroa and Pico streets and began to build a house. Jean Louis Vignes, an early French settler, came over to see me, excited over the fact that somebody was actually buying land, and offered me his adjoining thirteen acre tract for three hundred dollars. It later became the three city blocks bounded on the north by Twelfth street, on the east by Grand avenue, on the south by Pico street and on the west by Figueroa street.

LOS ANGELES was for a long time beyond the reach of religious missionaries. Their influence was absolutely ineffective. But by and by there came a civilizer and this was the railroad. The Southern Pacific found its way hither across the high Tehachapi, down over the burning Mojave Desert, through the twisting Soledad Pass, under the sheer San Fernando mountains through a tunnel costing seven millions of dollars and burst like a white light upon this land of darkness. From the day the whistle of the first S. P. locomotive was heard in Los Angeles our civilization started on the upgrade. The missionaries of this civilization that redeemed us were Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins and Collis P. Huntington. Whether it was their intention or not this was the result. They raised us from barbarism into moral daylight.



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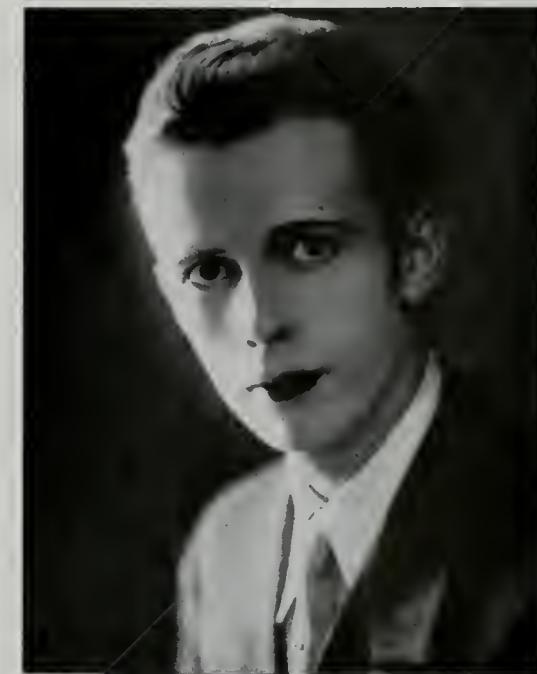
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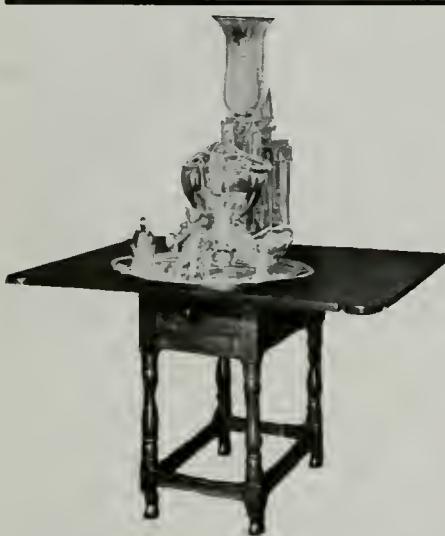
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Passing Shows

Continued from page 13

Hope Gladding. In November, the San Francisco Society of Women Artists will hold their annual exhibition there. This, in turn, will be followed by wash drawings, lithographs and wood cuts by Max Weber . . . paintings by Maxine Albro . . . drawings by Arnold Blanche, California School of Fine Arts faculty member recently imported from Woodstock . . . a showing of European sketches by Rinaldo Cuneo who has just returned from abroad following his Rome exhibition . . . paintings by William Gaw . . . and, probably the piece de resistance of early spring, an event comparable to the

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Poor Brody

Modern Loan Exhibition of last season!

I was not amazed at the number of red stars (marking sales) posted on the water-colors by Captain Drummond Fish recently in the East West Gallery. A white-haired Britisher with an intriguing Scotch burr and a talent for painting romantic castles in highland mists deserves to make a killing in any women's club—particularly when his water colors are so charming in detail. The only disturbing thing was the fact that from time to time I found me saying to myself (with a subconscious accent) "such a chaaahming loch" or "glen" or "brae," when closer inspection disclosed a California label. It was shocking to find such wraithlike gaelic realism derived from our own craggy Sierras. The captain has been replaced by John Milton Ramm, traveling San Franciscan adventurer, whose travel paintings will be succeeded by a joint exhibition of water colors and prints by Carroll Bill and Sally Cross Bill of Boston. November will bring to the East West work by Moira Wallace of Carmel, photographs by Stuart O'Brien (also Carmel), paintings by Harriet Hoag Fabian, formerly of San Francisco, and original tapestries woven by Lucy Burton, recognized by the queens of both Spain and England.

GUMPS has started the season auspiciously by showing a portfolio of color etchings by Foujita. These rhythmically limned nudes represent the extreme of

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a certain detached sophistication that has spread from the French capitol. This month the Gump galleries will show paintings by Julian Greenwell and reproductions of famous pieces of sculpture by the Musees Nationaux de France. Later in the season there will be water colors by Arthur B. Davies, paintings by Edward Bruce, a show of ten or twelve original old masters and the work of Ernest Lawson. This month during the Greenwell showing, Gump's will also present a group of photographs of old San Francisco collected by Martin Behrman during the past fifty years.

With the A. Harold Knott paintings replaced by recent watercolors by the Botkes, Cornelis and Jessie Arms, the Paul Elder Gallery has entered the season with a better

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than usual bid for attention. At Kathryn Hulme's lecture Saturday we had reason to be thankful for the Botke's excursion into the Sierras—and even Kathryn's vivid personality and her verbal supplements to the fascinating writing of "Arab Interlude" did not distract one wholly from the detailed grace of Jessie Arms Botke's flower studies. Later the Elder gallery will show "fairy pictures" by Harold Gaze, writer and illustrator.

The art school program of the San Francisco Art Association is an interesting one. Arnold Blanche of Woodstock has arrived to take over classes in life drawing and painting, formerly taught by Spencer Macky whose present duties as executive director of the association preclude his former strenuous program of instruction. Stanley Wood, who joined the California School of Fine Arts faculty early in the summer, continues as instructor in landscape painting. Charles Paine of London was expected this term but was delayed so Geneve Rixford Sargeant takes his classes. Kenneth Hook teaches commercial design.

Augmenting the activity of the school and attempting to bring the association into significant relation with the city at large, the social and exhibition programs of the San Francisco Art Association are being plotted for the coming months. Mrs. Manford Bransten is assisting Spencer Macky at the association headquarters and other steps are being taken to assure the organization's effectiveness.

If the 1930-31 season lives up to its promise it will be a memorable one.

For Autumn Entertaining!

RIOUOUS color in both flowers and foliage will be used this season as flattering backgrounds for guests, now that the vogue for black in women's dress holds sway.

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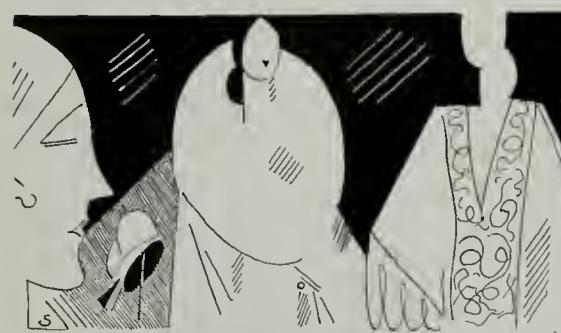


A Dash of Russia

flavors today's mode!

Paris is enjoying a Russian invasion this Fall, and as a result we're wearing tunics, luxurious fur bandings, and suits as picturesque as this black velvet, bordered with Sitka fox! The price, \$198.50

COATS . . . THIRD FLOOR
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As seen by her



ALL gingered up after a cold shower, I found myself the victim of my own indolence. The last one up, I found that the cars were all in use. But I had a luncheon engagement at the Oak Tree Inn so I rang up the Berry-U-Drive and gaily sailed down the peninsula, sufficiently calmed by the drive to be more than ready for a delectable piece of chicken under the oaks at San Mateo. Then the drive back in time for my appointment with Curzon—the one place I know where I can count on immediate attention as well as exclusive models—before my game at the Cornwall bridge club in the Francisco Apartments. It proved delightful.

You play bridge under the supervision of two splendid teachers—Mrs. Geigerman and Mr. Shipp. The former learned contract bridge in France where it originated and has taught many of the notables in New York and Palm Beach. Perhaps being a bridge fan I may wax over enthusiastic, but this club really has many reasons for going over big.

While on the subject of bridge it might prove interesting to know of a very small but clever hand book gotten up by our own Rita Spaulding from down the peninsula. Rules and bids are there for you at a glance, for the information is in a sort of simplified card system. For you whose thoughts are wandering or you that are plain dumb I'm offering first-aid . . . and as a reward for extra effort I suggest the new Bray and Beran edition of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" as a charming Chinese red and gold bridge prize.

A REFRESHING nap before dinner made me bright-eyed for the evening. We were going a partying. Theatre and the St. Francis to dance. I'm here to tell you that it was a large evening. The St. Francis looked like old times crowded to the doors and superb dance music. Not since Art Hickman made us rhythm-minded has there been so good a band. They have everything to offer including tone and volume. It is a

sweet orchestra. Plenty sweet, and the drummer either Mr. Laughlin or Mr. Harris is a wow. His rhythm is "Invitation to the dance." And you've got to go. There's only one other like him in San Francisco—at Marquardt's.

Morning found me at the Electrice Beauty Shop relaxed utterly under the deft fingers of a facial expert. I'd been so strenuous the night before but, supine now, every trace of fatigue was being gently obliterated. Clever hands and soothing surroundings did the trick.

I made my schedule of shops with little or no effort, and saw an interesting collection of clothing for boys and young men exceptionally patterned and woven fabrics at notably moderate prices at the Boys Shop in the Fairmont Hotel; attractive furnishings at the De Ramus Interior decorating establishment; gloves at Magnins so enticing the zipper on my purse gave way to the tune of four pair. Costume jewelry at Livingston's completely flattened the old bag to pan-cake shape. Some

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**The AHWAHNEE
IN YOSEMITE**

of these bracelets and necklaces are things of beauty. Good taste warred with my barbaric urge and I succumbed by wearing everything I purchased to the opera that night.

HAVE you noticed that after a lapse of some time corsages have said "Good-morning" again. I, for one am glad. They freshen up any costume, and we need them particularly this season with our dull black, browns and green. Adorable ones are to be had at the Plaza Florist.

Believe it or not, I have selected my Christmas cards already. Shreve had on display some exceedingly tempting ones of water color on old parchment—perfectly stunning.

Next to Paul Carrolls to help select a hat for the boy-friend. He came home the proud possessor of two, for they were so good looking that a new derby was added for fall. When we returned home as a fitting reward for my good taste I was told to gaze out at the Golden Gate while tinkling sounds behind me assured my educated ear that he was performing a ritual of gin, vermouth, and cracking ice. It didn't hurt my feelings.

By the way, I've been reveling in the abundance of ice in my new electric refrigerator. And you'd never guess that I had one, to see my private bar—not only is it so silent, but it is fitted into an odd size space keying with the other built in cabinets. You see, it is built to order right here, by Holbrook, Merrill and Stetson, Inc.—and guaranteed "fool proof." What an age! with the world made safe for drinkers.



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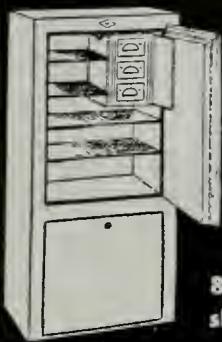
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John Henry Nash

Continued from page 15

Nash at present designs new books, visualizing the details that shall mark them as the product of "the Aldus of San Francisco." It is here that he designed his "Dante" and it is from here that he will issue the "Life of St. Francis of Assisi" by Saint Bonaventure next year in commemoration of the 25th anniversary of the San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Spotlight

Continued from page 10

of its quality. The boys not only bite their ladies on the shoulder and slobber down their backs but they pat their fair partners on the tummies and the less forward parts of the anatomy with resounding whacks.

Of course they all come clean before the final curtain and we are supposed to be glad that while their manners are execrable their morals are really sound. We, however, would have liked less morals and more manners. Somehow, we have an idea that they go more or less hand in hand—or should, at any rate.



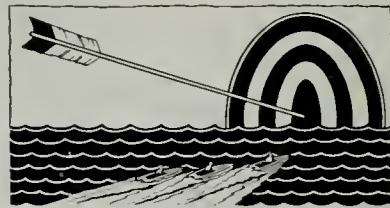
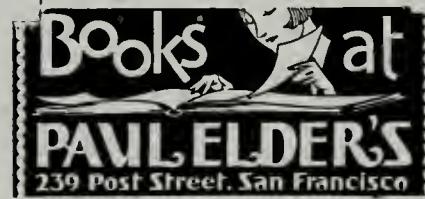
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And when we say: "Looking forward to a Happy Christmas" we mean that we wish to serve San Franciscans to this end. And each O'Connor, Moffatt employee is imbued with that desire and looks forward to greeting you in the Spirit of Helpfulness.

**Spend Wisely, Spend Thoughtfully,
Spend Cheerfully, and Start Choosing Now**

And what a Christmas Morning It Will Be, If You Can Say "I'M GLAD I DID,"
Rather Than "I WISH I HAD!"

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Columbia: "Death Takes a Holiday." The fantastic drama with Betty Ross Clarke, Phillip Strange, Carmel Myers and others in the cast. To be followed by Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Tom Douglas in Ibsen's "Ghosts," November 17.



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President: The ever popular "Dracula" well presented by the Duffy Players.

Travers Theatre: Opening this week with the gay, smart comedy "Enter Madame."

MUSIC

San Francisco Symphony: Sunday afternoon, November 16th, Basil Cameron conducting at the Curran Theatre.

Gieseking: Piano Recital Wednesday evening, November 12, Dreamland Auditorium.

Parlow String Quartet: at Mills College on Wednesday evening, November 12, at 8:30.

November 29: San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at Exposition Auditorium.

SPORTS

November 15—at Berkeley—California vs. Nevada.

November 15—at Stanford—Stanford vs. Caltech.

November 22—at Berkeley—Stanford vs. California.

November 29—at Stanford—Stanford vs. Dartmouth.

ART

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Paintings and sculpture by Karoly Fulop until November 15. Paintings by California artists. Exhibition by Diego Rivera, beginning the 15th. Permanent collections.

California School of Fine Arts, 800 Chestnut Street: Facsimile reproductions of drawings by masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the Uffizi Gallery. Paintings by Guest Wickson.

Fairmont Hotel, room 128: Paintings and portraits in oil by William Barr until the 11th.

Galerie Beaux Arts, 166 Geary Street: Fifth annual exhibition by San Francisco Society of Women Artists. Exhibition by artist members. European paintings by Rinaldo Cuneo. Drawings by Arnold Blanche.

S. & G. Gump Galleries, 246 Post Street: Water colors by Arthur B. Davies. November 15: South Sea paintings by Viscount Hastings.

Vickery, Atkins & Torrey, 550 Sutter Street: Water colors by Stanley Wood.

White House: Rembrandt etchings.



California School of Design, 628 Powell Street: Exhibition by Alvyne and Yliane Labaudt.

Couvoisier Gallery, 474 Post Street: Etchings by California artists. Nursery pastels by Dorothy Dell Logan.

East West Gallery, 609 Sutter Street: Oils, water colors and drawings by Moira Wallace, photographs by Stuart O'Brien. Needle point and tapestries.



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San Francisco



THESE are few indeed who, having the ambition and desire to write, have not at some time wanted to start a magazine. It looks so easy. Gather a few congenial souls, sit in an editorial chair, select the best from the material presented, write a little, feel the pulse of a city, place or movement—and edit a magazine that should have, this time, none of the faults of other magazines and all the particular virtues that one values.

That is what Joseph Dyer thought four years ago last month when he borrowed two hundred and fifty dollars to start *THE SAN FRANCISCAN*. He had given it more thought than most people, having determined to edit a magazine while stealing time from class work at school to play at being printer's devil in a nearby print-room, while sailing a freighter to the Orient, while doing his first reporting on a large San Francisco daily—in fact, far from being a casual ambition, the starting of a magazine had become an obsession.

So he borrowed the two hundred and fifty dollars, announced his decision of publishing a magazine to reflect the life and point of view of San Francisco and began to gather material—and advertising. Within a month, he had gathered together articles by Charles Caldwell Dobie, Idwal Jones, George Douglas, H. L. Mencken and some of the younger writers—he had himself sold the first advertisement space to Shreve and Company, The San Francisco Bank and those other merchants who were willing to underwrite the magazine—he had gone into the print shop of Phillips and Van Orden, watched the writing put into type, made up the magazine from the actual metal and produced the first issue on Armistice Day, 1926.

It makes pretty reading now. Prettier reading than would the account of the months and years that followed if given in equal detail. But even those struggles are becoming far enough removed for us to be amused in retrospect. We know that we have begun to grow up when we can look back at that first year and recall without rancor the times when the magazine was on the press without enough immediate money in sight to get it off, when typewriters, desks and even the editorial chair itself was swept out of the office with an irate gesture instigated by those who had waited long and impatiently for their rental. It is reassuring today to realize that many of the phases of that early struggle have entered their anecdote and that even attachments have come to seem amusing. We even remember with glee the ironical incident of an attachment that was made the same day that a local publication took upon itself the responsibility of informing the world that *THE SAN FRANCISCAN* was "backed by an angel" who paid all its bills and kept its staff in luxury. Would that we could have believed the statement ourselves—would, also, that the writer of that article could have witnessed the scene when the purported "angel" found that the sheriff had taken the writing seriously and attached his personal bank account. If ever we were certain that *THE SAN FRANCISCAN* was on its own legs, wobbly as they were, we knew it then.

All these incidents have become merely amusing stories because, within these first

The Founder, Editor and Publisher of the *San Franciscan*, Joseph Dyer, was to have written this article. From day to day we asked him for copy and from day to day he succeeded in putting us off. Suddenly it dawned upon us that he was entirely too modest to blow his own horn on the fifth birthday of his magazine. Hence we take matters out of his hands and write the following:

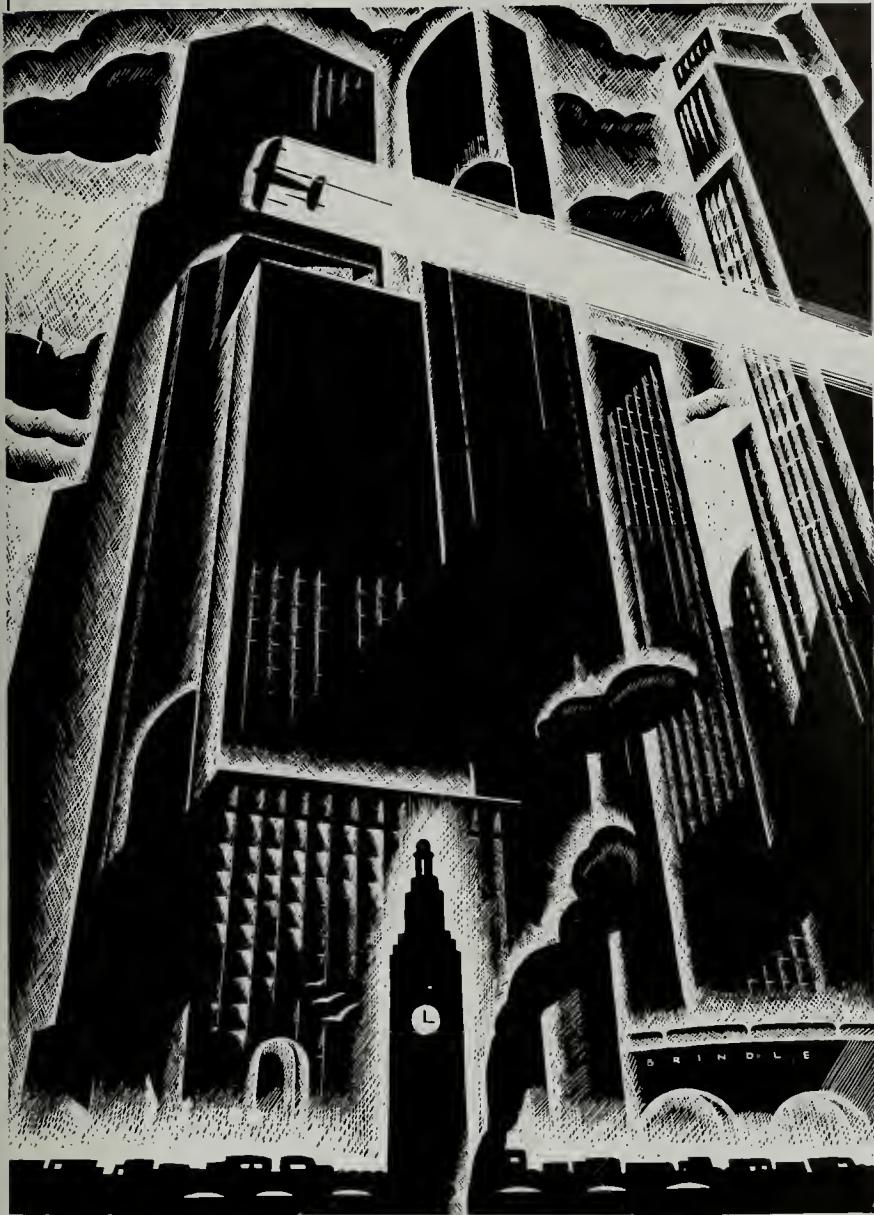
autonomic and, as such, will continue to rise or fall by virtue of its own merits.

This opportunity to recount incidents of our past offers a subtle temptation to put into print various acknowledgements and appreciations we have heretofore expressed privately. But you did not open to this page to read a card of thanks—so we will resist the urge and let you yourself insert the expressions of gratitude which we refrain from writing.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN has weathered the almost impossible situations recurring throughout the past four years not only because Joseph Dyer had an unconquerable ideal and the ability to share it with others, but also because those who have shared our viewpoint have given encouragement, time, advice, manuscripts and other cooperation of a very tangible type. Distinguished writers, established in their profession, have been generous indeed. Gertrude Atherton, H. L. Mencken, Kathleen Norris, Charles G. Norris, Sara Bard Field, Colonel C. E. S. Wood, Idwal Jones, George Douglas, Eugene Bloch, Oliver Sayler, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Witter Bynner, Peter B. Kyne, Lincoln Steffens, Edward Maslin Hulme and Algernon Crofton have all shared our hopes for a magazine of intelligent comment in the West and have contributed with open hands. Business leaders such as Herbert Fleishacker, Michel Weill, Paul Shoup, Albert Jannopolous, George Tourney, William P. Roth, George Smith and Robert Dollar have encouraged the magazine's efforts towards economic self-sufficiency. Artistic and cultural figures such as Albert Bender, Alma de Bretteville Spreckles, Raymond Armsby, Ottorino Ronchi, Johan Hagemeyer, Ethel Barrymore, Richard Tobin, Helen Wills Moody, H. J. Allen, Maynard Dixon, Edgar Walter and Wilfred Davis have contributed with criticisms, suggestions and contributions.

These same years, *THE SAN FRANCISCAN* has played its part in the lives of young writers reaching toward recognition. Among those whose work appeared in our pages while their niche of acclaim was still in the process of being carved are Carey McWilliams whose book on Ambrose Bierce published last year is the finest so far, Rex Smith who is now writing for the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, Gobind Behari Lal now science editor for the Hearst publications, Mollie Merrick whose work is syndicated daily in one hundred and twenty-five newspapers throughout the world, Kathryn Hulme whose "Arab Interlude" is an event of this season, Elva Williams about whom more will be said next month, Constance Ferris whose "Curtain Calls" is in the midst of its first wave of popularity, Beth Wendel now writing dialogue for the





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VOL. V

NO. 1

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

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W. E. DASSONVILLE

SILVER CITY

By Josephine Ringwood

Buildings pierce the skyline. White buildings, gaunt and still. Forgotten ghosts keeping watch over the city. Telephone Building, St. Francis, Fairmont, Mark Hopkins . . . apartment houses strain their heads through the silver haze. Lighted windows twinkle and peer across to Yacht Harbor, where white sails . . . phantom wings . . . stir gently as in a dream.

A white moon floods the city, reaches out to Marin's scraggly shore, and catches the ferry boats as they slide across the bay.

A white moon haunts the desolate wharves that day has left dreary and forsaken.

A white moon floods the deserted streets, and traces fantastic patterns on the worn cobblestones.

And in her wake, calmly, noiselessly, the fog creeps in to sleep over the silent city cloaked in silver mist.

Proud Elegance Crowns Telegraph Hill

This exquisite view, photographed by W. E. Dassonville, is chosen for re-publication both because of the numerous requests for it and because we consider it the loveliest view of San Francisco we have been privileged to reproduce the past four years. It is taken from the former marine look-out whose tangle of undergrowth has given way to smooth avenues and stately urns where San Franciscans and tourists watch the island-strewn bay.

Originally published October 1929

the SAN FRANCISCAN

Three San Franciscan Vignettes

First Published in January, 1927 . . . but Presenting Scenes Equally True Today

by Owen Francis

NO B HILL . . . Where the thrones of the mighty fell at a shake of the footstool. Hopkins, Huntington, Stanford, Flood, Crocker—a roll call in eternity of the men who made the grade. Railroads and Gold. Auction bridge and charge accounts. Squatters on the lost kingdoms of nabobs. Subdivisions. A remnant sale of birthrights. Memories—like old lace on a gown by Molyneux. A delicatessen sprouting on a dado of burned treasures. Grubstakes and Pioneers. Diets and fallen arches. A double exposure—"The City That Was"—"The City That Is." A tintype by de Meyer. We moderns. Successfully living down their pasts—but not up to our own heritages. "Old Pancake" Comstock. Serving Peach Melba to Powell Street Cowboys. "Come to see me again. Glad to have you. Take a pocketful of nuggets." Heights sometime make one dizzy. High boys and hitching posts. Overstuffed and Bill boards. A Vigilante sleeps—but the Rotary members are wide awake. Tally Ho and Honk Honk. Traditions in silent catenation along the corridors of the Fairmont—and imagine driving to the Mark Hopkins in a surrey! Settled in the sixties—unsettled in '26. A Kreisler playing jazz for the Junior League. I hate earthquakes. San Francisco through a lorgnette, from the top rung of the social ladder—and the poor souls with no Emily Post to guide them.

Quadrille to Charleston; guest rooms to wall beds; red blood to steam heat!

Progress—or what have you?

Take Powell, Sacramento, or California cable lines.

A Saga of the Great—camouflaged by apartment houses.

NOB HILL . . .

EMBARCADERO . . . Circe—singing—to men chained to office desks.

A reception hall inside a Golden Gate. Where hats of all nations are taken off in homage. Ships and cargoes. Men and labor. A morgue of childhood dreams. Lying unrecognized—while awaiting burial by Time. The place to plan your life if you could live it over again. Midnight missions gathering driftwood. Tides and currents. Piers and fog-horns. Handiwork of God cartooned by ferry slips. The cross-roads in trails of men who go "down to the sea in ships." A bookstore for those who have never learned to read—with volumes from every country. Sailors with open faces and hidden aigrettes. Yo Ho and the Eighteenth Amendment. Sea legs and bilge water. Docks and gangways—pouring raw material over the brim of the melting pot. Tears at farewell—Cousin Bill sets sail for Sausalito; and a globe-trotter yawns as he leaves for Timbuctoo. How convenient for some wives if their husbands were sailors. Two days in port and a skipper takes his bearings. Wharf rats and stevedores. Rum runners and fishing smacks. An overture to the seven seas. Neptune and Davy Jones reading a requiem to a row of dead ships in the mud flats.

Bombay and Bristol—Pago-Pago and Pa-peete—Singapore and Sydney—Cairo and Calais—

Names of secret desires.

Land-lubbers! Astigmatic eyes staring at the horizon—

Fools! We watch magic lantern slides of travelogues—while Adventure calls.

Close the ledger! The world lies before you. Bon Voyage—

EMBARCADERO . . .

CHINATOWN . . . A whisper.

Like a placid river with a potent undertow. Where East meets West by walking north or south on Grant Avenue. Hip Sing and Ming Toy—straw slippers and French heels. 2 a.m. Four finger-nails gone and Ni-Pau isn't home yet. Tea and rice from a charcoal burner while the tourist from Yapp's Crossing casts a world-wise eye over a bowl of chop suey. A flower shop with rotting poppies on the roof. Narrow streets and broad minds; bland faces and shuffling feet. Live dolls with Dresden faces—who smile at you; but "never the twain shall meet." Langorous lilies of the East—at home in a clay pot from Newark. Soy—Silks and Saki? I wonder if they have a Santa Claus. They invented gunpowder, but what can you expect from a race who celebrate New Year's in February? The Telephone Exchange brightened with flowers in a Ming vase. Almond eyes and Lichee nuts. Old men in doorways—smoking Bull Durham—while they dream of Canton. The final denial to "Gentlemen Prefer Blonds." Ten more dollars to Hangkow. Another cousin pays a 21-cent fare from Oakland. "You speakee piecee English, John?" "I am honored to mention it among the few of my humble accomplishments." Confucius dressed by Hart, Schaffner & Marx. Mah Jongg and Hatchet men. A strange people—whose speech is song and whose music is discord. Incense and other odors too numerous to mention. Silly idea this rice on graves—yet the dead can't smell flowers!

Buddha—Joss—The Six Companies. Lotteries and chop sticks. "Clever people—these Chinese."

IN CHINATOWN . . .

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Editor's Note: Much debate preceded our decision to make all of "Now It Can Be Told" retrospective this issue. There are new situations that deserve comment, and new anecdotes we should like to share with you. But so many requests came in for "favorite stories" that we have no space left for new paragraphs—and, at that, we cannot comply with all the requests.

ONE day in a remote hamlet in the mountainous regions of the State, we were making our way along Main street our contemplation of the beauty of the Sierras was broken in upon by a great clatter of bells, whistles and the pounding of horses' hoofs. With considerable delight we stood upon the curb to view the sight of an old-fashioned steam fire engine in all the fiery glory of responding to an alarm.

Hard by us was a gentleman recently arrived from the city, who evidently had imbibed of native beverages not wisely but much too generously. As the laboring and puffing engine bore down upon us he took a coin from his pocket. As it passed by he frantically attempted to hail the driver. Failing to attract his attention the inebriated one ran unsteadily down the street in the wake of the engine. Finally he realized the hopelessness of catching up with it and in disgust he flung the coin in the direction of the disappearing fire engine and shouted, "To hell with your old peanuts."



"TO HELL WITH FREUD!"

PAUL SHOUP, president of the Southern Pacific and Charles Field, who presided over the editorial desk of *The Sunset* in its most lustrous years, were recently in Washington, D. C., and called at the White House to pay their respects to President and Mrs. Hoover.

The President asked them to attend Divine Services with him and Mrs. Hoover the coming Sunday.

Rushing back to their hotel, the pair unpacked rumpled dress trousers and morning coats and sent them off for cleaning and pressing in honor of the coming momentous event. Top hats were critically twirled and renovated; cravats and linen received minute attention. Sunday morning there was no late sleeping for Shoup and Field. An unseemly hour found them in the hotel barber shop being shaved, massaged and manicured to exquisite perfection.

The services, to the joy of the two guests, went off perfectly. There remained only the newspaper accounts of the same to seal their triumph and render them glorious in the eyes of San Francisco. In a fury of impatience they awaited the Monday morning papers. Anxiously they scanned the front page and society columns; with growing impatience and chagrin, they examined the sheets, column for column. Finally, on an inside page in an obscure corner was a small item, containing the intelligence that, President and Mrs. Hoover had, the previous morning, as was their custom, attended church services, accompanied only by two secret service attendants.

ASAN FRANCISCAN who recently returned from a trip to New York, was very much annoyed during the journey by bedbugs or fleas. Arriving in San Francisco, haggard and worn from four all but sleepless nights, he sat down in anger and indited a red hot letter to the Pullman Company.

A response came quickly in the form of a three-page, single-spaced letter. Couched in apologetic and diplomatic language, the letter would have done credit to a veteran of the diplomatic service. Despite the welts that still

decorated the man's face, as well as practically every square inch of his body, he began to feel that he had acted a bit hastily.

He had reached the signature and had determined to write the company a note of apology, when, upon picking up the envelope, a slip of scratch paper fluttered to the floor. Hot blood again flushed the man's face as he read: "Write this bird the bedbug letter."

A San Franciscan is one who under certain circumstances intimates that it was he who really started THE SAN FRANCISCAN.

LAST Tuesday we were waiting the "go" signal at the corner of Post and Grant avenue when that stunning Hispano Suiza that you have seen gliding around the city turned the corner and successfully blocked the cross-traffic. Directly in the front line trench was a 24-carat gold-plated Rolls Royce. The chauffeur of the Rolls glared at the owner of the hand that guided the destiny of the Hispano and said: "Where in the hell do you think you are driving?"

The guiding spirit of the Hispano elevated an effete eyebrow.

"Aw," he signed, "take that pile of tin and park it in the alley."

AVERY well known local financier had occasion recently to purchase a gift for an intimate friend about to be married. For which purpose, he entered one of the exclusive Post street gift shops and indicated to the floor manager that, he desired to leisurely examine its entire stock of treasures. Presently, though, he became aware that his heels were tagged by a personable, but indefinitely aged saleswoman. He tried to lose her but to no purpose.

Finally, the comedy got on the man's nerves. He turned and in a bored and slightly insolent tone asked, "Madame, am I keeping you?"

Quickly came the reply, "No, but I wish to God you were."

A San Franciscan is one who excuses scratching with the remark: "In San Francisco, it's no disgrace to have fleas."

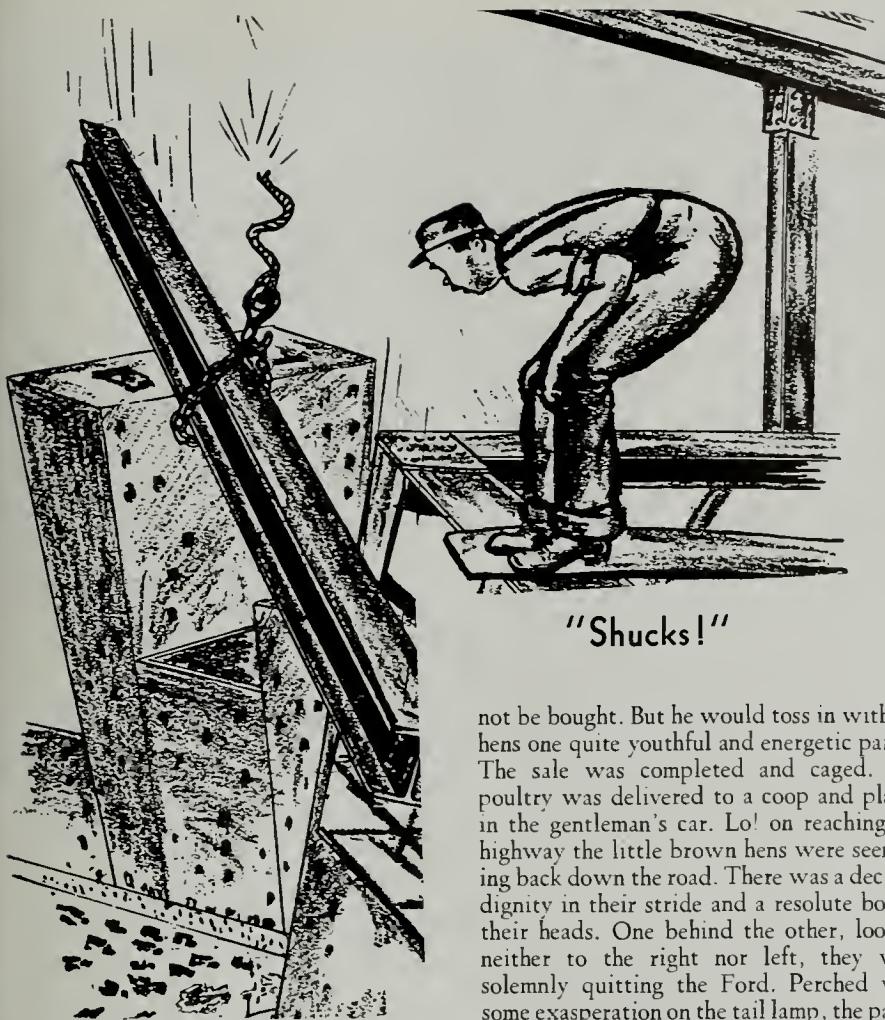
AS IS usual with navy stories, this took place ashore.

During the stay of the fleet in San Francisco harbor, a number of officers attended a lavish reception at the Pacific avenue residence of a lady well-known for her hospitality. A doctor from the hospital ship "Relief," attired in the correct evening garb of a civilian, was present with his brothers-in-arms.

In the course of a conversation an inquisitive damsel, marking his lack of gold braid, inquired his occupation.

"I am a naval surgeon," he replied.

After a tell-tale pause she observed, blushingly, "Do you know, I think the medical profession is becoming over-specialized."



"Shucks!"

not be bought. But he would toss in with the hens one quite youthful and energetic parrot. The sale was completed and caged. The poultry was delivered to a coop and placed in the gentleman's car. Lo! on reaching the highway the little brown hens were seen filing back down the road. There was a decided dignity in their stride and a resolute bob to their heads. One behind the other, looking neither to the right nor left, they were solemnly quitting the Ford. Perched with some exasperation on the tail lamp, the parrot was calling after them: "If you girls care to reconsider you may resume your seats AND RIDE."

AMONG those who rushed to congratulate Alfred Hertz at the conclusion of a recent performance of the Summer Symphony there was a heedless young flapper whose enthusiasm over the concert was somewhat mixed with a rather disconcerting curiosity. However she was quite charming in her heedless way and Hertz seemed highly amused when she presumed to ask whether he slept with his beard inside or outside the covers at night. The conductor's eyes twinkled as he turned the conversation to topics less personal.

Several days later a friend who had been present at the scene met Hertz and was somewhat concerned to find him worried and nervous. Questioned as to the reason Hertz burst out with—"Damn that girl! Ever since she asked me about my beard, I haven't slept a wink for wondering if I should keep it under the covers or over the covers."

BEIEVING nothing is beautiful but the truth and that to understand all is to pardon all, we must recite the Tale of the Petaluma Adventurer. Arriving from an Eastern city, he desired only to settle on a chicken ranch. All went well until, with the completed purchase of eleven hens, he was informed by the dealer that cocks at the time were exceedingly rare and, of a fact, could

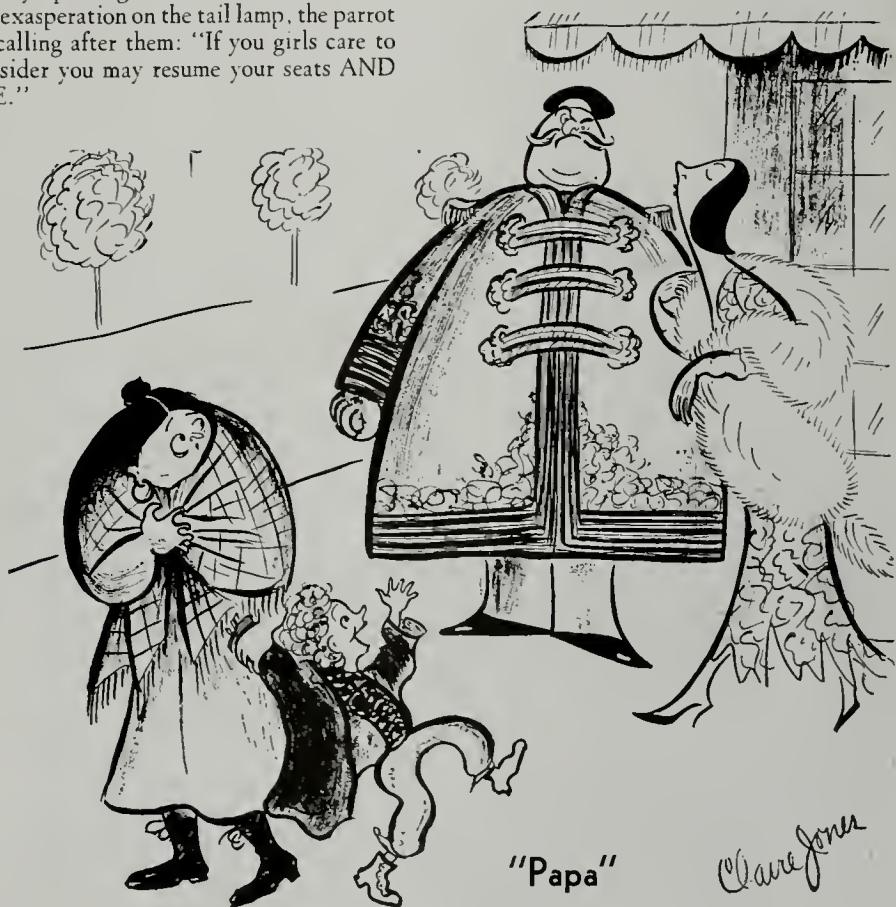
WE HEARD a man ask his dinner partner if she were familiar with THE SAN FRANCISCAN. "I'm not," she said. (Remarkable answer! A tribute to the honesty of one woman. We seem to have the evil luck of always sitting next to women who refuse to admit not being familiar with anything.) "What is it," she asked, "another Town Topics?" Her companion laughed. "On the contrary! I'd pay to keep my name out of Town Topics; the other I'd pay to squeeze my name in!"

THE occasion was the recent farewell dinner given by the Bohemian Club to a visiting Russian director. Joe Thompson rose to render the honorary speech of the evening. We settled back and lit our cigarettes. Suddenly we sat up. Thompson was speaking not in English but in Russian. His remarks were delivered in a flowing, rippling, easy manner.

After the party left the table, we reconnoitered a bit, bent upon obtaining as diplomatically as possible the name of the school the speaker had patronized. Finally the mystery was solved by a fellow guest, familiar with the Russian tongue. Joe was a fraud. He had obtained a Russian primer and rattled off its first several lessons, consisting of such simplicities as "I see the cat. The cat sees me. The baby loves Mama."

We fear that good intentions have as little place in politics as in poker.

Continued on page 32



A San Francisco Social Questionnaire

-- First Asked in February of 1927

1. Who was the society girl whose indiscretions almost caused international complications between this country and England?
2. Who was the San Francisco matron who vowed she would make our most exclusive set if it cost her a million, and eventually did?
3. What incident caused the scion of a San Francisco family to leave Paris at the request of the French authorities?
4. Who is the San Francisco bachelor who financed the education of a French prima donna?
5. What San Francisco family is reputed to have the largest cellar of "pre-war stuff?"
6. Who was the San Francisco dowager who danced the Charleston with a notorious gigolo at Ciro's last summer?
7. What debut caused an investigation by the United States prohibition forces?
8. What aristocratic family in San Francisco made their money in fertilizer in the old country?
9. What San Francisco bachelor said: "I don't give a damn if you are a Duchess!"?
10. Who was the San Francisco matron who requested a titled British writer to leave her home?
11. Who is the woman who exchanged an expensive foreign car for a luncheon in an exclusive club?
12. Who were the San Francisco millionaires in the late nineties who preferred to eat in the kitchen instead of the dining-room?
13. What did Suzanne Lenglen reply to a San Francisco sportsman who asked her what she thought of Helen Wills?
14. Who is the San Francisco matron who almost came to blows with Mary Garden?
15. Who was the clubman who stated that if the Prince of Wales ever came to San Francisco he would be his guest?
16. Who was the San Francisco woman that Jean Nash called the worst dressed woman in America?
17. What San Francisco bachelor threatened to "smash the nose" of a well-known Parisian dancer unless he stopped his attentions to his fiancee?
18. Who is the former San Francisco millionairess whose eccentricities are internationally famous?
19. Who is the San Francisco philanthropist who was blackmailed out of a quarter of a million dollars?
20. At what reception did a well known tenor say to his wife: "Let's get the hell out of here"?

Request to a new mistress

By H. P. Preston

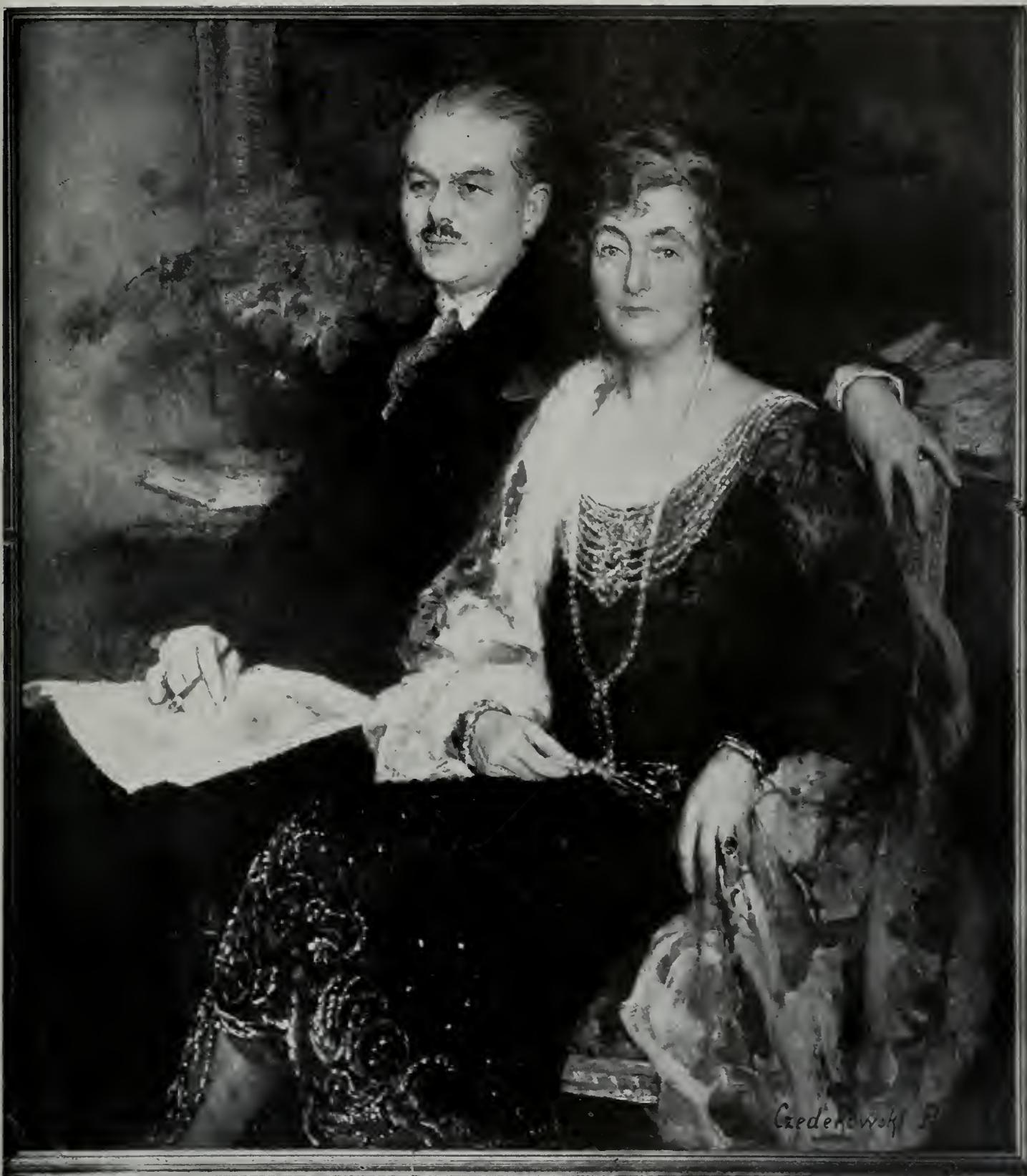
*Could we not, my dear,
Eliminate this chatter
Of Art and Love?
Must the eternal clatter
Of thin teacups
Always chime accompaniment?
Let us be forthright,
Meeting our ennui
Quickly.*

Reprinted from issue of July, 1928

21. Why did a former San Francisco family suddenly sell their estate at a sacrifice and leave for the East?
22. Who was the San Francisco clubman who entered a Spanish monastery in 1895 and left one week later?
23. Why was a San Francisco woman snubbed here after her presentation to the Court of St. James?
24. Who is the San Franciscan who startled society by his exotic hobbies?
25. Who was the San Francisco "deb" arrested on the beach of the Lido, sans proper bathing apparel?
26. Who was the San Francisco woman who to'd the daughter of a Russian prince at a reception in Paris to behave like a lady?
27. What was the secret of the success of San Francisco's greatest social dictator?
28. Who was the youth that was kidnaped by an actress old enough to be his mother?
29. Who is the San Francisco woman whose jewels are supposed to be of paste?
30. What San Francisco bachelor's dinner rivaled the famed "Girl in the Pie" party in New York?
31. What was the true reason that Queen Marie did not come to San Francisco?
32. Why did a prominent San Francisco couple check out of the Ritz-Carlton in New York and move to the Commodore?
33. Why was a San Francisco family denied entrance to a box in the Diamond Horse Shoe of the Metropolitan Opera House?
34. Who is the San Francisco youth who disowned his father for marrying a former chorus girl?
35. Who is the San Francisco girl who was the inspiration of the masterpiece of a contemporary French painter?
36. In the late nineties, who was the San Francisco youth that shot his wife on their honeymoon?
37. Who was the San Francisco pioneer (whose children and grandchildren belong to the most exclusive of sets) that came to his death by strangulation when the platform on which he was standing suddenly collapsed?
38. Who was the widow of a prominent San Franciscan who gave her jewels to charity?
39. Who was the society woman that nearly broke up a prominent San Francisco Club?
40. "I am the State of California." What early California millionaire said this to the United States President?
41. Why will the answers to these questions never be answered?

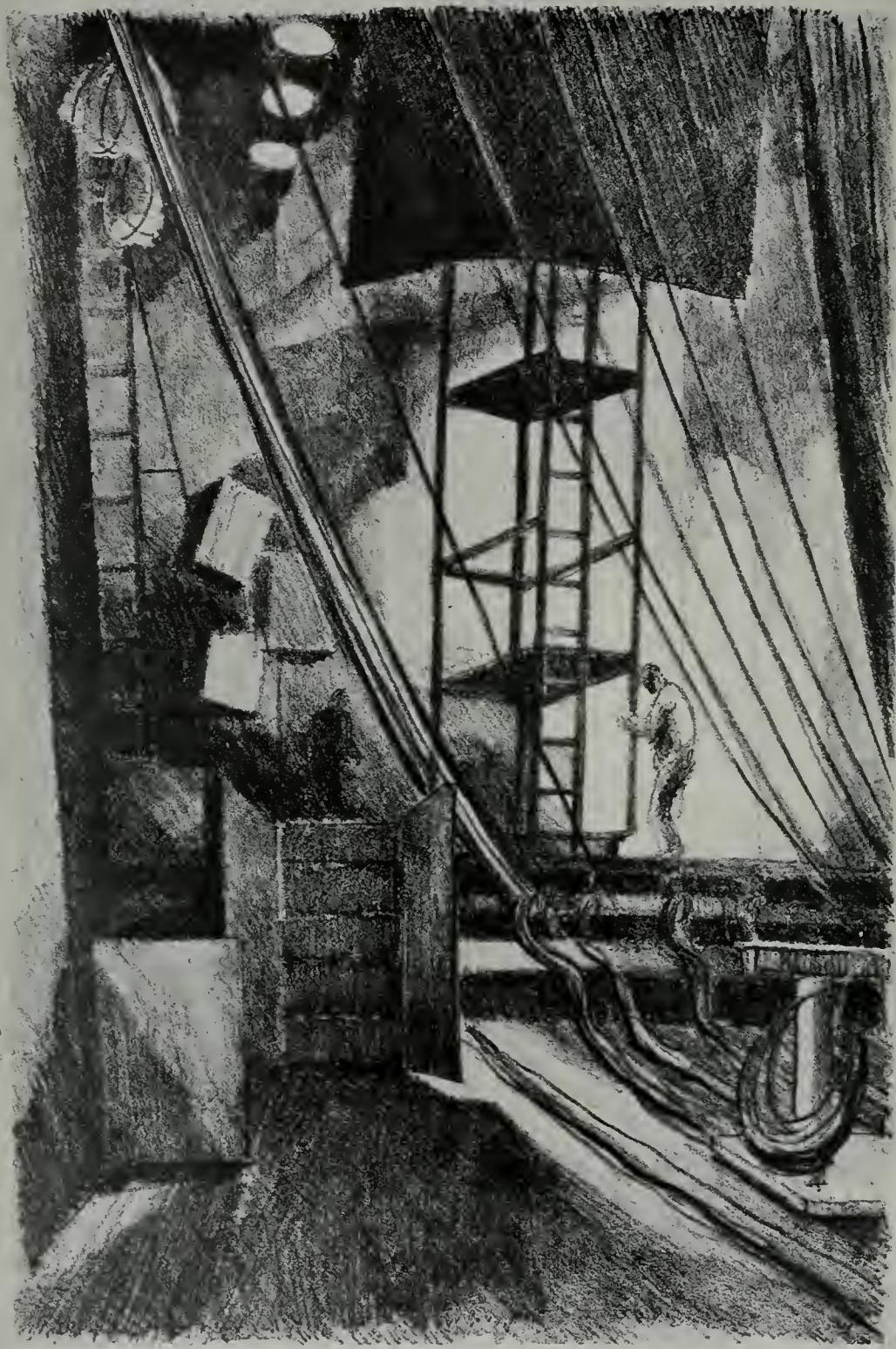


Why did the band, when welcoming W.R.H., play "There Are Smiles--" ?



CHARLES G. AND KATHLEEN NORRIS

Since June 1928, when this portrait was first published, California's "royal family" has won further laurels substantiating the original caption which read: "These charming people hold multitudes under the subjugation of their pens and their conquests in the name of hospitality are known along the entire route of El Camino Real."



BEHIND THE SCENES — Lithograph by Stanley Wood

Throughout the past four years The San Franciscan has tried from month to month to publish significant work by artists of promise and accomplishment. As each year witnessed the fresh attainments of Stanley Wood, we watched for something of his to present in our pages. Now that he has turned to lithography, in addition to his work in watercolor and oil, we have snatched the first proof from his first stone for reproduction. This is the initial plate in a series which Wood plans to do of backstage scenes from drawings made during the recent opera season. It is shown by Vickery, Atkins and Torrey, though not hung with the watercolors of Wood's annual one-man exhibition there this month.

Reverie in a Dungeon

by Robert Joyce Tasker

Editor's Note: This was the first story by Robert J. Tasker published by The San Franciscan. It appeared in the issue of September, 1927, and was later followed by other stories, the last of which was signed "Hugo." Tasker is the author of "Grimhaven," an unusual study of prison life, and a number of distinctive stories published in "American Mercury" and other national magazines. He is now in Los Angeles writing and doing editorial work.

YOU made such a magnificent picture! There were crisp, blue-green spruce trees on the hillside, a lovely background behind you as you ran down the steps to the water's edge. You wore gay colors and, as you passed, the ragged old cedar tree brushed you, caressed you with senile chastity. You too were chaste—and so young!

Endless things I did—such augmenting proprieties! And all to aid your reclining on the silk cushions in our little boat. Taps and pats, and minute rearranging until, at last, you were like a Nile Goddess on her barge. Or a Venetian Princess in her gondola . . . But our waters were broader and more virginal.

Out onto the calm waters I propelled us; toiling at the stern until you became solicitous. You begged me to rest. Come lie with me on these cushions, you implored, there is so much room. And I obeyed you. So we drifted while the sun was sinking, drifted under ragged cliffs, and by jutlands aflame with autumn leaves. Sometimes the small waves lapped and lulled against the hull—an even, solemn, hypnotic force that erased the past, erased the future, erased all the world, and left you and me drifting, drifting.

The waves sank into calm. By some legerdemain my arm had encircled you. Our faces were close, and without effort or movement it seemed, we turned, read in each other's eyes, and our lips met, trembled, and drew away—the most innocent thing. We pressed together so that warmth of body knew answering warmth. There were the first faint curves of womanhood, but I would not think of those things—for I held you too sacred.

The sun was lowering over a crest of mountains. Colors were changing over the world, soft, diffused shades of blues, and reds, and yellows—then purples. So beautiful it seemed that tears started in your eyes

and wept. And because you wept, damned up pools of felicity burst in me. Tears coursed down our close-pressed cheeks, mingling together. When our lips met there was the taste of salt, and we swooned in the swirling kaleidoscopic lights of ecstasy.

AND now! I am a thief—a common thief in a dungeon! While the lights burned I saw small, dark, living things creeping on the walls and ceiling. Now that the lights are out they will drop to my wretched coverings, creep in on me and feast, as they are wont, of the carrion—the filth thrown aside by humanity.

The mouth you once knew, has drooped and sagged; become contorted by base emotions and worldly habits. The face you called ivory is scales, dark splotches and deep-cut lines. The eyes have lost their luster and their color. The body is a rack for ill-fitting rags. A thief! A common thief in a dungeon.

AND you? Ho, my dear! I have heard! You married a youth of pure Semitic blood. Did he marry you for love? Or for entry into your nice social plane? And did you marry for love, my dear? Or did you marry his papa's gold?

I have seen his papa—do you call him that? I have seen Papa's blue, porcine jowls, his gigantic paunch—he is a monster of jelly on weakly, wobbly legs. What a lovely papa! But then, dear lady, he has the gold, has he not?

How odd that it shou'd be so, but even here I have obtained your picture. It was wrapped around a certain bowl they gave me for my dungeon! You look very nice, my dear. That look of the female roue fits you nicely. It is better to have some character—something people can identify. They can look at you, or even at your picture, and say, Now this woman is a libertine. See the hard lines of dissipation and ennui in her face?

But you are shrewd now, eh, my dear? I see how well you love Papa's gold. It shows so plainly in this picture. When is Papa scheduled to die? Let me know, dear lady, and I will come around and steal a bag of the precious stuff—just for old time's sake. For I am a thief now, you know, quite a common one . . . In a dungeon.

OLD times! What a beautiful couple we were! Naivete Incarnate! Ho me! . . . But there are ashes in our mouths, now, are there not, my dear?



ROBERT J. TASKER

Self Portrait by the Author

Reprinted from issue of May, 1929

Sacred thoughts upon visit to huntington art gallery

by DWIGHT STRICKLAND

he was calmly studying the
blueboy
when he overheard a mind upliftin' lady
from philistia cal. say
"oyes it

s niCe
but
donyathink that
blues
an impractical color for a boy
tawear
, huh?"

he fitted his fingers about her bulbous
mindupliftin

neck and

made her swim to the floor and
turn the practical color black and
they arrested

him and

.2months later

Eleven Americanjesusmerchants
returned a verdict
guilty

Note: This brought some criticism when it was published in The San Franciscan of November 1929—but the requests for it have more than justified our original choice.

AI-YAH! Yim kuung ah!—Oh but this is devil's work." Such was the mumbled comment of old Sing Lee, as he stood on the curb near the corner of California and Montgomery streets, absorbed in contemplation of the demolition of the ancient Parrott Block.

To the mind of that aged Mongolian, a mind steeped in centuries of reverence for tradition and all things that belong to the past, the work of the wreckers across the street savored of vandalism. They were iconoclasts! Incidentally, they were raising a blinding, irritating cloud of dust; otherwise one might have imagined he detected tears in the eyes of old Sing Lee.

Either curiosity or surrender to the urge of sentiment (neither characteristic of the Chinese mind), emboldened that rheumatic old Oriental to watch until there was a lull in the street traffic; then he hobbled over to an auto-truck into which the workmen were lowering a block of blue-gray granite, which had been part of the old building's walls. I followed him inquisitively. The manner of the old Chinaman convinced me that beneath it lay some important circumstance.

"I was sure of it!" I heard him say, as he peered into the truck, his gaze intent on the granite block. "I was sure of it." He muttered in outrageously corrupt Cantonese, his hands loosely clasped in a gesture indicative of sorrow. And thus he stood in deep meditation, until roughly pushed aside by one of the workmen, whose prosaic mind was on the job, and some three-quarters of a century removed from

DEVIL'S WORK

A Legend of the First Stone at the Wall Street Corner of the West

by W. C. Bunner

We were doubly glad of the request that recalled to mind this article written during the wrecking of the historic Parrott building and published April 1927. Our editorial note at that time stated that Sing Lee, for years a well known figure in the Chinese quarter, was returned by the Chinese Six Companies to his native village on the banks of the Pearl River where he died a few months after his arrival.

the retrospective day-dreams of the mooning Sing Lee. Then came another jam in the traffic, and the old fellow grew confused. Gently I grasped his arm and piloted him over to the opposite side of the busy street.

"And now, uncle," I asked, in the best Cantonese I could muster, "what did you find in that truck that saddened your venerable countenance?"

Because of his great age and senile condition of mind, he did not seem to realize that I was addressing him in his own language, for, after a moment's hesitation, he mumbled: "I no speak velly much English, Mr. Gentleman."

"M-shai,"—unnecessary, I explained. "For many years I lived in Kwong Tuung. You may speak to me in the words of your own language."

"Well spoken, learned one. It is I who am at fault, for Confucius has told us that there be many wise men in the West. You ask me why it is that what I saw makes me sad, and I will answer in words from the heart.

MEN are different. We are not all of one tongue. No more can we all follow the same circles of thought. But listen, if you care to hear the babbling of a very old man, who came to this land of Golden Mountains tens of years before you, learned scholar, came into the world. For I, when my age was but ten years, crossed the dark waters with my venerable father who was a member of the Stone Mason's Guild of Kwong Tuung.

"And the great ship that brought us, also carried every stone that went into the walls of that building which, since the days of my boyhood, has stood yonder across the street. In its massive solidity it has resisted the power to destroy, of even the Fire Dragon himself. And now, after all these years of faithful service, it must fall; perish for all time! Surely this is devil's work!"

"Yes, it was my honored father who came here to raise the walls of that noble building. But others of our clan came before him, and already many were returning home laden with gold, wrested from Earth's rich treasury in the golden mountains; and the fame of those mountains had spread like flames through the forest. Lust for gold mastered the heart of my good

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Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!

Aimee McPherson As Seen in 1928

by Irene Cowley

The cable cannot fail

In any sort of gale

For it is anchored on the solid rock

Jesus will prevail

Ship ahoy! We'll all set sail!"

Aimee steps to the front of the platform, and scoffs:

"Well, I must say, that's pretty weak. You sound as stiff as an Episcopal Church!" Titters and guffaws greet this bit of brilliant raillery. "How many sang that time? Raise your hands." Several obey. "What!" exclaims Aimee, aghast. "Only a few hundred out of five thousand?" (This last into the mike. Publicity agents take careful note. This is what you might call a good gag.) "This is ridiculous!" The five thousand get a big kick out of this scolding from their idolized Sister. "All together this time. We'll get the orchestra to help. Come! 'On the Four Square Gospel Ship, Soon we'll set sail.'" The hand clap again, and with a boom like the roar of many waters they all set sail, accompanied by a forty-piece orchestra (including xylophone, drums and French horn) whose members are arrayed in sailor costumes and white duck hats. The joyful acclaim swells, and the temple

AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON returned to Angelus Temple, Los Angeles for the present season after an extensive tour in "China, Honolulu, Japan, Australia, Wales, England, New Zealand and Canada, in fact practically all over the world," as she told her audience of five thousand and her microphone at the gorgeous, hallelujah Sunday night performance celebrating her return.

So Aimee now broadcasts:

"This is Angelus Temple—America," which enormously tickles the funny bones of the five thousand.

Aimee loves her microphone. With one arm (a right shapely one, too) curved tenderly about it, she exclaims in a voice still husky from hundreds of evangelistic sermons made on the world tour:

"Come on, folks, all together! Let's sing our old favorite, 'On the Four Square Gospel Ship.' Everybody sing!" She claps her little hands with an encouraging smack. Simultaneously, the organ sounds the familiar strain and the audience sings the sprightly tune,

"On the Four Square Gospel Ship,
Soon we'll set sail.

Editor's Note: This has always been one of our favorites—imagine our emotion when not one but eight individual requests came in for it! Our only regret is that, due to limited space, it must be somewhat abridged from its original version printed August, 1928.

tumbers totter on their foundations as the audience shrieks, "Ship Ahoy! We'll soon set sail."

"Aaaaaaaa-men!" shouts Aimee, as they cease. "Everybody say 'Amen'!"

"Aaaaaaaa-men!" comes back the obedient chorus, excited by song.

The big bill-board on top of the temple has promised "A gorgeous musical sermon, followed by an illustrated evangelistic sermon by Aimee Semple McPherson," and, flushed with anticipation, the audience sits up and feasts its eyes on the radiant Aimee (fresh from China and Wales) and wonders what she has in the way of entertainment up the sleeves of her black silk cloak, lined with white.

FIRST of all, Aimee informs us, we're to have the pleasure of hearing some darling little children, who will stand in a tiny boat and sing in their sweet treble the very same song that the grownups have just sung. Accordingly, a curtain is raised behind Aimee, and there, sure enough, in a cardboard boat, stand the dear little tots.

"Ah," murmurs the audience maternally, and the children sing sweetly,

"On the Four Square Gospel Ship
Soon we'll set sail"

Et cetera.

while throats tighten and unashamed tears (according to the papers) flow from the eyes of the adorers. So dear! So sweet! In every aisle sits a young woman garbed in white dress, white shoes, and black cloak. There are eight hundred scattered through the temple, and at the conclusion of the first number they become an animated claque. Immediately, every pair of hands in the temple joins in thunderous applause, and Aimee turns the mike to the audience.

The mistress of ceremonies follows this up with a solo by a graceful child of perhaps ten years, who faces the vast audience unafraid, with a song about "Jesus in a little boat, On darling Galilee," while the children in the cardboard boat rock ever so cutely, in the frail craft.

Next a youth, dressed in the uniform of a naval officer, recites in a wavy, baritone voice, "Sail on, Sail on, Sail on, and on." Above him, in front of the choir, in a boat larger than that formerly occupied by the children, stand eight stalwart sailors, striped jerseys, blue caps 'n everything. Each holds an oar. The stroke is a husky youth, but since there isn't any coxswain, the crew gets rather careless with its oars, with the result that the rowing motions which accompany "Sail on," become a bit erratic, each sailor setting his own pace, which adds a piquant touch of variety to the picture.

Aimee announces that due to the hundreds of requests that she has received, what do you suppose, our organist is going to play the "Volga Boatman"! The organist smiles modestly, seats herself at the organ, and notwithstanding the fact that the Volga boatmen didn't row, the unorganized crew up above pulls right lustily on the oars to the tune of the Russian folk-song.

It is now 8:20 P.M. The show started at 7:30, and still the biggest act has not yet been put on. Aimee arises, blonde, robust, magnetic, and makes the announcements. Among other bits of church news she tells them that she is going away for a ten-day evangelistic campaign up in heathenish Oregon. And that her work in Canada was not unfruitful.

"How many have enjoyed the musical service tonight?" asks Aimee naively. "Raise your hands." The audience becomes a birch-tree forest of hands.

"How many want the program to go on?" probes Aimee. The hands remain raised.

"All right," Aimee chortles, triumphantly. "Put your hands right down in your pockets

and give!" The audience chuckles, puts its hands in its pockets while Aimee huskily beseeches Heaven to bless the gift and the giver, Amen.

While they are giving, to the encouraging strains of the orchestra, one of Aimee's girl friends comes from out back-stage and adjusts Aimee's white collar with a couple of pins, in preparation for the sermon which is to come immediately. A little homey touch.

AND now for the illustrated sermon, and the eloquence for which Aimee is famed.

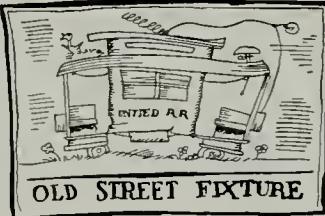
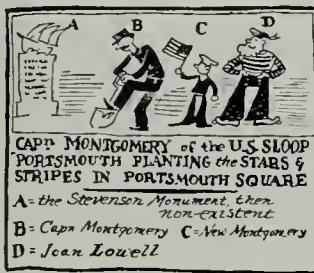
"When my ship comes in! When my ship comes in!" tremuloes Aimee. "What dreams,

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GERALDINE FARRAR

We reprint this picture of the glorious Geraldine from October, 1928, because, although retired from opera, she is still our favorite prima donna and no one can convince us that the publicity made operatic acrobats or corn-fed warblers of the Metropolitan can ever approach her. She will be heard here in concert in February.





SOTOMAYOR

THE FAMILY CLUB

This was the first of a series of "Famous Clubs of San Francisco as Visualized by One Who Has Never Been in Them". Appearing February 1928, it antedated similar series later published by *The Boulevardier*, *Judge* and *Buffalo Town Tidings*.

IT HAS been the smart custom for some time past at gatherings of people prominent in the theatre and the arts to read their own epitaphs before imbibing in the first cocktail of the evening, rather than resort to the conventional toast.

Not so long ago at an affair held in the luxurious surroundings of a Park Avenue apartment, an actress famous for her matrimonial conquests, her jewels and her motors was called upon to supply her contribution

for the evening, but was at a loss to compose anything measuring up to those that had gone before. She turned to Irvin S. Cobb and asked him if he would help her out. After having thought it over for some minutes Cobb jotted down a few words on a slip of paper, informing her that he would relinquish it on the condition that she read it to the crowd without first having read it herself. To this she agreed, and read, "Asleep, alone at last!"

SPOTLIGHT

by Junius Cravens

ONE of the things that we may well be thankful for, when we gather around the annual festive turkey, is that of late we have been having some good entertainment in our theatres. The storm of sex-angles (if you will pardon the pun) and penny-dreadfuls which erstwhiles deluged the stage seems to have abated, and the drama now appears to have at least a chance of getting back to normal.

A play which sounds a new note is a rare event. For that reason, if for no other, the advent at the Columbia of "Death Takes a Holiday" was, in spite of its Macabreishness, a welcome diversion. For that fantasy of "a magnificent adventure" was built upon a theme which was not only interesting in itself, but which was at the same time anything but hackneyed.

Of the two men who collaborated in fashioning it, namely Alberto Casella and Walter Ferris, it would appear from the result, if one may be permitted to indulge in surmise, that one of them had a swell idea, and that the other came perilously near to ruining it by revamping it according to a good reliable formula for concocting best sellers. Which was which, and who did what, we will probably never know. But the original idea was too big to be completely spoiled by anything, so that all that the reliable formula really accomplished was to prevent "Death Takes a Holiday" from becoming the really great play that it might otherwise have been.

That Death should take a holiday for thirty-six hours, during which time all decay ceased, while life was lived to its fullest, was in itself a magnificent conceit. That Death should, moreover, elect to assume human form during that time, and live among mankind as one of them in order to gain an understanding of their fear of him was superb. And most of the lines bearing directly upon that aspect of the play were rich, and at times great. By contrast to them, the "filling in" scenes became banal and insipid, and frequently served to make the plot too obvious. But if it had its lesser moments, it also had sufficient greater ones to weigh the heavier in the balance, so that, as a whole, "Death Takes a Holiday" was an exceptionally interesting play. As pure plot, it was inevitable that Death, parading in the guise of Prince Sirk, should fall in love with Grazia, which circumstance led to his final line, summing up the play's thesis, which was that "Love is greater than illusion, and as strong as Death."

Henry Daniel in the role of Death, alias Prince Sirk, did by far the best acting that was done. The remainder of the cast was—shall we say with faint praise?—adequate. Though we are constrained to ask, without becoming personal, where are the juveniles of yesteryear?

SUBSTRACT "White Cargo" from "The Bird of Paradise," divide the remainder by "Rain," multiply that by the South Sea Islands, and the answer is a darned good show called "The Bird of Flame" which recently raised the Geary curtain. John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens, who probably got together one rainy afternoon and hatched this exotic wonder, knew their theatrical onions. Whether or not they knew their Pacific islands really makes very little difference. With the aid of some dark skins, and two exceptionally well executed realistic stage settings, they succeeded in creating an illusion that caught one up with the first scene, and carried one along until the rather tepid last line. "The Bird of Flame" was by no means a great play, but it was good theatre from start to finish. The cast was excellent throughout, for the meager demands made upon it, and Dorothy Burgess in the stellar role of Lamanu was sufficiently inflammable to make any white man go native; Brammel Fletcher as Bob Holden, who almost did, also gave a good performance, particularly in the first act.

MOLIERE'S delightful farce, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, is as fresh and sparkling today as it was three hundred years ago, when it was written. And in the hands of such an able comedian as is Frederick Blanchard, the character of M. Jourdain, which Molier created and elaborated for himself, lost nothing when "The Would-Be Gentleman" was presented by the

Players' Guild. And Minetta Ellen, as Mme. Jourdain, played opposite him in a lesser role with equal facility. Between them Mr. Blanchard and Mrs. Ellen carried the burden of the Guild's presentation. With the additional exception of a creditable solo dance by Virginia Russ, it was otherwise a pretty sad performance. The greater part of the cast was amateurish to a degree, and apparently incapable of conjuring up an illusion of the artificiality which characterized seventeenth century manners. But with Mr. Blanchard holding the stage most of the time, "The Would-Be Gentleman" was, nevertheless, vastly entertaining.

But the Guild more than made up for its sad performance of Molier in its second offering, "The Prodigals," by Marianne King, which was a good play exceedingly well done. Helen Buell, whose acting attracted such favorable attention last season, returned to the ranks of the Guild players, and gave a splendid performance in the role of Virginia Murray. The remainder of the cast was good in every instance. David Scott's settings were excellent. Unfortunately the exigencies of going to press prevent our reviewing the third Guild production, "The White Blackbird," in this issue. That drama will be given its initial performance in America, with Cameron Prud'homme heading the cast.

AN IMPORTANT event of the past month was the re-opening of the President and the Alcazar theatres, for they had been sadly missed by San Franciscans. If you don't believe it, go and see how both houses are "packing 'em in."

At the Alcazar, the lights were turned on to illuminate Milne's "romantic comedy"

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"Yes, Darling, the Man Is Pretty."

Helen Bruton

EDGAR EVERTSON SALTUS—a name. The greatest American stylist is less than that. No foreign nation has recommended him to his countrymen. Poe had his Baudelaire. Whitman and Cabell found the surety of British acceptance. But, save a few short papers by brave souls, Saltus lingers in literary oblivion. A badly written biography bears the name of one of his wives. Nothing of the artist arises from its turbid lines.

Edgar Saltus moved silently through our time, writing weirdly beautiful stories, essays, criticisms, philosophies, histories, and poems. So softly he trod few heard his passing. Millions know the forests of literature, but the dryads are seldom disturbed. Here was an artist not of this world. A fair, bright figure that sang the story of forbidden things. Saltus was the minstrel of mythology. Misunderstood because he sang not in subservience. Rather he caroled as one who knows that faith is tinsel, but beautiful withal. Wise men muttered of disrespect and irreverence. The curious are never reverent.

Life to Saltus was a rich wonderland of amusing contradictions. The decadence that was Rome. The orgy that was Russia. The folk lore that was religion. The ghosts that are ideals. Into this maze of shunned subjects he went unafraid for his heart was of faery. The darkest controversial theories of the ages were his themes. To him they were not

Edgar Saltus

In Praise of the Last of the Pagans

by Rex Smith

Editor's Note: It was gratifying to know that this article from the first volume of The San Franciscan has lived long enough in the memory of at least three readers to have it requested for repetition. First printed July, 1927.

abstruse at all. Most of them were so illy conceived as to be diverting. He laughed, and translated their obscurity into simple lyrics with such facility that the world was suspicious. Pundits were loath to admit the impeccable verity of his statements. They probably did not understand, or feared for their livelihood. Few men have been so completely master of interpretation. Involved and fearsome philosophies become opinions common to most men, dressed in the simple raiment of his making.

Single phrases evoke kaleidoscopic processions. Pages picture decades, and so sure was his artistry that drab facts of history become vivid moving pictures of living stories. He gave to the American language a beauty undreamed. Slang and colloquial expressions melted in the caldron of his witchery. Epigrams, metaphors, paradoxes, and ethereal figures of speech bubbled forth ceaselessly. They will be eternal. Pen tipped with a

jewel, he wrote his radiant way with ink of the rainbow. It was not the hard, white brilliance of Pater. Softer than the glazed azulejos of Emerson. It throbbed with life that failed often in the synthetic imagery of Wilde. Here was a confident Huysmans. With all of the imaginative erudition, but more tolerance for fact. In the heyday of his accomplishment, Saltus had no "entangling alliances" of mind.

TRUE, in early life he was a disciple of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann. Emerson left an imprint. Then came a succession of tutors—Hugo, d'Aurevilly, Gautier. But let that be. It was encouragement rather than influence, save in one case. Saltus came under the spell of that almost divine master of prose—Flaubert. A comparison of "Salammbô" and "The Imperial Purple" shows plainly the kindred strains of descriptive magic. It is a rhythm that unrolls to a surge of blinding splendor or softens to a pastorele without breaking. There are short, exploding sentences that impinge their meaning. There

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Causerie

of Poets, Cookbooks, Carl Van Vechten, Bustles and Other Modern Phenomena

by Frank L. Fenton

POETS may write when flowers are blowing in spring, but certainly the autumn sees the full harvest of their labors. The presses are pouring out a great deal of verse these days, most of it (as usual) very bad. But in the midst of it all are some noteworthy things. First of all, of course, are the books issued by the two English speaking poets who are popularly given first place: Masefield in England, Edwin Arlington Robinson in America. Macmillan has the distinction of issuing both books. Masefield's *Wanderer of Liverpool* does not please some of us as much as his earlier work did, but it is far and away better than most of the drivel which passes for poetry these days. Then, too, it is interesting because it is the first book he has issued since he received the somewhat ambiguous honor of being made poet laureate. Robinson's *Glory of the Nightingales* (which is not about birds!) hasn't the glorious pageantry of *Tristram* nor the mystical romance of *Lancelot* or *Merlin*. It is more like *Cavender's House* than any of the others. It is a grim and powerful story of contemporary life in which a dead woman has an important part, written with the same craftsmanship which makes Robinson (next to Jeffers) about the finest poet in America today.

I say "about" because there is Conrad Aiken. The publishing of his new book *John Deth and Other Poems* (Scribners, \$2.50) is the most important poetic event of the fall. Aiken's work has grown consistently better until he now must be reckoned among our five or six best poets. Nothing I have read in recent years can surpass the strange beauty of his verse, a beauty of pure music blended with profound wisdom. Aiken's verse will stand no end of analysis if one is given to that sort of thing; but since it is pure poetry and great poetry, it should be read lingeringly and aloud to savour its full richness. Let who will analyze.

THE last month or two have brought forth several books of verse which have a local interest as well as a literary one. The most important of these is *The Proof* by Yvor Winters, a member of the English department at Stanford. If you want to be up with things literary, you must read Yvor Winters. Before long he will be the most-talked-of of the younger poets and has already a considerable reputation. His work shows intelligence, energy, and versatility. Personally, I prefer the third group in his book, poems written in conventional lyric forms, although some of his

sonnets equal or surpass them in beauty and surety of expression. I feel that his use of free verse is a bit precious. Winters certainly has a carefully worked-out system of metrics in these poems; but unfortunately his readers will not perceive it. To most of them, the first section of his book will sound remarkably like the gorgeous nonsense of the Byrner-Ficke Spectra hoax of some years ago. Another book from a local writer is *Curtain Calls* by Constance Ferris, published locally by Harr Wagner. Miss Ferris presents a series of character studies in free verse, endeavoring "to present a section of life." She further illuminates her purpose in the first words of her Foreword: "I have observed life under many conditions and in many environments. I do not mock at the beauty of life, nor is it my purpose to deride homely ways."

If one wishes the life of the lowly, hundred percenter, there is John V. A. Weaver's latest book *Turning Point* (Alfred A. Knopf). The title poem is a grand bit of ironic realism. Most of poems are "in American," but Weaver shows that he can handle orthodox forms and serious matter very neatly. He is not, praise be! over serious and the sting of his realism is eased by his humour. However, the gayest book of verse that has happened into my too mirthless existence in a long time is *Droll Parade* by Carlton Talbott, who (with his publisher, Horace Liveright) has conferred a great boon on reviewers and others who read books. His verse chortles and chuckles, occasionally lifting a sophisticated eyebrow, but more often breaking out in almost bawdy guff-

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Claire de Lune

Being a Story Wherin Music and Moonlight Cast Black Shadows

by Kathryn Hulme

FROM the silver linked belt at her waist down to her shiny high-heeled slippers, Bim's mother was entirely familiar to him. He was too short in stature to be able to look squarely at her oval face and slender torso—the part most people saw. His round sailor hat came just on a line with the silver belt; but he knew all about his mother through the rustle of her taffeta swishing along close to his ears.

On sunny days, as they loitered through Hyde Park, it made a languorous singing noise that sometimes died down to a mere whisper of content. When they went out to decorate his father's grave, the taffeta made a broken wrinkling sound, as though some of it had got crushed between his mother's knees. And at concerts it lay black and quiet about her, except when a certain kind of music was played . . . then it seemed to sigh restlessly, remotely, as though trying to answer a ghosting floating in the air about them.

Trotting along beside her skirt this evening Bim wondered what caused the disturbance in the smooth flow of sound coming from it. Above the rumbling of buses and scuffling of pedestrians, his accustomed ear caught a thin, nervous crinkling he had not heard before. Strange and new, he had no way of knowing what it meant.

Presently he saw the Frenchman who came so often to play with him and his mother in the nursery. The big man stood with his hat in his hand, wavy hair stirring in the breeze. Quite far above him, Bim heard them talking. The skirt was quiet now. All of its rustling music had crept upwards into his mother's voice.

It wasn't until he was left alone with his mother, walking slowly homewards, that Bim heard a little singing sound out of the silky skirt. At least he knew his mother was happy.

That night, when she tucked him into his bed, she told him she was going away for a little while and then would come back and get him, and take him away, too. The taffeta moved against the rail of the bed and in the dark he reached out and clung to a smooth cool fold of it. He fell asleep while she was leaning over him. When she turned to go, she felt the clutching fist holding on to her skirt. Gently she unloosed the fingers, put the hand back between the bars under the covers.

One afternoon many days later, Bim heard the door of his nursery open slowly. A radiant creature all dressed in filmy white stood on the threshold. For several seconds he did not realize it was his mother. Not until she called his name softly did he drop his toys and run

over to her. She knelt to put her arms about him and she was crying just a bit.

Bim cried too, because she felt so strange to his touch. The filmy dress was not smooth like the talking taffetas she had worn ever since he could remember. It was delicately rough like lace and it made not a whisper of a sound as she crushed him to it.

Nothing was ever quite the same again. The Frenchman lived with them now and his mother was a new person, laughing and talking with a burning in her dark eyes. When the three of them walked in the park, Bim was more lonely than ever, for all communication with his mother had been cut off. Her skirts ruffed and danced in the wind and sometimes blew in a white caress against his bare knees; but they had nothing to say to him, nothing of all this vast secret which had made her so happy.

A shapeless solitude, impenetrable to his fellow mortals, surrounded him with the quietude of unspeakable grief. Kneaded in this incommunicable sphere, he watched the

Editor's Note: "Claire de Lune" was first printed in February, 1928, during those first days of our discovery of Kathryn Hulme. Since then she has traveled abroad, had work published in Paris' own "Transition," returned to California, completed her book "Arab Prelude" (to be reviewed in our December issue) and, through it all, remained a continually surprising person whose steady cooperation has meant much to The San Franciscan.

forms of things gesture their living way, outside of it; mute and wide-eyed as a water creature gazing through the aquarium glass.

He was still grieving when they moved to Paris, but one day he discovered the gorgeous playground of the Champs Elyset. Marionette shows, merry-go-rounds, gaufrette kiosks under chestnut trees . . . after a time he became accustomed to the idea of belonging to the dazzling white lady whose slim gloved hand held his so tightly. But he could never adore her, as in the old way when he knew all about her.

Something had happened to his real mother, the quiet sad-eyed mother fused somehow with memories of London and black silk . . . but that was long ago, now, and he had quite forgotten why it was he wept in such panic when she first came to him all secretive in a cobwebby lace dress.

AGAIN . . . a shapeless solitude, impenetrable to his fellow mortals, surrounded him. Sensations blunted themselves against the glassy walls of his indifference . . . all save one. That, somehow, had got through to him.

Far back on Commercial Road he both heard and saw her go by him—a blowzy old woman in a baggy black taffeta dress. A curious almost forgotten sense of peace seeped into him, turned him gently as a tide can turn a flotsam and carried him quietly after her, heedless of everything except the sound of her moth-eaten old taffeta that made London seem all at once very familiar to him.

It was strange that London should seem familiar to him—an Englishman raised in Paris, so much part of it that he had fought with the French and, from the front, sent back grief-stricken word to have his English mother buried in a white lace dress in Pere La Chaise cemetery.

Nothing had been familiar since he had been gassed. It was as though all his memories had taken on the vaporous quality of gas—drifting plumes of grey ether, blurred, with outlines insecure, subject to the vagaries of winds which sometimes moulded them into remembered shapes, sometimes into things of horror.

Down East India Dock Road, just beyond a small green, he knew without looking she had turned. The sound of silk bending to a corner, a thin sound as immaterial as that of wind changing direction . . . he didn't even wonder how he knew. He turned into Three Colts Street and saw her plowing ahead into the fog blowing in from Limehouse Reach.

Automatically he climbed the stairs of the house he saw her enter. An old harridan in rusty taffeta. A witch who had conjured up a desire from below the threshold of his consciousness, a desire as secure and definitely

The Pale Woman

By SARA BARD FIELD

Woman, why so pale and thin?
A swan and a raven strive within.

From battling of beak am I wan and worn;
From grappling of white with black wing torn.

Woman, I har no clash of wing.
In awful silence is done this thing.

They lie on my breast when weary of fight—
Swan on the left; raven on the right.

The left breast burns like a fiery cross;
The right breast blights like frozen moss.

If the white, the black heart slay,
I shall be a nest for day.

But if the swan should vanquished be,
The raven with night will feather me.

Daily I rise and lay me down.
I comb my hair and smooth my gown,
And, basket on arm, go into town.

The neighbors see nothing strange or new—
A woman marketing, as they do:
Butter and eggs and a fish or two . . .

For who would dream my narrow clay
Could hold the whole of night and day?

Or that the birds of boundless space
Would strive in such a little place?

Editor's Note: In responding to the request for "The Pale Woman," published in the San Franciscan of May, 1928, we wish also to repeat the statement of Helen Everett who said: "I really think that this is one of the greatest poems ever written about the conflict of women. It has a universality which takes away one's breath."



limned as a century plant with roots sunk in the forgotten past.

IN A stuffy Victorian parlor the blowzy woman sat beside him on a stiff-ribbed davenport while he told her what he wanted. Her flint-grey eyes ran in quick appraisal over him as he talked—the pallid gas-bleached face, the unseeing, uncaring eyes, the nervous explorations of empty hands. She had seen a lot of it these post-war days.

"That's all right. I can fix you up." Her plump damp hands stilled his roving ones for a moment. "You go on upstairs. Room at the back. I'll get one of my girls dressed and send her up—a thin one like you want."

He swung the door wide to her timid knock. A twisted smile flashed momentarily across his face as the girl walked past him clad in the aged taffeta dress.

"My name's Claire," she advanced uncertainly, "The madame said you wanted me this way . . ." She looked down upon the misshapen dress then up at him with puzzled

eyes. "And just . . . to walk around?"

"Yes, that's it . . . just . . ." His voice expired.

Claire sipped the drink he poured for her, staring wonderingly as he flung himself on the bed. When his blond head finally sank in the pillow, she rose from her chair and commenced walking around.

The rustle of the skirt was the only sound that broke the stillness of the room. In the dim rosy lamp light the slender figure was only a shadow-thing but the swish of silk crisping about her body was the murmur of life and muted passion.

The young man's face grew calm. Under the drooping lids the wide excited focus of his blue eyes dwindled down to a mere pinpoint of remote reflection. The slow swishing of the taffeta skirt, moving indolently about the room, was the music of a very deep river. On the bosom of this singing stream he floated down spaces of years. Pictures slipped in and out of mind, flowing with the smoothness of water. Paris . . . a slender woman to whom

MONTALVO

We republish this photograph of the Temple of Venus at night by William Horace Smith because it recalls memories of the magnificent hospitality of the late Senator James D. Phelan and forecasts the gatherings of artists, poets and writers whose legacy is the gardens of Montalvo.

he had belonged, achingly—his mother. The queer notion troubling all his boyhood that she was not his mother. A Frenchman, his stepfather. The lyce where he went to school and the aged instructress in musty black silk

Continued on page 38

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

NIGH-BOARDMAN. On October 9, in San Francisco, Mr. William Henshaw Nigh, son of Mrs. William Henshaw Nigh and the late Mr. Nigh, and Miss Kate Boardman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman.

ALEXANDER-DYER. On October 15, Mr. Douglas Alexander, son of Mrs. Carroll Alexander, and Mrs. Phoebe Carter Dyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Carter of Honolulu.

STEBBINS-FLOOD. On October 18, in New York, Mr. Theodore Ellis Stebbins, son of Mr. Theodore Stebbins of New York and the late Mrs. Stebbins, and Miss Mary Emma Flood, daughter of Mrs. James Leary Flood of San Francisco and New York.

SUTTON-AVERILL. On October 18, in Laurelhurst, Portland, Miss Barbara Jane Averill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Averill of Portland, and Mr. Renel Robbins Sutton, son of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Sutton of San Francisco and Atherton.

ENGAGEMENTS

TOBIN-McCORMICK. Miss Aileen Tobin, daughter of Mrs. Clement Tobin and the late Mr. Tobin, to Mr. Ernest Oliver McCormick, son of Mrs. Ernest Oliver McCormick and the late Mr. McCormick.

REDINGTON-MURCHIE. Miss Margaret Redington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Redington of San Mateo to Mr. Donald Murchie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Murchie of Boston.

STEPHENSON-OWEN. Miss Hettie Bruce Stephenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand W. Stephenson, to Mr. Francis Farrington Owen, son of the late William W. Owen and Mrs. Owen of Madison, Conn.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Herbert Gutschow, the former Miss Marian Dunne, who now makes her home in Dresden, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter F. Dunne, during October.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Reid entertained Mrs. Rennie P. Schwerin at the Reid country home at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. Alan J. Lowrey was among those who entertained for Mrs. Harold Erdmann (Mary Chickering) on the occasion of her recent visit from her new home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Einnim McNear Train and her children visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, at Mt. Diablo recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Nixon of Montecito were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill C. Morsehead entertained Mr. and Mrs. Edward McNear over the week end at the Morsehead home in Menlo Park.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule, who spent some time at the Fairmont Hotel, was the occasion for much entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Sproule now make their home in Paris.

Miss Rowena Selby, whose home is in South Africa, was the house guest for several days of Miss Dorothy Mein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Mein.

Mrs. H. R. Macfarlane and Miss Jean Macfarlane are visitors in San Francisco from their home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wood Hutton of New York were guests at the home of Mrs. Hutton's parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell on Clay street. Dr. Brownell's illness occasioned the visit.

Before leaving for New York, Mrs. John Eddy of Seattle spent a few weeks with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., in Burlingame.

During the visit in San Francisco of Mrs. Frank Thompson of Honolulu, Mrs. Warren Spieker was among those who entertained in her honor. Mrs. Thompson was the house guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Roth, in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Foster entertained in honor of Mrs. Foster's sister, Mrs. Parker Lyon of Pasadena. Mrs. Lyon recently returned from a year's stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Isenberg were hosts to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Damon of Honolulu during the Damon's visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Loring Pickering of Paris was entertained by her aunt, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson in Burlingame when Mrs. Pickering came to California to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. Douglas Alexander, to Mrs. Phoebe Carter Dyer.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Taylor entertained at a tea given at the San Francisco Yacht Club, the occasion being in compliment to the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie.

Captain F. T. Swan of London, and Mr. Teixiera de Mattos of Berlin were the incentives for a number of pleasant entertainments during their stay here at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Douglas Bacon Soule gave a musical and buffet supper at their home recently in honor of Mr. Pedro Sanjuan of Havana. Mr. Sanjuan is conductor of the Havana Philharmonic Orchestra.

Miss Glenna Collett and Miss Bernice Wall were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard in Burlingame during the time that the two young women were visiting in Northern California. Mr. and Mrs. Algernon T. Gibson were among those who entertained Miss Collett and Miss Wall.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderton who have been living in Paris for the past two years are at present in Burlingame and will be for a time with Mrs. Anderton's sister, Miss Evelyn Barron. Among the welcoming affairs given for Mr. and Mrs. Anderton was a buffet supper, at which Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Park were the hosts.

Mrs. Charles H. Crocker of Belvedere entertained at luncheon recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. D. Gordon Bromfield of Santa Barbara.

HERE AND THERE

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Barkan have returned to San Francisco after a year's stay abroad and many parties are being planned in honor of the homecoming. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox and Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb are among those who will entertain for Dr. and Mrs. Barkan during the coming fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garretson Belcher (Harriet Holbrook) have returned from their honeymoon in the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Helen Neuwald, who is to marry Mr. Eustace Cullinan, Jr., was honor guest at a luncheon given by Miss Patricia Connolly at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Miss Robert B. Stephenson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand W. Stephenson, was formally presented to society at a large reception given at the family home on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. P. Howard of San Mateo have returned to their home on the peninsula after passing the summer in Santa Barbara.

A brilliant event of early winter was the reception given at the Presidio Officers Club in honor of Major General Douglas McArthur.

Miss Patricia Geissler, daughter of Mr. Arthur Dorman Geissler and the late Mrs. Geissler, was formally presented to society at a tea given by her aunt, Mrs. DuVal Moore, at the latter's home in Arguello Boulevard.

In anticipation of the holiday season, a pre-view of Christmas articles from the Junior League shop was held at the home of Mrs. Erwin E. Richter in Atherton recently. The showing was followed by a tea. More than a thousand invitations were issued for the event.

Mrs. Paul J. Fagan has returned to San Francisco after a visit of several weeks in New York.

December 19 has been named as the date of Miss Dorothy Spreckles' debut. The debutante will be presented at the home of her mother, Mrs. A. B. Spreckles on Washington street.

Commander and Mrs. James H. Bull who have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter recently gave a large dinner dance at the hotel in honor of Mrs. Cheever Herbert Newhall, Miss Isabel McLaughlin and Miss Boody Donoho.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard gave a buffet supper at their home on the peninsula in honor of Mrs. Pinckard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Milton Frown.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bessie Rinehart Miller, presented Miss Christine Miller to society at a reception given at the Francesca Club. Miss Miller was the first debutante of the 1930 season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Edward Coleman who have been passing several months in Santa Barbara plan to reopen their apartment at Stanford Court early this month.

Congratulations have been cabled to Paris to Baron and Baroness Baeyens on the birth of a son. The Baroness Baeyens was the former Miss Mary Clark, daughter of Mrs. Tobin Clark.

The home of Mrs. George T. Cameron in Burlingame was the gathering place for the members of Pro Musica on the recent occasion when Mme. Povla Frijsj appeared in a song recital.

Mr. and Mrs. DeLancey Lewis have returned to Atherton after a brief visit in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans S. Pillsbury II have returned from their honeymoon and will pass the winter months in Carpinteria.

Mr. and Mrs. August Virden will give a large buffet supper at their home on November 22 following the Stanford-California football game.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave a dinner dance at the Burlingame Country Club for about one hundred and twenty of the younger set, friends of their daughter, Miss Grace Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshal Hale entertained at a dinner at the Hotel Sir Francis Drake. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Pelletier (Queenie Mario) were the honor guests.

In honor of Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert Hutchins, Miss Ruth Langdon gave a dinner party at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bliss. Lieut. and Mrs. Hutchins will spend several months in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have returned to town for the winter.

Miss Jessie Leonard of Reno entertained at luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Kate Boardman shortly after the latter's marriage to Mr. William Henshaw Nigh.

Mrs. Robert B. Henderson has returned to Burlingame after a visit in New York.

Mr. Perry T. Cumbersone gave a dinner dance at the Menlo Country Club in honor of Mrs. Cumbersone's birthday.

Miss Eccles Moran and Mr. Breck Moran have rejoined their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Moran. Miss Moran and her brother spent a year abroad, studying. Miss Moran did post graduate work at the Sorbonne and Mr. Moran attended Clare College, Cambridge.

The Board of Directors of the Young People's Symphony Association gave their annual tea at the Hotel Mark Hopkins late in October. Mr. Basil Cameron, conductor of the first four concerts of the season, was guest of honor.

Mrs. Robert M. Eyre entertained about a hundred friends at tea at her home on Jackson street.

Mrs. Frances Harris Stent and her daughters are again in town after spending the summer in Menlo Park and Santa Barbara. Miss Katherine Stent will make her debut this winter.

Mrs. M. Tourney Van Bergen and her daughter, Miss Gloria Van Bergen, have reopened their apartments at the Huntington for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Warrington Dorst entertained a large gathering of the younger set at their home on Steiner street on Halloween.

Mrs. Curtice Dodge has returned to her home in Vallejo street after a year's sojourn in Europe. En route home, Mrs. Dodge spent some time in Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan have returned to San Francisco after a visit East. Mrs. Sullivan spent the greater part of the time with her mother, Mrs. Robert Dunham, in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro and their daughter, Miss Adelaide Sutro, have closed their Menlo Park home and are in town for the winter.

At the annual exhibition of the San Francisco Branch of the Needlework Guild held at the Hotel Fairmont this year, more than 36,000 garments were shown.

Miss Genevieve Hart entertained a group of fourteen friends at luncheon at the Hotel Mark Hopkins recently.

Mr. Prescott W. Scott gave a party at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Bruce entertained at their home in Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. Burbank Somers who recently returned to Woodside after several months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt and their family have returned to town after spending the summer at their country place near Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Parrott entertained a group of friends over a recent week-end at their ranch home at Carmel.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has returned to San Francisco and will spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell at the latter's home in Green street.

Mrs. John B. Casserly will return to California next month. The marriage of Miss Mariana Casserly and Mr. Alfred N. Lawrence will take place in New York on November 19.

Mrs. Robert A. Roos and Mrs. William C. Van Antwerp attended the Women's National Golf Tournament in the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. David A. Conrad have taken a house at Sea Cliff on El Camino del Mar.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Chapin have closed their Washington street home and have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

The Spinsters Club, of which Miss Helene Lundborg is president, has decided that their annual ball, to be given on December 27, is to be a bal masque.

Miss Doreen Tittle and Miss Barbara Pond were among members of the younger set who entertained for Miss Kate Boardman before her marriage to Mr. William Henshaw Nigh.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

At the Savoy in London recently were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mrs. Frederick L. Scott and Miss Ruth Huntingdon.

Mr. E. Raymond Armsby sailed from New York recently on the Bremen and intends spending several months on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas B. Lewis (Janet Whiteman) sailed for Europe three weeks ago and will make a leisurely tour of the Continent until the first of the year, when they will return to California.

Miss Polly and Miss Peggy Dibblee, Miss Eleanor Broemmell and Miss Ruth Woolsey have left for a year's trip abroad.

Mrs. Estelle Monteagle is again established in her home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Josephine Grant were in London, at Claridge's, when last heard from.

Mrs. Tobin Clark and Miss Patricia Clark are at present in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shaw and their children sailed from San Francisco recently aboard the Italian steamer Fella, and will spend a year in Europe.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling who are now in New York are planning a South American cruise on their yacht, the Cyprus.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley G. Harris are in the East, stopping at the Ambassador Hotel in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland were in New York recently, stopping at the Ritz-Carlton.

Miss Evelyn Lansdale has gone East to join her sister, Miss Clare Lansdale.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clark, Jr., are in the East where they will visit for a month.



MRS. CHARLES B. HENDERSON

We have published so many charming portraits of women representative of the loveliest in this city renowned for its superlatively beautiful women that it proved our most difficult task to choose one for The Reigning Dynasty this month. We finally had to write the names on slips to be shuffled in the editor's high silk hat. The blindfolded office boy drew the slip bearing the name of Mrs. Charles B. Henderson whose distinguished portrait by Johan Hagemeyer is herewith reprinted from the issue of August 1929.



JOHAN HAGEMEYER

George Sterling-1927

by Carey McWilliams

TO THE great mass of uninformed and unimaginative clerical peasantry of today, basking in the complacent sunshine of self-adoration, the very thought of suicide is repelling and horrifying. Once a celebrity takes his own life the rabble will never abandon talking about his life and work until they have centered upon an explanation plausible to their minds, as to just why a great man should do such an act. Once they have proven such a man a craven or a lunatic they then return to their regular state of idiocy, feeling that their cheap and shallow belief in a purposeful world has been justified. Hence when the news of George Sterling's death was announced, the newspaper-reading world was

duly shocked for an afternoon, and straightway set about the creation of a nice, fanciful myth to justify its firm belief that only an imbecile would take his own life. The press, catering as it always does nowadays to the prejudices of the "average individual" about whom the army intelligence tests reported such derogatory things, began to weave an exotic tale concerning Sterling's death. Some of the theories advanced to placate the mob are interesting and amusing, although uniformly untrue and unfounded. A few of them will be examined:

The *Evening Herald*, a Los Angeles paper, on the day after Sterling's death, ran a feature story, adorned with pictures and verses, about

"The Poet's Last Mistress—Death,"—written by one Jose Rodriguez. The general theme of this story is that all poets love Death, their last, sweet, sad mistress, and that they all run eagerly into her waiting arms—Chatterton, Poe, Shelley and Keats. No one that knew Sterling could easily accept such a yarn. But the feature story writer did, and even conjured up a few chance lines from Sterling's verse to prove that the dead poet was greatly enamored of death.

Whatever may have prompted Sterling to take his own life, it was surely not a desire to round out his days in accord with what Mr. Rodriguez evidently thinks is the correct poetic tradition. He would have viewed such an attitude with extreme disgust and distaste. That the morbid pishposh about poets and the beds of lilies on which they are carried to the highest Heaven, would have sickened him, is very obvious. During the time that I knew him he simply amazed me with his rapid and strenuous development. All of his later writings seemed to grow in power and beauty over his former efforts. He was beginning to abandon his alabaster classicism and to allow feeling and emotion to find a more vivid and direct expression in his poetry. To be sure, his old manner was excellent. As Ambrose Bierce wrote him in 1904, "I like your grandiose manner. In terms of another art I may say your great towers and domes." But the phraseology of the early verses was too deliberate and calculating; it was corseted within the confines of a too austere frigidity. His "crafty gnomes with scarlet eyes," "bleeding sun's phantasmagoric gules," and "blue-eyed vampires," are rather tortured gems, and too obviously forced and affected. His later poems got away from this too deliberate and obvious artistry. "The Pathfinders," "Strange Waters" and "The Ballad of the Grapes" are all noticeable advances over the former writings. Anyone who thinks that Sterling took his own life simply in a fit of morbidity should read this last named poem and ponder over the fact that this epic of the senses was written when he was over fifty-six!

ANOTHER yarn sponsored by the press is that of Arthur Brisbane's. No sooner was the news of Sterling's death announced, than Brisbane, for whom Sterling entertained a most derogatory opinion, seized

Editor's Note: Response to the requests for both the McWilliams article and the Hagemeyer portrait of George Sterling enables us to present again work of outstanding merit. The article appeared in June, 1927, as one of the first of the personal estimates written for The San Franciscan by Carey McWilliams whose work is now nationally recognized. The Hagemeyer camera study was reproduced in our First Anniversary issue.

the moment to make a few post mortem remarks about Sterling. He did this by reference to one of Sterling's finest sonnets, "A Mood," which contains that memorable opening line, "I am growing weary of permitted things." To the fine sentiment of this sonnet Brisbane replied: "The pig is better off in his pen, the cow in her pasture, the man at his job, young girls with chaperons and the fifty-seven-year-old poet as far away as possible from Lilith by dusk." A more swinish opinion than this it would be hard to imagine. It is characteristic that Brisbane would make such a remark after Sterling's death when he had praise—cheap tawdry praise—for him during his life, and there is an ill-concealed sneer in the last line quoted that is thoroughly expressive of the man who wrote it; a coarse, uncultured, and utterly unimaginative vulgarian.

And the asinities of the press do not cease here. Mr. Bailey Millard, writing in the Los Angeles Times, makes great haste to praise the dead poet profusely, and even admits that he erred considerably in his own day as an editor by rejecting that famous poem, "A Wine of Wizardry." Millard's praise is so ill-modulated and so inappropriate that it is most laughable: like a player who pulls the wrong stops on an organ. He even tries to maintain the premise that Sterling seldom drank; that he was a man of virginal habits; and that he never smoked a cigar!

AND the sources of the current legends concerning Sterling are supplied from quarters that one would think would be more discerning. Take, for example, the article by R. L. Burgess. He says: "As the post-war era waxed more and more smart and snippy in its style of writing, Sterling made a good stab, in his prose especially, at pretending to be very swift of wit, very cynical and very hardboiled. But he really never was." And then follows the usual apology for the sinner who is dead. Read "Lilith" if it is thought this attitude of Sterling's is confined to his prose alone. Here is a sample of his prose writing, and Ambrose Bierce himself could have written no finer philippic against a gold-made world:

"A strong race, a strong and terrible race! notorious for one justice to the rich, another to the poor, saturated with a million weird superstitions, bigoted from dandruff to toe-nails, intolerant to the point of deadly menace, lawless until old age, bilious with hatred of new ideas and the mental function generally, idiotic with worship of mere physical prowess, idolizers of the mattoids of the movies, scornful of all it can comprehend, pleasure-mad and crazed for comfort, sex-besotted to an unimaginable degree, maggotty with graft, driven like sheep by the vast and complacent powers that hold them in unrealized bondage, vacuum-worshippers and

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WILLIAM HORACE SMITH

ISOULT

An equal number of requests for "Isoult" by Edward McCartan and "Inspiration" by Edward Field Sanford, forced us to make the choice—so we reprint this photograph recalling the classic charm of the sculptured "Isoult."

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Passing Shows

Youth, Women and Architects--the Art Center Stanley Wood and Rollins' California Artists

by Aline Kistler

FOUR years ago, when the first issue of *THE SAN FRANCISCAN* was going to press, a group of young artists were busy in the Montgomery street studio district, painting, nailing, planning the Modern Gallery which opened in November 1926. The Gallery flourished, moved up town for annual showings and finally dispersed as the original group scattered.

This month in the course of journeys to the print shop where *THE SAN FRANCISCAN* is set up, I saw signs of excited activity at a doorway farther up but in the same block with the old Modern Gallery (now reverted to questionable though time-sanctioned uses). A young man with a beard, huge sheets of celotex, queer looking stepladders, artists with canvases underarm, a young woman in overalls and sweatshirt—coming and going through the doorway at 730 Montgomery where an aged stairway leads vaguely upward over a prosperous broom factory whose window is splotched with magenta and purple tie-threads and green-gold broom-

straw. Entering, obviously at my own risk (according to the intendedly official statement posted by the landlord), I climbed the stairs, squeezed past one of the ladders and entered the shell of what became, Monday evening, the "Art Center of San Francisco."

A successor of the Modern Gallery (in so far as its director, Don Works "the man with the beard" conceived the Center to fill a similar need), the Art Center is a much more mature institution, even at birth. It benefits by the intervening four years experience and is designed along extremely practical lines. Its purpose is three-fold, to provide a permanent exhibition place for the work of a representative group of local artists, to serve as a center for the correlation of creative arts and crafts and to establish a "lending library" of drawings, paintings and sculpture. The main exhibition gallery is surrounded with studios (Ray Boynton and Roger Sturtevant already occupy two of them) and is equipped with consultation rooms where artists and patrons may have privacy close to the ex-

hibited work. The forty cooperating members of the Art Center have grouped themselves as artists and as craftsmen with the avowed intention of correlating painting and sculpture with furniture, rugs, drapes and wall treatment. Many of the names are new—others figure prominently in other art movements—all are young in purpose.

IN FACT, youth is having its innings this month. At the East West Gallery is that amazing young woman, Moira Wallace. Imaginative, symbolical, rhythmic—her work is both vital and young. Young not so much in expression as in idea and enthusiasm. These are strangely beautiful creatures that Moira Wallace has conjured out of her imagination—that face with its full lips and smouldering eyes—those bodies molded by desire and wondering. Stuart O'Brien, who is showing photographs in the East West at the same time, supplied the term "symbolic objectivism" to describe Moira Wallace's work but, if such coinings are to be taken seriously, I prefer "symbolic subjectivism." But why quibble about terms. The wood-blocks, drawings and paintings are there. Go to see them. And carry away for yourself the sense of having seen into the soul of youth that makes symbols out of memories it has yet to experience.

Then there are Yliane and Alvyne Labaudt, returned from six years in Paris, whose paint-

Continued on page 48



GRACE BORROUGHS

Grace Borroughs is indubitably the foremost of modern interpretative dancers who have specialized in the art of East Indian dancing. No other terpsichorean artist whom I have seen in performance seems to be able to conjure up the very essence of India's hidden magic so authentically and concentratedly. Each dance is a composition of vital and powerful moving sculptured figures illuminated with the mantle of Oriental splendor

—Gobind Behari Lal, *New York American*.

Grace Borroughs has moulded the everyday life of the East Indian into a series of original dances, and drums, vina and tambour furnish an appropriate musical accompaniment in perfect accord with the pattern and spirit of the Hindu dances.

—S. F. Argonaut

Miss Borroughs showed wonderful mastery of the subtleties of the Indian art.—*Bombay Chronicle*.

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Spotlight

Continued from page 20

drama"—or what have you—"Michael and Mary." And it needed illumination. Dear Mr. Milne will persist in trying to press all the bitter-sweetness of life into two-and-a-half hours, counting intermissions. Some day he may succeed. "Michael and Mary" is a tale of two who begin by falling in love, and spend the next quarter-century dodging destruction. This goes on from 1905 to 1929, and in London at that. At last reports the villain still pursued 'em, but we hope that by now everything is jake.

However, "Michael and Mary" was given a mighty good performance. Henry Duffy, in person, and Dale Winter double-headed an all-round good cast. That Miss Winter is developing great capabilities as an actress had already become evident in her performance in Barry's "Holiday" last season.

Bert Lytell was warmly welcomed when he brought his Broadway success, "Brothers," to the President. That melodrama by Herbert Ashton, Jr. was designed to catch the fancy of the masses, which it did. And justly so, for it is an uncommonly good play of its kind. The story concerns twin brothers, foundlings, who were adopted in infancy by two families, and brought up in quite different environments—one in poverty—in the slums, and the other in luxury. From that situation the author has developed an exciting plot which inspires unlagging interest.

During his long absence from San Francisco, Mr. Lytell has lost none of his former popularity, and in the present instance also proved himself to be an accomplished "lightning-change-artist" in the arduous task of playing an exacting dual role. Grace Menken, who supported him so ably, was very beautiful to look at as well, and the remainder of the large cast was excellent throughout. One seldom sees a more delightful comedy character bit than that done by Rita Carlyle as Maggie, a guttersnipe who was searching for her gentleman friend, but never found him.

"UNCLE VANYA" served as a fortunate if lugubrious successor to "Lysisistrata" at the Travers in the Fairmont Hotel, and proved that the spoken word of Tchekov is more lucid, as drama, than the written one. "Uncle Vanya" was very creditably acted by a well selected cast, and most artistically staged. Ralph Chesse, who designed the settings, succeeded admirably in establishing "atmosphere" with the backgrounds which he provided for the production, which was well directed by Reginald Travers. Ellen Page Pressley, Katherine Sherman, Guy d'Ennery, Ralph Chesse and Charles Hampton in particular gave excellent interpretations of difficult roles. Altogether, "Uncle Vanya" proved to be, artistically, the plumb in the month's theatrical pudding.

Editor's Note: Charles Caldwell Dobie, who has written "Spotlight" each month since October 1928, is in New York for the opening of the dramatic season there. During his absence, Junius Cravens will occupy the local critical chair. Next month we plan to publish Dobie's comments on the New York season in addition to Cravens' account of productions in San Francisco.

Frankie and Johnny

by Lloyd S. Thompson

Editor's Note: This parody was our first introduction to Lloyd S. Thompson then (May, 1929) with the New York American and now dramatic critic of the San Francisco Examiner, occupying the chair formerly distinguished by one of our most prominent contributing editors, Ed Wal Jones. We repeat it at the verbal and written insistence of fourteen readers.

There was love in the land of the sunset,
Borne high on the swift wings of fate
And the passion of Frankie and Johnnie
Was the cruel sweet daughter of hate.
The hot pangs of Lust shot their bosoms,
The voice of Lust crooned, "I am Love"
And they swore by their gods to be faithful
As stars up above.

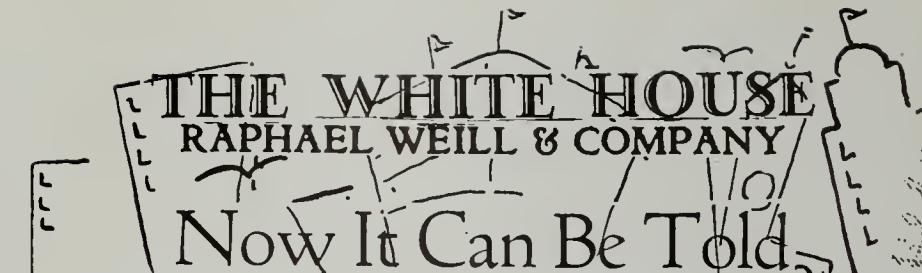
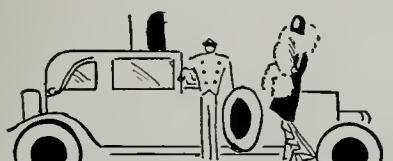
But the purgative fire of suspicion,
White flame by which passion seems cold,
Fixed the fierce heart of her on a mission
Of hate that was centuries old.
Dire rumors the bartender told her
Transfigured Love's face with a sneer
And his viper tongue spat as he sold her
A bucket of beer.

O passion that lives but an hour!
O love that endures but a day!
O man with no heart, but a bower
Where all that will tarry may play!
Francesca, Faustine and Dolores,
Bright stars that once shown in his sky,
Were dimmed by the spurious glories
Of hot Nellie Bly.

O couch not of love but of sorrow,
O bed made for death and not love,
Embrace them who have no tomorrow
While doom glowers down from above . . .
The eyes in the transom were hateful,
The drawn lips were bloodless and still
And Frankie the fair and the fateful
Was ready to kill.

Her silken kimono, concealing
White limbs that once quickened his breath,
Unfolded a moment, revealing
The steely blue engine of death.
Her pale finger curled on its lever,
The venomous leaden tongue spoke
And the steel that stilled Johnnie forever
Was splendid with smoke.

Bleak cavern of iron and of granite,
O hoosegow of murk and of gloom,
Take her lovely white body and span it
With chains that are rusty with doom;
Her spirit no dungeon can cover
Lithe maid who in legend and song
Gave the daylight entree to her lover.
(He was doing her wrong.)



As one thoroughly San Franciscan institution to another, The White House congratulates THE SAN FRANCISCAN magazine on the important date of its fourth year of publication. Seventy-six years of active participation in the life of this community has developed a very soft spot in The White House' attitude toward persons and institutions and publica-

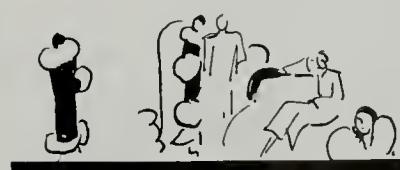


tions of San Franciscan background and loyalties. We feel that this city has long needed a magazine to image its multiple charms and that in THE SAN FRANCISCAN it has found a worthy reflection of itself. Not merely mirrorlike, but coloured by the personalities



(themselves among the most interesting San Franciscans in town) who direct the destiny of this successful publication.

The White House has always been openly proud of its personal connection with the history of the city. Literally we have grown up with San Francisco, and in spite of our advanced years, still feel as young as ever, if not younger. Unquestionably a great deal of our spriteliness is due to constant association with youthful people . . . debutantes, alert young collegiennes, and those smart individuals of more mature years whose cultured charm and progressive minds have



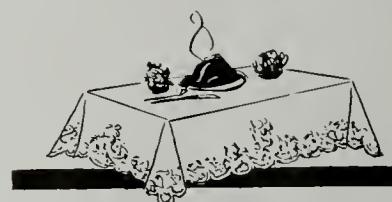
endowed them with eternal youth; not to mention the babes-in-arms who frequent our

fashionable infants' shop. We flatter ourselves that the attraction must be mutual.

Goodness knows we never buy a thing without these charming people in mind. And mindful of the fact that charm is not regulated by the size of pocketbooks we keep prices where they belong. Which does not mean that we, under any circumstances, would permit price to interfere with quality. We still believe in the luxuries of life.



And speaking of luxuries, doesn't your heart warmly welcome the approaching festivities of Thanksgiving with its lavish hospitality and festal boards? Again that opulent season of the year seems to fairly spring at us, with scarcely a word of warning to the anxious hostess. There isn't a moment too many for preparations. Why not come down to The White House this very day. Not that we want to rush you, but we do feel that you will gain inspiration from the many exquisite table appointments now on display, and the colorful "party" suggestions in the party shop. There is nothing like having something new for your table to make entertaining a never-ending pleasure. It can be a richly embroidered cloth, or it need be only a small compotier. Or a bit of pewter would give an appropriate early American touch.



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George Sterling, 1927

Continued from page 27

adorers of jitney messiahs, and crucifiers of those who have any claim to respect."

If such writing is a mere pose, then "Gulliver's Travels" is a fairy story proper. It is simply the indictment of current civilization in America which one might expect from the man whose superb imagination conceived even the stellar regions as a poem, and who went far beyond Vega and Betelgeuse for his first poetic inspiration.

Now It Can Be Told

Continued from page 11

THE Exalted Spirit of the Christmas festivities sends us the following: A gentle lady with many hesitant murmurs approached her youngest just before Christmas. She fooled with the lace curtain and ran nervous fingers over the piano, and finally when Junior romped up to bid her goodnight, she asked:

"Tommy, how would you like a little baby sister for Christmas?"

Tommy fiddled with his wisdom tooth. He gave the matter intense thought. He ruffled his brow and gathered in the loose threads on his little night-dress, and finally said:

"Well mother, if it doesn't make any difference to you and Dad, I'd just as soon have a Shetland pony."

UPON visiting the re-established American household of a friend, who had just completed five years' residence in China we commented upon the fact that no Oriental servants were in evidence about the menage. We supposed that our friend had come to look upon their virtues as indispensable to the smooth functioning of a home.

Speedily our friend informed us that we suffered somewhat from faulty impressions. While in the Orient she had had in her employ an elderly Chinaman who went by the name of Wong. Every morning Wong bore breakfast to the bedside of his mistress, and never once did he open the door at an awkward or embarrassing moment. His mistress wondered if this could be due to some intuition peculiar to the Oriental and finally she asked him about it.

Wong looked at his mistress with crafty impassiveness. But being a truthful soul, he revealed the mystery of his seeming sixth sense. "Missee," he informed her, "I work for many ladies, many houses. I carry lotsa breakfast to bed. I never come in wrong time. First I take good look through key hole."

A large gathering of the New York intelligentsia, a movie magnate had been invited as a spectator. He noted the marked adulation bestowed upon Miss

Dorothy Parker and in answer to his questions concerning her, learned of her literary fame.

Without waiting for the formality of an introduction, the Hollywood King approached Miss Parker and offered her a contract as dialogue writer.

"But I usually write verse," Miss Parker protested.

"That don't make any difference," he assured her, "Wit your reputation I give you \$500 a week anyhow. You couldn't be as verse as some of the schlemiels I already got writing for me."

A PROMINENT women's club on the east side of the bay was scheduled for a talk by the secretary of a social service organization. The president came upon the platform leading a bespectacled lady of uncertain social service years. Said Madam president: "Ladies, let me present Miss Fitzgibbon, the secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union."

Madam President fell back and the alleged Secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union stepped forward.

"My dear friends," she began, "your delightful president has made a slight mistake.—I am the secretary of the League for the Suppression of Vice."

Was Madam President downhearted? Not she.

"Of course, Miss Fitzgibbon, of course! ... I knew there was something you didn't do!"



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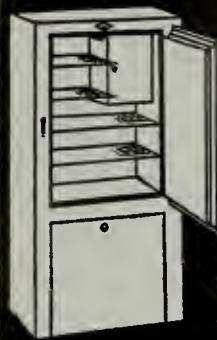
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Causerie

Continued from page 21

faws. But always it is amusing, almost more amusing than *The John Riddell Murder Case* which would be saying a great deal surely. In this book Corey Ford has written some of the best parodies of modern writers that have yet been published. If you enjoyed them in *Vanity Fair* you'll like them even better now that they have been worked into this "most amazin'" murder case. The Covarrubias illustrations and Mr. Ford's wit make the book worth more than the two dollars Scribners are asking for it.

THE fall books contain much that is amusing. There is, of course, Mr. Car. Van Vechten.

He is not, alas! so amusing as he was once, but he still has his moments. His novel *Parties* (Alfred A. Knopf) gets to be a tremendous bore before it is over, but the high spots are diverting. I was told I should read the book in a speakeasy; but it is not necessary. Forget yourself in *Parties* (if you can) and the most impeccable New England interior will take on scandalous implications, and you will emerge talking such a jargon that your best friend won't know you. But one admits that Van Vechten has caught rather well a certain class of New Yorker who has much money and little brain. Wood Kahler in *Smart Setback* (also Alfred A. Knopf) writes of the same crowd, but with less abandon, thus making his people less amusing but more real. It's just another novel of elegant seduction in Park Avenue pent-houses. But it palls before the end, too. Both novels take a kind of moralistic turn toward the end, as if the authors felt they had to do something about an almost too naughty world; so they provide a kind of wistful longing for reformation—than which nothing gives me a worse pain in the neck.

It is interesting to pass from these fluffy bits on contemporary foibles to the foibles of an earlier day. In *Bicycles and Bustles* (Brewer and Warren), the diary of R. D. Blumfield from 1883 to 1914, we find all kinds of fascinating sidelights on a period only recently past, yet

one that seems to us today fabulous beyond belief. Such an entry as the following on December 1, 1901, makes it all the more unreal: "There is a great hullabaloo about the Censor's latest refusal to license Mr. G. B. Shaw's play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, which he wrote some years ago and cannot obtain permission to produce publicly. 'Handsome Jack' Barnes, who has read it, tells me that it is 'very French', and that if it sees the light the playgoers of a future generation will be justified in saying that the stage of today was exceedingly daring."

ON PICKING up Galsworthy's book of short stories *On Forsyte Change* (Scribners, \$2.50) my exclamation was "What! again?" But Galsworthy himself explains his volume by pleading two excuses: "That it is hard to part suddenly and finally from those with whom one has lived so long; and, that these footnotes do really, I think, help to fill in and round out the chronicles of the Forsyte family." They fit in between the Saga and the Comedy, and all relate to the Forsyte family. Excellent as stories in themselves, they take on an added merit when read in relation to the Saga and should be haied by Galsworthy enthusiasts and all lovers of good tales. I myself commit the heresy of preferring May Sinclair before Galsworthy. It is interesting that these two great English novelists should each issue a book of short stories almost simultaneously, both books containing material left from novels, but much too good to throw away. Miss Sinclair's *Tales Told by Simpson* (Macmillan) vary greatly in matter and manner, but are beautifully written. The characters are all vividly real, but my favorite is poor Mr. Watt Gunn, the novelist, who succeeded in escaping a celebrity hunting female only when he, exhausted and worn with flight, took refuge in the bath of his somewhat dismayed hostess. And there is Miss Tarrant whose temperament played havoc. And Alexander Frewin whose lofty ideals got him into a compromising position in a lady's motor car. I could go on and on—but read them!

Oh, there is a book for Aunt Amelia and her train journey—*Spanish Lover* by F. H. Spearman (Scribners, \$2). It has the double merit of being historical, and therefore "cultural," and romantic. As the blurb says, "Events move quickly in this book. Love, war, plague, and all the riot of valorous physical effort culminate in the love of Don John and Miriam on the shore of the moonlit Marmora Sea, with the scent of orange and magnolia blossoms over all." That should keep Auntie interested. But don't make the mistake of thinking that the *Gum Club Cookbook* (Scribners, \$3) by Charles Browne, one time mayor of Princeton, is just an ordinary cookbook to be given to harassed housewives. It's not. It is a gorgeously witty book, full of amusing illustrations and receipts for such hunger-provoking food that I shall leave off this instant to rummage in the ice box—and the cellar.



"Dear me, when will we Fitzroys ever lose our violent natures?"—Dec., 1929.

CONCERNING

IT IS difficult to reconcile the passionate surface of Lee Hersch's portrait of his wife, Virginia Hersch, with the smooth reserve she presents on first acquaintance. As reproduced here in rather unsatisfactory miniature, the portrait is turbulent and impetuous. As met first when lecturing on El Greco at Beaux Arts last month and seen the next day at tea, Virginia Hersch appeared self-contained, sophisticated, almost cool behind a lovely mask of perfect skin molding her features over an interesting structure of forehead, cheekbones and chin. And her mouth was mobile as though well trained.

Not until personal contact drew her to talk of her life, her books, her enthusiasms—not until then did I realize that this smooth surface came from tension more than calm. This poise was the product of an immense intensity, of energies exercised to the full.

San Franciscans know her life—her early years here as Helen Virginia Davis, her early accomplishments in poetry, her decision that she could not become a writer, her training at the University of California, the granting of the degree of Juris Doctor, her trip to Europe, her marriage to Lee Hersch in Paris.



Virginia Lee Hersch

San Franciscans have read her work—the first book "Bird of God; Romance of El Greco" which was welcomed last year, and

now her second is available, "Woman Under Glass," the story of St. Teresa of Avila.

What few here can know is the intense eagerness for life and understanding that leads her from one accomplishment to the next. Her first book was the result of an enthusiasm so vital that El Greco was recreated in her mind to a vibrant human being. It was during her researches for El Greco material that she met with records of St. Teresa of Avila. There was a challenge, a second personality rose from the past to hold Virginia Hersch's imagination until she should recast it into contemporary record. What she does next can not be prophesied because one can not foresee what personality or event will fire her enthusiasm and utilize the passionate power under the suave surface of Virginia Hersch.

GESTURE

by B. W.

All things, this life has given me
To keep until I die,
The motors that have driven me,
The pretty things I buy
Are meant but for the living,
And earthly must remain,
So I shall be forgiving
If you marry once again.

—December 1928



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Sail On! Sail On! Sail On!

Continued from page 17

what desires, what sometimes fruitless ambitions have been expressed in these simple words. The artist, in his garret, painting away on picture after picture—in his heart he is saying, 'Just you wait—wait, till my ship comes in. I'll show them.' The writer, sending out manuscripts by the dozens. 'Just you wait,' he says, 'till my ship comes in.' The little mother, with all her little ships around, says it too. The inventors, the actress out there in Hollywood, the business man, all, all who have hopes and dreams and ambitions are saying over and over again—"Just you wait. Wait till my ship comes in." I think, my friends, that the reason why so many ships never come in is because they are never launched."

The five thousand nod their heads approvingly.

"Ah, I hope so many ships will be launched tonight to sail life's sea gloriously and arrive safely in the harbor of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Chorus of "Aaaaaaaa-men!"

"There are only two ports, my friends. One is Heaven and peace and happiness forever. The other is Hell and ruin. Some are sailing home to a safe harbor beyond the skies. The others are dripping, dripping over life's sea. Look!"

She points to the screen behind her, on which is painted a choppy ocean. A spotlight is cast on one side. "See, here comes a ship bobbing over life's sea!" The audience follows her pointed finger and sure enough, here comes a cardboard boat, propelled by an unseen hand behind the scene.

"Ship ahoy!" yells Aimee, with her hands cupped about her mouth. "Ship ahoy, little boat. Whither are you going, with your gaily painted sails? See, my friends, the gay colors on this little boat. See the peacock painted on the sail, the peacock, symbol of pride and vanity. See also the playing cards, the wine-cup painted on the sail. In this boat are those of the racy class. They're out at Long Beach tonight, in Venice, out on joy rides tonight. This is the ship called Pleasure! See how gaily it sails! Its motto is 'eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die'."

Aimee's audience, especially the farmers, guffaw, completely off the track of the little boat called Pleasure, but Aimee rounds up their attention again by the simple expedient of pointing to the boat behind her, now more than half way across life's ocean.

"What port is it headed for?" exclaims Aimee scornfully. (Remember, there are only two.) "See, it is nearing the edge of a waterfall. Nearer it goes to destruction. Nearer. Nearer to destruction. It's on the edge. (Water is heard falling, off-stage.) It is going to ruin!" Bang! The drums crash thunderously. The lights go out. Sound of water and splintering wood is heard. Smash! Children wake up at the noise. Even the youngest can see

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of THE SAN FRANCISCAN, published monthly at San Francisco, California for October 1, 1930.

State of California
County of San Francisco) ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner and publisher of THE SAN FRANCISCAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher: Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.

Editor: Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.

Managing Editor: (None).

Business Manager: Alfred H. Hendrickson, Russ Bldg., San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the Company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the Company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the Company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bond, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOSEPH H. DYER, JR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1930.

MARY F. REDDING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California. (My
commission expires July 14, 1933.)

HAWAII



• • Your Christmas Swim AT WAIKIKI!

SAIL Dec. 13 directly from Los Angeles on the luxury cruiser "City of Los Angeles," with LASSCO's SPECIALLY SERVICED TOUR.

Two fascinating days in and around Honolulu, then LASSCO's inter-island Wonder Trip to Hilo, providing two days among the marvels of Volcano-land! Back in Honolulu Christmas morning! And what a Christmas! Riding the surf . . . sunning on the golden sands . . . dining and dancing in a smart hotel . . . and strolling in the radiant moonlight of famous Waikiki!

Eight days in the islands and then aboard ship once more . . . a never-to-be forgotten New Year's Eve at sea!

All for as little as \$330!

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what's happened. The little boat called Pleasure went straight to hell! What drama! What stirring words! What a lesson—especially for the young people!

"**N**OW, while all heads are bowed and eyes closed tightly, I want you to tell me which ship you want to sail on through life. Who wants to sail with Jesus? Who wants to sail on the Four Square Gospel ship—with me? I am going to ask you to raise your hands high, while every eye is closed, and show me if you want to embark on this glorious ship." She claps her hands suddenly. There is a breathless hush, then heavy breathing. "Raise your hands high. That's right, God bless you. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. There are so many—so very many, that I shall have to count in sections, my friends. All those on my left who wish to sail with me, raise your hands. That's fine. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—Amen, Amen, Amen—twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, God bless you, and you, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

We sneak a peep and see four trembling hands in that vast temple. It doesn't check up with Aimee's count, but there is no one to call her on it, as every eye is closed, every head bowed—and who are we? Anyway she is speeding to the center section with the frenzied invitation.

"Raise your hands high, high up in the air," Aimee exhorts. "Now! One, two, three, four, five, six. God bless you, and you, and you, ten, eleven, twelve, Amen, Amen. Another. Eighteen, nineteen—"

Again we gaze. Of approximately six hundred in the center section, six have raised timid hands.

"Now on my right," exults Aimee, huskily. "Oh, my friends, if you only knew how happy this makes me. I'm sure Jesus is smiling with joy. Now! Raise your hands. Every head is bowed, every eye closed in reverence.

The actual count on this side is eight or ten. Aimee's is approximately thirty. Her count reminds me of my golf score. I keep two—one for the whiffs.

Then the balconies get their chance.

Immediately, several hundred obey the command.

"Everybody who raised his hand, stand up," amends Aimee—which causes several score to sit down. That was a low trick on Aimee's part; a few resent it.

"**P**RAISE God! Hallelujah! Come to the altar and pray with me. Come down the aisles. Oh, dear friends in radio-land (to the mike) they're thronging down the aisles, running to the feet of Jesus. Come! Come! Come!" The students put their arms about the neophytes and gently lead them down the aisles to the altar of Aimee.

"They are coming—coming by the hundreds, crowding the aisles," Aimee's voice breaks, exults, falls to a whisper, rejoices again. The mob is as one, and spurred by the information that hundreds are coming—hun-



famous WINTER SPORTSTERS planned THIS HOLIDAY

To keep Winter Sports on a par with their mammoth setting, Yosemite went to Switzerland, Canada and Lake Placid . . . brought back experts who have helped to give winter its name in the snow-capitals of the world.

You'll find ski-joring, the racy new snow-sport . . . Curling, a "roarin' game" from Scotland, played on the huge meadow rink . . . tobogganning on a four-track slide, illuminated at night . . . sleigh tours of the Valley floor and ski tours into the High Sierras . . .

It's the West's winter holiday, in a world-famed holiday setting!

Decide now, then make advance reservations. A week-end will give you a taste, but four or five days will send you back brisk as a snow-bird. And because Yosemite is near, with a style of living for every vacation allowance, you can enjoy the real winter high life and have vacation money left over.

Winter Sports folders from your travel agent, or Yosemite Park and Curry Co., 39 Geary St., San Francisco, 604 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, and Yosemite National Park, Calif.

yosemite
WINTER
SPORTS

Continued on page 47

Violetta Cunyon

Exclusive
Models
for
Sports
Daytime
and
Evening
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Sports Suit

brown wool coat...white jersey blouse
brown and white mixture skirt and scarf

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Claire de Lune

Continued from page 23

whom all the boys tormented save himself. Down year, down year, he floated.

Back . . . back . . . before Paris. Could he slip back that far on a streamer of sound, thinner even than a thread of silk?

THE streaming sound was agitated now . . . back . . . back, excitedly it was thrusting him back to its source. It swished and swirled, broke and ran and the drifting plumes of grey ether twined softly around one another forming pictures . . . briefly sustained. Running, eddying, tumbling . . . through the memory smoke images flung themselves, to be blotted out as new ones flung through . . . in quick-running treble arpeggios the stream sang out its song, explaining all . . . all? Wait! Where was his beautiful mother in all this? She belonged . . . but how? . . . where? Where . . .

Churned soft and white, river foam fell like cobwebby lace over his wild staring eyes.

From across a chasm of time he drifted back to the tawdry room where the girl walked to and fro.

"Claire!" Bewildered, remorseful, he called to her. "You're pale as a ghost. Come over here and rest. I forgot . . ."

While she sat quietly beside him, his fingers played restlessly in the folds of her taffeta, rising and falling with its undulations like

those of a blind man fumbling familiarly across a forgotten face.

"I'm dead weary. Feel I might sleep a bit. You can take that money off the table and slip out. You've been awfully kind . . . You looked like a moon-creature wandering about the room. Claire . . . clair de lune they should have called you. Moonlight . . ." His eyes closed tightly over the image. He smiled in his dream.

"*Claire de lune . . .* I remember my mother used to look like that, long ago, when I was very little." Drowsily he talked with eyes still closed. "She always dressed in white then . . . always . . ."

Other words died in his throat and his lips closed in a faraway smile. Presently his hand came to rest clutching a fold of the taffeta skirt in the tight unconscious grip of sleep.

Edgar Saltus

Continued from page 21

are long and sonorous sweeps of colorful fugues. But not more important than the fairy-like traceries of words that enchant like the echo of a rain-dove's crooning. The opulence of his genius proved his own theory that "the inexpressible does not exist."

A story of the tsars, The Imperial Orgy, glows with the powerful vitality of that descriptive power inherited from Flaubert. "Without was Moscow, Russia's Mekka,

The Clift-Henry & Taylor
bright in the center
of the social life of
San Francisco offers a
service irreproachable
right now several
handsomely arranged rooms
single and en suite
are offered to permanent
guests for the winter.
The moderate rentals
will surprise you!
Cordially
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Thousands of pairs of the finest quality and ultra-fashionable footwear for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN. All New! All Smart! All shown for the first time! Every pair at the most amazing price concessions.

These great price concessions have been made possible by the co-operation of makers of our finest of Footwear through months of intensive planning . . . making this Werner Celebration a Sale of Unprecedented Scope!

True I. Miller craftsmanship. True Werner Quality . . . a Festival of Values . . . a Celebration of Quality-Leadership and "Werner Optimism" . . . Better Shoes . . . Better Values . . . Increased Patronage!

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- . . . 255 Geary
- . . . 347 Geary
Stewart Hotel
- . . . 1960 Broadway
Oakland

Within was the Kremlin, Moscow's heart. Ivan was an ideal tyrant. The Kremlin was a tyrant's ideal, a city of assassins that looked on a city of victims. Fortress, abattoir, seraglio, acropolis and necropolis in one, for a heart it was infernal. Ivan was born there, lived there, died there, haunts it still. It was not his work, it was his portrait."

One dip into "The Imperial Purple" is proof of his amazing interpretive powers. It is the entire story of the dissolution of the Roman empire told within two hundred pages. Historians, with thousands, have succeeded in being merely obscure. The end of the Roman emperor Heliogabalus is described in this astonishing casual way: "One day this little painted girl, who had prepared several devices for a unique and splendid suicide, was taken unawares and tossed in the latrinae."

"The Pomp of Satan" is just what the name implies, but charmingly told. It is brimming with witticisms, epigrams, and the impressions of his personal experiences. "A man lives as long as he desires, a woman as long as she is desirable." "There are women who, on not a dollar more than twenty-four thousand a year, manage to look like angels. Only, of course, much better dressed."

HIS range was limitless. Interpreter again—"The Lords of the Ghost-land" is a comparative history of religions. Told by a god turned minstrel.

Theologians might learn much from its pages. He speaks with the authority of facts twined into a priceless tapestry. No explanation, and no solution suggested. Just a narrative of the well known initiates that gossip inflated with the most preposterous immortality.

With the delicate hand of his artistry, Saltus turns the forbidding gargoyle of esoteric philosophies into exquisite miniatures of unbelievable beauty. The learned resent such magic that shames their ponderous hands. For doom is written by this bright pen that flashes through the cowls of their conceit. There are revealed the shams and contradictions of history, so jealously worshipped as knowledge by those who are called wise because they have retentive memories or a flair for forgotten languages.

The ignorant peer with myopic eyes, and whimper of shattered idols. Not so, save for those who have gaped too long at the polysyllabic disguises of their deities. This curious pagan tears away the trappings of verbiage, and whatever is beautiful is given, not taken away. Perhaps it would be better if the majority of people could continue to believe in St. Nicholas. That is no concern of the artist. The futility of sterile creeds urged him to exploration. Voila—the strings that manipulate the marionettes lie exposed. Saltus pierces the veils of false illusion and speaks lightly of what he finds, to hide heartbreak. The moron sees only a smart-aleck

Continued on page 41

459 SQUARE MILES



Capt. T. J. Maher, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey reports that the bays of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun cover an area of 459 square miles—or $\frac{1}{3}$ that of the State of Rhode Island.

Let your second car be a boat and go exploring this inland empire at your very back door. Many a good boat can be had for the cost of a fair car.

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HEADQUARTERS**

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Yes Sir,

these are ritzy!

Full cut plus-fours of truly marvelous imported French flannel . . . rather exclusive . . . rather expensive . . . they cost \$20...and, By Jove, they're worth it!

Poos Bros.

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Fair One!

Now that Autumn has surrounded you with social activities and thrilling events . . . now is the time to turn every moment into an adventure, to make a triumph of each cocktail party, football game (particularly the Big Game), or formal evening affair... by looking your most charming best!



Your HAIR should have the glorious sheen of perfect health, as well as a becoming wave . . . your SKIN, a creamy texture to heighten the effect of the alluring feminine mode this winter . . . your HANDS, expressions of beauty -- shell like nails -- silver tipped!

Whatever you need -- a clever manicure, a haircut, a shampoo, a wave (set with our miraculous new waving lotion), a simple clean-up facial or an elaborate reconditioning treatment -- come to our charming Salon at the Palace . . . staffed and equipped for you.

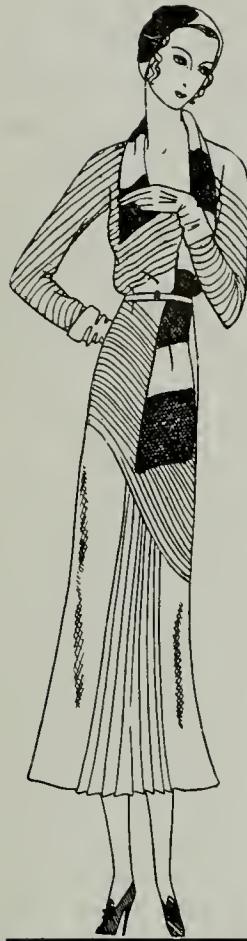
And don't forget that we now give Swedish reducing massage treatments with cabinet baths -- beautifying to the whole body.

Besides, each treatment gives you fresh energy and new vitality for the winter's activities.

May the current season see you always at your loveliest --

Yours,
"Albert"





We looked
at 300
Dresses---
and found
this one

The frock that is different—not too extreme, yet with a dash of day-after-tomorrow in its make-up—a frock to answer the exacting tastes of peninsula women.

LEVY BROS.
BALCONY SHOP
Burlingame San Mateo



Near-sighted Old Lady: Tush--tush--what's going on here?

VISIT

The MADISON

NEW YORK

THE MADISON HOTEL AND RESTAURANT HAS WON THE HIGHEST PRAISE FROM THOSE WHO KNOW. IT IS MODERATE IN SIZE, » » BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED » AND HAS A UNIQUE REPUTATION FOR THE EXCELLENCE OF ITS CUISINE.

THE MADISON

Madison Ave. at 58th St.
THEODORE TITZÉ = Mgr.

Edgar Saltus

Continued from page 39

mouthing epigrams. The savant sees a zealous paladin of beauty and cringes. Saltus passes on, unaware.

THE artist's personal life cannot be described in a short paper. His absent-minded contacts with the world interest only sociologists and enemies. He married, on occasions. Saltus was a genius of many personal idiosyncrasies. They are all taken care of by gossips. Van Vechten says that Saltus is the only author he ever saw that looked like one. A finely shaped head lit by great slumberous dark eyes. Well knit body and something of a dandy. Saltus was of distinguished lineage, enjoyed a cosmopolitan education, and inherited enough money to live comfortably.

A catalogue of his complete works is lengthy. Novels, essays, histories, biographies books of philosophy and poetry. All illuminated by his peculiar genius; all strange tapestries woven in the loom of his fantastic, erotic muse. The workaday world queerly inhabited with angels, izeds, dryads, peris, Roman emperors, Russian tsars, and the gods of mythology.

Through them all a whispered presage of his tragedy. Few men are impervious to the lure of eudaemonism. Gods have fallen, and men grew wiser. Man survived. The artist

knew that well. Age came on. Weariness of love and pilgrimage in the high, inaccessible frontiers of dream broke the strong spirit. An intellect that had played with the godhead meekly accepted the proffered melodious tautology of Theosophy. Poe died from drugs . . . Lanier from the white plague . . . Saltus died of a broken heart. It was the price he paid for revealing the secrets of the gods.

sonnet upon comparinng my lady's wallpaper with my own

By Robert Hunt

The laughing amorini on my wall
Are faithful far more than you are to me,
Or than the ladies by the waterfall
Of Li Tai Po on your Chinoiserie.
Could they but from the tyrant wall be
free;
Unbend themselves towards us and move
their lips;
What tales of faith and infidelity
Could they unfold! What past apoca-
lypse!
But though I sigh and press my fingertips
Against their rigid sides, they will not
tell . . .
But laughing, scamper to the roof above,
And there draw forth their arrows from
our love.
The Chinese ladies on your wall, eclipse
In wisdom such as they, so let them tell.

Devil's Work

Continued from page 16

father. With all his companions he deserted his work as a stone mason, and fled to the hills. And of American masons there was none who could tell which stone of the ship's burden belonged where. And, alas! my venerable father never returned. Ai-yah!

"But I knew much of my father's thoughts, for I had heard him make oration to his journeymen, in which he made clear all the plans of the building. And I could read more than two hundred characters of the text.

"There came to me a Portuguese, a man of Macao, who knew our speech as well as that of the American. And to me this Portuguese of the double tongue promised two golden dollars each day, if I would translate what was graven on the back of each stone, well knowing that each block had its position well defined.

"**T**O THOSE American artisans the characters were but a puzzling cryptogram to which I alone held the key. My venerable father had left in my keeping a little blue-bound book, on whose pages were written the key-words which made plain the meaning of the characters chiseled on each of the granite blocks. I was proud of what I could do to help the rearing of that noble structure. Therefore, it was because of my puny learning, as a boy, that yonder building came to be.

Continued on page 43



Post Street Cafeteria 62 Post Street

For thirty successive months we have tried to lure you through this doorway and up the bright stairway to eat the delicious food we prepare each noontime. Many of you have come. Others we hope will respond to this the thirty-first invitation. We invite you in particular because we believe that you who read The San Franciscan appreciate quality in food as in other things. We feel that you will enjoy both the fine food and the colorful setting.

They tell us we serve the "best food in town."

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H. Liebes & Co., having consistently sponsored black and white, presents its most successful version in finest imported and domestic tweeds . . . lavishly fur-trimmed.

69.50 to 95.00



NOB HILL TOPICS



These exquisite dancers, recently returned from England where they appeared at Lord Lonsdale's Fiftieth Anniversary celebration, dancing before the King and Queen and the elite of London, will arrive in Peacock Court on November 25th in time to participate in the festivities which will close the fourth year of the Hotel Mark Hopkins, which, in company with The San Franciscan, soon enters upon the dignity of its fifth year. Jack Holland and his charming partner, June Knight, have appeared throughout the East as well as in Europe.

JACK HOLLAND AND JUNE KNIGHT

Have you a Ticket for the Big Game?

That question settled, you'll want to plan your corsage to fit both your ensemble and your college!

For the Big Game and every other gala occasion you'll appreciate our individually designed corsages.

And your Thanksgiving party will be a success before the turkey appears—if the table is exquisitely decked with flowers from



J. B. Pagano

H. A. Dunlap

L. J. Capurro

Flower Orders Telegraphed Anywhere

San Francisco

Devil's Work

Continued from page 41

"And the block I just now saw bore these figures: 1-12-3-4. To you who know not my wise father's book, they are without significance. But I read them thus. 'This is the first stone of the twelfth course, to be set at the southeast corner; the figure 3 indicating south, and 4 meaning east.'"

As he remarked this, Sing Lee became suddenly steeped in silence. That queer sort of stillness that is only momentary but profound, like an unexpressed sigh. And in that one moment I felt that he must be living through many years; years that were far away but that for him would never fade. I waited in respectful silence, watching for the slightest hint on his stolid face. Then he continued speaking.

"The ambitious dreams of my vanished youth seem to lie buried under the wreckage of that fallen bit of architecture. The twilight of my life is fading, and logically night must follow. Tomorrow I shall accept that which in the past I have oft refused; the help of the benevolent Six Companies, who will pay my fare on the fire-ship that will carry me back to my ancestral home. Good-by, learned one."

With that courteous bow common to Orientals, old Sing Lee turned away and hobbled up California street. He still seemed to be mumbling, and I fancied I could hear his "Ai-yah! yim kuung ah!"

Nelly Gaffney, Inc.
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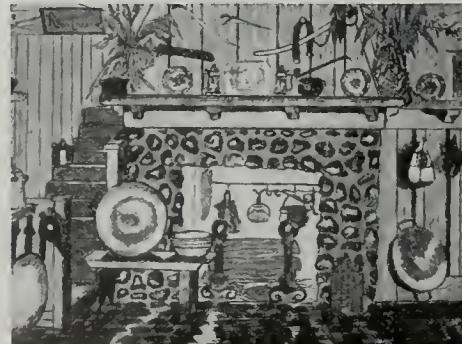
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The Kitchen Shop of Kratz

Enola Barker

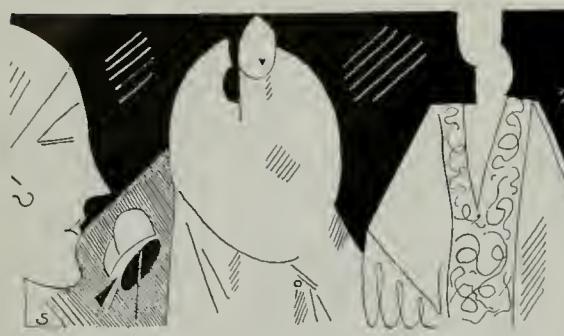
On November 1st, the Kratz Chocolate Shop at 276 Post Street was consolidated with Kratz Kitchen Shop at 555-565 Turk Street, the actual source of the world famous Chocolates Kratz.

In this picturesque tavern room adjoining the kitchen made famous by Kratz, San Francisco's incomparable confiseur, you may buy the Chocolates Kratz and also be served with delicious Old World dishes at Luncheon, Tea, Dinner or After-Theater Suppers.

Christmas Orders for the Chocolates Kratz should be placed NOW. Telephone or write to

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As seen by her



IN OCTOBER San Francisco is the most delightful city in the world, and on this day it seems more attractive than ever before. Crisp air with flooding sunshine as a benediction. Rugged hills and turquoise waters. The thought keeps returning. Good old world.

San Francisco has vitality, and her rebounds are almost amusing. After fire and earthquake she vigorously rebuilt a particularly new city. A year ago she took a blow between the eyes when all stocks crashed, but the wavering was of short duration, and she is off again for the races or shall I say football games, hitting on all eight. Her maternal aunts are anti-depression, anti-pessimism, and anti-gloom.

One day this week, parked for twenty minutes on a busy street, I watched a vendor selling wrist watches for one dollar a piece. No bird dog among a flock of quail was busier. He took in simoleons as fast as a gas meter takes slugs and it was sheer exhaustion and no lack of customers that made him move

on. That little incident was one of many convincing arguments that go to show that the stock crash is "Ancient History all told."

A visit to the Art Rattan works in search for sun room furnishings I came upon a beach chair and the thought struck me forcibly that not one of these is ever seen on our beaches. Why? Some enterprising young man could make a killing investing in even twenty of these chairs and charging only nominal cost. They are badly needed on the beach and oh-h-h-h-h we would look so Atlantic Cityish. Every piece of furniture in this art shop is made of rattan and all so tempting it is hard not to overstep, however my purchase of a charming davenport and two end smoking tables made me very gay—but the thought of the beach chair lingers.

ALTHOUGH one has unlimited clothes this season a suit for the street is essential in San Francisco. You can be young in tulle and laces, sophisticated in lama and spangles, seductive in velvets and chiffons, but to be smart and chic one must have a good looking suit.

Wanting something individual I called on Violette Curzon and struck oil. Here were many original suits of British tweed and one of corduroy that struck my fancy. Dark brown, combined with a blouse and scarf of soft green routed my indecision, and I am exultant with my choice, for I don't want to belong to the black and white union that parades Grant avenue. If I were a Damon Runyon I'd describe it as a knock-out, for it has all the punch in the world.

Neva Timmons, 133 Geary Street, is starting an innovation in facials. All of us know how we begrudge time for this freshening-up process. I guess Miss Timmons has

listened in and is inaugurating just an half hour facial for quick pick-up. In other words, if we don't need a long process for sagging muscles, etc., this half-hour brightener is every bit effective.

O'Connor Moffatt new candy department opened a month ago with a bang and judging from the activity over the counter keeping track of calories is a lost art. The window display of glace fruits was the most gorgeous array of confection. A basket and its contents made entirely of candy fruit, was a thing to be remembered and when the Japanese woman standing next to me broadcasted unmistakably sounds that salivary glands were over-active, I almost spoke Mikado and said, "You and me, old thing!"

THE important thing in our wardrobe this season is a Sunday night dress. They are suitable for so many places and one always feels appropriately gowned but never overdressed. H. Liebes had the foresight to place a large order of these and has done a land

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SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE + Sutter and Van Ness Avenue



Individual Instruction
in
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Importers of Antique and Modern Silver,
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GARfield 4079

office business of them. The newest tendencies is to conceal and reveal, if you get me. Chiffons over soft clinging foundation slips, make the figure when in motion look like the "Winged Victory"—say no more, Hector! Just be sure the form is divine and Percy however dumb has eyes. Among many other attractive models at Liebes is the separate Patou tunic smartly Russian and worn equally well by the large women, for the waist line is flexible and can be adjusted almost Empire height or dropped to the hip bone where it has the o. k. of Chanel.

Why, in America, do women especially of middle age herd together at every party. Women are fine. They're wonderful. But aren't we surfeited with our own kind at every gathering? The younger generation, thank goodness, seems to have a boy for every girl. They find pleasure in swapping ideas—for a man and a woman's opinions are entirely different. I value a man's mind, I value his decisions, and I find his company stimulating. Then why find oneself conscious of scandalous eyes if you should continue a delightful talk with your dinner partner after adjournment from the table. Look around and see if it isn't so. Well, it is just too bad, but I am going to continue to be a target for eyes. I fairly yearn for man's society, man's talk. I am interested in his clothes and the way he wears them, and right here and now I have a break to tell you of a man's watch seen at Houston and Gilmore. Used for dress occasions, it is simply plain, as fine men are, and slips like a locket into the pocket of his waist coat. Pressure of a spring brings a watch of Swiss movement upright in the case, and its very simplicity has swagger. Jewelled bracelets dripping with diamonds were ravish, but the watch was to me the most fascinating article on display. Wistfully I yearned to purchase it and still have high hopes that the Christmas budget will take care of it and some man become that proud possessor. Hats off to the men.

But to get back to the women, one still sees the Mesdames Fred McNear, Wood Armsby, Dalton Mann, Paul Fagan having luncheon in Peacock Court of the Mark Hopkins. It is no wonder, for Chef Joseph Meyer's tempting specialties such as his salade d'Ecrevisse Gourmet, or the breast of Imperial Squab Exquisite lure the most fastidious.

The Priceless Gift of Good Vision

Have your eyes examined now.



Special reservations are now being accepted for an old fashioned

THANKSGIVING DINNER
before an open fire-place. Delightful for families and private parties.

TELEPHONE SAN MATEO 879 FOR
RESERVATIONS

The
OAK TREE INN

SAN MATEO-CALIFORNIA
ON THE HIGHWAY

Splendid food served in congenial surroundings

Anson Weeks Orchestras MUSIC

Supplied for All Occasions



Office

FAIRMONT HOTEL
Telephone DOuglas 8800

Tunnicliffe

Photographic Portraits

301 SHREVE BUILDING
POST STREET AT GRANT AVENUE

DOUGLAS 2607

SAN FRANCISCO

Real Italian Food
Bohemian
Atmosphere

Luncheon
35c and 50c
Dinner 75c

LA CASA BIGIN

441 Stockton Street
San Francisco

WOMEN'S APPAREL

Alma
The Bootery
Cantilever Shoes
City of Paris
Violette Curzon
Clemen's
Du Barry
Nelly Gaffney
Gotham Shop
Louis Gassner's
Gerte
Haddon Hats
Hale Bros.
Knox Shop
Kay's
Levy Bros.
H. Liebes and Company
Lucien Labaudt
Margo Modes
Frank More
Molly Merkley
O'Connor, Moffatt
Poirier
Roos Bros.
Esther Rothschild
Rhoda-on-the-Roof
Katherine Rutledge
Davis Schonwasser Company
Schneider Bros.
Sommer and Kaufman
Vahdah Shop
Walk-Over Shoe Co.
Mary F. Walsh
Robert Wallace
Frank Werner
The White House

MEN'S APPAREL

Pete Burns
Booker and Peterman
Bullock and Jones
Fairmont Boys Apparel Shop
D. C. Heger
Knox Shop
McMahon and Keyer
Roos Bros.
Philip Stearns
Williams and Berg Company

JEWELRY

H. C. Ahlers
Richard Adam
Houston, Gilmore
Heinz Bros.
Shreve and Company
Shreve, Treat & Eacret

BEAUTY

Albert of the Palace
Carrick and Petersen
Deubert
Electric Beauty Salon
Elva Beauty Salon
Guerlain
Julia Johnson
Kaya Lama
Lesquendieu, Tussy Lip Stick
Mark Hopkins Beauty Salon
Palace Hotel Beauty Salon
Neva Timmons
Won Sue Fun

RESTAURANTS AND TEA

Belle de Graf
Bib and Tucker Tea Room
Courtney Tea Room
Casa Bigin
Julius Castle
Francis Tea Room
The Gypsy Tea Room
Kratz Gast Haus
The Loggia Tea Room
Mayflower Tea Room
Cafe Marquard
Oak Tree Inn
Post Street Cafeteria
Studio Tea Room
Russell's Tea Room

San Franciscan Directory of Advertisers

GIFTS AND ACCESSORIES

Carmel Art Shoppe
Miss Clays
Chinn-Beretta
Courvoisier's
Der Ling Shop
Dirigold
Harry Dixon
Exchange Gift Shop

HOTELS

Ahwahnee Hotel, Yosemite
Ambassador Hotel, New York
Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles
Barbizon-Plaza Hotel, New York
Los Angeles Biltmore
Santa Barbara Biltmore
Clift Hotel
Hotel del Coronado

Roger Babson says:

"Advertise more—now is the time to increase advertising appropriations.
"Of the four concrete suggestions (reduce overhead, give better measure, increase research work, advertising is the most important factor of all. Therefore, I wish to go on record today as definitely advising all clients to increase advertising appropriations."

—September 10, 1930

Therefore:

We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of those whose cooperation has made it possible for us to render effective service to those with a message of quality merchandise or service.

We further ask the attention of all San Franciscan readers for the messages of those who use these pages as an advertising medium. This directory includes all those who have advertised in The San Franciscan the past four years. They deserve your consideration because they considered you and your needs when directing their message to you.

Expert Bead Stringing
Fairmont Pharmacy
S. and G. Gump Co.
Henry Hart
Herman Elsbach
Jane Shop
Jones, Pinther and Lindsay
Junior League Shop
H. L. Ladd Pharmacy
League Shop, Women's City Club
V. C. Morris
Mosse Linens
Old Venice
Persian Art Center
Rene Willson
Sahati's
H. Valdespino

AUTOMOBILES AND BOATS
AND SUPPLIES

Cadillac-LaSalle
Chester N. Weaver
Don Lee
Edward Lowe Motor Company
General Petroleum
Hebgen Boat Supplies
Howard Buick Company
Johnson-Blalack
Kresteller Motor Company
Marine Sales Saloon
Renault
Stutz of Northern California
United Ship Repair
Union Oil Company
William E. Hughson

El Mirador Hotel
El Cortez Hotel
Fairmont Hotel
Feather River Inn
Gaylord Hotel
Holly Oaks, Sausalito
Hollywood-Plaza Hotel
Hotel Lexington, New York
Hotel Mark Hopkins
Hotel Madison, New York
Maurice Hotel
Northwood Country Club
Palace Hotel
Park Lane Apartments
Hotel La Ribera, Carmel
Sir Francis Drake Hotel
Savoy-Plaza Hotel, New York
Tahoe Tavern

TRAVEL

American Express
Canadian National Railway
Canadian Pacific Railway
Cunard Steamship Company
General Steamship Company
Holland-America Line
Hamburg-America Line
Libera Line
Los Angeles Steamship Company
Matson Navigation Company
Panama Pacific Line
Pickwick Stages
Pickwick Airways
Panama Mail
Southern Pacific Company
Union Pacific Company
Yosemite Park and Camp Curry

THE SAN FRANCISCAN
THEATRE, BOOKS, MUSIC
AND ART

The Alcove Bookshop
Beaux Art Gallerie
Bosch Radio
Byington Radio
Grace Burroughs, Dancing
Peter Conley—Concert Tickets
Columbia Theatre
Courvoisier's Little Gallery
Curran Theatre
Henry Duffy Theatres
Paul Elder Bookshop
Embassy Theatre
Fox Movietone
Geary Theatre
Gelber, Lilenthal Bookshop
S. and G. Gump Company
Frank Carroll Giffen
Hargen's Bookstore
John Howell's Book Store
KYA Radio Station
Lord's Bookshop
Little Pierre Library
H. Liveright, Publisher
MacMillan, Publisher
Newbegin's Book Shop
Selby Oppenheimer
E. A. Portal, Inc., Radio
Players Guild
San Mateo Symphony
San Francisco Symphony
San Francisco Opera Association
Alice Seckels
John Stoll, Etcher
Vickery, Atkins & Torrey
Women's City Club, Lectures
Western Women's Club, Lectures
Young People's Symphony

FINANCIAL HOUSES

Anderson and Fox
Bacon and Brayton
Hendrickson, Shuman and Company
Heller, Bruce and Company
Leib-Keyston
Logan and Bryan
McNear and Company
McDonnell and Company
G. L. Ohrstrom and Company
Pickwick Corporation
Leland S. Ross
Ryone and Company
San Francisco Bank
San Francisco Mining Exchange
Schwabacher and Company
Frederick Vincent
Wells Fargo Bank
Walsh, O'Connor
H. H. Woolpert
Wardell, Taylor, Dunn and Company
Anglo, London, Paris National Bank
I. Strassburger
William Cavalier
Hellman-Wade Company

FLOWERS AND FOODSTUFFS

Foster and Orear
Goldberg-Bowen
Hills Bros. Coffee
Italian Swiss Colony Grape Juice
Isuan Corporation
Joseph's
Chocolates Kratz
Podesta and Baldocci
Plaza Florist
Mary Phelps Sanford

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Dr. Alexander Arkatov
Ralph and Dorothy Crawford
Field Studio
Gabriel Moulin
Dorothy Moore
Walter Frederick Seeley
Tunncliffe

Continued on page 47



THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

TRUST

INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1868

One of the Oldest Banks in California, the Assets of which have never been increased by mergers or consolidations with other banks.

**Assets over \$131,000,000.00 Deposits over \$125,000,000.00
Capital, Reserve and Contingent Funds, \$5,600,000.00**

The following accounts stand on the Books at \$1.00 each, viz.:

Bank Buildings and Lots - (Value over \$1,925,000.00)
Other Real Estate - - - (Value over \$310,000.00)
Pension Fund - - - (Value over \$690,000.00)

Interest paid on Deposits at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent per annum
Computed Monthly and Compounded Quarterly

Sail On! Sail On!

Continued from page 37

dreds do come. There are sobs all over the house, Amens, and indistinct murmurs—and always Aimee's husky voice hypnotizing, urging, pulling them towards her.

"Kneel!" she commands them, "kneel and we will pray together." They kneel.

"Repeat after me." She throws back her head and prays in phrases which are chokingly repeated by the penitents,

"Oh, Lord, the great Captain . . . I free'y confess my sins to thee . . . I repent of my sins and renounce them . . . And oh, dear Lord . . . I am happy tonight to embark with Thee . . . Guide me safely into thy harbor . . . Deliver me from the rocks . . . For Jesus' sake, Amen . . ."

And great this night is Aimee's renown throughout America, for before she dictates this closing prayer, she has quickly adjusted her greatest advertising medium, the McPherson mike.



"Now maybe I'll get the respect to which I'm entitled."

INTERIOR DECORATION AND FURNITURE

The Antique Galleries
Adelia Marie Bernhard
Emma E. Booth
S. and G. Gump Co.
Holbrook, Merrill and Stetson
George M. Hyde, Inc.
Georg Jensen
A. F. Marten
Edward Raymond Moffitt
William D. McCann
Penn Furniture Company
John Quinn
A. Schmidt and Son
Ruth Schmidt

San Franciscan Directory of Advertisers

Continued from page 46

W. and J. Sloane

Harold Wallace

Dan Wallace

D. Zelinsky and Sons

SCHOOLS

Paul W. Black, Bridge

California School of Fine Arts

The Cedars

California School of Arts and Crafts

Christenson School of Popular Music

Dominican College

Damon School

Mrs. Fitzhugh, Bridge

Sarah Dix Hamlin

Betty Horst Studio

Merriman School

Montezuma Mountain School

Camp Natoma

Nob Hill School

Betty Noble

Piano Arts Studio

Ransome-Bridges School

Rudolph Schaeffer

Tobin School

Williams Institute

Anita Peters Wright

Potter School

MISCELLANEOUS

Anson Weeks Orchestra

Call-Bulletin

Carmelite

Ellis Realty Company

San Francisco Examiner

Robin J. P. Flynn, Insurance

Mark A. McCann, Real Estate

Miller Typographic Service

William H. Myers Real Estate

Musical East

Patterson and Sullivan

Pacific Gas and Electric Company

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph

Company

Phillips and Van Orden Company

San Francisco News

Visalia Stock & Saddle Company

VICKERY ATKINS & TORREY ~ ~ ~

FINE ARTS & INTERIORS

IN THE GALLERY:

NOVEMBER — WATERCOLORS BY
STANLEY WOOD

DECEMBER — PHOTOGRAPHS BY
EDWARD WESTON

Also being shown

Enamels by Molli Juin

550 SUTTER STREET



To most people
this is a meaning-
less grouping of
lines within a
square.

Some will recognize it as the mark that can be found on the most delightful pieces of furniture in their home.

EDWARD RAYMOND MOFFITT
STUDIO—H. L. MACK RANCH

Monterey 1092 Del Monte, California
Designer and maker of fine furniture and antique reproductions. Designs and estimates submitted on request.



Spanish Colonial (MEXICAN)

Silver Cup



for you who own Spanish Colonial homes, what more suitable than silver service patterned after designs of old Peru and Mexico.

Made only on order by

HARRY DIXON

Tillman Alley—241 Grant Ave.
GA rfield 1368

Passing Shows

Continued from page 29

ings and drawings are being shown in the studio of their father, Lucien Labaudt, on Powell above Sutter. These talented young girls have recently come from association and work with Andre L'Hote, Marcel Roche, Otto Friesz and H. de Waroquier, contemporary artists of post-Cezanne France. The influence of each master is seen in the canvases tempered increasingly by the emerging individuality of the girl artists. One is convinced that they have learned the devices of these men and their viewpoints—sharpened tools with which to fashion their own expression in the years to come.

Youth of another sort is served by the nursery rhyme pastels by Dorothy Dell Logan at the Courvoisier Little Gallery. Astounding little bits of color, matted in brilliant papers—characters of English nurseries made over with a Vytlacil recipe. Humpty-dumpty falling off a modern wall—Miss Muffett with post-impressionist mannerisms—Tom, Tom the Piper's Son conscious of spatial relations! And what a god-send just before Christmas!

I wonder whether or not the architects would take it slightly if I mentioned their "extra-curriculum" exhibition next. I think of it next because, composed as it is of the paintings, drawings and etchings done when off architectural duty, one feels that it is all very happy and carefree—and some of it bears marks of student days when time permitted creative enthusiasms freer play. Anyhow, it is interesting and you can drop in on it informally by taking the elevator to the 6th floor of 233 Post street and entering the studio of William Garren and Frederick Reimers.

THREE are numerous other exhibitions to attend according to inclination—at Beaux Arts there are two showings to claim your attention, the San Francisco Society of Women Artists in annual array and a choice little group of flower and rural landscape paintings by Beaux Arts members—etchings by A. Ray Burrell at the Gruen Studio, 1800 Broadway—fairy-tale illustrations by Harold Gaze at Paul Elder's—facsimile reproductions of the drawings from the Uffizi Gallery at the California School of Fine Arts, Chestnut and Jones—water colors at the Maiden Lane Book Shop—but I'd like to wager that no other one will prove as stimulating as the Stanley Wood show at the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gallery—no, not even the Arthur B. Davies exhibition at the Gump gallery of graphic arts for, charming as much of it is, almost without exception these are Davies watercolors which, being shown post mortem, quite evidently bear the stamp of having missed the artist's discriminate selection.

Four years in succession, Stanley Wood's annual one man exhibition has been a surprise to me. The first year because I did not know what to expect. The following years because one really does not have a thrill repeated. So, this year, in spite of the agreeable surprises of former years I expected Stanley Wood's show

to be fine but I hardly hoped to have it repeat a fourth time the original, stimulating experience. But it did. Having visited two other galleries that afternoon I felt not particularly in the mood to see more paintings (but the magazine was on the press and copy must be in). Wood's watercolors were not yet hung but as I sat there with one after another placed before me, I began to be excited. I had expected fine things but nothing like these—a gas engine, dark metal shadows—potted flowers in glorious pattern—ships of the estuary, dark nosed, rust flaked or the cool white prow of the "Bear"—more California barns—a red cottage . . . In five minutes I

Courvoisier

474 POST STREET • SAN FRANCISCO
Telephone DOuglas 4708

Exquisite
Picture Framing
for
Christmas Gifts

FINE ARTS



Philip Stearns

EXCLUSIVE HABERDASHER

240 Powell Street
Between Geary and O'Farrell



"Good taste is not expensive"

The Cedars . . .

CORA C. MYERS, HEAD

A development school
for nervous and retarded
children.

Ideal climate—no fog—delicate
children grow strong and develop
latent talents.

ADDRESS

THE CEDARS

Ross, MARIN COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

had forgotten that this was the end of the day and that I had felt tired. Life held zest. The world was an exciting place in which to live. And all because Stanley Wood had looked about him, seen beauty and restated it in fresh terms of color and form.

I hear that camera prints by Edward Weston will be shown following the Stanley Wood water colors. I wondered how long Vickery's would hesitate before that conventional stumbling block, "is photography art," before acknowledging this contemporary work, which, while it is presented in an unconventional art medium, has so much a feeling of today that it cannot be overlooked. The scientific attitude of Edward Weston is far more kin to that which is characteristically modern than the large majority of painting today. Even as an etcher acknowledges the limitations of his medium and is successful to the measure in which he utilizes the virtues of etching for his expression, so, too, Weston uses the camera for expression that belongs essentially to lens precision. The result is work that stands by itself in kind—work that will live because of the content of what Weston has to say rather than because of the technique he has chosen.

THE inauguration of a permanent gallery in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor for the showing of work by California painters has evidently been overlooked by the art news writers who have contented themselves with restating the announcement

Lament By Constance Ferris

All my ways are weary ways
All my paths are grief!
Can it be that anywhere
Buds the lotus leaf?

Hand in hand I walked with you
Through the shining days!
Now that you are gone, I tread
Grim, decorous ways.

Why is intrigue ever thus!
Why must brave hearts roam
Half their lives in loneliness
Why must wives come home?

Note: Forced to choose between various requests for Miss Ferris' verse we decided first on "Orthopedic Shoes" but wavered in favor of this from the issue of April, 1929.

made by the Palace. Perhaps they have not seen the initial showing of more than twenty canvases. Here are paintings by Constance Peters, Pennoyer, Frank Van Sloun, Lucien Labaudt, Ray Boynton, Millard Sheets, Albert Burroughs, Peter Krasnow, Helen Forbes, Natalie Newking, John Tufts, Maxine Albro, Lucretia Van Horn, Haldane Douglas, Clarence Hinkle, Margaret Bruton, Charles Stafford Duncan, D'Vorak, Dorothy Duncan, Lorser Feitelson, H. Oliver Albright and perhaps one or two others that I can not now recall.

The idea of having a gallery at the Legion Palace permanently devoted to the showing of California work is a splendid one and an innovation for which Lloyd LePage Rollins, the new director, is to be commended. The Palace is the one place, which, free from commercial or affiliation considerations, could present California art at its best. The selection of a painting for this museum could easily become one of the highest honors given to artists of the state.

I responded eagerly to Rollins' invitation to see the initial hanging of the California gallery. Knowing that the director has but recently returned to the West after years of study at Harvard and abroad, I hoped that he had selected this first group with eyes unprejudiced by any considerations other than the merit of the work. I hoped to find a gallery hung with significant canvases by twenty truly outstanding figures in California painting.

The gallery is an interesting one as it is now hung. The variety of viewpoints does present to a degree a cross section of western work. One fully realizes that this is but the first group of paintings and that individual substitutions and entire changes will be made in the showing throughout the months to come. At the same time, one is not made conscious of special discrimination. Patently, Rollins has made no attempt to select "the twenty most" outstanding artists in California, as he well might have done in his initial grouping.

CHRISTMAS LINENS



LATEST IMPORTATIONS:

Doilies and Tray Sets
Unique Bath Sets
Cocktail Napkins
Colored Damasks
Guest Towels
Handkerchiefs

MOSSE
INCORPORATED
478 POST ST.
SAN FRANCISCO
LINENS

For Smart San Franciscans THE NEW GAYLORD HOTEL

JONES AT GEARY

San Francisco's first and finest residential hotel after the New York manner, invites a few persons of discriminating taste to become permanent guests -- at very attractive rentals.

Each luxuriously furnished, SOUND PROOF room has its own Radio (without extra charge) -- Electric Refrigeration -- Serving Pantry. Tub and shower bath. Now available—one de luxe suite with two baths.

Excellent Dining Room and Room Service at prices surprisingly low. The Spanish Room for Bridge luncheons, private parties and banquets.

Margaret B. Giles
Managing Director



but, even so, several of the painters are represented by decidedly lesser works. This situation will undoubtedly be remedied as Rollins becomes more conversant with California art and less pressed by the initial responsibilities of his new position. In the future I hope to see at least more than three new San Francisco canvases that have not just recently been featured in a Beaux Arts group exhibition. There is little virtue in transposing work from a downtown gallery to the museum unless it is selected individu-

ally both as to the artist to be honored and the example by which he is to be represented.

Rollins has accomplished much already. His insistence on intelligent docent service deserves high praise. He has given us a fine thing in the exhibition of aquarelles and sculptures by Karoly Fulop. He has announced a stimulating program. Let us hope that he will not fail the California artists in giving them the discriminate showing to which they are entitled.

series of striking covers done by Melbourne Brindle who, though very young, is rapidly receiving recognition having had work accepted for exhibition by the jury of the San Francisco Art Association. Ned Hilton whose cartoons and maps of San Francisco as well as his page, "The White Card," were a regular feature of THE SAN FRANCISCAN for more than a year, is now bidding for national attention with both his writing and graphic art.

With this type of cooperation behind us, we look toward the future with high hope. We look forward to further encouragement from those already established and to giving an initial outlet to striving writers and artists who have still to test their powers on the public.

Already we look forward to next month when we shall be privileged to present Henry Cowell's account of his visit to Russia, Charles Caldwell Dobie's comments on the current New York season, "Impressions of Scotland" by Algernon Crofton, a very short story by Virginia Bessac, an account of Navajo dances as seen by Raymond Armsby, an article about old San Francisco by Zoe A. Battu, a drawing of Joice Street by Richard Stephens, a page devoted to the work of Edward Weston, and other features growing out of the life of which we find ourselves a part.

And as we enter the fifth year, and as each month passes from hope to accomplishment, we trust that something of the essential life of San Francisco and the West has flowed through our veins.

The San Franciscan's Message

Continued from page 6

motion pictures and Jack Campbell, London correspondent on theatre and drama. Among the young artists whose work is definitely associated with THE SAN FRANCISCAN, there is Antonio Sotomayor, the young Bolivian artist whose cartoons and drawings have appeared in THE SAN FRANCISCAN almost from the first. The past year he has had an exhibition in Mexico City and two in San Francisco, and he is now at work on a mural commission for one of the leading hotels here. The magazine covers for the first year were designed by Catti Merrick. Then for over two years the covers were done by Ted Van Deusen who went to New York early in the summer to win eastern honors. This month we repeat one of Van Deusen's covers interrupting, with this one issue, the

Deva Timmons

Every Woman Can Be Beautiful

Announces

SOMETHING REALLY NEW!

A Junior Facial
30-minutes \$2.00

For the Football Game and Dance it's quite the thing. All business women will welcome this unusual opportunity for a half-hour facial with make-up.

133 Geary Street
Sutter . . . 5383

"A SMART SHOPPE for WOMEN"

featuring a distinctly individual line of the smartest

Gowns
Coats
Suits
&
Millinery

Creations "Merveilleuses"

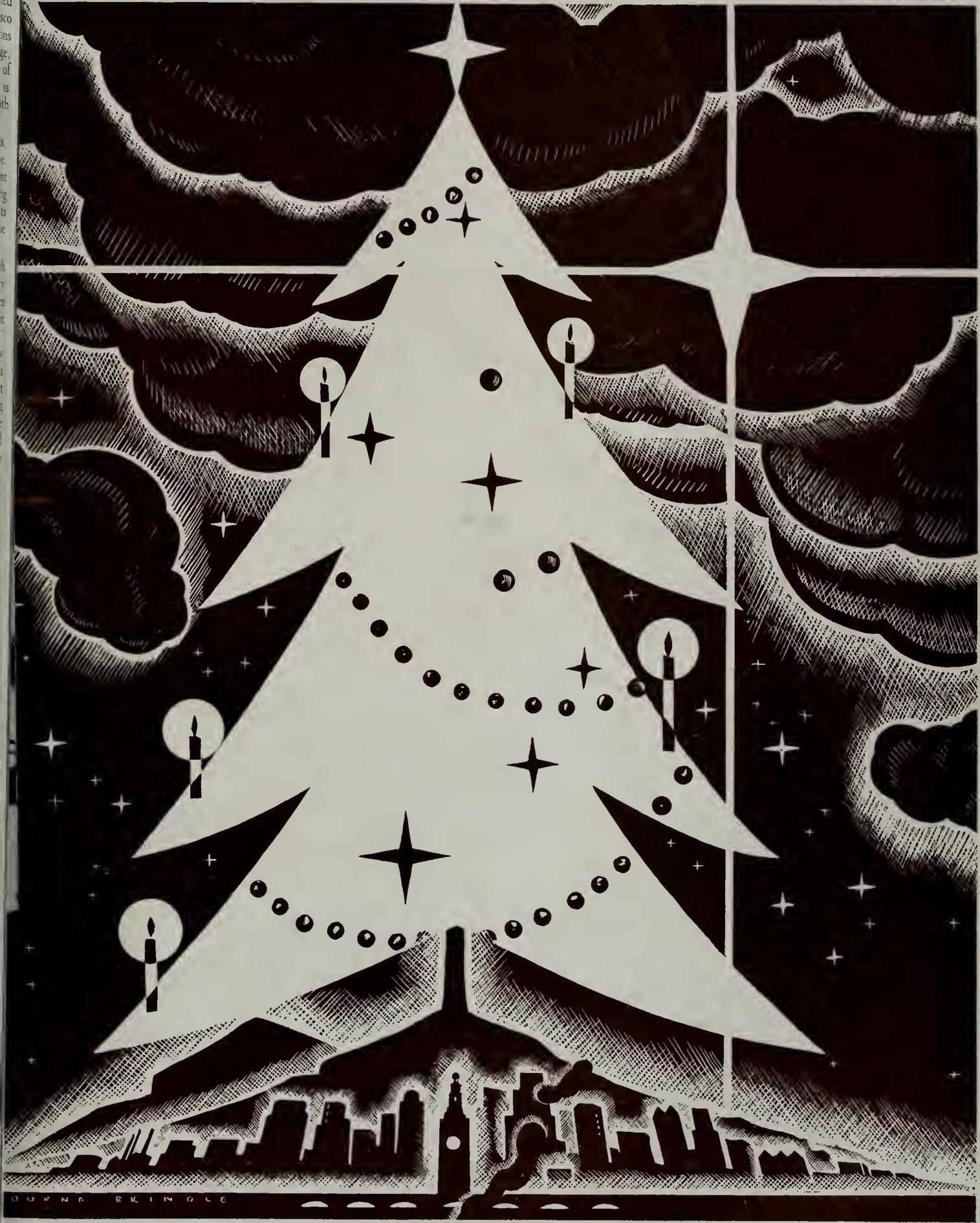
Kay's

Geary and
Mason Streets



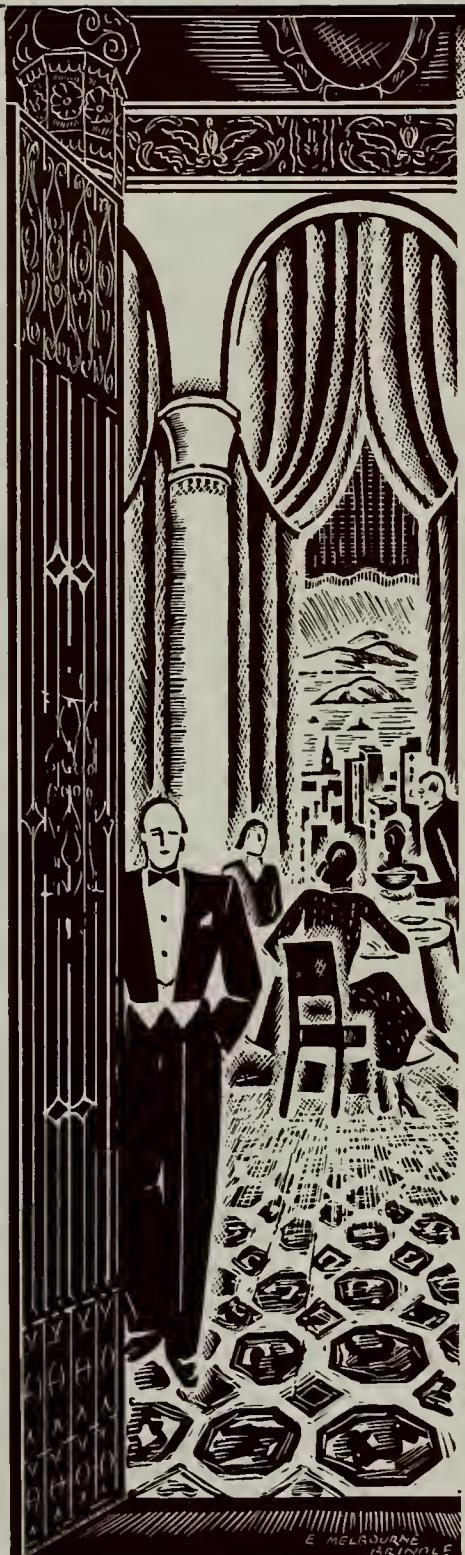
"My good man, have you not yet seen a light?"
"Naw — An' I ain't got a cigarette neither!"

SAN FRANCISCAN



OURNE RINGLE

DECEMBER 1930 + PRICE 25 CENTS



HOTEL

In Peacock Court

"The metropolitan personality of San Francisco is never felt more than when one is in Peacock Court of The Hotel Mark Hopkins. The beautifully gowned women, the smartly groomed men, the whole atmosphere of sophistication speaks of the self-sufficiency of the city. Here are people who are equally at home all over the world, people who know not only San Francisco but Paris, Vienna, London, New York. They have come to Peacock Court because they know it as the heart of the city. They have dined by the windows overlooking the downtown city blocks with their lighted buildings, their strange silhouettes against the night sky. They will always remember it as a place of care-free joy where one dances on top of the world with a shining mosaic of light at his feet."



MARK HOPKINS

NOB HILL

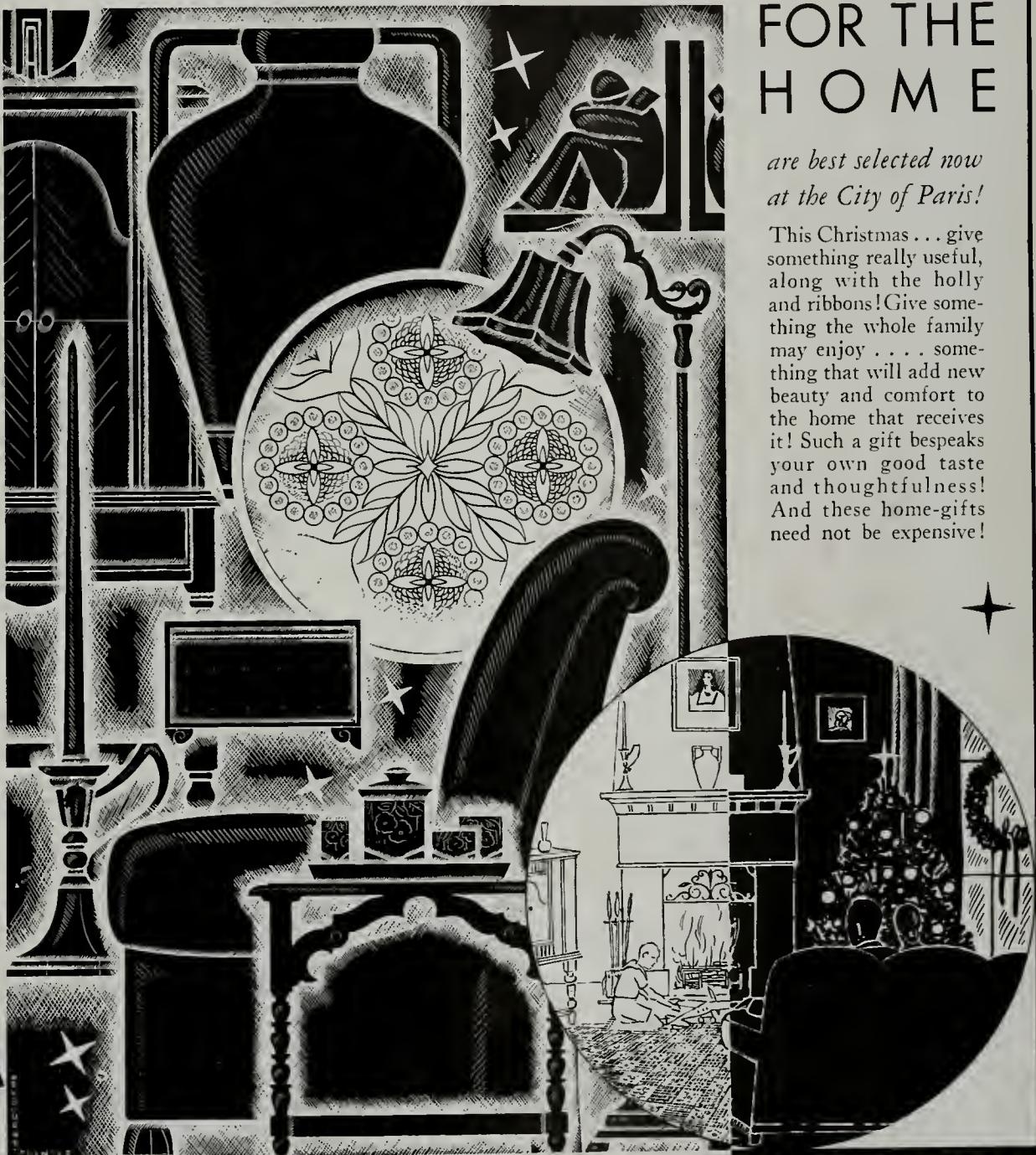
SAN FRANCISCO

GEO. D. SMITH, Managing Director

CITY OF PARIS GIFTS

Furniture
Draperys
Art Gifts
Linens
Bedding
Radios
Accessories
Rugs
Toys

every department throughout is rich in gift suggestions



FOR THE HOME

*are best selected now
at the City of Paris!*

This Christmas . . . give something really useful, along with the holly and ribbons! Give something the whole family may enjoy . . . something that will add new beauty and comfort to the home that receives it! Such a gift bespeaks your own good taste and thoughtfulness! And these home-gifts need not be expensive!

CITY of PARIS

George Shattock & O'Farrell • D'Foyles 4500

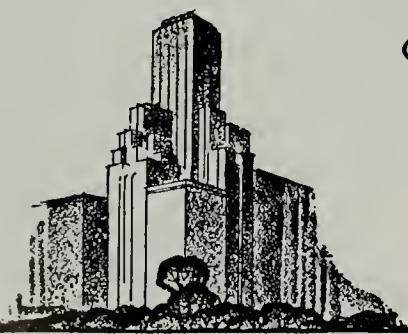
“I AWOKE
one morning and found myself famous”
Lord Byron

Do not draw a false conclusion from that quotation
... it takes years to grow famous overnight ... usually
overnight fame is overdue ... achievement takes time
to take hold ... The BARBIZON-PLAZA Hotel has
become famous, but not overnight, it is the fruition
of a decade of dreams!

Library . . . Art Gallery . . . Concert Hall and
Music Salon . . . Deck Tennis Courts . . . Sun Tan
Baths on the Glass Enclosed Roof . . . Saddle horses
brought right to the door of the hotel for a canter
in the park . . . and last but not least . . . the
Continental Breakfast *sent to your room* . . . with
the compliments of the Host!

Room, CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST and Private Bath	\$18 to \$45 Weekly
STUDIO APARTMENTS . . . yearly . . .	\$1800 to \$5000
TRANSIENT RATES . . .	\$3.50 to \$6.00 per day
REFERENCES REQUIRED	

Barbizon-Plaza
central park south • new york
101 west 58th street



Under same management—the internationally known Barbizon
Hotel at 140 East 63rd Street—Rates \$14-\$22 weekly.
William H. Silk, Director.



To members of the firm of
S. Claus & Co., Unlimited

Frequently to be seen in your round-town travellings
 are colorful painted bulletins carrying the message
 shown up top.

These serve merely to remind you of the fact you
 doubtless already know: Here is a time-saving, worry-
 saving Christmas store. Gifts from Gump's bring
 double satisfaction. The two important names account
 for that; and one's almost as important as the other!

Gump's
 246-248 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO



*Where the Treasures of a Collector May Be
Purchased as Gifts*

A. Schmidt & Son

ESTABLISHED 1869

**IMPORTERS of Antique and
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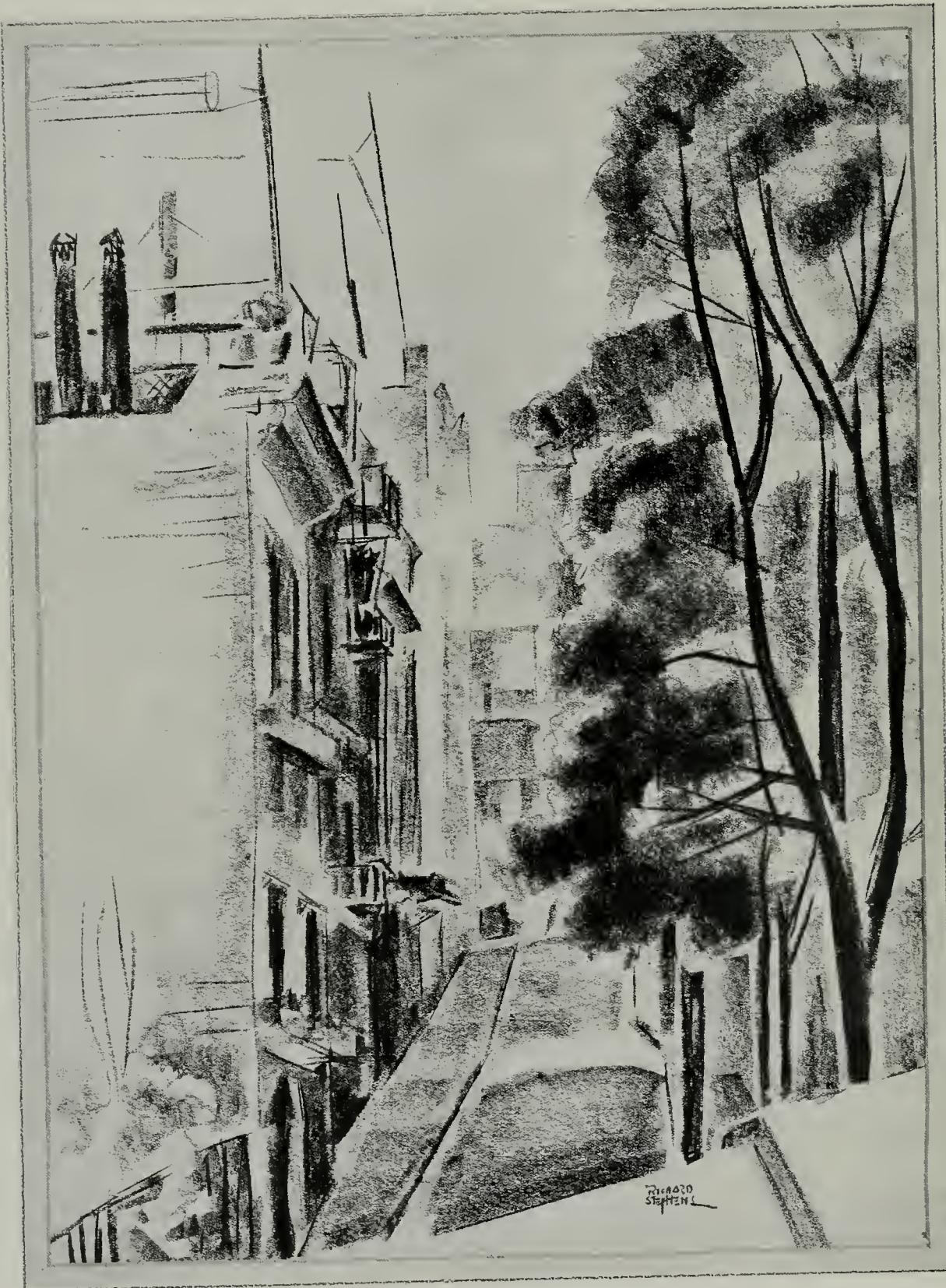
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JOICE STREET

Richard Stephens has made a series of drawings of streets and rooftops in San Francisco. In this one he has sketched the quaint back street on Nob Hill which is widely known because of the studios and apartments of writers and artists strewn along its two block length.

the SAN FRANCISCAN

Telephotos of Scotland and England

Random Jottings Made Enroute by a San Franciscan in the British Isles

by Algernon Crofton

WHERE have the vaudeville acrobats gone to? And the Swiss bell ringers of yesteryear. The ventriloquists and the gentlemen who used to imitate cows mooing and such? Well, they are all in Scotland. Some in Edinburgh and the rest in Glasgow.

But at the same time they gave us Harry Lauder.

Edinburgh, they say, is the wickedest city in the British Isles. Doubtless because of the head waiter of the most fashionable dance floor in Scotland's capital. Believe it or not, this exotic sheik is not only powdered and rouged, with his hair marcelled from his forehead to the nape of his neck, but his eyes are mascaraed as heavily as Anna Held's ever were when she was singing "The Maiden With the Dreamy Eyes."

Scots wha hae! And shades of the Black Douglas!

They're a hardy race, these Caledonians. A stranger in these parts asked a traffic cop where he could find a taxi. "And where might you be going, sir?" asked the Gael. Being told, it was clear a load was off his mind. "Ah," he smiled, "you'll no be wanting a taxi. Tis only eight blocks."

And it was raining.

A chauffeur hesitates at a busy intersection downtown in Glasgow. At once two volunteer informants appeared, one at each side of the car. "Are ye lost?" they inquired directly and without palaver. And at the risk of being maimed for life in the swirling traffic, they hang on the running boards until the lost are completely found.

Let who will argue that England is through, but pay no heed to him, if any such there be, who includes Scotland in his doom. Sturdy, competent, clear-eyed they are. One senses strength and drive as in Chicago. Poor, yes, but who but the stronghearted,

and the able, could wrest a living from this land of mist, build the world's greatest ships on a creek and make the most famous of all marmalades in Dundee where no orange ever grew?

Nor is poverty here quite unanimous. In the Malmaison tonight champagne was popping at six different tables and one of the pops was a magnum.

Talking about complexions: In Scotland without doubt are the world's most beautiful skins. No poet should be allowed to run at large until he has seen Scottish lassies and so foresworn such weak descriptive terms as damask, lily, rose and peaches and cream.

Moreover I found a drugstore which possessed not a single lip stick. "Look out of the door at the young ladies passing, sir," said the druggist—sorry, I meant chemist.

Police court dialogue illustrating a Scotch view of how to handle them: Lord Fleming—Why did you not tell your wife when you were sending her money where you were staying? Well, I don't reckon that's good business, a man should keep these things to himself? (Loud laughter).

—*Glasgow Evening News.*

Why Scots leave home: "More than 30,000,000 people attend the cinemas weekly in Great Britain. What a wonderful thing it would be if 30,000,000 people attended the churches weekly." —Lord Brentwood.

One of the sad sights in the land of the leal is a young Scot deprived of his sturdy burr'd accent by an Oxford education. The bored pose which is one of the products of the Great English University becomes an affliction north of the Tweed.

In all my life I never saw so many

pregnant women as on the Argyle Road in Glasgow. Believe it or not, there were five in one block and we ran nine blocks without drawing a blank. Young, too, and pretty.

When the Scotsman does anything he does it, with an earnestness which the languid Englishman might profitably copy. Witness this sign over a little shop in Carlisle: For Goodness Sake Buy Here.

HARD times in England? Well not all over, it would seem. In the last week of October, seventy-five different packs of fox hounds were scheduled to run in the hunting shires, not to mention twenty-four meets of beagle packs, eight harriers and even one stag hunt.

For the edification of those who do not ride to hounds there were in the same period nearly a dozen race meets each of which was attended by thousands of enthusiasts at entrance prices ranging from the humble shilling to what would be in American money more than ten dollars.

Nor does this begin to touch the immense reservoirs of play which the English keep on top. The morning Post this morning, October 24, lists eighty-one Rugby football matches to be played today; and seventy-four Association football matches; and sixty-two hockey matches; and nine hockey matches between teams of women; and sixteen lacrosse matches.

If the British spectator's yen for games is still unsatisfied he can try his eyes at walking matches—yes, Clari-ble, they still have walking matches. Today "the first seven-mile road-walking handicap of the season" is being in London. Twenty clubs have entered teams and "more than 200 individual entrants" will compete. For those who prefer running as a sport

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

LAST spring, one G. Bianchini had the misfortune to go bankrupt. Among his possessions was a wine press, and this he failed to list among his assets, submitted to the referee in bankruptcy. The attorney for his creditors, an unromantic, overzealous and unimaginative fellow, sharply demanded to know why Bianchini had failed to list the wine press as an asset.

Whereupon, the defendant rose in court to explain with Latin eloquence and gestures that the wine press was not, strictly speaking, an asset of his defunct business. The wine press, he declared, was a work of art, an antique, the symbol of a grand old tradition and vanished order, not to be involved in legal technicalities and vulgarities.

The referee's decision does not yet seem to have been made or announced publicly, and we are inclined to think that the point, like so many of its kind, will be suffered to remain in obscurity. Needless to say, we are in full accord with Bianchini's arguments as to the status of wine presses. His stand may well start a custom in California of making public and private collections of wine presses.

FOR long a certain San Franciscan's wife had beleaguered him to cease coming in at unearthly hours of the morning as he did too frequently to suit her. His alibi was the old business-visiting—buyers-that-must-be-entertained gag, and his wife had accepted it albeit with certain mental reservations.

On this particular evening, however, the husband had kept his promise and was home and asleep before midnight. At three they were disturbed by the striking of the clock.

"Wha-what time was that, dear?" He asked sleepily. "Three," replied his wife.

"My God!" exclaimed he, sitting

up. "I promised my wife I'd be home before twelve."

WITH that inherent sense of paternalism possessed only by a four year old periodical, we joyfully welcome to the ranks of our namesakes the new University of San Francisco. The University, of course, is new in name alone, having functioned under the title of Saint Ignatius College in this city for the past seventy-five years. Let us hope that the new name will usher in with it an era of unprecedented progress and prosperity for San Francisco's only university.

A San Franciscan is one who remembers the sign on the old waterfront—"Beds, 10c, Clean Beds, 15c.

ALTHOUGH sugar in coffee is personally distasteful, at times we find ourselves mixing Brisbane's paragraphs with the morning cup—there is a strange sort of curiosity that brings one to nibble at what is offered, even knowing beforehand the insipid substance of which it is made . . . But this time we were rewarded. Wrote Brisbane: "David Belasco . . . is said . . . to be improving and 'able to take nourishment.' His physician, if wise, will see that he takes it in liquid form and very small quantities. Many that might recover die because loving relatives or unwise doctors insist on their taking nourishment. A sick man is eliminating poisons. His system can't do that and absorb nourishment at the same time. Those that forget it are apt to die." What more wonderful self-portrait could be written of the average meddling, advice-giving neighbor preferring "old-wives" talk to the physician's instructions—only Brisbane counts the whole world his neighborhood!

THIS month we revel in bringing out of comparative obscurity another character of the city streets, one of nature's noblemen. Being more or less a gentleman of leisure, his sole occupation is acting as voluntary assistant to the car-starter at Powell and Market



ARTIST: My good man, have you a Saturn 3B graphite soft lead?

Streets. Of commanding personality, and wearing an officious appearing red badge, street car conductors hesitate to go forward until this man gives the signal. His day is spent in scurrying back and forth from the Powell and Eddy Street terminals, enlivening the sullen rush of downtown traffic with shrill bursts of his whistle. His name we do not know; the conductors respectfully address him as "Chief" . . . but at any rate, it is highly improbable that he will ever attain his life-long ambition—the position of chief car-starter of Powell and Market Streets.

IN THESE columns, we ventured to suggest to the then Mayor Rolph that he inaugurate his governorship with an old fashioned inaugural ball and the re-gilding of the dome of the Capitol Building in Sacramento. As yet Rolph has not announced his intentions to follow specifically these suggestions, but he falls readily into the spirit of them. He has taken steps to have a military band permanently stationed at the state capital, so that it may be on hand and constant call to supply rousing and suitable music upon all major and minor affairs of state, to greet celebrities and the like.

We heartily second this motion of a military band as a first rate idea. Official affairs at Sacramento have, in late years, tended to lapse into matter-of-fact ruts and routine. But a military band, dressed in full regiments, will accomplish wonders in reviving that sense of pomp, flourish, lavishness,



ceremony and gallantry upon which the great fame and fine traditions of California are founded. We are all for the band, though again we press upon Ralph our former suggestions of the inaugural ball and the re-gilding of the Capitol Building dome.

Who is the distinguished guest of San Francisco who was mistaken for an applicant butler when he arrived unexpectedly at the home of one of the most prominent hostesses in the city?

WE TAKE this opportunity to make amends necessitated by the receipt of the following letter:

Dear San Franciscan:

I have had a suspicion for some time that my writings were pretty bad. Never will I send out another manuscript to you or to anyone else—not after receiving my latest offering, opening it with hopes, only to find laid in its fold the personal card of your editor with the inscription "With deepest sympathy" written across its face.

Yours,

"Crushed."

We deeply regret the above incident and can atone only through these pages because "Crushed" has refused to inclose her or his name or address. It is sufficient explanation to say that the card was meant for a facetious friend who has recently lost a pomeranian. And truly, pets or writing, we believe in hobbies because sometimes they grow into roan stallions.

WITH awe and wonder we watched the transformation of Dewey's monument in Union Square into a great silver Christmas tree. This high point of interest in the decorative scheme required some two weeks to complete. The man in charge of the job informs us that the effect, while very impressive, is achieved by simple materials.

The scaffolding, which was first built around the monument, is completely covered with tree boughs, dipped in a white paint, specially prepared to give, in the sunlight or in artificial illumination, an effect of hoar frost. The tree boughs are overlaid with triangles of tin in long strips or streamers. Ten tons of this tin, which is merely scrap from a can factory, were used. After the celebration, it will be returned to the factory, melted and converted into tomato cans or similar prosaic containers.

Through the mass of tree branches and tin are strung long lengths of colored lights—some 15,000 in all. Further illumination is provided by four batteries of high-powered spotlight. Should it rain, this gorgeous creation will not, as may be thought, be ruined. To the contrary, it will be improved. Any slight rusting of the tin will add to the color value, while the glistening rain drops will heighten the general effect.

A San Franciscan is a woman who shops in London, Paris and New York but buys her clothes in San Francisco.

SOME like funerals. We are a bit dotty about fires—the crackling fireplace, the smoky campfire, the destructive forest fire—we are intrigued even by smoke coming out of the basement. A few Sundays ago, we responded to a siren call, swung in behind the chief's car and took up the chase, throttle wide open. After defying death and traffic cops we almost bumped the red car ahead as it stopped in front of the Elks Club. The driver dashed through the doorway—ah, not a fire, but a pulmotor job! But the next minute he was back again, in the machine and on his way with a blood-curdling out-of-the-way blare. Upon inquiring within, we learned that the policemen and firemen were playing their annual game of baseball and that

the large number of "over the fence" hits had entirely depleted the supply of balls—so the chief's car had been requisitioned. Something ought to be done about this raising of false hopes.

CAN you imagine a screen celebrity, a sensational new society debutante, a grand opera star or an internationally known diplomat being envious of the world-wide publicity being accorded a masseuse? The situation seems impossible, doesn't it? And yet that is the case with Sylvia of Hollywood. She is almost five feet tall. She weighs nearly one hundred pounds. Nevertheless many a "world figure" (accent on the second word) will tell you that Sylvia possesses a "wallop" that even Jack Dempsey in his prime could not improve on. That "wallop" keeps most of the screen stars in proper form for the rigid and exacting requirements of their profession. Incidentally, it keeps Sylvia working on an average of sixteen hours each day, pounding off excess flesh of groaning clients—clients that come back for more. "The New York Daily News" called Sylvia "the William Muldoon of the movies," and the Jersey City Journal claims that "Sylvia made Alice White's legs, and Mae Murray's Silhouette."

And now Sylvia has written a book which is at the present moment in the hands of a New York publisher. It is called "Hollywood Undressed."



"Er . . . Miss Scroggins, take a letter."



FRANK NORRIS

HOW well we know the difficulties of a freshman, but a literary freshman is another thing. There are no literary freshmen on the Berkeley campus now. (They wait a year). During the early Nineties there were; Frank Norris was one of them. To the few students who admired the unusual, Norris was all they could hope to find on a Western campus: a Parisian air, Parisian latin-quarter side burns down a lean face, a literary temperament, and a "yen" for art. The hopes of the literati were fulfilled with the publication of *YVERNELLE*, a book of verse.

Be-jeaned and rough campus men took offense at this poet in their midst and the *Blue and Gold*, 1892, aimed this shaft at Frank Norris:

"Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book's a book although there's nothing in 't."

The thrust was good publicity for Norris, for his first book was well borrowed and loaned in Berkeley; poor copies turn up in that city quite often. *YVERNELLE* is quite scarce, and worth a goodly sum in fine condition.

If there were such a thing as a one-man book in the Nineties, Frank Norris produced it; it was the *Blue and Gold*, 1893. This issue of the annual contained thirty drawings, two short stories, a two-act play, the design for the binding, the decoration for the dedication page, and a photograph—all representing Frank Norris.

To anyone who had gained such a

Recollecting Frank Norris

by Barry O'Dell

reputation in college as Norris had by the time he was a junior there could be no such word as stop. He must go forth to future glories, not in illustration, but as a writer. He would interpret American life in the Continental manner. He would fulfill the desires of the small group of literati who called him a "nice person." He would show those student-writers who have since faded away—today they are our eminent lawyers, inconspicuous teachers, and adoring literary wives.

THREE is no more glamorous period in the history of English letters than the mauve decade; it saw the breaking up of the Wilde party, Beardsley in his intoxicated moments, Shaw in a heat before he saw the uselessness and became the silly emperor of the dramatic universe. It was Galsworthy reading the plays of Hauptman, which he later re-wrote for the English stage; he read *The Weavers* and wrote *Strife* a few years later; he gleaned *The Little Dream from Hanneles Himmelfahrt*. "But that's another story," for which we credit Rudyard Kipling, although he would not appreciate it, Kipling hates to be associated with a phrase, especially when he has not used that particular one for thirty-five years. It was in the same Nineties that Kipling walked down Market Street with the rejected manuscript of *Kim* beneath his arm. He had submitted it to "The Examiner" for the Sunday issue.

Frank Norris, however, was not influenced by this disturbance; he was interpreting American life in the French manner. Zola, Stevenson, and the Indian stories of Kipling were his models. Sensitive, forceful, energetic he began his novels. "*McTeague*," the most powerful picture of San Francisco so far produced, brought attention to him. It was realism, too realistic for Mrs. Frank Doubleday, the wife of the publisher, who requested that page 106 be altered. So, in compliance, the publisher tore out the page after but a few had been issued, for which the owners of the advance copies are thankful. Mrs. Doubleday did not

believe it proper that an author should think of a child's necessities, and especially not when the child was in the theatre with his mother and her gentleman friend. The publisher agreed with his wife and now collectors of Frank Norris have their moments, this being the last word on the page in the advance issue, now worth well over a hundred dollars.

FNORRIS had not traveled into torrid, fever-infested countries which resulted in his death we would be closer to what America hopes to produce—the great American novel. Norris, in his *Epic of the Wheat*, attempted this great work, but he did not live to complete the third novel of the trilogy. The first, "*The Octopus*," dealing with the production of wheat in California, stands today as Norris' greatest contribution to American letters. In this magnificent illustration of the power which economic machinery has over the primary elements of life Norris was at his best. Norris was in sympathy with the farmers so thoroughly that he heaps upon the head of the villain every accusation, making the railroad agent the symbol of hatred in the system which thus comes wantonly between food and hunger. The end finds the farmers beaten, the agent suffocated under a stream of wheat which is again a symbol—"the wheat which comes from the abundant earth and moves irresistibly to its appointed purpose, guided, of course, by men, and fought and played over by them, but always their master as well as their sustenance."

This was the perfect picture of California life, in strong style, rapid movement, and vivid scenes.

"*The Pit*" was the second of the trilogy; it deals with the distribution of wheat through the Chicago Board of Trade. This novel presents an interesting bibliographical problem which was but recently made known by a western bibliographer whose decisions are now published. There was a presentation issue which is very scarce, but the correct first edition is almost as rare as the advance issue. The publisher's presentation issue is in board covers, with paper labels and contains a portrait of the author as a frontispiece. The first edition, according to Harvey Taylor, the Norris bibliographer, is in red cloth: the design on the cover containing three ears of

Continued on page 39

Prison Brig and Buried Treasure

by Zoe A. Battu

YERBA BUENA, which became San Francisco, had virtually no need of a prison. It was a small Spanish village, and its society was pastoral, military and ecclesiastical. Inhabitants of the hamlet did not take work, their virtues or sin too seriously, and so have been rightly rated as well along the road to civilization.

For so small a community, there were, to be sure, a good deal of overindulgence in wines, disputes of the gaming tables, feuds and rivalry over women. The principals to these affairs settled them in the grand and chivalrous manner with gun play and flashing of knives, while the rest of the populace smoked cigarettes, looked on, and eventually dismissed the whole business with a shrug of the shoulders. Occasionally some one rode into town and by the pettiness of his crimes or pilfering or his unromantic methods, outraged the public code of manners, morals and laws. Or maybe he stole a horse, which was a high misdemeanor. For such as these, Yerba Buena maintained a small prison.

This simple state passed with the conquest of California by the Gringo, the discovery of gold, the vast rush of white men into the land. Yerba Buena was no more. San Francisco was born with a whoop and skyrocketing of prices. There was suddenly a carnival of crimes, sordidly conceived, hastily and starkly executed, and a great talk of law, order and the genius of the Anglo Saxon for legal organization. There was suddenly a pressing need for a larger prison, and the native Californians were cussed out because they had bequeathed to the new order such a small, inadequate one.

But everybody was so busy making money that no one could take time to consider fully the problem of a prison. Presently, though, an easy way out was found. The harbor was full of ships—fine, seaworthy craft, lying idle and neglected, because their captains and crews had deserted them and made off to the gold fields. The town council got a brilliant idea—or maybe it was some one else got the idea and "sold" it to the council—but anyway, the council purchased the abandoned brig, Euphemia, anchored her off the Sacramento street wharf and transformed her into a prison.

Exact details of the Euphemia's career as a prison ship appear, mercifully, to be lacking. It was likely short.

In a city, which in the first five years of its existence averaged around five hundred murders a year and less than fifty hangings yearly, plus other crimes without number and description, the Euphemia was obviously quickly swamped beneath the rising tide of lawlessness and violence.

THE custom, however, of putting the deserted ships of the harbor to various uses became general in early San Francisco, and one that provided the city with several charming touches of "local color."

Adjacent to and easily accessible to the Euphemia was, as may be seen in the illustration, the Apollo Saloon. The Apollo was likewise an abandoned ship, which a resourceful speculator had grounded at the foot of Sacramento street and converted into a saloon and hotel. The position of the Euphemia in relation to the Apollo was a very handy one for the city jailers and guardians of the law. To those officially detained on the prison ship the arrangement was a very aggravating one. In this matter of convenience of the city prison to cheer and sustenance for its personnel and mental harrassment for its guests, San Francisco has made no changes. To this day the situation is the same as when the Apollo Saloon stood at the then foot of Sacramento street and the Euphemia was anchored a short distance from its front porch.

Just north and west of the Apollo Saloon, at a point that is now Clay and Sansome sts., there stood for several years the Hotel Niantic, which had started out in life as the good ship Niantic. With the filling in of the waterfront below Montgomery street the hull of the Niantic was allowed

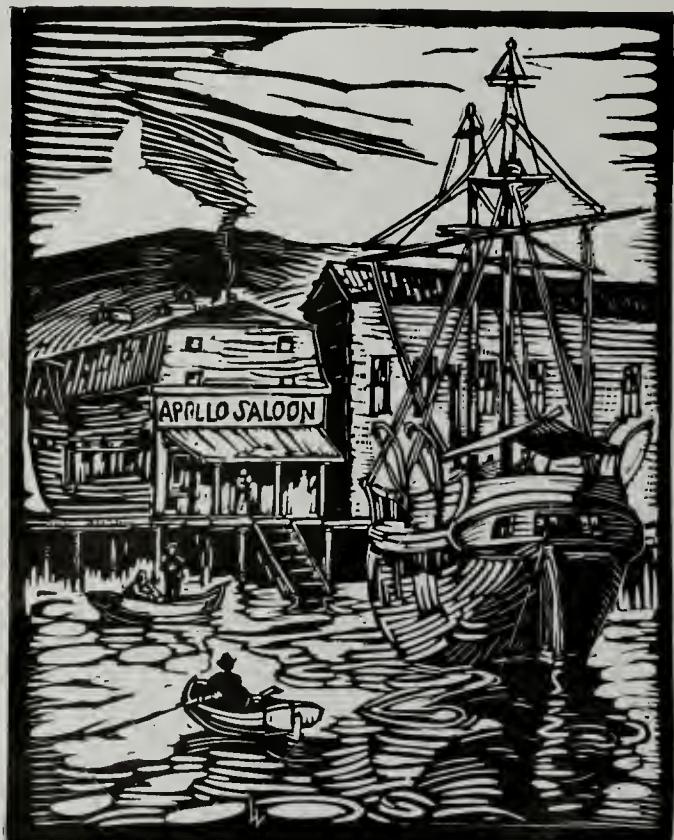
to stand undisturbed and was buried deeply beneath mud and sand.

Upon the dry land and site so created, the second Hotel Niantic rose and flourished for many years. At length, however, the hotel was torn down to make room for a new building. As contractors were excavating for the foundations of this structure, they came upon the hull of the one-time ship, Niantic. The ancient hull was still sound and perfectly embalmed by its covering of mud and sand. Within the hull were found four pipes of French Cognac and thirty-five baskets of Champagne, aged to rare mellowness by the long submersion. It is rumored that some of it is still stored in a San Francisco millionaire's cellar.

Southern Nocturne

by Helen Cowan

I would be the sky tonight, beloved,
A heathen sky,
A negro goddess decked in stars.
Red stars for my hair,
Yellow jewels on my throat,
Blue fire at my breast.
I should be still, beloved, as skies are still,
To feel Night's lips on my feet,
To hear his whisper.



COURTESY SHREVE TREAT EACRET

PRISON BRIG "EUPHEMIA" SAN FRANCISCO 1849

William H. Wilke

From Manhattan

An Open Letter from the Caliph on Broadway

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

IT IS strange how one becomes accustomed to a particular section of the city. Previously, when I visited New York I had always camped in the shadow of Washington Square, if a square can be said to throw a shadow. But this time, thought I, progress will be my watchword, so I bied myself to a towering hotel in the roaring fifties, with local and express elevators, and haughty flunkies in wine colored liveries, and the last word in modern furniture. I stayed with it a week and then flew down to the Grosvenor on lower Fifth avenue, where on the second day the doorman and the elevator boys called me by name and I became an entity again. And here I will stay until they put me out, for it is one of those rare hosteleries where everything is accomplished mysteriously and noiselessly without the slightest bustle of any kind—a pool of quiet in a hurricane of sound and fury.

If you are in a depressed state of mind stay away from New York. It has the stock market blues and "wery" bad case at that, as Sam Weller would have said. It is not only feeling the national depression but a local depression as well. For let me whisper in your conservative San Francisco ear, New York is a boom town that is beginning to deflate. According to the last census the borough of Manhattan lost in population nearly 500,000 people. They moved away to Jersey, to Queens, to the Bronx, very much as a large section of San Francisco moved away to Burlingame and Sausalito and the Alameda side. Now a half million people is a lot to lose—as a matter of fact they represent just about the entire population of the San Francisco east bay shore. But notwithstanding this exodus the buildings continued to shoot up into the sky all the way from fifty to eighty stories. It was the Henry Ford formula in other terms. Henry said: "Turn out motor cars and there will be buyers." The New York realtor said: "Provide buildings and you will have tenants." So up went the buildings — hotels, business blocks, apartment houses. The result is a forest of to-let signs, especially in the older sections of the town.

Naturally, tenants flock to the new buildings, although it is said that even in these the crush is not overwhelming. Particularly has the hotel game been over-played. I understand that several of the newer hotels have closed up en-

Sonnet

by GABRIEL ONDECK

*If loving were a bit more difficult
Or you were not so easily possessed,
I'd take more interest in the net result
Of your responses to an old request.
If it required a more exacting art
Than mere submissiveness for me to sue
For favors you had granted from the start,
Perhaps I'd find more zest in loving you.
But as it is, I shall not deign to ask
The payment of a debt you do not owe,
Or give unto myself the selfish task
Of reaping harvests that I did not sow
Unless, of course, you suddenly decide
That love must be demanded, not supplied.*

tire floors to reduce the service expenses. Usually by the first of October all the livable apartments are taken for the winter. But this year sign after sign informs the passer-by that accommodations are to be had and since nobody moves in this climate after November 1st, at the latest, the answer is that these apartments and flats will remain vacant all winter. So far the landlords have held on haughtily to their high prices but next spring there is going to be an awful drop or I miss my guess. In short, as a prominent writer said to me the other day, "New York is suffering from elephantitis."

But whatever one may say against the economic falacy of running buildings up into the clouds, these breathtaking structures are the marvels of the age. The Empire State building on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria simply knocks one cold. The central tower shoots from a base a block square in a terrifying flight toward the sky. Yes, terrifying is the only word for it. Even seasoned New Yorkers admit this. It is a gigantic mountain of steel and stone set down in the midst of a low forest of buildings. That is, they seem low in comparison. Looking up

at its glistening heights it seems impossible that there ever was a day when the Flatiron Building was the wonder building of little old New York. But, with all their bulk these new buildings achieve a marvelous effect of lightness. They have abandoned all heavy ornamental jimmicks. Their stone surfaces are beautifully plain. At last the architects are building them frankly for what they are—frames of steel with a thin veneer of stone to shut out wind and weather. Heavy walls in imitation of the days when the corner stone really was the starting point of a building have been abandoned and with them the wide cornice, the fake pillar, the carved pediment.

THE only industry that seems to have withstood the stock market crash is the bootlegging industry. It is said that there are upward of 30,000 speakeasies in Manhattan alone. In the good old Godless days there were a mere handful of saloons —something like 6,000. The liquor industry is absolutely open and above board. Occasionally one has to be known at a place where liquor is served but, for the most part, anyone can step into a bar and order a drink. Everything is as it was, even to the free lunch counter, except that there are no brass rails. One sits down to the bar now, not on stools but in man-sized highchairs with comfortable backs. A Californian friend of mine who lives in the east fifties has a room in a solid block of old brown-stone mansions. Every house in this block is a speakeasy except the one in which he lives and his landlady, to protect herself against transient visitors, has had to put out a sign: THIS HOUSE IS A PRIVATE DWELLING. So much for the "noble experiment" in the metropolis of these United States.

The show business is decidedly in the doldrums. The managers seem to be trying every known device of getting the public into the theatre except the very simple one of reducing the price. The public apparently is willing to pay fabulous sums to get into the authentic hits, but the "also-rans" are dying on their feet. I have seen only a half-dozen shows and curiously I seem to lack the desire I used to have when in New York of making a feverish round of the theatres. The Guild's production of "Elizabeth, the Queen" is the outstanding play that I have seen, so far. It seems to be the fashion

Continued on page 34



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The distinguished English actress whose brilliant interpretation of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts," at the Columbia, revived memories of the day when an actress was an artist rather than a publicized puppet. This portrait sketch is by Douglas Crane, one of the many San Franciscans to whom the present visit of the great actress is a renewal of an acquaintance of long standing.



Adventures in Soviet Russia

by Henry Cowell

I committed the foolishness of taking a taxi. Later I found that there are only a dozen or so taxis in the city, and perhaps fifty or so cars for official use: otherwise, no automobiles in Moscow. None are manufactured in Russia, but the Soviets are now in the process of starting a factory. I had a moderately short ride in the taxi to the house of Samuel Feinberg, a composer to whom I had a letter. The taxi man charged fifteen roubles (\$7.50).

Feinberg was amazed to see me, as foreigners are rare in Russia, and at once applied himself to the almost hopeless job of finding me a place to sleep that night. Moscow before the war was a city of about twelve hundred thousand; now it has about three million, and there are practically no new houses, and no new hotels. So the people have to be allotted rooms, at the rate of five persons to two rooms. Mr. Feinberg slept on a cot in the same room as his mother; otherwise he would have slept on the floor and given me his cot. It seemed impossible to find a room. He telephoned every hotel, large and small, in the city, and ascertained that one of the hotels might perhaps have a room free in three weeks' time; but it was not certain. At ten thirty o'clock I composed myself on a park bench, prepared to spend the night. I was afraid, not of having money stolen, because there didn't seem to be any great poverty among the people, but of losing my passport. American passports are very highly regarded in certain quarters in Moscow.

At about midnight a hotel page came to me on the bench (I had left my bench-location-address with the hotel) and he informed me that a certain party had left the hotel suddenly for Leningrad, and I might have a room. The room proved to be palatial, had running hot water, was Ritz. It should have been, as the bill later proved to be \$18.00 for the night.

MADE the fatal mistake of assuming that breakfast at the hotel would not be too expensive. It was! I had tea and black bread, and the bill was \$2.50 (five roubles). So for lunch I made a pilgrimage to a very clean

looking restaurant across the way. It was on the second floor, and along the wall on the way up stairs were posted copies of the menu. The mode of operation was that one was supposed to look at the menu and select, then inform the cashier of one's choice, pay in advance, and get a check with a number corresponding to the dish of one's choice. This scheme was never meant for foreigners. I do not speak Russian, but had been getting on with German and English (lots of German is spoken) so I was unaware of the intricacies of obtaining food at this eating house. I, therefore, in my naive manner, made bold to walk into the dining room and seat myself at a table without having paid my bill first. This produced some valuable remarks from the waiter, which were lost on me, of course. When he realized that I did not speak Russian he led me to the menu in the hall. I pointed to one of the dishes on a chance, thinking I could eat anything it might happen to prove to be. In this, however, I was mistaken. For when I had paid for it, received my number, given it to the waiter, and finally received the food, it proved to be a soup made of the brine of dill pickles, and with sliced pickles through it, and with mashed pickles giving such thickness as it possessed. The very looks of it puckered the walls of ones stomach, but I resolved to be heroic, and tried a taste. The taste was one taste too many. Although I was evidently incurring the anger of the waiter, who did not like to see his delectable edibles wasted, I dragged him out to the menus again and chose another dish at random, getting as far off from the dill pickle soup as possible. When I pointed to my selection the waiter brightened up, and in a suspiciously cheerful manner took my soup back. He returned bearing the same soup, but with the addition of sour cream. I had pointed to sour cream! This was a terrible predicament, for I was now the object of attention from all over the dining room, and I knew that if I failed to eat my food the mob would be very angry. It is no light matter to waste food in Russia, and never has been. As my stomach was

HENRY COWELL
noted modern composer and pianist

WENT to Russia as a musician invited by the Soviets. My experiences there were unusual. I did not go in a party, as so many have gone, and, as I am neither a politician nor a professional writer, the customary trouble taken by the Soviets to show guests things to write about was not taken by them in my case.

I entered alone, and during the time I was in Russia (some five weeks or so) my movements were unhampered, and I did not feel myself to be under surveillance, of the sort one reads about. Either I was stupidly unaware, or I was unshadowed.

The first mild and pleasant shock came at once on entering the country. The porter who moved my bags from one train to the other, and who aided me in laying out my things for customs examination, refused to take a tip. "I am paid for this work by the government," he said. This was a warming welcome to Russia, and a great contrast to the attitude of porters in other European countries!

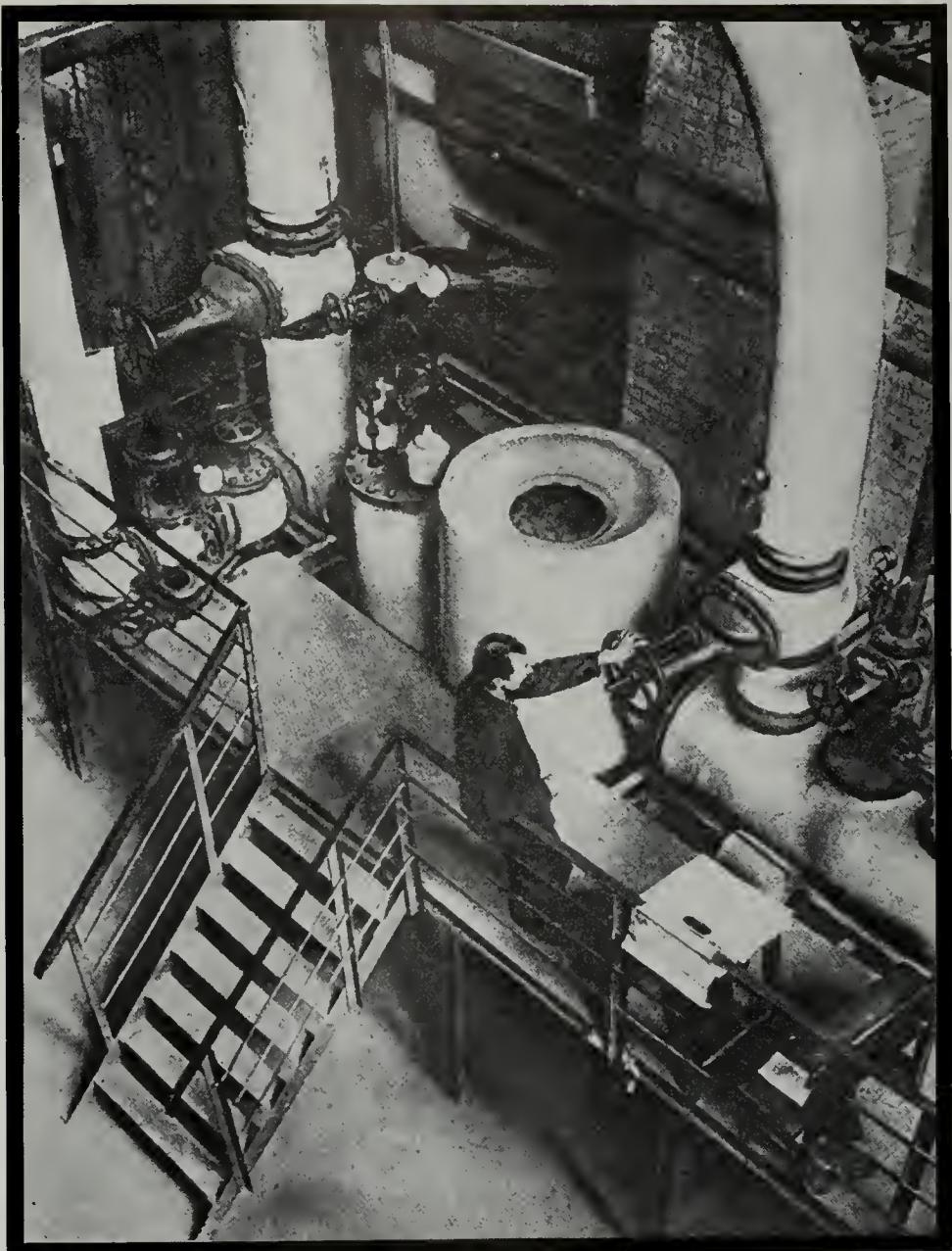
I took a third class sleeper. It is different from anything I have ever seen elsewhere. There is a very wide hard wood seat, flat, and a wooden board of a shelf which lets down on hinges and forms an upper berth. There is no bedding supplied; one either takes bedding along or rents it from the porter. I inquired of the porter, but he had no bedding left except a thin mattress; no blankets, quilts or pillows. It was cold, so I lay down flat on the upper board (the shelf) and put the mattress over me for a cover. It was a curious night.

Arriving in Moscow the next day,

still angrier than the crowd, however. I resolved on a master stroke of strategy (even if I do say so myself) which worked perfectly. Finding a young fellow who looked rather ragged and poor, I offered him the fateful soup, which he accepted eagerly; and the crowd was not only appeased, but I became the object of admiration. I had made the great personal sacrifice of giving up this delicious and life-giving soup to one poorer than myself. I did not disillusion them as to my nobility.

DURING my first lunch at the above-described restaurant, a young man came up and spoke English to me. He had been in America, but had returned and was now a Russian worker. He was interested in my visit. "How long will you stay?" he inquired. "About five weeks," I informed him. "Then why not get married for the time you are here," he said, "it will be nice for you, and besides you can get a cheaper room; I know a nice girl I can introduce you to, who is looking for a husband, because she can get a room alone with her husband, if she marries; and I am sure she will like you. How about it?" I will admit that this was a bit breath-taking. He seemed much disappointed that I did not avail myself of his courteous offer to find a wife. He informed me that many people lived together in Moscow, young married couples, who wanted to divorce but could not, because they would be unable to find a room if they were separate. There would be no legal difficulty in the way of a divorce, but finding another room was a different matter, the young man said.

On this account, there are very few divorces in Russia; he thought not more than in countries where a divorce must be made the subject of a trial in court. To divorce in Russia, one has only to register the intent. If there are children, both parents pay for their expenses equally. There is no other alimony. I asked if it were not a bit hard on the woman to pay as much as half for the upkeep of her child, but was told no, that the woman had just as great earning power as the man. The Soviet government pays the woman who stays home and keeps house the same wages that her husband earns by going out to work, and if the woman is alone, she goes out to work and earns the same wages as her husband. There is no lower wage



scale for women. All this was very interesting, and I was grateful to my chance acquaintance, who also showed me through a very modern looking newspaper plant in which he worked.

Strolling down to the river I beheld an astonishing sight. It was a warm day, and in a certain crook of the river just on the side of one of Moscow's busiest streets and plainly visible from it, were upwards of eight thousand people bathing in the open, and in the nude. The men occupied a certain portion of the bank, the women a portion next to that of the men; in the water there was no separation. I had never heard of this custom, which it seems is nothing new in Russia, and the sight was amazing. And one of the

Russian Experiment

Interior of an experimental station, a unit of the vast project of industrial Russia.

strangest features was that out of the thousands there were three or four who wore bathing suits or coverings of some kind, and these unfortunate ones were objects of constant curious glances and derision from the other bathers; since the only possible excuse for wearing a bathing suit in Moscow is in case of some physical deformity.

To be continued in the next issue of
The San Franciscan

THE upsetting of "The Apple Cart" at the Geary was a really exciting event. But Shaw is always exciting, and always outrageously upsetting. He may come past us and look into the future, as he does in "The Apple Cart," or he may go "Back to Methusaleh," but his nonsensical topsy-turvydom goes on forever.

But Shaw's wit springs from something infinitely more valuable than mere comedy because it is the product of a really great mind which is seriously concerned with social problems. He is willing to play the fool himself if need be, but he hates to see society in the same role. Hence does he ruthlessly "hold the mirror up to Nature." He is out to cure the world of some of its ills and, like a wise doctor, he administers his medicine in sugar-coated pills which are easy to take. Once he can get them down, he knows they will work.

Shaw is an idealist who is never blinded by the glitter of the superficial. He sees the world both as it is and as it should be. In probing into dogmas and institutions in search of truths regarding them, he ridicules society as it exists with almost fanatical consistency and earnestness. At heart he is

Spotlight

by Junius Cravens

a stark Puritan who is seeking to hitch the wagon of humanity to a star, and "The Apple Cart" is one of his most supreme as well as one of his most entertaining efforts in that direction.

In "The Apple Cart" Shaw has given his incomparable whimsy and witty satire full rein. Toward the end of the present century we find King Magnus all but a puppet, a mere figure-head for Great Britain, which is then the last existing kingdom in the world. His labor cabinet is seeking to divest him of the last vestige of his power. But Shaw, with his characteristic paradoxical cleverness, twists that monarch into the very essence of what royalty at its height is meant to imply, and makes Magnus a man who is clever enough to maintain his power by outwitting his cabinet members at their own game at every turn. Consequently he uses the king not only as the central figure in his play, but also as his chief *raisonneur* and sermonizer. Yet he is very careful to make Magnus a thoroughly human being. Long before

Freud had ever been heard of Shaw had already recognized the importance of woman's status and her relation to man. He has consistently pointed out that the true function of sex has all but become obscured by conventional morality. In "The Apple Cart" he again depicts love as a sex war in which primitive woman seeks to corner and capture her man. This is most amusingly revealed in the second act, which he calls "an interlude," and which is one of the most delicious scenes that Shaw has ever written.

Alan Mowbray, who had previously won the hearts of San Franciscans by his performances in "The Doctor's Dilemma" and "The Second Man," proved himself to be an ideal Shawian actor in the role of the king. Magnus is one of the most difficult parts that Shaw has created, and in the first act he has given Magnus one of the longest speeches that ever dripped from the pen of a playwright. But Mr. Mowbray was able to hold his audience spellbound during that ordeal which was, in itself, an achievement, even if he had not otherwise given a perfect performance.

Doris Lloyd was equally delightful as the seductive Orinthia, and played the role with an intelligent appreciation of its absurdities. Evelyn Hall was splendidly typed as Lysistrata, as was also Florence Hart in the part of the queen. In fact, all of the parts were well taken, which made for a thoroughly enjoyable performance of a rich and rare play. The modernistic settings were very effective and, in spots, almost good artistically.

AFTER suffering one or two uncontrollable vicissitudes, "Ghosts" caught its stride before the end of its first week at the Columbia, and developed into a remarkably good performance. It had been claimed by some professors and others with long gray beards that in this drama Ibsen evolved one of the most finely developed tragic themes that has been contributed to the theatre since Sophocles wrote "Oedipus Rex," some twenty centuries ago. Be that as it may, "Ghosts" is a fine, powerful play and, except in one or two points relating to its subject matter, is not "dated" to

Causerie

by Frank L. Fenton

TRAVEL books usually frighten me off by recalling too vividly the unfortunate Mr. Haliburton and the sentimental Mr. Fitzgerald. For that reason I looked warily at Kathryn Hulme's *Arab Interlude* (Macrae Smith). But the book is so beautiful a one both because of its illustrations by Helene Vogt and its binding that I looked further. One glance down the table of contents was enough. Here were all the Arabian Nights tumbled helter-skelter down the twentieth century. Nor did my reading disappoint me, for the book is written without any of the sentimentality of the average travel book, nor does it fall into a Baedeker dryness. The entire thing is an alert, alive, charming account of a motor trip across North Africa, but none of the distressing facts about the price of gasoline and the number of blowouts is given, and one is thankful for the omission of data which most female motorists insist on including, albeit with a note of whimsy which depre-

cates their practicality. One is given instead a series of vivid pictures of cities almost unreal to most of us, a land in which the impossible may happen. But Miss Hulme's book did shatter some of my happy misbeliefs. I had always supposed the notorious *danse du ventre* was the very epitome of wicked and seductive grace, particularly one in Bou Saada; so you can readily imagine my chagrin to have the author, having witnessed the spectacle, remark flatly, that "a bald brown stomach on the lurch is neither rhythmically beautiful nor seductively flaming." But anyway, I still like her book even if she does tamper with my illusions, which are not quite shattered, for I question her ability to view the lurch with the proper enthusiasm!

FOR four years Dorothy Canfield has not published a novel; now we have *The Deepening Stream* (Harcourt, Brace, and Company, \$2.00), and it is worth a four years' wait. The action

Continued on page 41

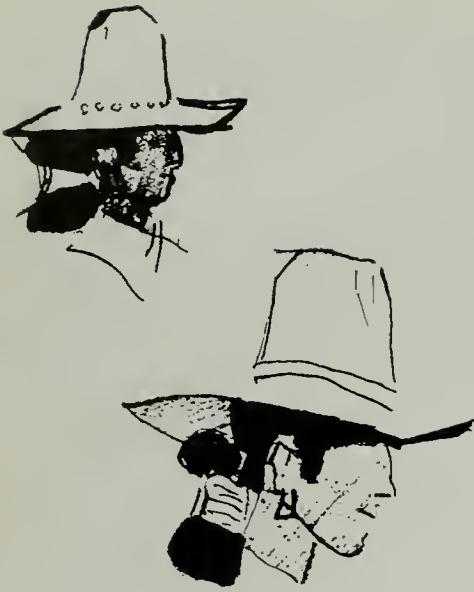
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CONSUELA KANAGA

ELVA WILLIAMS

In spite of the fact that the title has not yet been made public, we insist on announcing the acceptance for spring publication of Elva Williams' first novel. A brilliant young analyst of life among the cocktail crowd and a consistent contributor to *The San Franciscan* the past four years, Elva Williams is one of the younger writers whose work is indelibly part of contemporary San Francisco.



Illustrations by Gene McComas

HERE are few travel days between San Francisco and the Navajo country but those days are sufficient to carry you back a thousand years in feeling. Particularly is this true when you go as a party of us went last summer, leaving modern transportation at the edge of the desert country and, forming a cavalcade attended with pack animals, guides and provisions, riding into the desert mountains to be present at the ceremonial dances.

An increasing number of people from the outside journey each year to the mesas where the Hopi Indians hold their now quite widely known Snake Dance. This is given on alternate years on the first and third mesa, one year the celebration being at Walpi on the first mesa, the next at Hotavilla on the third mesa. In between, on the second mesa, is Chimopovi where the less known Antelope Dance, the Sunrise Race and the Flute Dance are held.

These mesas are eerie places. Walpi is the oldest Hopi Indian village known. Its huts cling like indigenous fungi to the narrow ledge approximately a thousand feet up the side of the mountain. Above are the two other mesas, each a narrow ledge reached only by a footpath up which must be carried food, provisions and even water. Amazing places they are. Isolated and barren but astonishingly capable of sustaining life as lived by the Hopi Indians and preserving with little modification the customs and culture of this tribe of North American aborigines.

Desert Interval

by Raymond Armsby

OUR party pushed on and into the Navajo country. Fortunately we had a guide who was able not only to conduct us through the mountains and valleys of this fascinating country, but also to show us the Indians in their most picturesque aspects. It was through him that we were privileged to be the first group of white people to witness the inner ceremonial of their War Dance.

This War Dance retains the same form it has had for centuries but today it serves a different purpose. Now it is seldom given—and then only when some tribesman is exceedingly ill so that his life is dispaired of. Then the War Dance is held to ward off evil spirits. It lasts three days and its participants move from place to place on the desert, sometimes covering as much as thirty miles, the braves riding horseback, continuing the dance from one village to another.

The first day of the dance is celebrated with the ride of the warriors from a distance of perhaps ten miles to a central spot where there is a hogan in which the consecration of the dancers will take place. Here the non-participants gather in full dress—and such color as one sees! The women's dresses certainly bear testimony that though their customs and mode of living remain primitive, there has been a distinct invasion of the more brilliant though less permanent chemical dyes.

Squaws, old and young, and even children join in the preparation of the feast that is to conclude the day's ceremony. Suddenly over a rise of ground an outrider appears. He brings word to the priests assembled that the party of warriors has been sighted. In a few

minutes another outrider appears with the news that the party is almost there.

Then over the crest of the hill comes a band of fifty braves, riding at full gallop, the leader carrying the war stick. The men leap from the spent ponies and stand in reverence while the priest receives the war stick, brilliant in its windings of red, lavender, blue, black and white yarn. From one end hang two red streamers with eagle feathers. Around the head of the war stick are five balls of sand and clay containing the war paint and interwoven into the decorations are bright black-eyed susans.

Lead by the priests and the braves, we entered the ceremonial hogan. It was one of the larger hogans but still a comparatively small place. I was surprised to see the cleanliness of the place and even when it was packed with the priests, five attending squaws, about fifty braves warm from a ten-mile gallop and our own party there was no stuffiness such as I had expected. The center hole in the roof characteristic of all hogans provided splendid ventilation.

The chant led by the priests rose in undulations. There was an impressive spiritual quality to it, a supplication that invoked reverence in us who could not understand the ritual. The chant lasted about three-quarters of an hour and ended with the unwinding of the war stick by the priests. They gave one of the paint balls to each of the squaws who opened the beads and used the color inside to paint the naked bodies of the warriors.

Then came the feast. And the first part of the War Dance was over—to be carried on the next day in another



Confessions of a Commuter

by Virginia Bessac



village with further ritual of preparation for the final frenzy of the third day.

THOUGH the dance continued, our party turned back to so-called civilization—less smug in our self-satisfaction, more cognizant of the instinctive gestures of all mankind, primitive or otherwise, toward a solution of living. For these nomadic Navajos, living at great distances from their reservations, inhabiting summer and winter hogans according to the season, tilling their small fields and tending their sheep, are a fine primitive people. Splendid upright figures, tall and straight backed, many of the warriors extremely handsome, the Navajos are particularly healthy and very careful about inter-marriage. Adhering to their simple rules of living they are increasing in numbers far more than their more civilized neighbors, the Hopi Indians, who live in houses on the various mesas and are more rapidly assimilating American customs and American education. Paradoxically, the Hopis, though more able to adopt American ways, seem to be losing their racial integrity more rapidly than the Navajos. When they return to their native villages they more or less "go native." As a tribe the Hopis are gradually dying out, while the Navajos, self sufficient in their native primitiveness, become more numerous.



I'M ONE of those people who frankly stare. Whether I was born that way, or whether East Bay commuting has developed it is one of those things that might be worth talking about sometime when I feel the urge to discuss my interesting peculiarities.

Staring as usual the other night on the home-going boat my avid gaze was arrested by a youngster in one of those fuzzy, crocheted berets, coming up the stairs from the lower deck. Why I mention the beret . . . it was pink, I remember . . . I don't know. Unless because it was the first thing that reminded me of Greta Garbo. She does wear them, doesn't she?

This girl looks like the show-off type, I think to myself. Curses! She's going to sit where it will be easy for me to look at her, and she's so decidedly the "stare-able" kind that I'll wear myself out for the next twenty minutes trying to decide just wherein the Garbo resemblance lies.

No one with eyes like that can expect to do anything in life but marry a cool million or so; or at least join the Follies, in case she takes the wrong turn on the way to matrimony. She might even have a voice, too. What a break for the talkies!

I CAN'T stand this! The way she hugs that jacket around her shivering young form is too obvious. Is she going to turn out to be a movie star in disguise? In those clothes, with that abnormally natural complexion, she's got to be either a feminine tramp, or a motion picture actress trying to "live" her next part.

She's smiling to herself, just as I thought she would! Acting out the little drama of herself, whatever that is, or whatever she likes to imagine it is.

I can't catch her off guard. Instead of side glances now and then to see if the audience is reacting properly to her fascinating personality, she looks right through me, if at all! Smiling to herself, and hugging that crazy jacket close.

Don't kid yourself! If she's real, she's a fireman's daughter, going to meet a swell new sweetie. No, the smile has another quality to it. Probably she's vamped somebody's husband and is feeling like the reincarnation of Cleopatra.

She may look young. In fact she is. She couldn't pretend that stem-like throat, and those thin curves. But

there's got to be some kind of sophistication there to account for the poise. Doesn't care whether I look or not! Nothing but a bit of life could give her that unconscious ease . . . or a few ancestors.

She certainly is anxious to get there. Beats everyone else to the gate. With me close behind.

There's one thing I always like to check up on in these little character studies. It's a dead giveaway. Let's see. Is her neck dirty? If I'm not careful someone's going to mark me as a simply shameless Lesbian. Can't help it. No, her neck's thoroughly scrubbed. It's delicate, lady-like looking skin, too. Heavens, this is intimate!

We're walking off the boat now. Her ankles joggle a bit when she walks. That's because they're thin and rather kiddish. They look like dancing feet: strong and narrow. Legs all right, too.

There! She's stopping to ask a conductor something. I knew she didn't look like an habitual commuter! He doesn't understand. Can I get close enough to hear? A man in a great hurry shoves me almost against the two figures. I hear the softest voice imaginable; words broken in a delicious foreign accent.

I can't linger like this! Even if it were not rude I have to catch a train. Commuting having reduced me to little better than a robot, I automatically turn and sprint for my train, leaving more of a mystery behind me than I had started out with. That's the great trouble with these little affairs. They start out with the mildest sort of speculation, work up to a point where your curiosity is put under terrific strain, and then when you are all agape and agog, rudely expose you at your silliest moment.

SEVERAL nights later, when all thoughts of the little Greta Garbo person had left my mind, I am in the act of stepping out of a cab in front of the Fairmont, when who should scurry across the pavement in front of my astonished eyes, for all the world like the white rabbit of Alice in Wonderland, but that very person. Not the white rabbit, of course. But the slender figure of the ferry-boat girl with the foreign accent.

Great gobbel-ling geese . . . no wonder I stared like simple Simon the other night. The girl is stunning. In

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"Shadow on the Barn Door" (1920)

EDWARD WESTON



"Eroded Rock" Point Lobos (1930)

EDWARD WESTON

Ten years ago Edward Weston was doing what many contemporary photographers are attempting today. "Shadow on a Barn Door," dated 1920, is a good example of his period of "picture making," of seeing moods of things instead of the things in themselves. "Eroded Rock" and "Bananas," done this year, demonstrate the change in his work the past ten years. They give evidence of a change in philosophy, a new feeling for life. It is this vital outlook, so in key with contemporary living, that has brought national attention to Weston's work. A successful exhibition of his prints has closed recently in New York at the Delphic Studios and now these same prints, together with more recent ones, are shown in San Francisco at the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gallery. Because of its significance today, we print Weston's "Statement" presenting his working philosophy. We also reproduce an unusual photograph of him by his personal friend Johan Hagemeyer.

STATEMENT

by Edward Weston

- ◆ 1930—today—the tempo of life accelerated—with airplane and wireless as speed symbols—with senses quickened—minds cross fertilized by intercommunication and teeming with fresh impulse.
- ◆ Today—photography—with capacity to meet new demands, ready to record instantaneously—shutter co-ordinating with vision at the second of intensest impulse—one's intuitive recognition of life, to record if desired, a thousand impressions in a thousand seconds, to stop a bullet's flight, or to slowly, surely, decisively expose for the very essence of the thing before the lens.
- ◆ Recording the objective, the physical facts of things through photography does not preclude the communication in the finished work, of the primal, subjective motive. An abstract idea can be conveyed through exact reproduction: photography can be used as a means.
- ◆ Authentic photography in no way imitates nor supplants painting: but has its own approach and technical rendition. Photography must be,—Photographic. Only then has it intrinsic value, only then can its unique qualities be isolated, become important. Within bounds the medium is adequate, fresh, vital: without, it is imitative ridiculous!



"Bananas" (1930)

EDWARD WESTON



Edward Weston

JOHAN HAGEMEYER

- ◆ This is the approach: one must prevision and feel, BEFORE EXPOSURE, the finished print—complete in all values, in every detail—when focussing upon the camera ground-glass. Then the shutter's release fixes for all time this image, this conception, never to be changed by afterthought, by subsequent manipulation. The creative force is released coincident with the shutter's release. There is no substitute for amazement felt, significance realized, at the TIME of EXPOSURE.
- ◆ Developing and printing become but a careful carrying on of the original conception, so that the first print from a negative should be as fine as it will yield.
- ◆ Life is a coherent whole: rocks, clouds, trees, shells, torsos, smokestacks, peppers are interrelated, interdependent parts of the whole. Rhythms from one, become symbols of all.
- ◆ Not the mystery of fog nor the vagueness from smoked glasses, but the greater wonder of revealment,—seeing more clearly than the eyes see, so that a tree becomes more than an obvious tree.
- ◆ Not fanciful interpretation,—the noting of superficial phase or transitory mood: but direct Presentation of THINGS in THEMSELVES.



MISS DOROTHY SPRECKELS

Daughter of Mrs. Alma de Bretteville Spreckels, who will make her debut, which promises to be one of the most brilliant of the season, in her mother's mansion this month.

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

CULLINAN-NEUWALD. On November 12th, Mr. Eustace Cullinan, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cullinan and Miss Helen Neuwald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Neuwald.

HYDE-KNIGHT. On November 15, Mr. Orra C. Hyde, Jr., son of Mrs. Orra Hyde and the late Mr. Hyde, and Miss Claire Knight, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Knight.

BALDING-ADAMS. On November 18, Mr. William Balding of Honolulu and Miss Julia Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson F. Adams.

QUINN-NAYLOR. On November 26, in Chicago, Mr. David H. Quinn and Miss Hope Naylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Clifford Naylor.

GALLOWAY-MENZIES. On November 29, Mr. Alan James Galloway, son of the late Sir James Galloway and Lady Galloway, and Miss Mary Menzies, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Menzies.

ENGAGEMENTS

KILBOURNE-BREEDEN. Miss Kathryn Kilbourne, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Dearborn Kilbourne of Santa Ana, California, to John Norton Breeden, son of Mrs. Frederick McNear.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderton who now make their home in Paris have been continuously entertained during the return visit to California. Among those who gave parties for them was Miss Evelyn Barron, Mrs. Anderton's sister, and Mrs. Howard G. Park.

Lieutenant John Sherman and Lord and Lady Hastings are house guests this month of Mrs. Sidney Fish. Lieutenant Sherman is Mrs. Fish's cousin.

Mrs. Orville Pratt was hostess at a luncheon at her home on California street in honor of Mrs. Talbot Walker who was in San Francisco on a brief visit from her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Richard Hutchinson, the former Miss Mary Kennedy, who since her marriage has been living in South America, has been a visitor at the home of her mother, Mrs. W. J. Kennedy, in Piedmont. Mrs. Thomas J. Grier entertained at luncheon at her home in Clarendon Crescent in Mrs. Hutchinson's honor.

The visit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Rensselaer of Long Island and New York has been the occasion for much entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer are enjoying playing over the various peninsula golf courses.

Honoring Miss Ann Schutler of Chicago, Miss Constance Horn entertained at a tea at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, on Jackson street.

Miss Elizabeth Muzzy was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Green street, the affair being given for Miss Muzzy's cousin, Miss Bland Tucker of New York.

Mrs. Warren Spicker gave a luncheon at her Pacific Avenue home in honor of Mrs. Stanley Kennedy of Honolulu and Mrs. Douglas King of London.

A dinner was given in honor of Prince Iyetsu Tokugawa at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Wilcox of Honolulu and their daughter, Miss Alice Wilcox, are visitors in San Francisco, also Miss Alicia Shingle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shingle. The party is staying at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery gave a series of parties at their home in Menlo Park shortly before closing it for the winter. The parties were given during the week that Mr. and Mrs. Lowery entertained Mrs. Warren Spicker and Mr. Leigh Battson as their house guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan entertained Mrs. Stanley Kennedy of Honolulu as their house guest for a few days during Mrs. Kennedy's visit. Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles invited Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and their guest and several more friends to a week-end party at their duck club at Dos Palos.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Courtenay Jenkins entertained at a luncheon at the Burlingame country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Gayle Anderton of Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocquieraz also entertained for the Andertons during their stay.

HERE AND THERE

Mrs. George Welcome Lewis, who returned with Mr. Lewis from an extended trip abroad, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. David Low of Palo Alto.

Mr. William S. Tevis, Jr., entertained a group of his friends at his Gilroy ranch recently when the fall roundup was held.

The Board of Directors of the Young People's Symphony Concerts held an afternoon reception, giving the Junior Founders an opportunity to meet Mr. Basil Cameron.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurance I. Scott entertained a group of friends at dinner at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Elizabeth Felton, daughter of Mrs. Charles N. Felton, has returned from her trip abroad and many welcoming parties are being planned for her.

Mrs. Walter Boardman entertained in honor of Mrs. Curtice Dodge shortly after Mrs. Dodge's return from abroad.

Mr. Nichol Smith entertained a group of friends at dinner at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith. Later the party attended the performance of "Ghosts."

Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury has returned from his trip East and is with his family who are still in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Frederick W. McNear entertained at her apartments at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in honor of her son, Mr. John Breeden.

NEW YEARS' EVE

by Elizabeth Leslie Roos

**Confetti, music, champagne, noise,
Heated laughter and shrieking toys,
Faded flowers now cast aside,
Couples that reel and turn and glide;
This year's sorrows stifled and gone,
Tomorrow's hopes again reborn,
Darkness, kisses, words half spoken,
Resolutions to be broken.**

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark, Jr., have returned to their home in San Mateo after a month's visit in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell have returned from their trip abroad and are planning to spend the greater part of the winter at their ranch home in the Carmel Valley.

Honoring their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton called at their home on Washington street on Thanksgiving afternoon.

Mrs. Chester Woolsey gave a luncheon at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Edith Slack, who returned recently from abroad.

In honor of Miss Katherine Stent, who made her debut on the evening of November 29, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon at her home in Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Pollock Graham has returned to California after a six weeks' visit in New York.

Miss Evelyn Taylor entertained a group of the younger set at dinner at her home on Steiner street.

Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels took a group of friends to the pre view performance of Ralph Chesse's Puppet play, "The Emperor Jones."

Mrs. Philip E. Bowles gave a luncheon for Miss Christine Miller, first of the season's debutantes. Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and their daughters, Miss Marianna and Constanza Avenali, have returned to town after passing the summer and autumn at their country place at Woodside.

Many parties are being planned to precede and follow the Junior League preview and prologue to "Morocco" at the Paramount theater on the evening of December 3. This is the major Junior League effort for this year, the funds as usual to be applied to the maintenance of the League's foster home.

A lecture was given by Mr. Charles J. Connick at the home of Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, where a specially selected group assembled to hear Mr. Connick's discussion on Stained glass windows. Mr. Connick is the designer of the windows that will be placed in the new Grace Cathedral.

Mrs. Frank Somers entertained a group of friends at luncheon at the Francisca Club.

Mrs. J. C. Burgard has returned to her home in Burlingame after a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Morgan Mills gave a party at Tait's at the Beach in honor of Miss Lynda Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew P. Talbot returned to their home in town after spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Campbell were entertained at a dinner party given by the English-Speaking Union. The dinner took place at the Commercial Club.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Blair Foster were among those who entertained in honor of Miss Julia Adams and her fiance, Mr. Thomas Balding of Honolulu, before their wedding on November 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Remo Sharboro entertained a group of friends at dinner at their home on Walnut street.

Miss Barbara Payne entertained a group of the younger married set at luncheon on a recent Monday at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain and their daughter, Miss Edeth Chamberlain are expected home for Christmas. They have been traveling abroad for several months.

The usual Big Game supper parties were held in town and on the peninsula following the annual clash between Stanford and the University of California. Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Dayenport gave their ninth annual supper party following the game, entertaining at their home on Pacific Avenue.

The annual Rummage Sale held for the benefit of the Girls Recreational Home, proved a great success. Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Jr., was at the head of the enterprise this year.

Miss Jane McMillan entertained a group of friends at the annual Thanksgiving luncheon held at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller gave a dinner party in honor of Miss Christine Miller, a debutante of the winter.

Miss Dorothy Mein, who has been visiting with her brother, Mr. William Wallace Mein, Jr., at Harvard, has returned home.

The first of the Junior Assembly dances took place at the Century Club on the evening of November 28.

Dr. and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas gave a dinner party at their home in honor of President and Mrs. Robert G. Sproul.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali will present their daughter, Miss Marianna Avenali, to society on the evening of December 13 at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice J. Sullivan plan to take a trip around the world, starting the first of the year.

Mr. Charles Dutton gave an interesting reception at his Berkeley studio recently. During the afternoon Mr. Warren Cheney exhibited his sculptures, among them a bust of the young pianist, Mr. Gunnar Johansen.

Mr. and Mrs. William Duval Dickey gave a tea to which they invited a large group of friends. The occasion was the "housewarming" of their new home on Steiner street.

Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels gave a supper party for Miss Luisa Silva, following Miss Silva's concert at Scottish Rite Hall.

Miss Mignon Willard, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Patterson Willard, made her debut on the afternoon of November 15 at a reception given by her parents at their home in Divisadero street.

Miss Katherine Stent made her debut on the evening of November 29 at a ball given by her mother, Mrs. Frances H. Stent, at the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Dorothy Spreckels will make her debut on the evening of December 20 at a reception given by her mother, Mrs. Alma de Bretteville Spreckels.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Leonore Wood Armsby is at the Barclay in New York during her visit East.

Miss Evelyn Lansdale and her sister, Miss Claire Lansdale, are now in the East. At last accounts they were visitors in Philadelphia, at the Barclay.

Miss Barbara Baily has gone East to attend the wedding of Miss Ruth Chase and Mr. John Wakefield Brothers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark of New York were guests of President and Mrs. Herbert Hoover at the White House during November.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs is visiting in New York, a guest at the St. Regis.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot C. Walker and their sons are planning to spend the Christmas holidays in New York.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan recently spent a week in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Howard Monroe and Mr. Ralston Page spent the week-end in Los Angeles at the time of the California-U. S. C. game.

Colonel R. M. Schofield, U. S. A., is at Hotel Del Coronado for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie will leave for Montecito this month and will spend the winter in the South.

Mrs. Samuel Knight of Burlingame has gone to Santa Barbara and will occupy her Montecito home until spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gibbons Meyer (Ethel Nichols) were at Miramar, in Santa Barbara for several days during their honeymoon.

CONCERNING . . .



GRACE BORROUGHS

Reproduced from a pastel sketch by Douglas Crane who has drawn an impression of a moment in one of Miss Borrough's dances interpretative of life in East India.

TRACING the development of an artistic personality is always fascinating, particularly when the development has led to a conclusion seemingly far separated from the starting point. There is a consistent thread of interest running through the various activities that have brought Grace Borroughs from physical education work at Stanford to the interpretative dances of India that now engross her creative energy. The subtle simplicity of the compositions to be presented by her in a East Indian Dance Cycle program at the Playhouse, December 8th, have an interesting genesis.

Reared in the San Francisco bay region, Grace Borroughs studied dancing and for three years taught it in physical education work at Stanford University. Then she spent two or three years in Oakland, intensively studying the old Italian and French dances, doing research on the traditional steps, the music, manners and costumes of various periods.

Ruth St. Denis heard of her work and persuaded Miss Borroughs to go to the Denis-Shawn school in New York to teach period dances. She had been there a short time when a troupe was made up from the school for a world tour. She joined it and in that way made her first trip to the Orient, a place that had always excited her imagination.

She went to Paris. There she studied with Raymond Duncan, brother of the great Isadora. And there she found a key to the solution of her individual search. Taking to herself that portion of the Duncan dance philosophy which conceives all dance as a natural outward expression of emotion inwardly felt, she worked in full happiness, studying the fundamentals of Grecian simplicity in beauty, poise and balance.

Leaving Paris and the school of Raymond Duncan, she again sought the Orient for to her it held secrets of simplicity and beauty. Grace Borroughs felt in sympathy with the Oriental viewpoint as she saw it lived in India. She felt that there life was made a religion—an art. She felt that this age-old civilization had brought its people close to nature and the elemental things of life. She enjoyed the

freedom of the simple drapes of their garments, the glorious beauty of their hand fashioned fabrics, the simple ways of living. So she stayed to study and to translate the philosophy of the dance as she had learned it from Raymond Duncan into terms of East Indian simplicity. She did not learn Indian dance routines. She transcribed the melodies and rhythms she heard about her and, using only those characteristics of gesture and dance figure that seemed naturally interpretative of India, created her own dances to express her reaction to life and the Orient.

That is why today Grace Borroughs uses the Indian idiom in her creative dances. She has found in the melodic use of foot rhythms and the Oriental flowing movements of body and hands a medium that satisfies her desire to transmit to others definite emotional experiences. She uses the feet rhythms, contrapuntal with the beat of drums, to convey an inner intensity. The drums are not used to mark time so much as to set an emotional tempo universally understood. And around these beats, her feet play a melody, the bells at her ankles having much the same use as castanets in Spanish dancing. Her body and hands move in controlled simplicity for it is her aim to speak less in overt gesture than in covert meaning. She endeavors to stir in the onlooker's mind not a vision of the thing actually seen but a visualization of the meaning behind the dance. She would have the watcher read between the lines to get the inner meaning as well as the apparent beauty of form and movement.

Many of Grace Borroughs' dances are delicately narrative in character, speaking simply of the figures and life she saw in India, the water carrier, the flower vendor, the various ones of the colorful throng that trudge the way of India. But through it all she hopes to give out something of the meaning of life as she has found it.

ANNOUNCEMENT

A FEATURE of the January issue will be a discussion of the current season of music in San Francisco by James Hamilton Fisher who will be therewith introduced as the music of THE SAN FRANCISCAN. Mr. Fisher has come to San Francisco following success in musical criticism in Chicago, Portland and Los Angeles. Born in India, educated in Scotland, Germany, France, Italy and Switzerland, he brings to his critical writing a sound education and a varied background of experience as well as an analytical sense of humor.



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SOME OF THE BIG GUNS WHO WILL PLAY AT LAKESIDE

Left to Right Ed Dudley of Los Angeles, Calif.; Al Watrous of Detroit; Horton Smith of Joplin, Mo.; Gene Sarazen of New York; Walter Hagen of Detroit; Johnny Farrell of New York; Leo Diegel of New Mexico; Joe Turnesa of New York; Johnny Golden of Paterson, N. J. and Al Espinosa of Chicago. This group represents the 1930 Ryder Cup team which is composed of the pick of American-born pros.

Open Match Play Championship by Brookes

THE San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce donned the role of piper and blew three loud blasts. The first note was a familiar one—"a \$7,500 purse." But the second note was strange and new—alluring in its unfamiliarity—"Open Match Play." And then the final blast—a golden note penetrating the darkness left by Jones in his "clean-up" this year—"A new major title." And as a result, San Franciscans will have the privilege of seeing the cream of American golfers in action in the first National Open Match Play in golf history.

Although the tournament was planned last spring, it could not have been more perfectly timed, from a psychological standpoint. The significance of Jones' retirement from the golfing world has not yet had a chance to percolate. But it will mean that the rest of the stars, whose brilliance has been greatly dimmed will shine again. After Jones had achieved the "impossible" and won the American Amateur, the American Open, the British Amateur, and the British Open this year, leaving the rest of the competitive golfers with one lone major title, the P. G. A., to share among themselves (and that only open to pros), this new event is like an oasis in the desert. And although not as true a test of golf as medal play competition, in which the pros have always reigned supreme, this match play event will enable the amateurs to match their skill with the experts with a far greater chance of holding their own. Some of the amateur stars who will compete for the title are Lawson Little, Don Moe,

Chandler Egan, Francis Brown, Bon Stein, George Ritchie, Herb Schultz, Hugh Ditzler, Claire Goodwin, Harry Eichelberger, Malcolm McNaughton, Herb Fleishacker, Fay Coleman, Jack Gaines, Bill Jelliffe, John De Paolo, Frank Stevens, Cy Newton, Johnny Dawson, A. F. Sato, Tommy Dwyer, Johnny McHugh and Charles Seaver.

But it is on the professionals that the eyes of the Westerners will be focused, for it is the first time San Francisco has ever held a tournament in which practically every leading pro in the country has participated. From among these, ten have been seeded. The following is a brief "tournament biography" of some of the "big shots."

Walter Hagen, though seeded number seven deserves first place on the list as the most outstanding veteran of the golfing world. Hagen won the American Open championship twice, in 1914 and 1919, and the British Open Championship four times, in 1922, 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927, was Professional Golfers Association Championship five times, in 1921, 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927, was finalist in 1923 and semi-finalist two other times, completing a string of 22 consecutive match play victories in the event. Hagen was captain of the American Ryder Cup team in 1927 and 1929. He scored more than thirty other tournament victories, the most important of which were the Metropolitan Open, 1916, 1919, 1920, North and South Open, 1919, 1923, 1924, Shawnee Open, 1916, Western Open, 1916, 1921, 1926, 1927, and

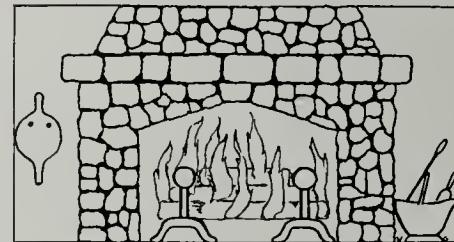
Continued on page 37



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**Increased Activity Throughout Galleries
Exciting Prospects for 1931 Discussed**

by Aline Kistler

A San Franciscan is one who knows where Harry Dixon's place is—and owns a representative piece of his work.

NOTE: For the information of those aspiring to become San Franciscans. Harry Dixon's shop of hand wrought metal work is in Tillman Alley—241 Grant Avenue.



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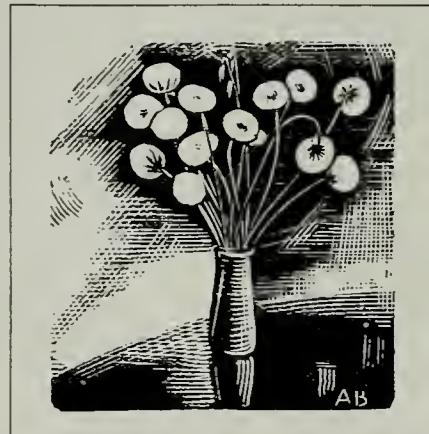
WO months ago when this series of discussions was opened with a forecast of the winter season in art, although the prospect was an interesting one, it was impossible to foresee the events which now promise to make the 1930-31 season one of unusual significance. It is entirely possible that it will prove a turning point in the ebbing tide of art in San Francisco which few like to acknowledge, clinging rather to the illusion of flow fostered by memories of twenty and thirty years ago.

Now that there is prospect of immediate change one does not so much mind facing the fact that, in spite of the high level of taste and discrimination in a small group in San Francisco, the city was very much "on the shelf" so far as art activities were concerned. Some blamed it on interior decorators who designed walls without space for paintings and killed the "vogue for art." Others cited the *conservative vs. modern* controversy saying that San Francisco had publicly "gone modern" while privately "clinging to conservative tastes." Whatever the causes and concomittants, the fact remained that though painters and sculptors continued to produce locally the activity essential to a respectable art center was

at low tide. The museums took but a nominal part in the art life of the city and the downtown galleries assumed the status of a sort of sideshow maintained more through habit than any belief in their function.

The past five years have witnessed the establishment of the Galerie Beaux Arts as a leaven in the deadly lump. Then came the shortlived but amusing Modern Gallery, the ambitious East West

Gallery, now become part of the adult education program of the Western Women's Club, and various other organized attempts to rouse active interest in the fine arts. The newspapers began to take notice of art and artists. Gene Hailey in *The Chronicle*, Jehanne Bietry Salinger with her *Argus*, Junius Cravens in *The Argonaut*—all tested the natural reaction of the general public and paved the way for the present acceptance of art by newspapers as bonafide and important news. The two and a half page spread in a recent Sunday *Examiner*, the regular five columns in the Sunday *Chronicle* and the space devoted to art news by the *News* and *Call-Bulletin* each week are clearly indicative of a spreading interest in painting, sculpture and allied arts. Newspapers do not allot space



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to any feature without being convinced of reader response. But in spite of all these developments, each of which has in turn been hailed as "significant" or "indicative that San Francisco is the art center of the West" the fact still remains that San Francisco has been "in the provinces" so far as art in general is concerned. A few discriminating San Franciscans bought fine art, sometimes. But they bought it in New York or possibly in Paris. A loyal group supported local artists to a certain extent. But the average resident of San Francisco was treated as a "hick" in the majority of instances.

NOW comes the current season. Lloyd LePage Rollins has been brought to the Legion of Honor Palace with fresh energies and eagerness to make the Palace a vital nucleus for art activity. The Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gallery has been reopened and has committed itself to at least one truly significant exhibition each month. These were mentioned before but what has not been announced is the arrival of Richard Gump with his earnest plans for making the Gump Galleries a meaningful downtown art center. This announcement, together with news of the outside exhibitions being brought to Beaux Arts after the first of the year, the assurance of the continued activity of Courvoisier's, the East West Gallery, Paul Elder's and the new San Francisco Art Center, and the knowledge of three or four exhibition studios established this season, brings me to feel that the tide has turned for art in San Francisco.

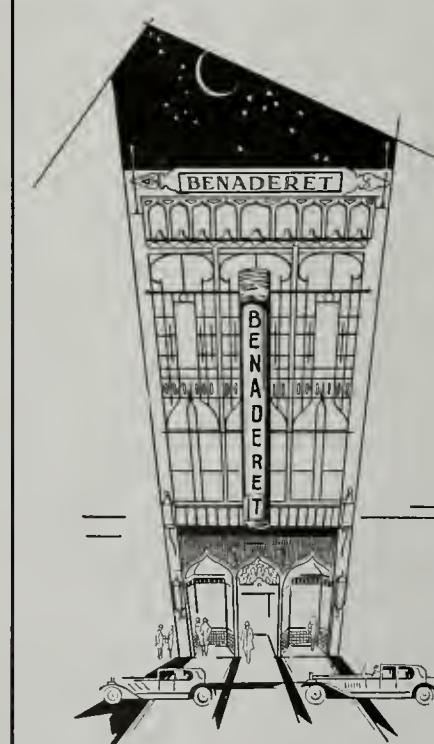
I have faith in intentions (despite ubiquitous aspersions against them) when they are the product of a viewpoint which, even should it prove unpractical, retains the virtue of pointing toward an ideal. That is why I have faith in Richard Gump and his ambitions for the Gump Galleries. A sensitive sort of person, and very young, he has studied drawing and painting and musical

The advertisement features a large, stylized title "Montezuma" at the top, with the tagline "THE SCHOOL BEAUTIFUL" underneath. Below the title is a black and white photograph of a scenic landscape with hills and a body of water. At the bottom, text reads "PREPARATORY TO COLLEGE", "MONTEZUMA SCHOOL FOR BOYS", and "LOS GATOS • CALIFORNIA".

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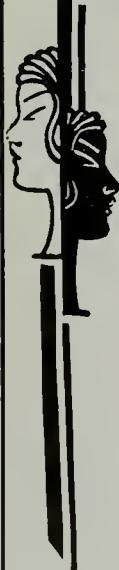
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Yours,

Albert

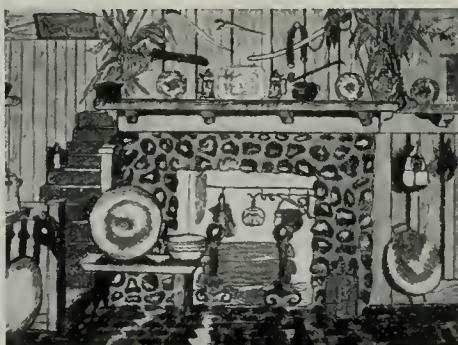
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of the
palace

composition. He has traveled widely and now has returned from the most recent journey (seven months in Europe studying traditional and modern art) with the avowed intention of giving the Gump Galleries artistic meaning in the local scheme of things.

Richard Gump brought back with him from Europe a collection of Old Masters which he claims to have selected on the merits of the paintings themselves rather than on the fame of the artists' names. He wants to show paintings well representative of their period, irrespective of the signature, because he feels that the time has come when San Franciscans can be treated as discriminating individuals rather than as " provincials buying names." He has furthermore announced a series of exhibitions to give a varied, balanced season—offering to the general public outstanding examples of different types of art.

THE Beaux Arts Galleries are well in the swing of their season and are now engrossed with the Christmas Members' Show which will continue throughout the month. There are always one or more small "members" showings" at Beaux Arts even when the main gallery is given over to a one-man or guest exhibition; but at the opening of the fall season, at Christmas and at least once again during the year, the entire wallspace of the charming galleries on the second floor of the Whittel building is given over to recent work by the participating artist members of the Club Beaux Arts. As I write, the group show is not yet hung. Paintings by Rinaldo Cuneo and drawings by Arnold Blanch occupy the main gallery. The Cuneo paintings are delightful—I hope Beatrice Judd Ryan transfers at least a portion of them to one of the smaller galleries for continued showing during the group exhibition. They are worth going back to see.

Rinaldo Cuneo is one of the San Francisco artists whose development has interested me most during the past few years. Essentially a product of San Francisco, he is a realist in a peculiar sense. His development has come through the process of dogged work, of day after day of painting, painting, painting. The just closed exhibition was composed exclusively of paintings made during a recent trip which took him to New York, Rome, Paris and way-points. Most of them are painted with oils on paper, his favorite way of sketching. They all bear testimony that Cuneo has seen things with fresh eyes. Old walls, colorful scenes observed by centuries of artists have yet a distinctive beauty, utterly unhack-



The Kitchen Shop of Kratz

Enola Barker

neyed, when restated by Cuneo's brush. The outstanding difference between these paintings and former work by Cuneo lies in the freshness of his color. He shows himself more sensitive to subtleties within a single color gamut, more eager to paint the singing quality of certain reds, ochres and greens.

In January, Beatrice Judd Ryan has scheduled two modern exhibitions from New York. The first is that of wash drawings by Max Weber who is one of the acclaimed American modernists. Then comes a joint exhibition of sculpture, lithographs and drawings by Nura (the wife) and paintings by Buk (the husband). The following month, Beaux Arts will feature paintings by Jean Negulesco, a Rumanian whose work has found favor with Richard LeGallienne and with art critics throughout the East.

The Courvoisier Little Gallery also has an interesting first-of-the-year program. Starting with the woodblocks by Chiura Obata (to be shown also in Berkeley and at the California School of Fine Arts) Courvoisier will offer one major exhibition each month, including lithographs and woodblocks by Peter Krasnow in February, etchings by Old Masters in March, watercolors by Rowena Meeks Abdy in April, photographs by Imogene Cunningham in May, and Japanese wood block prints in June.

THESE schedules indicate but vaguely the activity that will undoubtedly occupy the winter and spring months. In practice these exhibitions will be multiplied many times by the showings in various other downtown galleries and at the Legion of Honor Palace where there are always several feature exhibitions. At present there are some really choice Hiroshige prints from the collection of Gerardus P. Wynkoop, an interesting group of Russian Ikons collected by Eugen Neuhau and a room devoted to Gothic and Renaissance Sculpture and tapestries. After waiting until the last possible moment before going to press, (November 28th) it is still impossible to discuss the Diego Rivera exhibition at the Palace for the new paintings from Mexico have not yet been hung. Only when these are in place to substantiate the paintings and drawings previously shown by Mildred Taylor in the East West Gallery and by Beatrice Judd Ryan in Beaux Arts and the additional drawings and sketches now shown, can one fairly judge the show with which Lloyd LaPage Rollins celebrates the presence in San Francisco of the most widely publicized artist in America.

THE WHITE HOUSE RAPHAEL WEILL & COMPANY

Now It Can Be Told

HOW very nice that San Francisco's first white Christmas should coincide with fashion at its whitest. And it is such a delightfully conscious and deliberate whiteness that San Franciscans particularly should appreciate it. Not in many seasons has a lady been permitted to indulge in the sheer femininity of an all-white gown. We are not pretending that this fashion phenomena has just burst this moment upon the horizon. As every well dressed person knows, white has been "in" long enough to have gone out again if it had not been discovered such an entertaining style. And so becoming.

At holiday festivities the gleam of white satin is as prevalent as department store Santa Clauses, Yule Tide holly and the Christmas spirit. But these familiar marvels and traditions



only serve to accent its subtlety. Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, in the December issue of a sophisticated magazine, admits his fondness for white satin with "a necklace of emeralds, cut like miniature melons, and a single emerald ring with no metal visible" . . . or with "sapphires so dark as to be almost black." All of which goes to show that Mr. Hergesheimer is well versed in his current fashions. The famous writer, who is acknowledged as the foremost interpreter of feminine moods, could tell you how greatly appreciated would be the gift of one of these jewels of which he writes. Not only these but turquoise, rubies, amethysts for evening, tourmalines and cold aquamarines for daytime, are to be had in the Tecla Shop . . . a shop exclusive in San Francisco with The White House. Not to mention the

classic pearls of Tecla origin, strung in correctly modern lengths, and set in earrings and rings of rare charm. In such a remembrance you give the most warmly received gift . . . some-



thing that can be worn, and that is in the same spirit as the smartest costumes in her winter wardrobe.

THE success of the black velvet wrap with deep collar of white fur is quite to be expected at this time. No amount of popularity can dim its precise dignity.

Against the frosty glitter of the down-town Christmas decorations, the gift shopper with her daring white felt hat, her white gloves, her more-than-a-bit of white at throat and wrist, and the urban foil of her black costume, is a picture to delight the connoisseur of today's dashing simplicity.

It is this same smart and knowing woman who leaves nothing to chance, but makes her Christmas shopping an extensive White House tour. Charming trifles, the piece de resistance gift, the amusing toy for a jaded juvenile . . . she knows The White House has



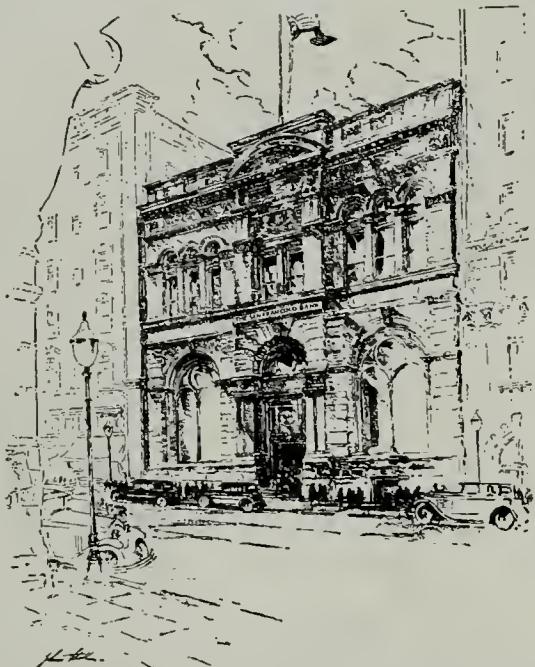
precisely what she would have chosen herself had she spent the greater part of the year "Christmas shopping" throughout the markets of the world.

From Manhattan

Continued from page 14

to be a little sneerish of Guild productions here and, therefore, most of the critics damned the show with patronizing praise. But to me it was a nearly perfect piece of work of its kind. Lynn Montaine gave a marvelous performance of Queen Elizabeth and Alfred Lunt as Essex was not far behind. The play by Maxwell Anderson moved forward from the rise of the curtain to its fall without a wasted word. The best historical play I have ever seen would be my verdict.

The other Guild production at the Martin Beck is a Soviet melodrama called "Roar China." This was received by the critics with great eclat, probably because it is the fashion to be sympathetic with communistic propaganda in this neck of the woods. There are some novel stage effects and a troupe of Chinese actors that speak very indifferent English. Mr. Travers or Mr. MacLewee ought to be able to give a production that would knock the Chinese end of this melodrama cold. It is worth seeing if only to note how alive the cheapest kind of hookum still is. The Russian author has gotten together an impossible set of American and British caricatures in order to prove that the Chinese are simple, sweet, innocent, poetic and fired with soviet feeling. The arch villain is an American who hails from San Francisco and who is happily killed in the first act in a scuffle with his boatman over a ten-cent charge for boat hire. He spoke gangster English, kicked the coolies in the shins and other softer portions of the anatomy and generally behaved like a dire villain stolen from "The Two Orphans" and dressed in white ducks for the occasions. The house is packed nightly with society folk, communists and Chinamen. At the close of play the night I attended a voice rang out: "Hurrah for the Chinese Revolution!" But whether it came from the greasy and bewhiskered gentleman on my left or one of the Chinamen in front of me I could not determine. The play is without literary or dramatic merit and is as false as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Which means that it will probably have a huge success and be far-reaching in its effects. Every time America or Britain got a wallop applause broke from the galleries and all reference to Anglo Saxons was greeted with hisses. The play ends with the realistic garroting of two



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innocent Chinamen, with the captain of the British man-of-war gloating up-stage. Simon Legree was a pure angel of light ranged up against this blood-thirsty servant of His Majesty, bent on avenging the death of an American whom he really hated. I suppose it is all innocent enough and doubtless fifty years from now it will be given by little theatres all over the country to show what piffle the playgoers of 1930 enjoyed. Very much as they revive "After Dark" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom" now.

Telephotos

Continued from page 9

or spectacle there are eleven "cross country runs."

A somewhat portly gentleman, whose card proclaimed him to be a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, clasped his hands across where his waist held forth, and sighed:

"Ah," he plaintived, "the England that I loved is gone. The motors have ruined the countryside."

"And do you live in the country?" I asked. No, he didn't. He was complaining. As might be expected, he also disliked the movies and the tele-

phone, abhorred talkies and the phonograph and electric lights and he wouldn't have an ice-box, old or new, in his house.

Left to himself, he would probably arm the British Navy with spears and battle axes.

They are hipped on dogs, these English. They think dog, and, if they can get a foreigner pinned in a corner from which there is no exit, they talk dog. They have dog hospitals and kennel maids. They have societies to promote the welfare of dogs. In the bleak courtyard of Edinburgh Castle, they have a cemetery for dogs, with head stones. They leave money to homes for dogs. They pension dogs. And they have dogs, wet dogs in front of grate fires, dry dogs, oodles of dogs. They blockade London traffic with dogs. Any morning, be it fine or rainy, one may see obvious spinsters in the busy crossings of Piccadilly, each with two dogs on leach, unravelling the beasts from innocent person's legs and from the urging lamp post, while traffic halts till the puzzle is solved.

And the London dogs have all the pleasing and unpleasing habits of their kind. Who remembers the savage essay which that acidulous Englishman, Ambrose Bierce, wrote once on dogs?

Six million bicycles in Great Britain. That ought to provoke thought in the thoughtful. It must mean something. Everybody rides except the great. Vicars and curates and officers of the line. Architects and greengrocers. (Do you know the difference between a grocer and a greengrocer? I don't, and anyway it matters not). Women by the thousands ride. A retired captain in the navy rode thirty miles to five o'clock tea. Outside the factories bicycles are stacked like autos in America. Six million bicycles is about one bicycle to every seven inhabitants.

The saving sense of humor is needed to retain one's calmness when an Englishman laughs merrily at Kalamazoo and Oshkosh and remains gloomy when Oswaldtwistle is mentioned. Or Goitre or Pidlington on the Thames. And how, by the way, would you pronounce Godalming without sounding profane?

Toothpicks? An offensive American habit? Oh, yeah?

They put 'em on the table at the Berkeley in London, and if you can buy a dinner at the Berkeley for two that will cost you less than twenty-five dollars I'll buy you a bottle of Roederer '98.

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Frank Norris

Continued from page 12

wheat should have one of the ears horizontal near the top of the circle. Too, the verso of the title page must contain the words, First Edition beneath the copyright line.

"The Pit," however, has little interest to San Franciscans who seek a reflection of their city through literature. For those, such stories as are contained in "A Deal in Wheat," 1903, "The Third Circle," 1909, and in the fine novel "Vandover and the Brute," 1914, are of intense interest.

Frank Norris had a grip on San Francisco life; he saw the city from a perspective more interesting than other writers. He was not narrow and personal as Bierce, nor impersonal as Bret Harte, nor as jovially self-satisfied as Mark Twain. Frank Norris was the delicate artist with keen senses, and a mind that viewed characters as embodiments of great symbols; he was intent upon his plan, and in order to fulfill this desire his style became forceful, determined, moving, for as Carl van Doren has said of Norris: "He had so much force that it is impossible not to be moved and not to regret that his work ended so soon."

Spotlight

Continued from page 18

any notable extent. It is talky in spots, but so are Shaw's plays, so that fact doesn't necessarily characterize the drama as being old fashioned. The second and third acts move swiftly enough, and build beautifully toward the climax which ends the play—but not the story.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave a notable performance. She played with quiet restraint and with a sympathetic understanding of the character of Mrs. Alving which made that ill-fated woman much more human than have some others I have seen in the role. Albeit she pawed Oswald to an extent that would give any son softening of the brain, even without more virulent cause, that in itself was a masterly touch in her interpretation of the character. She revealed most convincingly the tragedy of motherhood—motherhood at its best and at its worst.

Tom Douglas infused the role of Oswald with a poignant, feverish fear

of the inevitable which surpassed any interpretation of that character which I had previously seen. He gave it a certain frailty and a quality of adolescence which greatly heightened the tragedy of the youth's heritage, and squeezed from many an unwary spectator a furtive tear. His was a superb performance. Clarence Geldhart and Wauna Lidwell were excellent as Jacob and Regina, respectively, and James Ryan, who succeeded Lionel Belmore as Pastor Manders, did as well as might be expected under the unfortunate circumstances.

GILDA VERASI'S and Dolly Byrne's perennially fresh comedy, "Enter Madame," was received with well-deserved enthusiasm by the Travers' audiences, during its revival there. Nor is that satire on the artistic temperament always as satisfactorily presented by amateurs as it was by the Repertory Players, for one has seldom seen the play's nuances handled with more subtlety, even on the professional stage, than they were in that production. While one felt the lack of the effusive Latin temperament in Ellen Page Pressley, she nevertheless gave a vividly colorful characterization as the romantic Lisa Bella Robbia. Her interpretation would have gained something, however, had she had the aid of less conventional costumes for her opening and closing scenes. As it was, those two vastly important incidents were the least effective moments in the performance. Peggy Bether, who was remarkably well typed as Miss Smith, was a delight, and the entire cast was excellent. Ralph Chesse's setting was attractively unusual.

"The White Blackbird" was an exceptional play, and it was very well acted by the Guild players, particularly Frederick Blanchard, Barton Yarborough, Theron Orr, Minetta Ellen and Vivienne Isaacs. David Scott gave it a pleasing but architecturally weak setting.

Grape with Thorn

by Annice Calland

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Else why did He
Trouble to make
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Open Match Play

Continued from page 29

the Eastern Open and Pan-American Open, 1915.

First on the seeded list is Horton Smith, who came to sudden fame in the winter of 1928-29, winning a number of the winter circuit tournaments. Although he has yet to achieve a major championship, he has won practically every other important tournament on the calendar, taking 13 in 1929 as well as the North and South and the La Gorce. He won the Savannah Open this year by defeating Bobby Jones, and placed third in both the American and the British Open.

Tommy Armour, a colorful Scotchman, is second on the list. He won the National P. G. A., the one tournament in which Jones is ineligible to compete. Armour also won the Canadian Open this year, and the St. Louis open with the amazing record of 14 under par. He competed in the American Amateur championship in 1920, 1921 and 1922 before turning pro in 1925, and is the only man to qualify in all three of the big American Championships.

Number Three is Gene Sarazen, a former American Open and Professional Golfers Association champion, one of the most colorful and consistent winners in the game. He won the Open title in 1922 and the P. G. A. Championship in 1922 and 1923. His other titles include second in the British Open in 1928, winner of the Metropolitan Open in 1925 and the Agua Caliente Open in 1930. Sarazen is one of the two or three golfers able to achieve one or more match play victories over Walter Hagen, whom he twice defeated in important matches. Sarazen was on the Ryder cup team in 1927 and 1929.

Leo Diegel, seeded number four, is connected with the Agua Caliente Club of Tia Juana, Mexico. Although he has yet to win the British or American open, he took the P. C. A. title twice in succession in 1922 and 1929, and the Canadian Open in '24, '25, '28 and '29. He was runner-up in the U. S. Open twice, and was on the Ryder Cup teams of 1927 and 1929.

Johhn Farrel, number five, National Open champion in 1927 and a brilliant medalist. In 1927 Farrell completed a great scoring streak in which he won the Whelling, Massachusetts, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Chicago, Shawnee and Eastern Open in a row, as well as the Metropolitan Open. He was runner-up in the P. G. A. of 1929, and second in the Western Open in 1928 when he also won the rich La Gorce Open. He was on the Ryder Cup teams in 1927 and 1929.

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Christmas Cuttings

by Mary Louise Wood

November 1st—Over cocktails—"No, my dear. We're not doing a thing this year. No, not even cards. A small tree for the children and that's all. Oh, yes, their stockings. Bill? Why no! It's really too adolescent!"

November 15—Over the Christmas card counter—"No, not a minute. Aren't these cards too dreadful!... Yes, I know I should have ordered some earlier. These will have to do, that's all. Snow scenes for California do seem silly, though. Goodness, I've seen every card design in town. We sent out five hundred last year."

December 1st—Over the doorstep of the Antique Galleries—"What am I doing here? Just a little Christmas snooping for some little thing for Bill's mother. She has everything. A problem. She's so generous to us. It's a real problem. Well—my feet are killing me. Been in every odd shop in town. These doorsteps are too sweet. Wrap them as gifts, please."

December 10th—Over the counter at Shreve's—"Oh, hello! I'm frantic, my dear. I want to give Bill something he'll enjoy. This cutting down on Christmas brings me to the verge of brain fever. Bill said 'Cut him out, anyway, this year,' but aren't these pearl studs adorable?"

December 13th—Over the cluttered dining table—"Glad you dropped in. My arm is about paralysed, what with addressing 300 cards and envelopes and people changing addresses, I'm nearly out of my mind. Who invented greeting cards, anyway? Do you mind looking in the social register under 'Dilatory Domines' for me?"

December 15th—Over the counter at Sing Fat's—"Eight large size baskets. How muchee? What, you shopping here, too. Isn't it fascinating? They're open evenings. We're cutting down on Christmas, this year, but we can't give up our baskets of dinner for poor families."

December 18th—Over the book shop tables—"Simply haven't a second. Isn't this lovely? A first edition. It must catch the boat. Thanks, and you'll see that it catches the boat. Oh, you'll take it down yourself. That's good of you. Wasn't I the lucky thing to find this for Aunt Maria. She's spending the holidays at sea. If she doesn't like it, she can lose it overboard, but she

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can't say we forgot her at Christmas time. No, we're not doing a thing for Christmas."

December 20th—Over the telephone—"Glad you phoned. Your line's been busy for the last hour. Would you be an angel and get some things for the tree. No, I haven't enough for such a big tree. Yes, a lot of those red and silver shiny balls and about 20 yards of fattish tinsel. No, no gold, just the silver. We're cutting down this year."

December 24th—Over the toy shop counter—"Glad to see you. Aren't these toys, this year, too darling? After all part of Christmas is the toy shop shopping. Oh, I know they don't really need all of this but I'm weak minded and can't resist. Drop in tomorrow and have an egg nog. Oh, yes, we're cutting down on Christmas."

December 25th—Over the egg nog bowl, at home—"Yes, the house really is festive. We're only having about a hundred in. I'm thrilled to the toes. Bill gave me this divine bracelet. Inarticulate? Well, I should say so. Isn't he the dear. He is mad about his pearl studs. I am utterly exhausted, but after all it is such fun. No other day is quite like it. Glad you liked the gloves. Stay longer, my dear, and more egg nogs all round."

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Confessions

Continued on page 21

a dazed sort of way (the three of us, cab driver, man-of-the-moment and me all standing transfixed. Me watching the girl, and they watching me) I realize that she has changed from the raggedy-Ann jacket to an ermine wrap, white satin gown and turquoise slippers. But it is the glimpse of her face as she hurries past me that holds me spellbound, rather than her Cinderella change of costume. She is frightened to death. Glancing back I see a smart roadster, a smart man at the wheel, lighting a cigarette and watching her with eyes lifted above the flame of the match. Did she come from that car? And why that look of fear in her great blue eyes?

Again I am left staring like a simpleton . . . The man in the roadster lights his cigarette and drives away. The girl vanishes through the door. The cab driver comes out of his trance and significantly fusses with the meter. The man-of-the-moment says, "What particular ghost did you see this time?"

What can I do, but laugh with him at my foolishness, and tell him all about it over our table in the dining room, where the romantically softened glow of rosy light makes anything seem possible.

"Who do you think she is," I ask.

"Some silly little deb dressed up in her sister's clothes and out for a thrill."

"Yes, but she was so terribly upset. Didn't you see her eyes? And how do you account for that get-up on the boat the other night?" I insist.

"She probably would have good reason to be frightened if she didn't return the clothes before her sister discovered them gone. And as for the girl on the ferry, that is practically certain to be simply a resemblance."

WHAT can I say, brought face to face with such irrefutable masculine logic? Especially since I have no way of putting two and two together. If only I had heard that girl speak tonight! I'm sure she would have had a foreign accent.

That is the curse of the commuter. One sees an interesting face on the boat one day, glimpses it in a very gay mood at the Mark Hopkins the next night, finds it again coming out of a well known loan company on Market street with the Mark Hopkins expression given way to a worried work-a-day look. Just a series of unrelated facts . . . One of these days I shall probably be found accosting some haughty stranger with the plaintive request, "I've seen you so often on the 8:15 . . . would you mind telling me the story of your life?"

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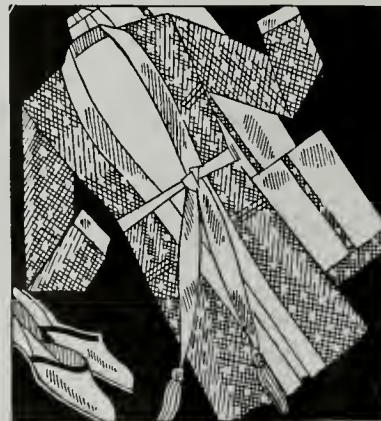
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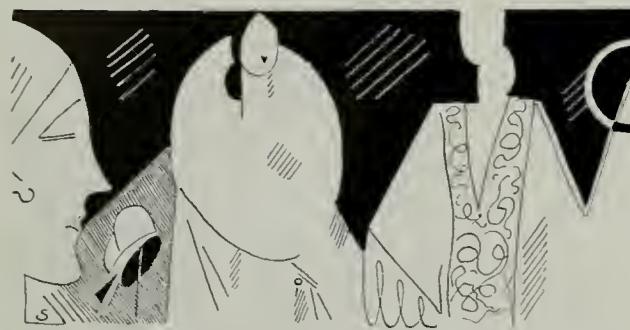
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NO MATTER how dark and stormy the night—Christmas is still Christmas, and the spirit of giving prevails. Don't it get under your skin—the urge to buy popper and mommer neckties and handkerchiefs? Maybe, too, there is jumper in the Holly berries. Who can tell in this day of fermented juices.

Getting back to Yuletide and all it brings with it. Aren't the stores fascinating with their enticing gifts. They range from a dog collar to a wheeled chair. Nothing you can think of isn't presented to you in some guise. S. and G. Gump's make yougulp, gasp in every aisle. Bronzes, lenox China, mandarin coats, white jade cigarette boxes, venetian trays! And the bottles? Oh! those bottles. Gorgeous this array. If I were told to make a choice I know I'd become a vacillating fool. They run from the amber and crystal ones

to the ruby red and lapis blue.

Mosse on Post Street has a most entrancing linen shop for women. Have you seen their bath towel sets? Now I ask you? Couldn't you leave home for any of their things. A love of fine linen I think is instilled in every woman from generations past, when the pride of our great, great grandmothers was the product of her loom. You could go into Mosse's blindfolded and choosing at random be sure of an exquisite piece of linen. It's a difficult shop to leave without overstepping—everything is so desirable.

DID you pass A. Schmidt and Son without a wee lag in your usual pace? Sincere and genuine admiration for their silver perfections have made my too frequent visits tolerated.

Mr. Vogel intuitively senses my ardor and has unminding patience explaining the histories of his shining antiques. Some of the articles of unusual design are remarkably inexpensive considering what they are—and before Christmas is upon you act upon the suggestion of a call to this wonderful show room.

Don't you like to poke around and find places that are different? That happens to be my job. I'm getting to be a bureau of information. Hanging out a shingle wouldn't be a bad idea. I experienced the greatest satisfaction in going to Benaderet's on Geary. Everything to enhance King Tobacco in here. Intriguing cases for cigars and cigarettes. Meerschaum pipes. Unusual lighters and, more interesting than

anything else, tiny gold-tipped cigarettes to serve with a demi-tasse. Just a puff in it but just enough. I had to step on it now and call for my dress at Kay's. You would like my purchase. The glass showed me a slim lady in black chiffon, cut low to the waist line, held on the shoulders with a necklace of brilliants. A narrow belt of the same at the waist line enhanced the slenderness and, in my trailing elegance, I felt a veritable return to the old traditions.

I dined delightfully at the Oak Tree Inn and everything was so yummy I'll have to swear off until Christmas. The delightful fire place was an inspiration to dream and I had a real brain wave, or at least the bright idea of giving my very efficient little maid, Annie Rose, the gift of a permanent wave to keep her unruly hair soft and tidy. An order at the Electrice Beauty parlor is to be presented to her Christmas morning.

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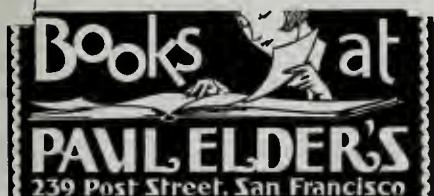
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Causerie

Continued from page 18

of the novel follows its title carefully—the life of a girl grows, expands, deepens, moves slowly and almost blindly forward. Splendid is the only adjective to describe it. It's the kind of novel you want to settle down with in front of a fire; it is a novel you hate to finish. All of which is another way of saying that the book follows the leisurely method of the nineteenth century novel. Nothing is hurried, hasty, or poorly done. And it is an infinite relief and satisfaction after the febrile chatter of so many of the new "smart" novels. Here are real people, real problems, real emotions, not the pathetic jumping-jacks of a speakeasy world.

Another book to settle down with and one which will delight his admirers is the new edition of Thomas Mann's *A Man and His Dog* recently brought out by Alfred A. Knopf. The story is a simple one—it is really all told in the title—but the delicate and whimsical humor of it shows a new side of Thomas Mann unsuspected by those who know him only through his larger works. I do not say his more important, for while the critics must no doubt rank *Budden-Brooks* and *The Magic Mountain* above this little book, it is written with the same skill and artistry that have won for the author so high a place in contemporary letters.

Certainly the most original writer in America today is Ernest Hemingway. His *Farewell to Arms* only added to the discussion of his merit or lack of it which he had started with *The Sun Also Rises*. A new edition of his earlier book of short stories *In Our Time* has recently been issued, (Scribner's, \$2.50) with an introduction by Edmund Wilson. The book is fascinating even if you've never read any of Hemingway. It is doubly so if you have, for the forming of the style which becomes surer in *The Sun Also Rises* is here evident. I had not realized how much Hemingway owes to Sherwood Anderson until I read "My Old Man." The Gertrude Stein element stands out, too. The ingredients were not blended at the time these stories were written; but even so, upon them all is the mark, clear and unmistakable, of an original and powerful personality which rapidly becomes one of the most significant of our day.



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IN SPITE of its sentimental and melodramatic traits, *Po' Buckra* by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney (Macmillan) makes a good story, full of warring forces which ultimately lead to tragedy. There is enough of the romantic glory of the lost Old South to please the Northerner, coupled with a dramatic study of the fusion and confusion of race and cast in one of the most interesting parts of America.

An extremely attractive book is the group of poems *To the Little Princess* by Ella Young which has been brought out by Johnck and Seeger. The little volume is an exquisite bit of book-designing, illustrated with decorations by Lawrence A. Patterson. Ella Young is an Irish poet, and through these fragile verses runs the delicate and fragrant imagery for which the Celt is famous. In *Old Pastures* (Macmillan) we have the work of another Irish poet, Padraig Colum. Here again the Irish traits are noticeable: humor and pathos and a wistful sentiment. Although the poems are slight, no one being marked with the indelible power of greatness, all are charming and will please anyone with a bit of Irish (and a love of poetry) in him.

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H I S E X C E L L E N C Y

James Rolph, Jr., Member of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun of Japan, Officer of the Order of St. Sava of Serbia, Officer of the Crown of Belgium, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, Commander of the Order of Leopold I of Belgium, Commander of the Royal Order of George I of Greece, Officer of the Crown of Italy, Commander of the Order of Orange-Nassau of Netherlands, five times Mayor of San Francisco and, now, the Twenty-Seventh Governor of the State of California.

NOTE: The social error of the carnation being in the wrong buttonhole must be charged to the account of The San Franciscan. Governor Rolph put the flower in his left lapel when the picture was taken. We, however, preferred to have him look toward the center of the magazine so reversed the print, transposing the flower.

the SAN FRANCISCAN

Brass Bands and Grand Balls

Comparing the Recent Inauguration with Events of Earlier Days

by Zoe E. Battu

HERE was once a tradition in California that a governor was not really a governor until he had danced the lancers at his own inaugural ball.

For more than a quarter of a century the tradition has lain dead. But this week, as James Rolph, Jr., assumed the governorship, the inaugural ball was resurrected, although the lancers remain in their grave, which is just as well for, remarkable as are the talents of our Lord Jim Rolph, it is to be doubted if he is equal to the lancers. That dance belongs to other times and other people.

Deeply rooted as was the tradition of an inaugural ball, it does not appear to have been begun until comparatively late in the state's history. There does not come readily to hand any special accounts of such functions in the 1850's and '60's, and for this lack there are a number of possible explanations.

For several years the exact location of the state capital was an open issue. San Jose, Monterey and Vallejo each aspired to be California's capital, and each put forth noisy claims to the honor.

Politics in the 1850's and '60's were a highly riotous business. Campaigns were marked by duels, assassinations, stabbings, mob madness, libel, blackmail, intimidation, conspiracy and innumerable lesser irregularities. The successful and surviving candidates were probably exhausted from their campaign activities and desired to assume office without further display and ostentation.

Aside from these political considerations, there was another reason, very likely the real reason for the lack of early day inaugural balls. In the two

decades named, ladies—that is, the right sort of ladies—were very scarce in California, and you could not very well have a ball unless the unattached ladies available were acceptable to the few wives in the land.

But by the 1870's the capital was permanently established in Sacramento, and the town had taken on the dignity and aspect of a capital city—factors necessary to the growth of a tradition. Politics were conducted with more finesse and order. The supply of socially acceptable damsels and ladies had increased. Society was stabilizing itself and craved the cultural gentilities. Inaugural balls, therefore, began to take shape as polished and glamorous events.

THUS for the inauguration of Governor Booth, which took place December 10, 1871, plans were laid weeks in advance. The ball, however, almost failed to take place because the day before the named date rain fell in torrents and the wind blew a gale. Rail beds were washed out, roads were ruined and the Sacramento River threatened to overflow its levees. Ballenberg's Band, which was to furnish music for the ball, had apparently no way of getting to Sacramento, and scores of San Franciscans with invitations to the ball were in the same predicament.

The only possible means of transportation to Sacramento was the steamer *Capital*, whose captain was opposed to venturing into the storm. But finally the captain yielded to the pleas of frantic bid holders and the members of the band. With his steamer loaded to capacity, he left San Francisco at his usual hour. The trip was

made by inches and took a night and day.

But the *Capital* managed to tie up at the Sacramento wharf on the evening of the ball. Its passengers were at the Capitol Building to dance and the band to play for the first quadrille. There were present at the ball, in full dress uniform, the Army, the Navy, the National Guard, the French and Italian consuls. The midnight dinner was sumptuous, and the punch bowls operated on the fountain principle. Thus both ladies and gentlemen were well repaid for the dangers of the trip.

TO CELEBRATE the inauguration of Governor Perkins there was a ball of magnitude and heavy financial expenditures. But over the festivities tragedy cast its depressing shadow. Three days before the ball, there had occurred, in San Francisco, the death of Emperor Norton I of the United States and Protector of Mexico. On the very day of the ball, December 11, 1880, San Francisco had held a public funeral for this most beloved and distinguished of her sons, who had been the first, last and only Emperor of the United States.

The Perkins Ball was the first important public function in twenty-one years that knew not Emperor Norton. During his reign he had attended every meeting of the legislature, all balls, parades, public funerals, cornerstone layings, receptions to celebrities and mass meetings.

Upon such occasions he appeared in his official and royal habiliments, consisting of bright blue trousers, a green coat, epaulets, a cockade hat with feathers and a sword. There persists a rumor that the Emperor neglected to

Continued on page 33

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

THE old husband-arriving-home-unexpectedly situation was given a new twist the other night by none other than Chief Quinn's finest. When this particular policeman arrived home at two a.m., some hours earlier than scheduled, he undressed in the dark livingroom, carried his clothes on his arm and tip-toed into the bedroom to avoid waking his wife.

But she was already awake. "Sweetheart, my head has been just killing me for hours. Please go to the all-night drug store and get me some aspirin."

Dutifully he picked up his clothes, dressed without turning on the light and rushed to the drug store. The druggist looked at him in surprise as he handed over the aspirin.

"I thought you were a policeman."
"So I am."

"Then, what are you doing in a fireman's uniform!"

AS A WORTHY successor to James Rolph, Jr., we welcome Signor Angelo Rossi to the City Hall as Mayor of San Francisco.

Signor Rossi, be it known, is a man of parts. He is for one thing quite a musician, and is said to do very well with a trombone. In the past several

years the City Fathers have frequently been involved in various issues relating to the Opera Association and the giving of Opera in the city. At such times, Rossi has always been for giving the Opera Association anything it wanted within reason and a little bit the best of the deal. During his reign we may count upon it that San Francisco will be safe for all things musical.

In private life Signor Rossi has been conspicuously successful as one of our leading florists—an enterprise of some distinction and artistry, which sets him well above the common ruck of politicians and American mayors.

And finally our new mayor is the son and descendant of a gallant and noble race. He is of the race of Christopher Columbus, who discovered America in the first place. He is of the race, which gastronomically, musically, artistically, financially, economically and otherwise has contributed in a large way to the glory of California and the glamor, charm and romance of San Francisco. In short, Signor Rossi is the logical person to maintain the reputation of San Francisco as a city whose mayors are not merely glorified ward bosses but men of varied, distinguished talents.

OFTEN we find that the lobby of a San Francisco theatre is more eloquent of the actress inside than are the posters outside. Here you find living mirrors of her mannerisms in the gestures of the women posturing between acts. And one can identify the star at a talkie house quite by watching the eyebrows, mouth and hands of the women coming out the door, not yet released from the romantic spell inside.

A San Franciscan is someone who remembers the old steam trains that went to the Beach.

JUDGING from the sadistic attitude of the general public toward certain current trials, it is not hard to believe the account given of the time when an old-timer from the Napa County foot-hills was on trial for assault with intent to kill. The prosecuting attorney produced a fence rail, an axe, a saw, and a rifle, as the weapons used by the defendant. The defence held that the weapons used by the other man were a scythe, a pitchfork, a pistol, a razor and a hoe.

The jury, composed principally of grizzled and be-whiskered tobacco chewers, retired to decide the matter. Finally they emerged with the honest verdict:

"We, the jury, would have given a hundred dollars to have seen the fight."

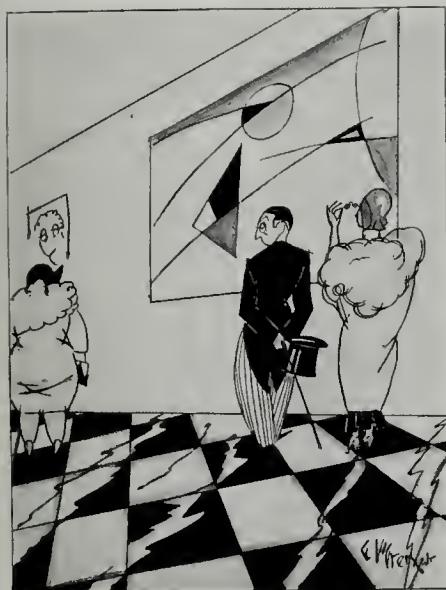
Having accepted Red Tops, Green Tops, Silver Tops and many other colorful varieties of taxis, we were somewhat prepared for the new night club special—the Black Bottom Taxicab.

IT IS easy to laugh at the stupidity of others but hard to see our own in the same light. But certainly there must have been a large element of ignorance and stupid observation on the part of the calculated thousands of visitors at the de Young museum in Golden Gate Park as well as the supposed experts in charge of the place that for eighteen years it should have in its possession a valuable collection of Dutch paintings, including a masterpiece by one of the greatest of Dutch painters and a number of other unusual examples of historical and portrait art, without being aware of their greatness.

The collection has now returned to its owners, a distinguished Dutch family, direct descendants of the family of one of the most celebrated Dutch masters and residents of San Francisco during most of the past century. The present generation of the family did not itself know the worth of the paintings nor their interesting history until Herr Adolf Werbik, Austrian art expert, was commissioned to restore some



"What d'you know—they've closed the Fable Room at the St. Francis."



"Dear, I wish you could interest yourself in this theory of curves."

"But—I think I have a sufficiently broad view of the matter at present!"

of the canvases. He recognized one masterpiece that for years during the past century was loaned for exhibition to the museum in The Hague. He conducted research which revealed another of the canvases to be an important historical painting and still another to be the only authenticated painting by a noted artist. Furthermore he found in the collection five important canvases by a celebrated painter whose other known works are treasured in various museums throughout the world, no institution owning more than one each. Werbik claims that this collection, so long unrecognized in San Francisco, although loaned to the Golden Gate Museum from 1912 to 1930, is one of the most important collections of Dutch painting in this country. There are about sixty paintings in the collection, most of them family portraits over a period of several centuries, and comprising a cross section of the rise and decline of Dutch portrait painting unequaled in America.

SEA chests and other things from ships are generally surrounded with a halo of romance. And now we find that a woman has been enterprising and imaginative enough to salvage some of the fine old cabinet work from disbanded ships. We saw a few pieces the other day in Harry Dixon's shop—a sturdy, honest desk, the work of fine English craftsmen of the past century—a heavy timbered bunk that

has rolled many seas. And there we met Mrs. D. C. Seagrave who persuaded her husband to purchase the United States cruisers New Orleans and Albany so that she might salvage the furniture before the ships were burned for the steel, copper, brass, lead and zinc.

The cruisers had seen long and interesting service. The New Orleans, constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1898 for a purchase price of \$2,634,215 saw service first at Santiago where, in company with the Massachusetts and the Iowa, she exchanged shots with Cervera's squadron. After participating in the Peace Jubilee, she joined the Asiatic fleet where she served continuously, except for one period of four years, until the World War which saw her the proud escort to convoys on the Atlantic. The Albany also had a fine record with the Mediterranean and Pacific fleets. And now they have been burned for their metals, valued in the neighborhood of \$86,000, and all that is left of their glory are a few pieces of teak and some interesting cabinet pieces.

A San Franciscan is one who, realizing that there is a "noble experiment" being conducted, refuses to be inconvenienced by it.

THE recent auction of the effects of "Borax" Smith serves to bring to mind his one-time brief connection with the Western literary scene. In the hey-dey of his fame and fortune, Smith was much enamored of the idea of playing "angel" to Western art, writers and artists generally, and in a moment of inspiration he conceived the idea of founding and subsidizing a monthly magazine.

Thus, early in 1906, was born the publication, bearing the rakish and romantic appellation of *The Blue Mule*. The sheet was named for a mule of a peculiar bluish shade in one of Smith's famous wagon trains. Henry Anderson Lafler presided as editor, and offices were maintained at 612 Clay street. By express stipulation, on the part of Smith, the magazine was to encourage and develop young writers and stories and articles were to be paid for upon acceptance at a minimum rate of \$25.00, an average rate of \$50.00, and a higher rate if the nature of the material warranted.

For those days these rates were "a lot of money." News of them spread through the land and Lafler was all but buried beneath manuscripts. The stories he featured were by young, aspiring but unknown authors. They bore the names of Peter Bernard Kyne, Kathleen Thompson (soon to be Kathleen Norris), Sinclair Lewis and Perry Newberry.

But *The Blue Mule* was destined to be short lived. In April, 1906, came the earthquake and fire. The reconstruction period was not an auspicious one for an infant magazine, and the "angel" of *The Blue Mule* seemed suddenly to have neither time nor money for the enterprise which he had begun with such blare and flourish. The magazine died to the very probable sorrow, but not to the total discouragement of its star contributors.

A San Franciscan is a driver who knows that you can't turn left on Market street.

Who were the two women who celebrated New Year's by sitting with the orchestra of a downtown hotel and calling "yoo-hoo" at each and every draught of liquid refreshment?

A San Franciscan is one who breakfasts in a Swedish coffee shop, eats a Chinese Merchant's lunch and closes the day with an Italian dinner.



What do you know about colic?

MYRTLE LEONARD



ROGER STURTEVANT

ALITTLE over ten years ago, when I was visiting in New York City, I received an invitation to drop into the studio of my friend, Francis Stewart, and hear one of his pupils sing. The pupil on this happy occasion was a young woman from Alameda and she had a contralto voice. Not just an alleged contralto, but a real, rich, deep contralto that sounded—to use a very hackneyed but in this case a perfectly descriptive phrase—like a pipe organ.

Recently I heard this same voice in San Francisco on the concert stage. The little girl who ten years before had seemed something of a prodigy had more than fulfilled her promise. She was now a full fledged artiste and ready to stand before the best of them. At least so it seemed to me. And my humble judgement has since been confirmed by no less a singer than Gigli. Likewise Riedel who was the leader of the German opera during San Francisco's last opera season.

Miss Leonard is that rare thing among contraltos—young and slender. Not that contraltos are never young and slender but they rarely have these two qualities and a perfectly developed voice all at the same time. Miss Leonard has two other points in her favor: she has a range that likewise puts her in the mezzo-soprano class, and her German is impeccable even though she is an American.

Everything considered it looks as if it will not be long before San Francisco will add one more famous prima donna to the long list of artists that it has given the world. Remember the name—Myrtle Leonard. And, when in the very near future you read that another young singer has "stopped the show" you can look wise and say: "Why, of course, I read about Myrtle Leonard in the San Franciscan."

—Charles Caldwell Dobie.

Facing the Music

The First of a Series of Critical Articles

by James Hamilton Fisher

WITH the first half of the San Francisco music season at an end, the question of its musical success or failure, technically speaking, is not nearly as important as some may believe. Even a discussion of its various phases is of little consequence. "Not heaven itself upon the past has power, but what has been, has been . . ." said John Dryden more than two hundred years ago, and nothing has happened since to make me believe that things are different today. No, a mere discussion of the music presented won't help us much. If it was good, bad or indifferent is of little moment today.

However, as the first of the year seems to create a retrospective mood in most people it may not be amiss to glance covertly back and see what the sum total of all the music which has been made this season amounts to. And in this connection I feel justified to ask at least one question. Perhaps it is

Friday afternoon, January 9, Symphony at the Curran Theater.

Friday evening, January 9, Grace Burroughs, Gold Ball Room, Fairmont Hotel.

Sunday afternoon, January 11, Symphony at the Curran Theater.

Monday evening, January 12, Liebeslieder Ensemble, Dreamland Auditorium, and Maude Symington lecture recital on Wagner operas at the Community Playhouse.

Wednesday afternoon, January 14, Maude Symington lecture recital on Wagner operas at the Community Playhouse.

Wednesday evening, January 14, Symphony with Betty Horst Ballet, Civic Auditorium.

Thursday afternoon, January 15, La Argentina at the Geary Theater.

Friday evening, January 16, Maude Symington lecture recital on Wagner operas at the Community Playhouse.

Sunday afternoon, January 18, Symphony at the Curran Theater and La Argentina at the Geary Theater.

Friday afternoon, January 23, Symphony at the Curran Theater.

Saturday evening, January 24, German Grand Opera Company in "Die Walkuere," at the Civic Auditorium.

Sunday afternoon, January 25, Symphony at the Curran Theater and the German Grand Opera Company in "Der Fliegende Hollaender" at the Civic Auditorium.

Monday evening, January 26, Aquilar Lute Quartet at Travers Theater and the German Grand Opera Company in "Tiefland" at the Civic Auditorium.

Tuesday evening, January 27, German Grand Opera Company in "Siegfried" at the Civic Auditorium.

Wednesday evening, January 28, German Grand Opera Company in "Goetterdaemmerung" at the Civic Auditorium.

an impertinent question. But impertinence, like table manners, is a matter of opinion, and so my conscience remains blissfully undisturbed when I ask: "Did the music presented during the last three months in San Francisco help to bridge the chasm between the interests of art and the interests of the common people, and if so are there any visible signs to that effect?"

Certainly a fair question and one which deserves a full amount of consideration in determining the success or failure of a season. But now that it is asked I suddenly feel very low spirited. For my memory strays back to the beginning of the season when the San Francisco Grand Opera Association presented its annual display of ermine coats, top hats and operatic talent and I wonder if the answer to the riddle is to be found there. Were those performances really a popular and artistic success or were they merely a well planned and executed society circus? Obviously this is no way to arrive at a conclusion. So let's forget grand opera and take a quick backward look at the symphony.

UNDER the much discussed baton of Basil Cameron, the symphony orchestra of this city presented twelve concerts. Six popular concerts were heard over the radio and at several special occasions. This certainly proves that the musicians weren't idle. But does the music made so diligently by the members of the orchestra help us to find an answer to our query? Is the result of their efforts an increased percentage of listeners or is interest in the orchestra merely kept alive by the pulmotor of social prestige?

Again a chilly draught of disapproval strikes my neck. Can it be that I am once more on the wrong track? A most annoying situation, leaving me very much in the position of the Englishman who asks a riddle and later is forced to confess that he has forgotten the answer. For if it is impossible to arrive at a conclusion after looking at these major events it seems certain that the success of the season can not be determined by a closer scrutiny of the concerts of individual artists either great or small.

But I am not downhearted. Often the mere asking of a question starts a train of thought which is apt to produce remarkable results.

After all, music should be the delight and inspiration of all classes and all people and so the success or failure of a music season must be judged by that standard.



ISSAY DOBROWEN

WHICH is as good an exit line as any, and gives me a chance to turn my face to the front before turning into a pillar of salt.

And here the first thing I see is Issay Dobrowen, San Francisco's second guest conductor for this season, who arrived in the city a few days ago and will play his first concert Friday afternoon, January 9th, at 3 o'clock at the Curran Theater. The youthful Russian conductor arrived in town eager to go to work, with a wealth of new ideas in his active brain, a charming wife and the score of his piano concerto which he may play during his stay here. He probably brought some luggage for he came all the way from Germany, but if he didn't I wouldn't be at all surprised. For that is the sort of a man he seems to be. Why should he worry about trunks as long as his destination offers him a piano and an orchestra to play on?

Dobrowen didn't arrive with a lot of theories about the relative merits of the classics and the moderns. He is fully aware of their individual position and alive to their possibilities but makes no comparisons between them. As long as it is music of merit it matters little to him if it was written yesterday or a hundred years ago. But it must be music and not trash, and he leaves no doubt as to his knowledge.

With a long record as symphony and operatic conductor in Europe, Dobrowen has laid a foundation of musical knowledge which will carry him far. Perhaps the most significant thing he said was that "a full dramatic understanding of symphony music is half the battle for a proper interpretation of the works. Approach music merely from the musical angle and your readings of the scores are apt to

Adventures in Soviet Russia

by Henry Cowell

(Continued from the December Issue)

AT the hotel again, I got the clerk to telephone for me to a man to whom I had a letter. The address given me was "Butter Center, Moscow." I had visioned perhaps a rather busy store, selling butter, but had no idea of the real magnitude of the business. I found that at this butter center, every piece of butter sold or bought in the whole Soviet Republic must be accounted for. It is a clearing house for all butter activities. And it employs over twenty thousand men. But they finally located my friend without very great trouble. I mention this because it is on a similar plan that the Soviet government conducts all its different branches of business. Such centralization makes it possible for them to make products at a low cost, and the general plan of procedure seems to so uninitiated a person as myself to be much the same as our chain stores. Private enterprises are not forbidden in Moscow, and there are still a very few of them left, but they are forced out because the government can undersell them with such ease, due to its vast organization.

I took a street car back to the hotel. Since there are so few taxis or motor cars, everyone rides on the trams, and they are frightfully crowded; but I did not see any ill-natured jostling. It takes something more important than being crowded to remove the perpetual good humor and gentleness of the Russian citizen. Passing the tomb of Lenin, where he is embalmed and on view to the public from eight to nine o'clock every evening, people had already begun to form in line to see him, although it was only four o'clock. By six or seven, thousands would be waiting for the chance of a fleeting glimpse. A personal worship of Lenin seems to have taken the place of religion for many of the waiters-in-line. I tried my German on some of them; a few could speak a little of it, and I found that one had come up from South Russia just for this moment of seeing Lenin; another came every evening and stood in the long line; another was a school teacher bringing a group of very young children to see Lenin for the first time, and there was discussion of what a

great thing it would be in the life of the children to have seen him.

From dinner I went to call on a musician friend. The address he had given me proved to be not a house, but a little street closely lined with houses on all sides. There was a caretaker seated at the gate entrance to the street, and one was supposed to ask him in which home the particular person one wished to see was located.

My friend's room proved to be unique. As a famed musician, he was given a small room to himself—a remarkable special privilege. He had moved his enormous library of music into the room, covering every available inch, as well as many unavailable inches. For the music was piled up against the wall on all four sides of the room solidly, from the floor to the ceiling; with only a space for the window. It was piled under the grand piano up to the bottom of the piano, and on top of the piano up to the ceiling. The only chair was the piano bench and the bed. And when the bed was not in use music was piled on it. When my friend (Mr. Nicolas Schelleiff) went to bed, the music on the bed was piled on the floor in the passage through which one must walk to get in and out of the room. In spite of crowdedness there were two music students having a wonderful time arguing about abstruse musical questions, seated on the piano bench. I was seated on the bed. From under the bed came a samovar, and tea was enjoyed by all, in spite of cramped quarters. No quarters are small enough to excuse a lack of tea, in Russia.

My friend took me to a play in the Meierholdt Theatre. The play was one making fun of capitalistic society. The actors had to be wonderful acrobats, and the play was truly funny. The actors were very formally dressed in full evening dress (which is not used in Russia anywhere now) and in the middle of a serious and stilted conversation, one of them would without warning jump over several chairs and couches, gracefully disport himself where he happened to land, and calmly continue the serious and dignified conversation with someone else in his new position. Then there was a fire in the

house portrayed on the stage, and firemen bounded up and over the house, beat out the flames, were killed, squirted water on the inmates, and shouted directions; but the same sort of unconcerned action went on between the gentlemen in the house. A mere fire was beneath notice. If water was squirted on one of them, he gave no sign of noticing it, but if a point in the conversation interested him, your true gentleman would give one of his indescribable leaps into the air, make a few turns in the air, and land quietly again. Such plays run constantly, a rather gentle and humorous propaganda against dressing up, and acting like society folks. No plays which I saw were without propaganda in some form.

Walking home from the play late at night, I wondered if we would be accosted by prostitutes, as one is at night in Paris, Berlin or Vienna. But my friend claimed that prostitution is practically non-existent, since marriage has been shorn of its financial obligations and is within the reach of everyone. Since the man and woman each make money, and continue both to be paid after marriage, there is no responsibility, and the wages automatically go up if a child is born.

With this comforting thought my friend left me, and I went into the hotel only to find that the person who had left me his room had come back, and that the next day I would again be without a shelter.

With this disquieting information running through my mind, I settled into bed, having spent a typical travelers day in Moscow.

Portrait of a Spinster

*By Constance Ferris

Moving gracefully, tending the hollyhocks
Morning and afternoon

Then in the evenings, watching the sheen
Of firelight on rosewood, candle light on teacups
Comforted by dreams,

A spinster with blue veins and leg of mutton
sleeves

Is honored in Boston, ignored in San Francisco.
A matter of geography, nothing more tangible,
Made me a spectator at life's parade.

Pity the young man, seething with virility,
Pity the young girl, with lithe, ecstatic grace;

Pity the zealous, the strivers, the seekers,
They, too, must come to quiet in the end.

Pity not the old maid, alone with her teacups,
Pity only those who in life's long twilight
Are left without firelight,
Candlelight and dreams.



Gordon Kaufman, Architect

CASA MAGNOLIA

The Desert Home of Lee Eleanor Graham

at La Quinta in the heart of the Southern California desert. At right is a detail of the "Desert Bedroom." The walls are of silver and gold leaf with varieties of cacti painted in their natural colors. The floors are of black marble ornamented with medallions of cathedral glass. Above is a view of the patio, showing the entrance to one of the bed rooms. This patio is covered by a canopy of Venetian sail cloth. A splendid barbecue fireplace lends itself to the outdoor activities of a desert home.



Sacrifice

by Leroy Rumsey

AND NOW—Audrey lay sobbing on the sofa; fair-haired Audrey, who had laughed her way through life, sobbing in Marty's smartly-furnished apartment; the apartment that was so like Marty herself—frigid, passionless; overlooking the points of the other skyscrapers as Marty overlooked life.

Marty, standing by the window, watched the scurrying people on the street below. Her close black hair was unmoved by the clean-cut wind from the bay. Her manner was as detached and impersonal as the large cold solitaire which sparkled on the finger of her left hand.

"Stop, Audrey," she said.

Audrey raised her eyes. "I can't, Marty; I can't stop. He's all there is—in the world—to me—" Her voice choked.

The thin wisp of Marty's monotone shone for an instant against the dead silence of the room. "Stop crying, Audrey," she said. "If Danny is outside, why don't you send him in? I'd like to talk to him—alone."

Audrey walked listlessly to the door, dabbing at her eyes with a pale blue handkerchief. She glanced for a moment at the motionless figure by the window and then went out.

MARTY did not move. Her eyes stared unseeingly at the ceaseless antics of the tiny black forms ten stories below. If she could handle Danny, everything would be all right. If she could handle Danny—

Daniel Carter entered the room slowly, dragging his heels. He barely looked at Marty. "Audrey told you?" he asked.

Marty turned. "Yes . . . yes . . . Audrey told me." Her eyes lighted with a sardonic gleam which died almost as soon as it had come. "But I might as well listen to you," she continued, in her lifeless, detached manner.

Danny shuffled to the lounge. "Why need I tell you, Marty? It's all over. You mustn't believe what Audrey says. Why—that—that was only for a few moments. It couldn't last." He gestured helplessly.

"Tell me how it happened."

Danny noticed the stony quality of her tone. He should have known, by this time, that it was useless to batter against Marty's will.

"Audrey and I ran into each other in Paris," he began, carefully. "I knew

Audrey was a good friend of yours and I didn't think you would mind if we ran around together a bit."

"No. You were merely my fiance."

"It doesn't, really, make much difference nowadays, does it?"

Marty's lips barely moved. "No . . . it doesn't."

"Anyway, Audrey didn't know about that. We were both going to Rome. What was more natural than that we travel together?"

"You could skip that part."

"Well" Danny hesitated. "Well—I don't know that there's much more to tell—except that we went to Rome and played around a bit—and—"

"And you told Audrey that you loved her, that you wanted to marry." Marty laughed softly. "But you couldn't, because there was 'another woman.' Another woman! Always another woman to interfere with soul-mates." Her voice was colorless save for the faint suggestion of mockery. "You were her soul-mate, weren't you?"

"Marty, you mustn't. It was only a midsummer—"

"Yes, I know. Europe in the spring, and all that." She regarded her long slim fingers with the eye of an aesthete. "I've been in Europe in the spring myself, Danny. You mustn't think I don't understand."

"But you really don't understand, Marty. You don't."

Pale laughter floated from Marty's half-opened lips. "Oh, yes, Danny, I do. Do you think I'm as obvious as that? Of course I understand. Audrey's coming to me—that was the final touch. You might have spared me that, Danny." Her voice dried to the wavering thinness of old parchment. "Because she didn't know I was that 'other woman,' that third corner of the triangle. Asking me to arrange her love affair. Begging me to make this other woman give you up. And I, that other woman, Audrey's best friend, loving you too—".

"And I love you, Marty." Danny's words were soft and fervent. "I love you, too. Won't you believe me, Marty?"

"Danny—"

"You mustn't let all this upset you, Marty. You mustn't. Audrey wouldn't separate you and me for the world, if she knew. You're her best friend. She—she'd die for you, Marty."

"And I'd go through a living death

for her." She gestured impatiently. "It's all over between us, Danny. All over. You must go to Audrey. You must marry her and make her happy. I'm older than she. I can stand the loss better. You must go to Audrey."

"When it's you I love?"

Marty's lips hovered, for an instant, on the edge of a smile. "When it's I you love," she repeated. "Here is your ring." She drew the hard, glittering jewel from her finger. "The one ring

Continued on page 23

In the Name of Love

by Sydney King Russell

1

The whiteness of your body in the dusk
Rekindles ardor in my singing blood,
Again I winnow beauty from the husk
And passion sweeps me with the ancient flood
Your fingers touch my arm, and I am made
One with a host exultant over time
And space—no longer timid and afraid
Of windy stairs too tenuous to climb.

Your breath is on my hair, and in my eyes
Your certain image stamped indelibly;
I am refashioned, radiant and wise
Since you have crossed a world to succor me.
The gift of ecstasy lies in our keeping;
Look homeward, time—you shall not find love
sleeping!

2

How sweet the dusk . . . A light breeze from
the south
Ruffles your hair, makes mischief with your dress
Your kisses fall so softly on my mouth
I dare not stir, cradled in tenderness.
I dare not speak aloud, even to bless
Your tender fingers, suddenly imbued
With skill to wake the ultimate caress
Of love that leaps from changing mood to mood.

Yet only yesterday I thought you hated
The very ground I trod. I drank despair,
A bitter draught, and wandered where Death
waited;
You came to waken me, and led me where
The awful veil was lifted. Breath to breath
We walk with love and look away from death.

3

One who has loved your body knows no rest,
Try as he may he can forget you never—
Once he has found your lips and touched your
breast
A strange caress will haunt his heart forever.
He will go plunging toward oblivion
Stopping his ears lest your remembered laughter
Grieve him with music, lest the bright web spun
Tightly about, ensnare him ever after.

Better, far better had he never bent
To kiss the arched, pale throat and restless eyes.
Better he had not learned the acrid scent
And taste of love. He had been doubly wise
Had he but bent his gaze where planets sprawl
And never looked upon your face at all.

Ballet with Symphony Orchestra

by John Parker

THE zest of experimentation flavors the pleasure with which San Francisco anticipates the evening of January 14 when the Betty Horst ballet, with Lillian May Ehrman as premiere danseuse, appears in concert with the San Francisco Symphony orchestra in the Civic Auditorium. In addition to the symphony program, there will be three dance numbers. A ballet to the "Chant de Joie" by Arthur Honegger, two solo dances by Mrs. Ehrman to "Villanella" and "Gagliarda" from "Antique Dances for the Lute" by Ottorino Respighi, and the ballet "La Giara" by Alfredo Casella.

Were this Italy, music by Respighi and Casella would not be played on the same program because these two composers represent opposite poles in contemporary Italian music. Respighi offers a rebirth of the pure classical compositions of the Gregorian mode from the 17th and 18th centuries and is therefore opposed to modernism. His best known works in this country are "The Pines of Rome," "The Fountains of Rome" and "The Festivals of Rome" . . . Casella has used various styles of composition on occasion but is best known for his latest works in which he makes liberal use of the chromatic scale. His music has frequently been described as mathematical. It is strongly rhythmical, dissonant and

represents a singular humor and truly ferocious sense of the grotesque.

Mrs. Ehrman's dances to Respighi's music will be slightly lyrical, though not conventionally "ballet." They are narrative only to a limited degree, being rather more expressive than storytelling. In a broad sense, they suggest Beatrice's compassion for Dante.

"La Giara" is frankly narrative, having been adapted from a one-act play of the same name by Pirandello. It tells the story of the breaking of a beloved oil jar owned by a rich farmer, Don Lollo Ziraga, whose young daughter, Nela, caresses him into employing a hunchback jar mender, Zi 'Dima Licasi. In repairing the jar, the hunchback seals himself inside and Don Lollo refuses to have the jar broken to release him. Nela is sorry for the mender, calls the peasants, fetes them with wine and in a dance upsets the jar which breaks, freeing the old man, much to the chagrin of Don Lollo.

Lillian May Ehrman will dance the role of Nela attended by a ballet of forty. The characters of Don Lollo



BETTY HORST

CONSUELA KANAGA

and Zi 'Dima will be entirely in pantomime, played by Laurence Cone and Junius Cravens. The setting, designed by Junius Cravens who is staging the ballets, consists of a house in tones of yellow ranging through orange to brown and trees with trunks shading from light orange red into maroon and blue green foliage—against a very dark blue back-drop. The peasant costumes of the dancers will repeat tones from the house with added accents of green.

THE ballet of "Chant de Joie" by Honegger has been developed along abstract lines. Honegger is one of the famous "six of Paris," the group that includes Milhaud, Poulenc, Auric, Durey Tailleferre. His music is quite revolutionary, his most famous composition being "Pacific 231." The ballet does not pretend to any narrative form, but is purely an expression of mood. Like the music, the dance is slightly transpositional. It has in it none of the traditional ballet forms, being modeled on the lines of the modern German mass movements. About twenty-four dancers will participate in "Chant de Joie," dancing against a deep blue-black background without other setting.

Betty Horst, director of the ballet, came to San Francisco several years ago as a representative of the Denishawn School. More recently she has studied in New York with representatives of the modern German school of the dance sponsored by Rudolph von Laban and Mary Wigman and now conducts her own studio here, teaching principles of modernism.



Stage Setting for "La Giara,"

designed by JUNIUS CRAVENS



DE FORREST

JOHN ARLEDGE

On long term contract with Belasco and Curran, John Arledge returned to San Francisco in "Up Pops the Devil" carrying a more important role than in his former appearance here with Pauline Frederick in "The Crimson Hour." Much is predicted for this youth from Crockett, Texas, whose ability as a pianist was exploited in "King of Jazz" before his "discovery" by the Western producers.

More from Manhattan

Where the Caliph Continues to Enjoy a Critical Mood

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

THE rapidity with which sections of New York become *passe*, or even *declassé*, may best be indicated by at least one "nifty" concerning Park Avenue that was pulled in a musical comedy last week. "What, you never heard of Park Avenue!" exclaims the racketeer of the show. "Why, Park Avenue is a street where bad ladies take good dogs out for a walk." And then there is the other one about the stock market crash putting scores of Park Avenue girls on their feet. And yet it seems only yesterday that Park Avenue was the last word in swankness! Though why anyone should want to live on it has always beaten me, with upper Fifth Avenue facing Central Park not a block away. After everything is said and done Park Avenue is a cold, drab street, and if you are near enough to the underground roadway of the New York Central you fancy that an incipient earthquake is in progress most of the time. . . . Of course Fifth Avenue has long since lost its class, even as a shopping street. With all its new buildings and its cheap flash it reminds one of the shopping section of a certain western boom town whose name we shall not mention.

The other evening in company with some of the publishing world I made the round of the night clubs. If there is anything more deadly than a New York night club I have yet to encounter it. Of course New Yorkers explain to you that night clubs flourish for the benefit of the boobs from the sticks. But these New Yorkers never miss a chance to show a boob the night club sights. They remind me of grown-ups who when caught at a circus always apologize and blame it on the children. Some of the sting was taken out of the aforementioned tour by the fact that as my guides were newspaper columnists they were allowed to pay for nothing. . . . The entertainment at night clubs is usually made up of numbers sung by ladies with as little clothes on as the law winks at. Some day an enterprising night club manager is going to discover how lascivious clothes really are and then there is going to be an increase in the garment workers trades. The last club we pulled up to had a doorman instead of a doorman, dressed in Cossack uniform. She insisted we could not enter because we had no women escorts and, while his hosts were arguing the point, this

humble scribe, having by that time acquired a bun best described as of the indignant variety, waved for his taxi and departed. I woke up next morning with an exultant sense of having thrown consternation into the party when they found that I had left them flat. But before the day had passed I discovered to my chagrin that nobody had missed me. Proving that indignation either moral or otherwise is a waste of energy.

MY EDITOR admonishes me to continue writing about topics of general interest. But things happen here so fast and furiously that it is hard to tell where to begin. Already the P. E. N. dinner for Sinclair Lewis seems hundreds of years ago. Yours truly had the honor of sitting at the speakers' table and glowering down with great superiority upon the crowd below—some hundred and fifty authors who had been snatched away from the Tagore dinner just across the street. But Tagore, being a truly mystic gentleman, let his presence be felt at the Lewis dinner. Not that he projected his astral body; he was much more practical, he used a telegram. It began thus:

"My Dear Mr. Lewis: Rabindranath Tagore, whose only public lecture will take place next Tuesday at the Town Hall, presents his compliments, etc., etc."

Ah, how well these Indian mystics know their sordid western public! Your humble scribe also closed the Lewis show with a very brief speech. He claimed Sinclair Lewis for San Francisco, seeing that he had once spent a month or two as a reporter in that town. But I fancy Mr. Lewis was not impressed. Anyway, he left it to his wife to voice the Lewis thanks for the implied compliment.

SPEAKING of the claims of San Francisco—what droves of San Franciscans, native and otherwise, swarm the streets of Manhattan. Bill Rainey of Players' Club fame, now one of the big leaguers for the National Broadcasting Company, and Bill Hanley, also "on the air." To say nothing of Tom Carskadon and Charlie Field, likewise going rapidly radio. I climbed up and down four flights of stairs in a building next to the American Radiator Company's skyscraper, trying to

locate Charlie Field's apartment. Failing, I left an indignant note in his letter box and then crossed the street. Looking up at the second story windows I saw the outline of two Chinese lanterns winking in the gloom. "That," said Hawkshaw the detective, standing on one foot, "must be the abode of a San Franciscan. And not only the abode of a San Franciscan but the abode of Charles K. Field!" I went back and beat upon the door and insisted I was a representative of the Swedish government who had awarded the Nobel prize in radio broadcasting to the inmate of that apartment. Suddenly the door flew open and disclosed the hider-out in his B.V.D.'s. The moral of that is: Renegades from San Francisco with Chinese lanterns in their quarters should pull down the blinds. . . . But, to return to San Franciscans in New York. Rose Wilder Lane, come way from the Ozarks to take care of the Lewis baby while the family go to collect their money in Stockholm. Ruth Comfort Mitchell, on a three-day vacation. Bessie Beatty, presiding over tea. The Will Irwins and likewise the Wallace Irwins at the Authors League Show. George Creel, reviling me for keeping my whereabouts dark. Russell Medcraft, talking over the cast of his new show at the Lambs'. Dick Leonard at the Henri Deering recital, to say nothing of Virgil Markham at the same place. Reg Mason in from a run with an English play. The Lincoln Steffens at Lem Parton's for dinner. Alice Ames Robbins, serving Sunday breakfasts to hungry Californians. Virginia Brastow busy ghost-writing a book. Sam Barclay, putting disgruntled customers of Scribner's in good humor. Francis Stuart discovering a new prima donna.

Continued on page 23

The Inexorable Equation

by Peter

I drew a thin black line
Across the paper of my life:

....on this side, I said, will
be yesterday
.....on this, tomorrow;

But both sides were unchanging white!

The only sign of color there
Was the thin black line of today,
Defiantly dividing
White from white.

A San Franciscan is a person who realizes that in San Francisco avenues are named alleys and alleys are called avenues.



Passing Shows

Discussion of Current Local Art Events

by Aline Kistler

THE year 1931 has opened with more of a feeling of art activity than has been felt in a long while. Look over the art calendar on this page with its subject matter in black face type. Covarrubias, Max Weber, Rodin, Cambodia, French etchings and Currier and Ives prints—certainly as varied fare as has been presented in San Francisco in many a month. And from the variety offered, one gets the feeling that there is wide opportunity for personal enjoyment, if not at one place, certainly at another.

The most beautifully presented exhibition now on is the S. and G. Gump showing of sculpture by Auguste Rodin. It is held in the rotunda gallery, so long the repository of unrelated pictures reflecting the current taste of the average buying public. It is a lovely gallery with impartial walls that harbor no obscure corners. What a joy to see it cleared of the commercially necessary heterogeneity of canvases and reduced to a gracious background for seventeen pieces of sculpture and three drawings by the great French sculptor. In this setting, one feels the imaginative force of Rodin. One wants to return again and again to draw from the work that which it has to give. This is the first of an inviting series of exhibitions to be brought to San Francisco by Richard Gump this spring season, following his announced policy of establishing this downtown gallery as a

center for art from varied parts of the world.

The elements of personal selection and thoughtful presentation induce an interesting quality into the exhibition of French etchings and engravings at the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gallery. There are but six or seven of the engravings but all are of masterpiece quality and there is about them a tangible fineness that carries one's attention away from the present scene and into that of the past which engrossed these masters of graphic texture. The entire exhibit is palpably gallic in feeling and while no attempt has been made to give an historical resume of French graphic art, there are enough of the great etchers, from the time of Callot, well represented and sufficient supplementary good prints by lesser artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to give one a feeling of the quality that marks French etching. This, again, is an exhibition demanding a certain leisure. Here are no novelties of exploited egos, no obvious tricks to catch the eye of the galloping gallery goer. These are prints appealing to the fastidious with well groomed minds, those who would possess prints for their own enjoyment. One feels that the exhibition was assembled by a person whose own fine appreciation of the etchings and engravings urged him to share them with others of similar taste.

CELERY

by Peter Arno

Reproduced from the original drawing to be exhibited at the Gump Galleries the latter part of this month, together with satirical drawings by Miguel Covarrubias. Arno and Covarrubias are the acknowledged peers of American caricature today.

THE formalized rhythms of the fragments of sculpture from Cambodia and Siam loaned by Gump's to the California Palace of the Legion of Honor for exhibition this month seem to have a pertinent relation to the art of our contemporaries. Stepping into the gallery in the left wing of the Palace where these stone and bronze heads, figures and hands are shown, one feels, somehow, more at ease than in the room lined with old masters imported from Los Angeles. The tranquility and manner of the ancient carvings from the Orient are more evidently sources of inspiration for modern

◆ CURRENT EXHIBITIONS ◆

Arno and Covarrubias—January 19 to 31, Gump Galleries—Original drawings and cartoons by Peter Arno and Miguel Covarrubias.

Art Association—January 16 to 31, California School of Fine Arts—paintings, wood-cuts, lithographs, drawings and sculpture by new members of the San Francisco Art Association.

Cambodian Sculpture—California Palace of Legion of Honor—stone and bronze heads from Cambodia and Siam, loaned by S. and G. Gump Company.

18th Century Etchings and Engravings—Throughout January, Vickery, Atkins and Torrey—Masterpieces of French graphic art.

"Group of Nine"—Berkeley Art Museum—paintings and drawings by Arnold Blanch, Ray Boynton, Charles Stafford Duncan, William A. Gaw, Nils Gren, John Emmett Gerrity, Lucien Labaudt, Ralph Stackpole and Hamilton Wolf.

Group Showing—January 19 to 31, San Francisco Art Center—paintings, drawings and craftwork by members of cooperative group.

Nogami Kakemonos—January 7 to 15, California School of Fine Arts—twenty-five Japanese kakemonos of Tosa, Kano and Shigyo schools, mounted by Kikiumatsu Nogami.

Lou McLean—Anna Gruen Studio—twenty pastels, landscapes and portraits, by San Francisco woman artist.

Nura and Buk—January 19 to 31, Galerie Beaux Arts—lithographs and drawings by Nura (the wife) and paintings by Buk (the husband), both New York modernists.

Obata—Courvoisier Little Gallery—California series of wood blocks by Chiura Obata . . . Legion of Honor Palace—scroll paintings, screens and water colors by Chiura Obata and his late father, Rokuichi Obata.

Old Masters—California Palace of Legion of Honor—16th, 17th and 18th century paintings loaned by Axel Beskow Galleries of Los Angeles.

Rodin Sculpture—January 5 to 24, Gump's—fifteen pieces not shown before in San Francisco and the original sketch for the "Thinker."

Max Weber—January 3 to 17, Galerie Beaux Arts—Watercolors, woodblocks and lithographs by the New York modernist.

Hamilton Wolf—January 5 to 19, San Francisco Art Center—one-man showing of recent paintings and sixty drawings and watercolors done by Wolf at the age of 5 to 8 years.

Valente Angelo—Gelber, Lilienthal—recent landscape and figure paintings.

Currier & Ives Prints—January 12-31, Paul Elder Gallery—Sporting and comic prints published by Currier & Ives. Also colored lithograph Indian portraits from M'Kenney Hall folio.

Causerie

by Frank L. Fenton

ONE of the best ways I know of appreciating contemporary letters is to have some familiarity with earlier works. The Stanford University Press has begun to issue, under the editorship of Margery Bailey (who was recently taken for an Italian countess in a local restaurant!), a series of seventeenth and eighteenth century books. The series, which will be known as the Stanford Miscellany, will include little known works and literary curiosities otherwise difficult to obtain. The first volume issued is Chateaubriand's *Atala* in the translation of Caleb Bingham, which was published in Boston in 1802 and bears the subtitle of *The Love and Constancy of Two Savages in the Desert*. William Leonard Schwartz has supplied an introduction and has restored sentences expurgated by Bingham. It is interesting to see what the estimable Caleb thought unfit for Americans in 1802. The deleted passages dealt largely with the Church of Rome and anatomy!

The second volume of the Stanford Miscellany is *The Letters of Sarah Byng Osborn, 1721-1773*. As the editor, John McClelland, remarks in his introduction, one is at a loss to know whether the current curiosity about the "pots and pans of our ancestors" springs from a noble impulse, "a quickened awareness of the mingled pathos and dignity of ordinary human existence, or merely [from] a sharpened appetite for gossip." At any rate, this little book should do much to sat-

isfy that curiosity: for Sarah Osborn was a woman of lively nature who observed keenly and related enthusiastically what she observed. Any idea of the eighteenth century lady as a pretty but incompetent creature is readily dissipated by the accounts given of the vexing financial problems Lady Osborn was forced to meet at the death of her husband. Nor was there anything languid or Victorian about a woman who complained that the rain "spoils my walks sometimes, for most mornings, instead of ordering my coach and six, I order my shoes and ten toes to trot away to Chelsea." She played at cards until two in the morning and nearly won the pool of ten guineas; she attended balls and in listing the ladies and their partners at one mentions an unfortunate "Lieut. of Capt. Rowley's ship, the worst there, which fell to my lot"; she went to court and writes, "Monday last was a great court at St. James, and most people very fine, but I believe the gentlemen will wear petticoats very soon for many of their coats were like our mantuas." There follows a description of the coat of Lord Essex, "a silver tissue coat, and pink color lutestring waistcoat," which makes even the most spectacular suggestions of Hollywood dress reformers seem drab and dull. The entire book is thoroughly delightful, colored as it is by a charming personality and revealing in vivid, disconnected observations.

Continued on page 25



Galerie Beaux Arts

DRAWING

by Charles Stafford Duncan

ern art than the Flemish, Italian and other European art sampled in the other gallery. The collection is a fine one, having few pieces that do not have distinct merit. They are necessarily fragments and, as such, out of their real setting. They carry a certain aura of decapitated figures and broken statues on time dishonored temples. Such is the toll of borrowing relics from the art of another people's past.

The statement of a relation existing between the art of the ancient Far East and that of today seems almost too obviously contradicted by the water-colors in the right wing of the Palace. Here are two rooms of work by modernists recognized in New York, including Guy Pene du Bois, Pop Hart, and a dozen or more others whose watercolors have been assembled by Marie Sterner. These are in effect fragments, but fragments without the aura of completed structure behind. They are tentative splashings of color made in the effort to find fresh expression.

These water colors bring to mind the presentation the Galerie Beaux is making of Max Weber. This New York painter, of whom the elaborate brochure published last year by the Downtown Gallery states that he "has lived the history of modern art in America," fails somehow to impress. This might not be true were he represented by major work but, those not being available, one must look to these

Continued on page 25

ALBERT EINSTEIN

by Sotomayor

Einstein in all his career of scientific research has probably never before been so consistently and well amused as he is by the antics of the American press which is at work on a halo which he graciously accepts at face value.





Douglas Cramer

VIRGINIA PHILLIPS

Who gave a brilliant interpretation of the title role in
the recent Guild production of Oscar Wilde's Salome.

The Reigning Dynasty

WEDDINGS

BREEDEN-KILBOURNE. On December 10th, in Santa Ana, Mr. John Norton Breeden, son of Mrs. Frederick McNear, and Miss Kathryn Kilbourne, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Dearborn Kilbourne.

ENGAGEMENTS

BEEDY-WORDEN. Miss Caroline Beedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow Lindhard Beedy, to Mr. John B. Worden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert B. Worden.

BOLTON-STEEL. Miss Betty Bolton, daughter of Mrs. Robert Clay Bolton and the late Mr. Bolton, to Mr. Shorb Steele, son of Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele, formerly of San Francisco, now of Manila.

FORDERER-CHARLSTON. Miss Elizabeth Forderer, daughter of Mrs. George Stevens Forderer and the late Mr. Forderer, to Mr. Ernest Charlston, son of Mrs. Mae Charlston and the late Mr. Ernest Charlston.

TAYLOR-POSTLEY. Miss Evelyn Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, to Mr. Clarence Sterling Postley, son of Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran and the late Mr. Sterling Postley of New York.

ZEILE-LOVEGROVE. Miss Elsie May Zeile, daughter of Mrs. Edward J. Zeile and the late Mr. Zeile, to Dr. Walter Lovegrove.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Dent Hays Robert of Coronado has taken a house on California street for a few months and is being given many welcoming entertainments.

Mrs. W. H. Crocker gave a luncheon at her home in Burlingame in honor of the Viscountess Cowdray.

Honoring Maestro Pietro Yon, the Italy-America Society gave a tea at the Palace of the Legion of Honor.

Dr. M. Weinberg, Chef de Service a l'Institut Pasteur of Paris, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels at her home on Washington street.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Black, Mr. and Mrs. Barton Thorean Bean entertained at dinner at their home in Broadway.

Mr. Edward D. Tenney and his daughter, Miss Wilhelmina Tenney, are in San Francisco, having arrived from Honolulu on the Malolo. They are guests at the Fairmont Hotel and are being entertained by their many San Francisco friends.

Miss Maria Antonia Field of Monterey was a guest at the Fairmont Hotel recently on the occasion of her visit from her home in Monterey.

Miss Julia and Miss Mary Minnegerode of Pebble Beach were guests at the Hotel Canterbury during the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Dillman entertained at their home in honor of Mrs. Corinne Kirchofer, who recently returned from Europe.

HERE AND THERE

New Year's Eve was celebrated by a "Shipwreck party" at the Burlingame Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Weatherwax entertained at a large dinner at their home before the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gray Park were dinner hosts to twenty-four preceding the New Year's Eve dance at the Burlingame Club.

Many affairs are being given in honor of Miss Elizabeth Raymond, who has returned to her home after a year's stay abroad.

Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and Miss Margaret Pillsbury have returned to San Francisco after spending several months in Santa Barbara.

Monday luncheon gatherings at the Hotel St. Francis were especially noteworthy during the holiday season, the matrons and debutantes of the Reigning Dynasty being well represented each week.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale and Mr. Prentis Cobb Hale Jr. spent the Christmas holidays at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Bryan in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston C. Black entertained at dinner preceding the last Spinsters' Ball.

Miss Betty Bolton has announced February 3rd as the date of her marriage to Mr. Shorb Steele.

Mr. James P. Bradley, Mr. H. Sewall Bradley and Mr. John D. Bradley entertained their fraternity brothers and a group of friends at a buffet supper and dance at the Bradley home.

One of the most brilliant social affairs in San Francisco's social history was the coming-out reception and ball given for Miss Dorothy Spreckels on December 19th and 20th. The two affairs took place at the home of Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels in Washington street.

Mrs. James M. Davies has returned to Burlingame after a brief visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Merrill have returned to their home in Palo Alto after visiting in the south for some weeks.

Miss Evelyn Taylor has set January 21st as the date of her marriage to Mr. Clarence S. Postley.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard are at home again after a six weeks' visit in New York.

Preceding Miss Dorothy Spreckels' coming-out ball, Mr. George W. Kleiser entertained at dinner at the Yacht Club, the debutante of the evening being the guest of honor.

Miss Jean Wingfield, daughter of Mrs. Murdoch Wingfield, was presented to society at a reception given by her mother at the Francisca Club on December 4th.

Mrs. Ralston Page has returned to San Francisco after a visit of several weeks in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Emily Pope Taylor gave a large buffet supper at her home in Pacific avenue preceding the Spreckels ball on December 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Hills gave a dinner party at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Hills' niece, Miss Evelyn Taylor, and her fiance, Mr. Clarence Sterling Postley.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart S. Lowery, Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and Mr. Jean de St. Cyr were among those who gave dinner parties at their homes preceding the Spreckels ball.

Mrs. Harry East Miller Sr., Mrs. Harry Miller Jr. and Mrs. John Bryant Knox combined in giving a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club in Oakland in honor of Miss Katherine Stent and Miss Christine Miller, two of the season's debutantes.

Miss Marianna Avenali, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali, was presented to society at a reception given at the Burlingame Club on the afternoon of December 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Clift Lundborg entertained with an informal supper party recently at their home in Union street.

Miss Katherine Stent and Miss Florence McCormick, debutantes, were honor guests at a luncheon given recently at the Francisca Club.

Miss Elizabeth Mizzy was luncheon hostess at her home in honor of Miss Gloria Van Bergen, whose marriage to Mr. James Edwards of Santa Barbara will take place within a few months.

A number of the younger set were entertained at a fancy dress party on New Year's Eve, given by Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale in honor of her nephew, Mr. Philip Lansdale Pillsbury.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a tree trimming party on Christmas Eve. One hundred guests attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Skewes-Cox entertained members of the younger set at a dance given at their home complimentary to Miss Joan Skewes-Cox.

Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a large dinner dance at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in honor of her son, Mr. John N. Breeden, and his bride, the former Miss Kathryn Kilbourne, of Santa Ana.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sigall have closed their home in Saratoga and are spending the winter at the Fairmont, where Mr. Sigall has established his studio. At present Mr. Sigall is at work on a portrait of His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Edward A. Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Howard were among those who went to Del Monte for the New Year's Ball.

Mrs. Ella R. Tenney is in Portland, where she attended the marriage of Miss Prudence Talbot and Mr. Henry Gibson Shaler, which took place on January 3rd.

In honor of Miss Florence McCormick, who made her debut on January 3rd, Miss Evelyn Taylor gave a dinner party preceding the Spreckels ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr Brnce have been enjoying the winter sports at Taboe.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler spent the holiday season at Missoula, Montana, with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Campbell were honor guests at a dinner given by Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter.

Mr. and Mrs. John McGaw have been redecorating their house on Russian Hill and expect to take possession of it again at the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson have purchased the William Leib house on Filbert street.

Mrs. Powers Symington (Maud Fay) is giving a series of lectures on the Wagnerian operas this month at the Community Playhouse.

Mrs. Jerd Sullivan spent a week in Santa Barbara recently, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Slater (Frances Ames).

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams gave a dinner dance at the Mark Hopkins Hotel on the night following Christmas, the honor guest being Miss Florence McCormick.

Mrs. Frank W. Fuller entertained at dinner recently in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Campbell and Mr. and Mrs. Fin Lund.

The annual bridge tea held at Century Club by the Children's Aid Committee of the House of Churchwomen was a notable success. Mrs. C. Edward Holmes is president of the organization.

The youngest members of the Hillsborough Gymkhana Club gave a five-to-nine supper dance at the club December 31st.

Mrs. William C. Murdoch Jr. entertained at luncheon at her home on Jackson street in compliment to Miss Jean Wingfield, one of the season's debutantes.

Miss Margaret Redington and Mr. Donald Murchie will be married on February 14th at the Episcopal Church of St. Matthew in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Sperry were hosts at a tea given at their home during the holiday season.

In honor of Miss Harris Hill, one of the popular debutantes, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained at luncheon at her home in Washington street. Mr. and Mrs. Coy Filmer have returned north after spending the holidays with Mrs. Filmer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa, in Santa Barbara.

The sub debutantes and younger set were given a dance by Mrs. Alexander Garceau and her daughter, Miss Marguerita Garceau, at their home on Jackson street.

Mrs. William Otis Edmonds and Mrs. Charles Phleger have returned to their homes after a three months' cruise through the Orient.

Mrs. Willis Walker entertained a small house party at her home at Pebble Beach recently, her guests being Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dohrmann were among those who celebrated the passing of 1930 at one of the downtown hotels. Mr. and Mrs. Dohrmann entered B—SAN FRAAN entertained their friends at the Mark Hopkins. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg Jr. entertained a group at the Hotel St. Francis.

Captain and Mrs. John Leale and their daughters, the Misses Marion and Edith Leale, held their customary open house reception on New Year's Day at their home on Pacific avenue.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope Jr. (Harriet Brownell) spent the holiday season in Egypt.

Mrs. Charles P. Overton and her daughter, Mrs. Daisy Belle Overton, were in Honolulu, en route home after an extended tour of the Orient, at last accounts.

Mrs. T. Edward Bailly has gone East and will sail for the Continent where she will join her daughter, Miss Barbara Bailly.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lewis (Janet Whittemore) have concluded their honeymoon trip abroad and arrived in New York from Hawre last month. They returned to Burlingame on Christmas Eve.

Prince and Princess Gion Capac Znro are at the St. Regis in New York.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mrs. Harry Hill and her daughter, Miss Harrie Hill, and her son, Mr. Jackson Baird, are visiting in Southern California and Mexico.

Miss Peggy Gregory visited with her friend, Miss Patricia Connolly, at Palm Springs.

Dr. and Mrs. David Armstrong Taylor spent several weeks in Pasadena with Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Frederick William Parker.

Mr. Lonis F. Monteagle recently visited with Mr. and Mrs. William North Duane at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lawrence Draper and her daughter enjoyed several weeks' sojourn at Coronado.

San Franciscans spending the mid-week or the week-end at the El Mirador, Palm Springs, where unique desert festivities in keeping with the season are now in progress, include: Mrs. George Dillman, Miss R. F. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Johnston (of San Mateo), Mr. and Mrs. Eric Gerson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. George, Misses Marion Elwell and Beatrice Hayes (of San Mateo), and Mrs. Hugh H. Walker.

SHORT SELLING has long provided a topic of active controversy both in this and other countries and the present seemingly perpetual decline in security prices has served to over-emphasize its importance. Stock quotations well below those of the panic days of 1929 have given publicity seeking politicians and certain newspaper columnists, whose fortunes have been sadly deflated, the opportunity of protesting the methods employed by those who anticipate lower stock prices.

It should be clear to everyone by this time that the economic world is readjusting itself to a new level of prices and exchange values brought on by temporary over-production of raw materials, over-expansion of plant capacities and dilution of capital stock equities. Had we been able to visualize these conditions rather than picture massive stock market operators unctuously gloating over the rapid depletion of our margin accounts, it is evident that those of us who matched our wits against economic changes in this country through the purchase of securities might have profited rather than have lost through the present trend of events.

The many appeals made by glamor loving politicians for legislative rulings curtailing the activities of the now dominant bears serve as an indication that the actual practice of short selling is not generally understood. In the same way that a person who thinks that the price of a security is too low buys that security with the hope of selling it at a higher price does the person who feels that the price of a security is too high sells with the idea of buying back when prices have declined. The short seller therefore is the inverse of the purchaser.

That this practice of short selling is general throughout all types of business was pertinently illustrated by the alert Richard Whitney, President of the New York Stock Exchange, in an address delivered before the Illinois Chamber of Commerce at the Hotel Stevens, Chicago, Illinois, on October 10th of this year. Mr. Whitney pointed out that contracts to deliver in the future something which a person does not own at the time the contract is made is common to many types of business, but unfortunately the similarity of these contracts is not recognized because the term "short selling" is used only in connection with security transactions.

"When a builder contracts to build a great skyscraper, he obligates himself to deliver in the future not only steel, brick and mortar, but also the labor of the workmen and artisans who must put these materials together. Such a

Financial Fallacies

by John M. Dewees

contractor is literally short of every material that must go into the building. He is also short of the labor requisite to build it. He contracts according to his estimate of conditions existing in his particular trade. No one, however, considers that the contractor has done an unethical or improper thing in signing the contract. It is therefore impossible for me to understand why the short seller of securities should be held up to public criticism when he is doing no more than what many business men are doing every day."

IN NORMAL TIMES when there is a proper balance between speculation and short selling the fluctuations of the stock market are apt to be narrow. However, if any disturbing event occurs and a great volume of sales flows suddenly into the market the decline of a few points in value tempts the short seller to cover his obligation. This buying in turn steadies the price and instead of disastrous fluctuations a normal and healthy variation in prices occurs.

The steady increase in security prices from 1926 to the end of 1929 had the effect of discouraging short selling to a point where there remained very few speculators who had the audacity to risk their capital on nebulous theories that stock prices might be too high. As a consequence, when prices had reached such a level that none could be found who would purchase securities at even higher levels, the only alternative for the speculator was to sell to the first person who would bid for his particular security. Because of the little success experienced by short sellers during the previous three years the bear interest in the market at that time was negligible and as a result there were very few buying orders placed to cover short commitments. Thus, contrary to the general impression, the debacle of 1929 can be used as an illustration in the defense of instead of in the prosecution of the bear.

By substituting logic for emotional conclusions it can be seen that fundamentally the swings of securities markets are due to a lack of moderation. So long as human nature and speculation run to extremes, bull and bear markets will be with us. There is nothing radically different in the present depression from others of a major

type which have preceded it except that it is accentuated by a world-wide recession, aggravated in many instances by the yoke of heavy war debts.

The low price of many primary commodities in this country, caused by temporary over-production extending throughout the world, is drastically affecting the purchasing power of a large proportion of our population and has had a decided effect upon inhabitants of foreign countries. Such conditions breed political dissatisfaction and the resulting uprisings in some countries are not surprising. So far these foreign disturbances seem generally to have been based on the belief that a more nationalistic policy would be economically beneficial.

The recent erection of a higher tariff wall by the United States Government set an example for the world in nationalism and even England, the champion of free trade, is now attempting through an imperial economic union to protect the British Empire from foreign competition. That the adoption of nationalistic policies by foreign countries will have a material effect upon the rapidity with which this country swings back to a high degree of prosperity is obvious.

THE economic welfare of both this country and Europe will return to more normal levels when each nation spends its major efforts in the occupations which its natural and human resources wisely dictate, as in any competition the marginal producer must give way as his contemporaries sufficiently increase their efficiency. Naturally the trend of individual national affairs cannot accurately be vaticinated, but if any country is able to forget its foreign trade and succeed in being largely self-sufficient and reasonably prosperous it is the United States. We consume over 90% of the commodities we produce and it is safe to estimate that with normal consumption, even on the basis of our present reduced rate of exports, a 97% normal business volume can be expected. With tremendous and diversified resources, the United States, so frequently termed the creditor nation of the world, will lead the way regardless of intermediate fluctuations in commodity and security prices.

Sacrifice

Continued from page 23

in the world—the best ring you could buy for me—may it bring Audrey luck."

Danny held the ring, motionless, on his open palm. "Please, Marty, won't you reconsider? You know, it's my happiness as well as—"

"You must go to Audrey," she said.

Danny turned, slipping the ring into his pocket. "Good-bye." He opened the door and walked out, slowly, as he had come.

MARTY heard the door click as it swung shut behind him, heard his retreating footsteps in the hall, and the low murmur of his voice as he joined Audrey. A mirthless smile parted her lips as, with pallid precision, she picked up the telephone and called a number.

"Hello . . . That you, Chick? . . . Yes . . . Yes, I told you I would . . . Yes, of course . . . He thought I was making a martyr of myself—for Audrey's sake . . . No, everything is all right . . . I'll meet you at the dock in half-an-hour. Bye." She made a kissing noise over the transmitter.

Outside, in a taxi headed for Danny's apartment, Danny and Audrey snuggled together in the rear seat. "She came through all right," Danny was saying. "I didn't tell her we were married two months ago. I just kept saying I loved her, like you told me to, so she'd think she was making a big sacrifice in giving me up." He settled deeper in the cushion, stroked Audrey's silky hair. "It's a good thing," he added, contentedly, "that you wear the same size ring."

More from Manhattan

Continued from page 17

Lawrence Rising at Fanny Hurst's housewarming. The list will never end!

BUT what can one say of the plays in less than five hundred words? That "Green Pastures" is, to this critic's mind, overrated, that "Grand Hotel" has everything a play should have and then some, that "Uncle Vanya" and "The Three Sisters" are amazing theatre in spite of their apparent understatement? Or shall I say that "The Greeks Had a Word for It" is the bawdiest show in New York barring perhaps "Oh, Promise Me"? But perhaps affirmation is better than inter-

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THE WHITE HOUSE RAPHAEL WEILL & COMPANY

Now It Can Be Told

T'S a far cry from the holidays to the resort season . . . but it is quickly and smartly bridged by a few first-of-the-season costumes. Just before Christmas they began to arrive, and their interesting newness was all the more marked in contrast with the wintry scene of hectic gift shoppers.

Those whose thoughts have turned abruptly from winter-in-town festivities to winter-resorting, will be im-



pressed with three things . . . the established position of pyjamas from morn to night, the return of linen, and the appearance of jackets with literally everything from tennis frocks to evening costumes. One pronounced novelty of the season is the use of fluffy borders of fox on sleeves and jacket hems of diaphanous printed chiffons.

Two-color contrasts are all-important, as the jacket contrasting with the frock, the blouse with the suit, and the blouse of a two-piece frock with its skirt. While a third, fourth or fifth color is often added in the motif or decoration, generally on the blouse.

These are the approved resort combinations—pink, turquoise and white; royal blue, chartreuse and white; black, chartreuse and white; bonnie blue, Pervanche blue and white;



brown, bright yellow and cream; coral and white; jade and white. Don't they sound entrancing?

All white, of course, both in knitted wool, silk and light weight woolen frocks, is the height of chic.

American resort life is varied according to the type of resort, but this year, just as in Europe, no matter where the American resort, three different types of pyjamas will be worn . . . for beach, for the yacht and sailing, and for the villa.

Everywhere smart pyjamas have

"gone native." And the simpler the better. We have borrowed native costumes from France, Hindustan, Persia, China and our own country.

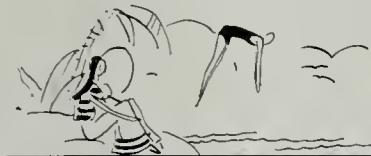
You will recognize the pyjama of French or Basque origin by the extra-wide trows, the striped shirt, and "le petit coton" shirt. Favorite colors with Basque fashions are navy blue with white, red with white, golden yellow with white and medium blue with white.

Native American pyjamas, as you might guess, are the one-piece workman-like beach pyjama derived from the overall and mechanic's coverall, that have gone through the couturier mill and come out again in smart versions.

Then there is the Chinese coolie pyjama with short, above-the-ankle trows . . . a high fashion.

Hindu-Persian native fashions inspire gay affairs with bloused long trows and bolero jacket.

Yachting pyjamas, as you would expect, are most nautical, with white



flannel mannikin trows, worn with blouse and jacket of white or navy blue flannel. Conservative, and workman-like!

The villa pyjamas are worn for luncheon, in the interim between sunbaths and tea at the cabana . . . or at the popular pyjama parties held everywhere. Such styles are gayer, more dress-like, with a simplicity all their own. The one-piece fashion with bolero jacket or wrist-length coat is the smartest. Dress fabrics, printed crepes and plain crepes with color contrast, will be used. Exotic colors, bright and alluring, are in high favor.

Here, in The White House resort collections, you will find yourself in the midst of summer, even though the calendar reads January.



rogation. Let us begin with musical comedies. Ziegfeld's "Smiles" has everything but smiles in it. The comedy is sad. But how different is "The New Yorkers"! Only there are no smiles in "The New Yorkers," either. They are all what old time troopers call belly laughs. Certainly the sky is the limit—there is no situation too raw or no joke too broad to be barred from the New York stage.

Now, as to grand opera. You go to the Metropolitan and you come away with no cause for legitimate complaint, except that the performances are uninspired—mere matters of routine. The fault may be with the audiences. Surely the only clapping that is heard at the ends of acts seems to emanate from hired claque. The opera house is always crowded, it is said to be making money. Perhaps that is it. Perhaps it has grown too prosperous, too smug, too satisfied.

Listen, girls, here is something for you: if you get an opportunity to see Rudy Valee in person, stay away. He is the most complete washout of the age. I went clear over to Brooklyn to see him, or rather I went over to see my friends Rice and Werner in their priceless bit of slap-stick "On the Scaffold" and found Rudy on the bill. The curtain rose revealing Rudy's jazz orchestra and then a sleek gentleman inclined to be fattish glided on the stage, picked up a saxophone and crooned into it. Then he tossed this aside and crooned vocally into a megaphone. He did this twice and the act was over. In not a note, a word or a gesture did he exhibit the slightest charm, grace or temperament. Yet I am told that young ladies sit out the four daily shows just to see him go through the motions of being entertaining. I heard a very diverting characterization of him. It will be sent to anyone forwarding me a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



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Causerie

Continued from page 19

an entire generation. Both books are competently edited and pleasingly designed. The volumes in the Stanford Miscellany certainly give promise of being an enjoyable contribution to western publishing.

Another interesting item from the Stanford Press is the volume *Descensus Averno*, being fourteen woodcuts reproduced from Sebastian Brant's Virgil which was published in Strassburg in 1502. The woodcuts have been "elucidated and provided with a foreword" by Anna Cox Brinton of Mills College. The book will delight artists, students of the classics, and everyone who glories in handsome volume. What a pity I didn't mention this and the Osborn letters last month! Both would make fine Christmas gifts; but then there will be birthdays, and anniversaries, and Christmas next year. One of the nice things about these books is that they are not seasonal. They've been good for several generations and probably will continue to be.

ISUPPOSE one can hardly claim as a "western" writer one who was born in Finland and has lived abroad as much as he has lived in America, but not a little of the interest in Carl Wilhelmson's first novel *Midsummer Night* (Farrar and Rhinehart) is due to the fact that he has lived in and about San Francisco for a number of years. The critics are divided as to the book's merit, one calling it dull and another praising it as a veritable Golden Bough of Finnish folklore. I think the people who find it dull are those who expect the usual novel, which *Midsummer Night* certainly is not. It is a story based upon Finnish customs and filled with



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the hula LEILANI does in
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LIKE popcorn without butter and salt, the hulas you've seen apart from Hawaiian nights and music strummed by—well, you should see Leilani dance in Hawaii. Tomorrow you may play golf or frolic in the surf or motor over perfect roads—but for this hour Leilani and you

are living again the love stories of conquering chieftains and their South Sea brides! . . . Sail from San Francisco on the luxurious Malolo and less than five days later you're in Honolulu, in the Paradise of the Pacific. The Malolo leads a fleet of splendid liners from California to the Islands.

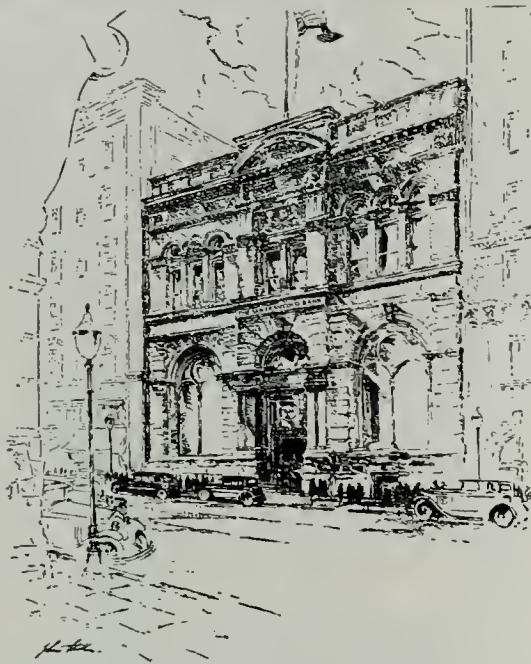
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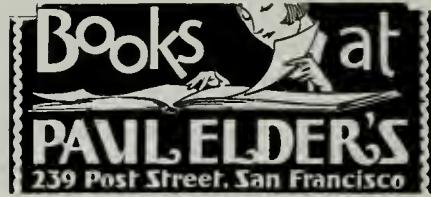
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Finnish folklore, both so different from anything to which we are accustomed that I recall a university dignitary who several years ago demanded that some of Mr. Wilhelmson's stories then appearing in the college magazine be suppressed as indecent, an action which caused the author to go about shaking his head in bewilderment and muttering things which seemed to concern decency and pigs! The material used in these early stories has been much amplified and developed. The result is one of the most distinctive first novels which has appeared in some time. It is neither dull nor indecent, but a thorough, craftsmanlike piece of work dealing with hitherto unused material.

Much as I should like to commend another western item, I cannot truthfully say anything good of *This Cavalcade*, a book of poems by David Weissman, published by the Primavera Press in Los Angeles. The verses do reveal a temperament sufficiently sensitive and sufficiently observant to become eventually perhaps a pleasing but surely minor poet. As they stand, however, sophomoric is a mild adjective to apply to them.

Barrie enthusiasts will be pleased with the little volume containing J. M. B.'s address delivered on his installation as Chancellor of Edinburgh University last October, bearing the title *The Entrancing Life* (Scribner's, \$1).



Resolved » »

- to make the most of each noon hour . . .
- to eat where there is fresh, gay color that stimulates and gives fresh vigor for the afternoon
- to select only the choicest of foods in appealing dishes. . .
- to go today to

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More Telephotos of Britain

by Algernon Crofton

Conservative is a pallid adjective to describe the rigidity of British thought. They insist on being well on with the new love before they get off with the old. At one of the most fashionable three hotels in London, I have a room and bath—and such a bath. But in spite of the new and complete latrine, I have also, at the head of my bed, a commode with two—count 'em, two—chamber pots in it. Probably the true Britishers cannot sleep soundly otherwise, or it may be they play safety first and proceed on the theory that a pot never gets out of order, unless, horrible thought, one drops it.

I am in dire need of the earnest statistician who figures out that if all the goal posts in the world were laid end to end, etc., etc., I want to know if all the hours which are wasted in London traffic waiting for a truck horse to plod his weary way to a turning place, were saved by shooing the said horse off the street, what difference would it make. While the statisticians and astrologers are working it out, I

suppose the horses in London will continue to gum up movement in all directions. Seriously, though, there are more horses in London streets than on the roadways of any other modern city and they do slow down traffic to a very noticeable degree. (N.B.—This observation does not apply to the local taxicabs which run between the horses' legs.)

The Proof of the Pudding is in the eating as every dog can tell who has once been boarded at BELL MEAD KENNELS, Ltd., Haslemere. They are happy to come back and enjoy exercising in a park of 60 acres, with comfortable kennels and runs facing South, and a large competent staff of kennels maids to attend their wants. Send him and try.—Tele. 452.

—Ad in *London Times*.
Yet last night I saw men sleeping in benches in a London park.

nisi this morning from Yvonne Stanforth on the ground of her adultery with Captain Lionel Westgate of the first Onslow Rifles last December."

In America, the report would have read that Yvonne got the decree on the ground of her husband's cruelty. Are Americans more polite than their English cousins?

Facing the Music

Continued from page 11

be flat. Seek the drama in the notes as you would in the words of a poem, and you will suddenly understand the language of the composer." What more can one hope for?

Dobrowen faces a depleted orchestra. His difficulties are the same that confronted his predecessor. Only blind ignorance will insist that his task is an easy one. But somehow, while listening to him talk, one loses all fears of the future. One becomes conscious of the man's tremendous reserve power which will surmount all obstacles. And that, and that alone will restore the high standard the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra enjoyed for so many years.

That he has a sense of humor goes without saying. For to understand music is to understand life, and to understand life is to chuckle at its idiosyncrasies. And Dobrowen has a twinkle in his eyes. All of which is a most encouraging sign.

Continued on page 29

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Passing Shows - - - -

Continued from page 19

woodblocks, water colors and drawings for at least a tentative measure of the man. Holger Cahill, in his book "Max Weber," mentions the time when Weber had to fight against the ease of his draughtsmanship. If such was his ambition, it is indeed well fulfilled for I have seldom seen sloppier daubs or less coherently stated forms than in the majority of his things at Beaux Arts. The few water colors show a good color sense that pokes a firm toe in the door of judgment that might otherwise close, dismissing this "modernist" as another flaunted ego.

RIVERA has completed his sketches for the fresco in the Stock Exchange Lunch Club and is at work on the actual wall. His sketches are the result of intensive study of California during the weeks since his arrival from Mexico City. He visited the mines, the valleys, the oil fields, the river country and various other regions where he could see first hand the resources from which California's wealth is derived. He has been untiring in his work, making dozens of sketches until he should gain the feeling of the locality. At the same time, he has been working on sketches for the wall at the California School of Fine Arts where he will do a fresco as the gift of William Gerstle, president of the Art Association.

Edward Bruce, prominent American painter who has recently established his home in California, has just completed an over mantel painting for the board of directors' room in the Stock Exchange building. This canvas, which was installed January 7, carries out the feeling of formal modernism of the dignified room by portraying a stylized view of the city's skyscrapers composed so that the eye is drawn up to the bay and beyond to an island and a fringe of hills close to the top of the picture. It is a beautiful epitome of a city and one feels that Bruce has caught a very precious part of San Francisco in his use of the modern city topped by unspoiled virgin hills. My only regret is that Bruce has been in California too short a time to forget the cold hills of the East which he has painted before. His approach is so direct that one feels that, had he but been here longer, he would have painted more truly.

The installation of this panel adds one more artist name to the list of those participating in the splendid Stock Exchange building which already includes Ralph Stackpole, Robert Boardman Howard, Otis Oldfield, Ruth Cravath, Adaline Kent and Clifford Wright. Various modern craftsmen have also contributed to the modern beauty of the building, especially notable are the metal elevator doors made by Harry Dixon for the Lunch Club.

PEOPLE are beginning to adopt the habit of visiting the San Francisco Art Center, the most recent of the local art organizations. It is now dominated by a dual showing of work by Hamilton Wolf. One part of the exhibition is devoted to the recent paintings by Wolf—large

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You may think that Harry Dixon is not a San Franciscan—but he is. He has several of the finest examples of his work in his own home.

Note: For the information of those aspiring to become San Franciscans by virtue of owning some of the fine hand wrought metal work of Harry Dixon—his shop is in Tillman Alley—241 Grant Avenue.



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canvases that reflect a constant change in theory and technique. There is a restless spirit to Wolf's work but it seems to be a seeking restlessness that leads from one expression to the next. It will be interesting to see what comes out of all this experimentation. Evidence of Wolf's very early efforts is found in the collection of sixty drawings and paintings done as a child. This portfolio of childhood picturings is, in some ways, more interesting than the group of recent paintings. There is something about the childish things that draws one's attention from the mature painting in much the same way that the actions of a child on the stage, if natural and unspoiled, will demand more attention than the finished characterization of the trained actors.

A NEW slant on modernism was expressed by Wilhelm R. Valentiner, distinguished authority on the old masters and director of Detroit museum, who recently visited San Francisco to lecture on Raphael at the Legion of Honor. He has observed that in past centuries the art in quite isolated countries tended to have certain rhythmical characteristics in common with all the other art of its time. He feels that at any one time much the same rhythm is to be found in the art expression throughout the world, irrespective of superficial communication. So, today, he feels that modern painting and sculpture are obeying the general impulse of syncopated rhythm that seems to characterize this century and, as such, deserves earnest consideration even more than the masterpieces of the past which reflect attitudes not dominant today.

Facing the Music

Continued from page 27

LOOK at the music calendar and you will see that the German Grand Opera Company will be in the city again at the end of this month. With a host of talent which includes Johanna Gadski, Margaret Baumer, Marie Von Essen, Johannes Sembach, Max Roth and many others, the short season promises to be artistically as successful as the other appearances which the company has made in this country.

Perhaps the most interesting work to be presented this year is "Tiefland" by Eugene Frances Charles d'Albert, who, though born in Glasgow, Scotland, and the grandson of a captain of cavalry in the French army, has yet spent most of his life in Germany.

Space prohibits a detailed discussion of the five operas. However, it is suggested that those who are interested attend Maud Fay Symington's lectures at the Community Playhouse on the evenings of January 12th and 16th and on the afternoon of January 14th for the works by Wagner, and write to THE SAN FRANCISCAN for a detailed synopsis of d'Albert's work, "Tiefland."

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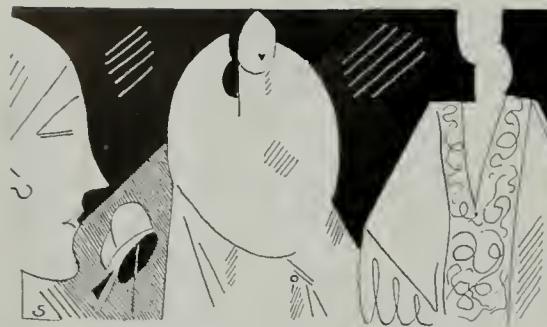
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WELL, holidays have certainly taken their toll of me and for a while at least parties, crowds, tinsel, and tissue will be pet aversions. Not that it wasn't a week full of joy but that my spasm of gaiety is over. I'm in a righteous mood for work. Already I have settled down to enforcing law and order—chiefly the latter—in a devil-may-care household, so that I may be able to find my own stockings in a rush and restore Jim's good-natured "Hello, Hon." His greeting seems to have become a porcine grunt these last ten days.

My new and virtuous resolutions include taking stock of my depleted wardrobe. The dresses look a little the worse for wear. I believe pulling them on and off causes more damage than anything else. I always have violent interior gigglings—after the ball is over—crawling out these sheath gowns. Compressed lips—bending double—a sudden flip—and wiggling contortions that might interest Gilda Gray are the only means of emerging. What few 1931 models I have had a peek at look even "more Western" and I'm wondering ! ! ! No doubt we dress to make fools of men and when they promptly oblige—well, that wasn't the reason at all.

A suit from Jenkins displayed at Nelly Gaffney's has a very slick look. Fits the figure everywhere, even 'round the knees, but the clever designer conceals where he reveals by adjusting two flat circular flounces so that the whole skirt is beautifully rhythmic. A short, tight fitting jacket with a jaunty cape bordered in pointed fox completely hides from view (except at the wrist) one of the daintiest tuck-in blouses I have ever seen. Made of chiffon, it is elaborately beaded in tiny crystals. Oh! my gosh! it's just what you've always wanted. Mary Boland in the "Vinegar Tree" wears a ravishing evening gown from this same house that knocks your eye out.

I looked pretty good to myself until I stumbled on that suit at Gaffney's, but an ax fell on the neck of my self-satisfaction and I wandered disconsolately to the St. Francis Hotel hoping to take my mind off of that costume. Suddenly I betrothed myself of Elva's Beauty Parlor and results achieved there. If I couldn't have the suit I could at least freshen up with a wonderful facial that makes the old morale quicken. There is something very restful in these rooms and one has a privacy lacking in most beauty salons. After the thorough method of massage I felt a 100% and started to do and see things.

CITY OF PARIS was next on my list. I had an appointment to look at their antiques in the furniture department and I was very much interested in them. The individual pieces are saturated with history. Two tapestry chairs from the sixteenth century could tell many a tale, while a very narrow Spanish refectory table looked intriguing. Wonder what they serve on such slim tables. Some old Spanish customs I missed out on, I guess. Many fine English pieces are scattered on the floor and a court buffet was arresting. It looked as though it might have belonged to Richard Plantagenet for one could best visualize it holding a platter bearing a wild boar's head on its broad surface. Underneath are many compartments that could contain ample for even a lion-hearted Moselle?



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Suppose he drank that? A courteous clerk's "Could I help you?" found me romancing with a fatuous expression on my face and my tongue between my teeth. That brought me to and I moved on reluctantly. It's difficult to tear yourself away from a place like this.

Only a beauteous Christmas present—in fact a fur coat—that was having buttons adjusted at the White House lured me away. It was all set when I arrived and I slipped into it feeling like a million. Somehow when you purchase furs at the White House with its background and the convincing sincerity of Mr. Kennedy in charge, you feel you have value received, and I pranced down Grant Avenue feeling *high, wide and fancy*. I used the word "prance" advisedly, for it was a real Russian pony I was wearing with a White House guarantee. Guess I must have been "screwy as a toad" with happiness, for I smiled at the traffic cop with the deep dimple and, snuggling my nose in the soft collar, hummed all the way home "Three Little Words." Not even my errand to the Knox Shop where some of my *Christmas checks* were *passing out*, dampened my spirits. Laid aside were two luscious dressing robes, and I had another look at them before their festive wrapping. One of lustrous silk in magenta and black

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But if in all probability you will have a last-minute hankering to be here for one, or two, or three of California's major winter events, make a note of them now:

Inter-Collegiate Games for the President Hoover Cup January 1, 2, 3, 4
California Amateur Speed-Skating Championships, Jan. 17, 18
Olympic Trials (skating events) Jan. 31, Feb. 1

Yosemite's staff of winter experts, formerly of Switzerland and Canada, will direct. It was under their supervision that your program of organized winter sports in Yosemite was planned—for the year's most exhilarating holiday!

Accommodations in housekeeping cabins, Yosemite Lodge, or the ultrafine Ahwahnee. See your travel agent, or Yosemite Park and Curry Co., 39 Geary St., San Francisco, 604 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, and Yosemite National Park, Calif.

Yosemite WINTER SPORTS

was heavy enough to stand alone and the other of swansdown flannel—well, it was nobody's business. They were even more lovely at the second look and I was mighty pleased over these holiday contributions to long standing friendships. I paid for them with pleasure.

Someone loved me at Christmas for I had a merchandise order at H. Liebes and Company which I promptly took advantage of and purchased a hat for my new coat. No difficulty here. Whoever the millinery buyer for Liebes, she shows any amount of smartness in her various selections.

Before starting on an afternoon trip let me fill out this prescription—Oh, no, you've got me wrong. Go to Yda's place, 44 Compton Place. Relax ten minutes before a cozy fireplace, bring all your Latin to the front and consume one tamale, one dash of Spanish beans on lettuce, one cup of coffee and one apple turn-over. Repeat next day. I'm the doctor.

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Tonight it will be cool. Guests will sleep 'neath blankets with a fresh breeze blowing from lofty San Jacinto's snow-crowned crests. Sleep will come early, linger late . . . for the nights are dedicated to repose, at El Mirador, in the Garden of the Sun.

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JAN. 3-4: Winter sports Costume Carnival (all sports program).

JAN. 17-18: Junior Ski Tournament and Lake Tahoe Club Championships.

JAN. 31-FEB. 1: Truckee and Auburn ski clubs in challenge ski tournament.

FEB. 7-8: Professional Ski Jump Exhibition.

FEB. 14-15: Sierra Dog Derby (start and finish at Truckee).

FEB. 21-22-23: Tryouts for Olympic ski teams...ski racing and jumping. Ski riders from all parts of the Pacific Coast.

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Brass Bands and Grand Balls

Continued from page 7

take a bath even for inaugural balls, but for all of that, it is plain he lent to any affair that touch of aristocratic distinction, so desired and valued by the guests at democratic gatherings. By reason of the Emperor's passing, you may be sure, the Perkins ball fell short of its anticipated glory.

WITH the dawn of the 1890's and all through that memorable era, the inaugural ball in California struck its best stride and rose to its greatest heights. For the ball of Governor Markham in January, 1891, \$637 was expended for decorations. A miracle of flowers and lighting was wrought in the interior of the Capitol Building. In the Assembly Chamber 227 gas jets shed their beams. The Senate Chamber was illumined with 173 jets, and the rotunda was festooned with 1,000 small electric lights. The table decorations presented the story of Queen Isabella disposing of her jewels to finance Columbus' explorations. Two bands and an orchestra—all of them concealed—supplied music.

The ball was a signal success. "The necessary dignity of form," we are told, "was preserved, but there was a conspicuous lack of buckram frigidity and devotion to starch, which renders participation in any official European function a penance and weariness to the spirit."

The newspapers devoted solid pages to descriptions of the ladies' gowns. From these accounts, we gather that Moussilene de Soie was the material of the hour. For trimmings marabou feathers were almost *de rigueur*. A second choice were Prince of Wales feather tips, but jewel embroidered net at \$10 to \$50 a yard was very acceptable. Gas light green was a favored color, and it was a point to be noted that, unless a woman's gloves, slippers, hand-

flowers for the debutante!

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kerchiefs, fan and such small what-nots harmonized with her gown in color and design, she could not be considered really well dressed.

In 1903 Governor Pardee was inaugurated, and the ball in his honor was the last until the present event for Governor Rolph. On this occasion the interior of the Capitol Building was transformed into a Louis XIV palace. To enhance this general scheme the decorators conceived several original features of their own. One of their conceptions was a profusion of huge chrysanthemums, made of paper and having yellow electric light bulbs for their centers.

On the lighting alone \$500 was expended, while \$849 went for a buffet supper of every imaginable domestic and imported delicacy. At strategic points among the aforementioned palms, cut glass punch bowls were placed. The punch bowls were as big as wash tubs, and the punch in no two bowls was alike.

In the festivities in connection with the inauguration and ball of Governor Rolph, punch had, of course, no official part. The omission was unfortunate and necessary but not wholly disastrous, for the celebration achieved moments of grandeur. There was, for instance, a parade, headed by Governor Rolph in a stage coach of historic fame, drawn by four black horses and flanked by heralds and outriders in livery. The flower of Hollywood's talent presented an historical pageant. There were bands and concerts galore. There was a round of banquets, dinners and orations.

In fine, it was an inauguration worthy of the 27th Governor of California, who has a round dozen decorations from foreign countries plus a string of honorary titles from American organizations as long as your arm, and who is the only governor in the United States who wears boots and a feather in his hat and who, finally, is a typical San Franciscan and the perfect embodiment of the glamorous traditions of the great State of California.

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THE Government has passed legislation for the erection of a Bombing Base in Marin County . . . An Army Air Base in Alameda . . . A Dirigible Base at Sunnyvale.

And Now the Western Pacific

. . . When it enters San Francisco, will require another eight million dollars. All of which means prosperity for San Francisco and the Bay District over a period of years.

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WEDDINGS

POSTLEY-TAYLOR. On January 21, at Trinity Church, Mr. Clarence Sterling Postley, son of Mrs. Ross Amber Curran and the late Mr. Sterling Postley, and Miss Evelyn Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

STEELE-BOLTON. February 3, in San Francisco, Mr. Shorb Steele, son of Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele, and Miss Betty Bolton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clay Bolton.

ENGAGEMENTS

PARKER-MOSS. Miss Janey Graham Parker, daughter of Mrs. Doyle Parker, to Mr. Joseph Marion Moss, son of Mr. and Mrs. Castle Prentice Moss of New Westminster, B. C.

TOWNE-WALKER. Miss Adelaide Towne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Towne, to Mr. Harry Wallace Walker of Los Angeles.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Biddle of Philadelphia were guests for a time of Captain and Mrs. Powers Symington. Later they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish at their Carmel estate. Mr. and Mrs. Biddle were guests of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker during their visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church, who arrived from New York to attend the Oakland Horse Show, was extensively entertained in San Francisco and the Peninsula.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, the English aviatrix, was the complimented guest at a luncheon given by the English-Speaking Union at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Mrs. Nathaniel Robbins, who visited her sister, Mrs. Charles Edward Gilman recently, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Walton N. Moore and at another occasion where Mrs. Percy J. Walker was hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew T. Cassell (Dorothy Woodworth) have been visitors in San Francisco, making their home at the Sir Francis Drake.

Mr. Gerald Williamson, who formerly made his home in San Mateo, and his father, Lord Forbes, have been guests at the Hotel Mark Hopkins. Mr. Gerald Williamson entertained a group of his old friends at luncheon at the San Mateo Polo Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Whitney of New York were entertained by Miss Barbara Carpenter of Burlingame at a luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle C. Anthony of Los Angeles were guests at the Hotel Mark Hopkins for a brief visit.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

Dr. and Mrs. Mark L. Gerstle Jr. entertained at dinner at their home for Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Peabody of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson also gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Peabody.

Mr. and Mrs. Guernsey Curran of New York, who came to San Francisco to attend the wedding of Miss Evelyn Taylor and Mr. Clarence S. Postley, were extensively entertained during their stay. Among those who arranged affairs in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Curran were Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Mrs. John Drum.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Herrmann were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Bliss Rucker in Burlingame.

The Polo Matches brought many interesting visitors to Northern California last month. Prominent among them was Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church, Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hopping Sr., of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Sinclair of Colorado Springs.

Doctor Wilhelm Valentioner of the Detroit Art Museum was guest of honor at a luncheon that Mr. Richard Tobin gave at the Bohemian Club during Dr. Valentioner's visit in San Francisco. He was also honor guest at a tea that Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Moody Jr. gave at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Henderson of Honolulu were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Warren Spicker at her home in Pacific Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson have been visiting with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Henderson, in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy Filmer entertained a group of friends at their Green Street home in honor of Mr. Alex Wallace of Salt Lake City, who was visiting his brother, Mr. William R. Wallace, at the Huntington Apartments.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Edmondson and their children, who make their home in Los Angeles, were guests of Mrs. Edmondson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Clagston, in Palo Alto.

Mrs. Raymond Phelps, accompanied by her small daughter, is visiting in San Francisco, occupying apartments at The Huntington. Mrs. Phelps was the former Miss Katherine Bentley and is a sister of Mrs. Stanley Powell.

Madame Johanna Gadski was honor guest at a luncheon and open house tea given by Miss Constance Alexander on the afternoon preceding the opening of the German Grand Opera season.

Mrs. William Kent Jr. entertained recently in honor of Mrs. Clarence Cooke of Honolulu. The occasion was a luncheon given at the Town and Country Club.

HERE AND THERE

Miss Florence McCormick, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. McCormick, made her debut at a dance given at the San Francisco Golf Club on the evening of January 3. Many dinner parties preceded the dance. Among those entertaining at these preliminary gatherings were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Carol Lapham, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Page Maillard.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper gave a dancing party for their daughter, Miss Margaret Hooper, at the Hooper home in Broadway. Preceding the dance Miss Constanza Avenali entertained a group at dinner at the Avenali home.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery of Burlingame entertained twenty guests at dinner at their home in Burlingame recently.

Miss Gwyneth Woodhouse, granddaughter of Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt, made her debut at the Burlingame Country Club where a dance was given on the evening of January 17. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison gave a dinner for Miss Woodhouse before her debut ball.

The San Francisco Branch of the Junior League is at work on a play which the members will present during the Easter holidays. Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton is at the head of this current activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller are again at their Jackson Street home after a ten-day motor trip.

Miss Betty Bolton has announced February 3 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Shorb Steele. Miss Mary and Miss Margaret McCormick gave a buffet supper in honor of the couple.

Mrs. Harry Hill and her daughter, Miss Harrie Hill, Miss Juanita Hill and Mrs. Hill's son, Mr. Jackson Baird, enjoyed a ten-day visit in the south during January.

Miss Edith Chamberlain has returned to her home in Woodside after a four months trip abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert W. Allen gave a dinner for Miss Florence McCormick and a group of her friends at the Allen home in Broadway.

Continued on page 30



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"When I consider the difficulties solved, the pitfalls of commonplace illustration avoided, I must rank this the finest rendition of a modern city I have yet seen. To Edward Bruce's already distinguished reputation this picture must bring added luster."—Paul Dougherty.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

Bull versus Sham

- - - by Edward A. Morphy

Mr. Wickersham and the Pope

RAELY does the daily press of this great republic so far forget its consecration to the pious cause of scandal as to devote front-page headlines to the exposition of purely instructive or monitorial documents. During the first month of this favored year, however, such a miracle has twice occurred.

On January 8th, the now famous Encyclical on the subject of marriage and allied adventures was promulgated by Pope Pius XI and instantly won first-page honors in every section of the press. A couple of weeks later, on January 20th, President Hoover presented Congress with the still more famous half-million dollar report of the Wickersham commission, a document which had attained first-page headlines while in its gestation stage and which still, on occasion, again achieves them.

So much well merited editorial comment has been accorded internationally to each of these important documents that but little worth saying about either has been left unsaid. One point, however, which concerns both does not appear to have attracted comment. This is the illustratively typical but widely differing natures, as internationally important public documents, of the Papal Encyclical and the Wickersham Report, respectively, and the fundamentally distinctive characteristics of each.

In the Encyclical, we have a document that admirably reflects the archaic crudity of an administration which seeks to maintain in this enlightened age the senile traditions that it has nursed through twenty centuries. The Wickersham report, on the other hand, treats chiefly of a subject and of conditions that are quite new, and embodies the latest concepts in efficiency of up-to-date American political practice.

Mr. Will Rogers, who customarily keeps his eye on such matters, was the first publicist to call attention to the fact that the Encyclical differed from what the world-public had a right to expect insomuch that its import was as plain as a pikestaff. In it, the Pope said exactly what it was in his mind to say. The clarity of his diction left no loophole for misunderstanding. Every

Editor's Note: Edward A. Morphy, until recently editor of *The Argonaut*, has for years been one of the most brilliant journalists of the West. Associated with San Francisco journalism during the early '90s, he went from here to the Orient where for years he served as war correspondent. Later he went to England and, returning after the outbreak of the World War, he accepted the editorship of *The Argonaut* whose policies he directed for six years. Because of these past accomplishments and because of our sincere belief in his ability as an analyst of current affairs, we take pride in presenting this, the first of a series of monthly features which Mr. Morphy will write for *The San Franciscan*.

assertion, every contention, was stark in its intellectual nudity.

How different was our Wickersham Report—as typical of our thought and our modernity as “the noble experiment” which is the *leit motif* of its profound and baffling obscurity.

Not only has the purport of this noble document hitherto defied the efforts of all those concerned in ascertaining its true significance, but a similar soothing atmosphere of uncertainty enshrouds the presidential message which accompanied it to Congress. The wording of this message, no doubt, might at first glance have appeared to the uninitiated to be almost as unambiguous as that of the Papal Encyclical. At any rate it professed “unity with the spirit” of a certain section of the report which seems to favor prohibition enforcement. This “unity,” however, has been publicly interpreted by the official leader of the Republican party as indicating that the President has an open mind on the entire subject and is not devoted to prohibition enforcement. Therefore it may be accepted that, by no action of the nation’s Chief Executive, has the impotence or unintelligibility of the Wickersham report been in any respect seriously impaired.

Thus by virtue of a protracted enquiry and the sagacious outlay of half a million dollars a previously befuddled nation has had all its anxiety as to the removal of its difficulties erased and its justly celebrated *Status quo ante* restored.

ONE of the immediate results of this benign achievement in California has been the organization at Hollywood—on approved Chicago lines and under the auspices of Mr. Scarface Capone—of a proper bootlegger’s “racket” or cartel—a rationalization of local big business in the orthodox way.

No such constructive result could be expected to ensue upon the promulgation of an admonitory communiqué so indelicate in its directness as the Pope’s Encyclical, and no attempt will here be made to analyze comprehensively or to compare with the Wickersham Report the qualities of the Encyclical other than this offensively archaic one of clarity.

What might not be said, for example, in retort to the Pontiff’s excoriation of our arrangements for the compulsory sexual sterilization, (under proper magisterial order and direction) of certain non-criminal citizens on whose behalf we in California have pioneered this practical form of physical relief and moral uplift? What about the papal denunciations of those excursions into the realms of birth-control and abortion by means of which we are so efficiently reducing the birth-rate of this state, and making it conform with our modern ideas concerning homes and families? What about the papal lack of sympathy with our new companionate marriages and the denunciation of these as “hateful abominations?” Why should his holiness disparage as “exaggerated physiological education” the generous extension of our pedagogic enterprises on lines that may soon effect the inclusion of sex education in the curriculum of our kindergartens?

These are questions that might well afford food for reflection to the pontifical mind were they brought within its purview. They are questions, at any rate, that directly concern and worry every Californian who is devoted to the various local principles involved—the forcible transformation of unwilling men into eunuchs, and so forth.

Another matter that the Pontiff approaches in a manner which rubs many genial Lotharios against the fur is that of marriage: “A great number of men,” according to the Encyclical, “either entirely ignore or shamelessly deny the great sanctity of Christian wedlock.”

Possibly some incidents connected with Hollywood were fretting the Pope, if he really were aiming this assertion at any section of California.

OUR friend the interne at the emergency hospital tells of a man who was recently brought in by a flurried wife who announced that he had been bitten by a mad dog. In the midst of the first aid precautions while waiting for the serum, the man suddenly grabbed a pad of prescription paper and began to write furiously. The interne was startled at this development and tried to calm the patient with assurances that everything would be all right, the serum was on the way and there wasn't one chance in ten of hydrophobia. "Oh, I'm not worrying about that—I'm just making a list of the people I want to bite if I do get hydrophobia."

THERE was an accident on the El Camino Real, between San Mateo and Burlingame. Just a simple one involving a lady driving north and a gentleman driving south. The cars collided head on. Both drivers climbed out, neither being injured.

The lady was very apologetic. "It was all my fault," she said. "I was way over on the wrong side of the road. I can't imagine what I was thinking about. It was entirely my fault."

The gentleman stopped her with a gallant gesture. "Not at all, madam," he replied. "not at all. I saw you coming for half a mile back, and I could easily have turned off at least two side roads and gotten out of your way."

THE recent unemployment census brought consternation to at least one household. A mural painter who is very much preoccupied and somewhat vague about current conditions was busy sketching when the census taker knocked. In a daze the artist opened the door and said, no, he was not "employed." Then how long

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

had he been unemployed? But he was not "unemployed," he said. Oh, he had work? No, not just now. The conversation weaved back and forth in confusion until finally the worker made a notation and left. Exhausted, the artist returned to his easel but found he couldn't work . . . the horrible uncertainty of the interview . . . the fear that next time he answered the door, he might find a charity basket there!

THE workman with the tin-soldier shoulder straps was busy oiling the turntable at the Market street end of the Powell car line. He grandly ignored the traffic, both wheeled and pedestrian, that swirled around him. But a nearsighted old lady refused to be ignored. After saying "My good man" three times, she plucked up her courage enough to tweak his sleeve while saying in quite a loud voice, louder than she had spoken in at least fifty years, "My good man, will you tell me where I shall get the cable car?" "In the rump, ma'am, if you don't move," said he, squirting a last stream of oil from the long nozzle of his can and jumping back to give way to the clanging car.

HIKERS along a Marin County trail one Sunday afternoon during the month witnessed an unusual sight in a nearby pasture. Puffing like a locomotive, cursing his folly in allowing himself to grow stout, an old gentleman was running for his life from an infuriated bull. At first it seemed as if he would surely be caught. But with one last, despairing effort he reached the end of the field and hurled himself over the fence.

For some moments he sat still, recovering his breath. The excited hikers arrived at his side just in time to see him get to his feet, and shake his fist almost apologetically at the snorting animal.

"You brute!" he spluttered. "And I've been a vegetarian all my life!"

A San Franciscan is one who is able to pronounce Begin.



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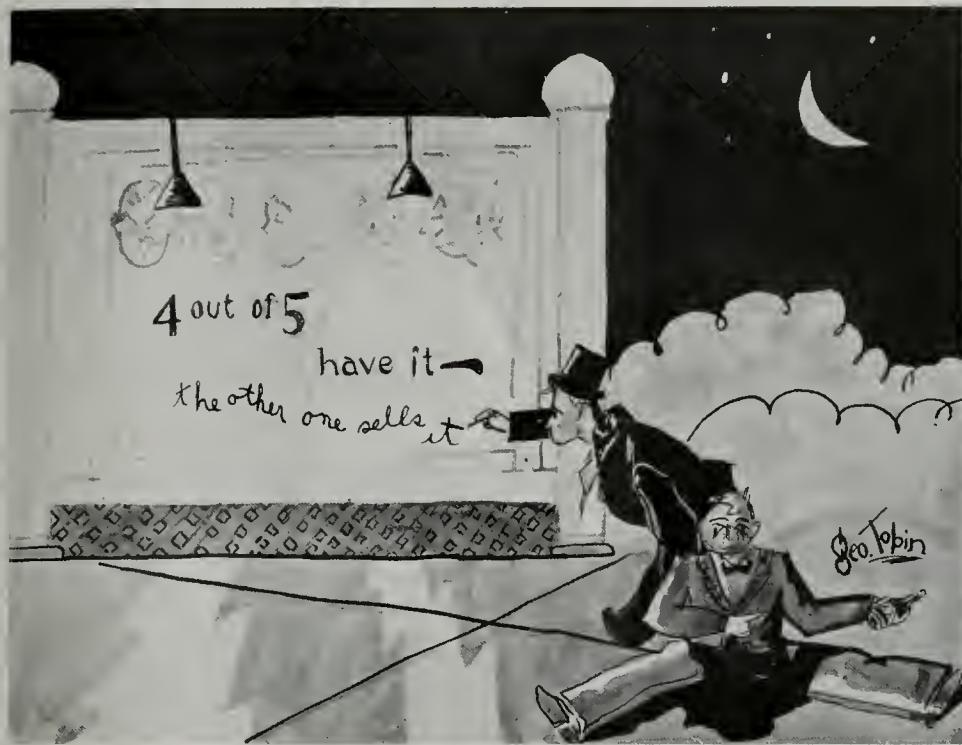
WE FIND that even the unemployed apple sellers have their difficulties. It is not only that people won't buy, one confided, but it is the criticism of the non-buying public that hurts. One group audibly objects to the apple venders because they hawk their wares. "One would think they were selling papers or something—why they are actually like professionals," they say. Then when the vender has subsided into modest waiting someone comes along who says, "Humph, you won't find me buying from these people. Look at them, they don't show a spark of initiative!" And this isn't all, some non-buyers object, saying the apples aren't "sanitary"—that's what celophane has done to the modern mind—and others claim they would buy if only the apples were oranges because apples are a direct copy of New York but oranges would be truly Californian.

Among other flattering things, are the placards in San Francisco street cars giving straphangers sage advice on how to drive automobiles.

ALTHOUGH it is some time since John Barrymore was seriously ill, we have it from an eye-witness that as the crisis approached and fears were highest, the great actor begged the doctor to "tell him the truth." With great hesitation, the physician finally said: "I think it would be best, Mr. Barrymore, to prepare yourself. I fear you will soon have to meet your Maker face to face." "What!" cried Barrymore, sitting upright, anguish in his eyes, "—not—not in profile?"

A San Franciscan is a man who knows what a Pisco Punch tastes like—also a Waldorf Fizz. (But what about the women?)

UNTIL recently we thought we were the only people who ever forgot to wind, wear or keep in repair the birthday, commencement or other watches in our possession. We were thankful for the cheerful service of the telephone company in answering our calls for time but, somehow, felt that this was a special, personal courtesy extended to us quite in particular. Then one day in conversation we gasped to hear that something over 35,000 calls are made each day for time alone. The majority of these calls are from the residential districts—mostly between the hours of seven and eight in the morning! In one outlying district alone the average during the busy time



is about eight hundred time calls an hour! And we thought we alone were given the privilege of neglecting the accurate up keep of our time pieces!

ONE of the walls in the main gallery of the California School of Fine Arts is being prepared for Diego Rivera to decorate it in fresco when he has completed the Stock Exchange Lunch Club wall. At this time it is amusing to quote from art notes in "Mexican Life," a magazine published in Mexico City:

"Rivera has gathered renown not merely because he is an able and most versatile painter, but because he is never too big an artist to forget the monetary worth of publicity. His notability as a painter is reinforced by his notoriety as a devotee of naive and gross eccentricities, such as his avowed communism, for instance, his aversion to bathe, a generally uncouth manner and appearance, and a singular lack for making enemies . . . Today, Rivera is in California performing a pictorial communist *tourner casque*. The fee which "comrade Diego" is raking in for this job will probably enable him to acquire a few more blocks of Mexico City tenements . . ."

In the same publication, Guillermo Rivas attempts to correct current impressions about Rivera and the "revolutionists." He writes:

"Diego Rivera, the acknowledged leader of Mexican 'revolutionary' painting—despite his rather unusual gifts at spinning fascinating yarns which tend to envelop his person in heroic auras—was away from Mexico

during all the stormy years of the revolution. He returned to this country when the big show was practically all over, after spending much time in France, Spain, Holland and Belgium. It was in 1921 that Rivera, in company with Orozco, Revueltas, Siqueiros, Atl, Alva, Montenegro, Merida, Charlot, Leal, De la Cueva and Guerrero, started his 'Mexican artistic revolution.'

"During his years in Europe, Rivera devotedly followed in the footsteps of Picasso. He went through all the many-limbed metamorphoses which characterized the different epochs of Picasso's creative effort. Rivera—ever keen to pursue something new—emulated his master throughout the evolutions of Picasso's restless talent.

"Thus, when Rivera returned to Mexico he brought back with him a vast store of experience at innovation; and he made use of this store in his and his followers' project of founding the 'Mexican revolutionary school of painting.'

"The group of painters who gathered about Rivera in 1921 and whose logical leader he at that time was (although at least one of that group, Jose Clemente Orozco, has gone considerably beyond Rivera's talents, whereas practically all others have gone their own way since) adapted the Rivera, or rather Picasso, method of mistrusting nineteenth century forms and, borrowing all that could be borrowed from the indigenous aesthetic motives, evolved what is today known as the modern Mexican school of mural painting."

SINCE SAN FRANCISCO means something different to each of us, it is interesting to compare notes—much as one voices reaction to the weather, only far less obvious. This phase of San Francisco had slipped our notice but perhaps you are more observant. Anyhow this is what L. K. writes:

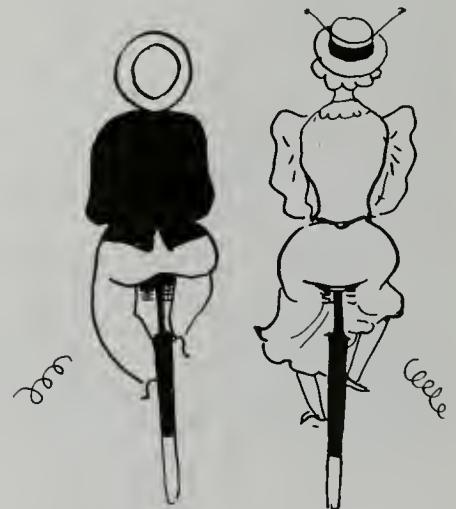
Much like the continental city is this city by the sea. There is not the noisy activity and hurry one commonly associates with Chicago and New York. Here the shop girl dallies over her coffee and cigaret. It is almost *gemutlich*, that German word which cannot be translated. Comfortable, cozy, enjoyable, not any of them is adequate, but all together almost expresses it.

As much a part of San Francisco as her Chinatown, her cable cars, her cafes, is the custom of the midafternoon tea or coffee in the numerous small cafes. There one sees the pert little stenographer, the smart clever secretary, the grey-haired man of affairs and the young man trying to get along, rubbing shoulders, sitting comfortably for a bit to enjoy the pause in the bustle of business. Some read, some listen to the sports reports over the radio or to the musical programs, others converse animatedly, still others just sit.

There is no hinting of waiters or the management that one dallies too long. There is nothing hurried about their attitude. There is an atmosphere of *gemutlichkeit*, a part of the conservativeness that San Francisco imparts. In any other city it would be a waste of time, but in San Francisco it is merely a custom, an old custom and, as such, even the pressure of business cannot wholly abolish it.

FROM an outlying town comes news of a nickname unjustly earned. She is a young virginal school teacher recently out of the university. But, because she has been assigned to teach three groups segregated into a "Z" classification of intelligence, she is now known to her colleagues as "Easy-for-Zee-Zee."

A San Franciscan is one who remembers when Lincoln Park was a Chinese cemetery.





CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

TITO SCHIPA

Facing the Music

by James Hamilton Fisher

THEY stood in the lobby of the Curran Theater after the first concert conducted by Issay Dobrowen. They were dressed smartly in gowns which touched the floor, cut thus and so, and their eyes held a rapt look.

"Isn't he too wonderful," said she with the white fur.

"Absolutely 'comme il faut,'" replied the other.

"Completely 'en rapport' with his men," said the first.

"He certainly has 'je ne sais quoi,'" mumbled the second.

"Where are we going to have tea?" came from the depth of the white fur.

The answer was lost, for, with a sigh which proclaimed a duty well done, they moved in the direction of the doors.

And so another conductor's reputation was made.

Which is related here merely as an example of the boundless enthusiasm which, according to the daily press, inspires symphony audiences.

If, and there may be people who believe it to be so, the musical value of a concert is to be measured by the hosannas of an audience, San Francisco

has entered the kingdom of Micromicon. For to read the reviews or listen to verbal comments, French or otherwise, all performances are perfect, all concerts faultless and all artists who appear in this city inimitable models of unparalleled perfection.

Obviously that state of mind isn't healthy. It isn't even sanitary. It establishes a false security which is bound to defeat its own purpose. And to music a state of self-satisfaction is as deadly as ground glass is to a pup.

IN DOBROWEN San Francisco has a conductor whose musical sensitivity is beyond question. His first program was a model of its kind. He might have followed the lead of other conductors whose opening selections usually include a Wagner number, preferably the Prelude to "Die Meistersinger," Respighi's "Pines of Rome," with its thunderous last movement and, as a symphony, probably Brahms' first in C minor. He might have picked his numbers from a long list of other spectacular works. But he did nothing of the sort. He chose Tschaikowsky's Fifth in E minor, and Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." True, he finished

Editor's Note: Again we present James Hamilton Fisher as the music critic whose monthly articles in *The San Franciscan* will record the pulse of current concerts. Throughout the month Mr. Fisher is glad to answer questions and give information to individuals or groups. He is also available for a limited number of lecture engagements.

the afternoon with Richard Strauss' "Don Juan." But though that composition may be counted among those which will "get" an audience, he had made his mark at the very beginning of the concert with his interpretation of the symphony. He played it as delicately as only a master can play it and throughout the afternoon the orchestra followed his every mood. The concert was a triumph for Debrowen, who achieved much after only three rehearsals, as well as did the players who gave him their very best. It was an auspicious beginning.

Came the second concert. Dvorak's fifth symphony, "From the New World," Bach's Brandenburg concerto No. 5 and Stravinsky's Suite from "The Fire Bird" formed the program. Each number aroused its usual quota of huzzas. The lobby buzzed with all the most approved expressions of ecstasy and, after the concert, the sidewalk in front of the theater was jammed with men and women whose raptures apparently knew no bounds. Yet musically the two concerts were as unlike each other as a penny whistle and a zampogna. True, the Brandenburg concerto was a personal triumph for the conductor. It revealed him as an exceptional pianist. But that was about the only outstanding disclosure of the afternoon. What had happened? Why should a standard work like the New World Symphony lack the same distinctive qualities which made the Tschaikowsky work two weeks previously such an outstanding success? Why did the solo flute in the Brandenburg concerto sound about as inspired as an organ stop, and why should the Stravinsky opus lack continuity and greatness? Odd questions no doubt but pertinent nevertheless.

ANXIOUS to get a reaction from those San Franciscans whose musical knowledge is sound and fair, I began to ask questions. And the answers I got are directly responsible for the statement that self-satisfaction in music is eventually as deadly to its existence as ground glass to a pup. What the various views were may form the subject of another article. Suffice it that only two of those questioned admitted the truth. And they in turn, before breaking down and confessing all, took me to a dark corner, disguised themselves as lamp posts, made me swear a bloody oath that I would never reveal their names, and then confessed that in their opinion the orchestra had lost heart and that the players simply didn't care.

Which, if generally admitted, would not be anything to worry over. Worse obstacles than that have been overcome in other communities. What makes it bad for San Francisco is the fact that those whose opinions ought to form an unshakable foundation for the symphony structure to stand on, are afraid to state them frankly and are hiding in a fool's paradise whose gaseous substance is bound to disappear sooner or later. And after this exorcism what then?

After all, at this point it may be well for me to remember the old Mandarin's advice as translated by Christopher Morley:

Never try to tell people anything
Unless
They know it already.
Even then,
It is well to refrain.

and so skip to a pleasanter subject.

WHICH brings me to the appearance of the Aguilar Lute Quartet, sponsored by Alice Seckels, January 26, in the Terrace Ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel. Of all the sober faced lute players which must have trod the boards since Shakespeare's time, Ezequiel, Pepe, Elisa and Paco Aguilar are certain to hold

Continued on page 32

CONCERTS OF THE MONTH

Friday afternoon, Feb. 6—Symphony at the Curran Theater.
 Saturday evening, Feb. 7—Tipica Orchestra at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
 Sunday morning, Feb. 8—At 11 o'clock, Pro Musica presents the Abas String Quartet at the Palace of the Legion of Honor.
 Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8—Kreutzberg and Georgi, dancers, at the Geary Theater. Geraldine Farrar at the New Columbia Theater and Symphony at the Curran Theater.
 Sunday evening, Feb. 8—Tipica Orchestra at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
 Tuesday evening, Feb. 10—Charles Cooper, pianist, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
 Wednesday evening, Feb. 11—Municipal Symphony Concert at the Civic Auditorium with Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, soloist; Dobrowen, conductor.
 Thursday evening, Feb. 12—Saleski, cellist, in the Italian Room of the Francis Hotel.
 Friday evening, Feb. 13—Kreutzberg and Georgi, dancers, at the Oakland Auditorium Theater.
 Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15—Kreutzberg and Georgi, dancers, at the Geary Theater.
 Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15—Popular Symphony concert at the Curran Theater.
 Monday afternoon, Feb. 16—Luisa Espinel at the Travers Theater.
 Tuesday evening, Feb. 17—Abas String Quartet at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
 Wednesday evening, Feb. 18—Joyita Fuentes, Filipino soprano, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
 Friday afternoon, Feb. 20—Symphony at the Curran Theater.
 Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22—Symphony at the Curran Theater.
 Tuesday evening, Feb. 24—Robert Vetleson, pianist, at the Travers Theater.
 Monday evening, Feb. 26—Paul Robson, negro baritone, at the Dreamland auditorium.
 Tuesday evening, Feb. 27—Paul Robson, negro baritone, at the Oakland Auditorium Theater.
 Sunday afternoon, March 1—Popular Symphony concert at the Curran Theater.
 Sunday afternoon, March 1—Sergei Rachmaninoff at the Dreamland auditorium.
 Monday night, March 2—Chicago Civic Opera Co. in "La Traviata" with Muzio, Schipa, Thomas, etc., at the Civic Auditorium.
 Tuesday night, March 3—Chicago Civic Opera Co. in "Die Walkuere" with Leider, Olszewski, Reddell, etc., at the Civic Auditorium.
 Wednesday night, March 4—Chicago Civic Opera Co. in double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" with Muzio, Thomas, etc., at the Civic Auditorium.
 Thursday night, March 5—Chicago Civic Opera Co. in "Lucia di Lammermor" with Salvi, Schipa, Bonelli, etc., at the Civic Auditorium.

Sutter and his Fort . . .

by Zoe A. Battu

SEARCHING through the great quantities of available material on Spanish California and the gold rush, one is quite at a loss to find anything of a detailed and satisfactory nature on Sutter's Fort at Sacramento and on Sutter himself. Bancroft, usually so voluminous in his detail, disposes of Sutter and his fort with a few casual pages. Hittel is equally vague and uncertain. Eldridge is no better, and lesser writers content themselves with a lifeless rehash of the scant accounts of these major historians.

It seems to occur to no one that Sutter in his way was one of the West's great pioneers. He may, indeed, be considered an Empire builder in the best sense of the word. For California and himself he clearly saw the promise of a great future. His prophecy was fulfilled. Its fulfillment, however, was contrary to his expectations, and in the fulfillment he was stripped of his possessions and his dream. But that does not alter the fact that it was Sutter who laid the first solid foundations for the American occupancy of California, and that it was around his fort that the gold discovery and first days of the rush centered.

Captain John A. Sutter was a native of the Duchy of Baden, Germany. His parents were Swiss, and he was educated in a Swiss military academy and spent some time in the Swiss Army. In 1834 he came to America. In July, 1839, he arrived in California with a well defined plan to found a settlement here. He petitioned the Mexican Governor, Juan Alvarado, to make him a grant of land. In return for the land, Sutter agreed to become a Mexican citizen, and set forth, with certain shrewd reservations, his ambitious plans for colonizing the wilderness and developing its wealth and resources.

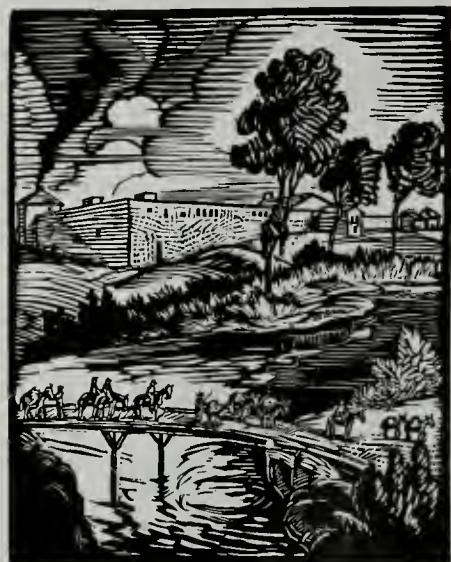
Alvarado was distrustful of this Swiss soldier of fortune, but was in no position to oppose him. He promised to make him a suitable land grant at whatever point he might designate. Sutter, accordingly, set out to locate the site of his future kingdom. He explored the San Francisco Bay region and the Sacramento River Valley. By the end of August, 1839, he had definitely decided upon the site of his fort, within view of the Sacramento River, as the center of his kingdom.

His party consisted of three un-

known white men, ten Hawaiian men and two Hawaiian women, one Oregon Indian and one large bull dog. Sutter lost no time in setting the Hawaiians, the white men and Indian to work building a three room adobe house for his personal occupancy. He and the bull dog supervised the work. Curious Indians of the countryside came to gape, and for the consideration of trinkets forsook their idle ways and learned the blessings of labor. In their spare time the Hawaiians built tule houses on stilts and other makeshift shelters to house the rest of the company during the approaching winter.

The beginnings were humble, but the enterprise rapidly grew apace. In 1840 the Mexican Government officially conferred citizenship on Sutter and granted him eleven square leagues of land. Within some two or three years the Sutter holdings presented an aspect of wealth, fruitfulness and industry. The original three room adobe had become a presentable two story house. A twelve foot wall enclosed a yard space 150x500 feet, and the fort was well fortified. Within the enclosure were located granaries, forges, workshops, a distillery and wine room and several office and store buildings. One of these was occupied by the saloon of Peter Slater. Hensley & Readling, pioneer merchandise brokers of Sacramento, occupied another office, and Sam Brannan also had a store at the fort.

A goodly portion of Sutter's land was under cultivation. Many acres were set to grains, truck gardens and orchards. Sutter claimed ownership of 12,000 head of sheep and cattle, 1,000 hogs and 1,000 horses and mules. Some 500 Indians were regularly attached to his domains by a sort of



SHREVE, TREAT & EACRET

SUTTER'S FORT, 1841

from the woodcut by William Wilke



Margrethe Mather presents a symbolic abstraction of the debut in these modern photographs of exquisitely fashioned slippers and long black gloves.

DEBUT

Dancing feet . . . laughing gaiety . . . the long black gloves of convention . . . ambition . . . romantic hopes . . . the modern rite of the debut is performed! Meaningless in the part it originally played—significant in its social symbolism, the debut will continue its public acknowledgment of the usages of tradition.



This Time it Counts

A Short Story in Which Fate is Tricked

by George Uhl, Jr.

JERE NASON sat in his squalid Telegraph Hill studio, perched high above San Francisco bay, and flipped his last half dollar.

Tails, and he'd spend it for two long slugs of Tommy Gomez' grappa, look for a sign lettering job and try to rebuild his demolished ambition to become a great painter.

Heads, and he'd buy a clean collar, a bus ticket to Burlingame and marry Naida Marlow.

How his viewpoint had changed. Only last year it had seemed merely a matter of selling a few sketches, saving a few thousand and then he'd be off to tour the color spots of Europe and the Orient with Clarice—she of the flaming hair, he'd met at art class.

Now, he was behind one meal, was certain of his failure and tomorrow was his birthday.

The coin spun on the bare floor. Jere ran slim fingers through the dark ringlets above one satyr ear and flipped it again. He snatched it savagely as it came to rest.

"This time counts," he said aloud and once more the silver flickered in the air.

So it was that smart Peninsula society was rocked next morning by a two-column picture of Naida Marlow on page one of the conservative Chronicle. And the headlines! "Heiress Elopés with Artist."

But what started the tongues wagging in earnest was the second paragraph:

"The dashing young widow of 'Silent Jim' Marlow, picturesque Yukon gold rush figure, gave her age as

QUERY

by Sidney King Russell.

What you favored once in me
Lately you deplore
Till our state of bliss inclines
To a state of war.

All you once were wont to praise
Meets your condemnation
Till you leave me woe-begone
Prey to consternation.

We have learned to differ where
We so long agreed;
For a wiser regimen
Modestly I plead.

Need we give up quietude
Endlessly to quarrel
To indulge a wayward mood—
Frankly, is it moral?

WITHOUT REBUKE

by Tarcissus Paddock

Estranged from you—
the giver of all songs
beyond the ordinary song;
lyrics for the oppressed to save.
And I who

consumed all that's gone
consume even those bitter drops
washing our love into its grave.

No longer enchantment,
no shadow, now, of song.
The aspen leaves fall, fall to the ground;
the sea obscure in fog
is not the sea but only movement
and derisive sound.

There might be stars;
there are none, nor any afterglow;
my tears scarcely are tears
so slowly flow.

Once you and I saw Jupiter or Mars:
a copper star through hemlock tree;
when you and I, never so strange as this
ran down a cliffside trail
into a sapphire sea.

39. Nason, who said he was an artist, gave his as 23."

THE Nasons took the ancient alternative, still mercifully left the socially ostracized, and went abroad. In Paris, Naples, Venice and Switzerland they met scores of charming persons who had never heard of Naida Marlow, but who were quite willing to be entertained by the wealthy Mrs. Nason.

Naida, always the dashing aristocrat, bloomed under the fresh enthusiasms of Jere's youth. His rollicking charm had attracted her that first day they met at a Nob Hill tea; and now she loved him the more for the pleasures she was able to give him.

Jere revelled in the luxury and leisure and forgot he'd wanted to paint. Once, it is true, looking back on his life across the blue waters of Lake Como, he'd almost admitted it was hell. But it would have been hell to be poor, and a dirty, hungry hell to boot. In the end he succeeded in congratulating himself.

Of course, this was just the life he'd planned with Clarice had he been a success. But he'd failed, so why not accept what remained? Sure, why not? But he never let himself think of that again until years later.

THE crash came suddenly and without warning in the week of their sixth wedding anniversary. They were at Karuizawa, "Pool of Light" fairyland in the mountains of central Japan. Nervous and fretful one morning, Jere began sketching the scene from the veranda of the dolls' house they called an inn. The magic beauty of the miniature world beglamoured him and seared into his consciousness.

He whistled, and because he couldn't work fast enough he sang at the top of his voice and was pointed out as demented by the natives. For a week he hardly slept. He couldn't wait for the morning light to begin work again.

At first the bits were worse than anything he'd done in San Francisco. But he couldn't stop. He went into oils and gradually his fingers limbered, his brain cleared and he saw little lights and tones that weren't really there at all but should have been. And then one day he keeled over and slept around the clock. When he awoke the strain was gone. He went back to work.

JERE NASON sat in the middle of his big Nob Hill studio idly flipping a coin. A cacophony of color flashed down on him from the paintings on three sides. His exhibit was over. The critics and the crowds had come and marveled and gone. Every picture was sold. He had accepted portrait orders from four of the biggest names in San Francisco.

Naida had not come. She'd seen all the pictures anyway and a woman nearing fifty needed some rest in order to sparkle at her tenth anniversary dinner which also celebrated her husband's thirty-third birthday. The dinner was tomorrow night.

But among the critics and the crowds had come a red headed girl, virile and beautiful, who'd grinned and said, "I told you so."

He flipped the coin high.

Tails, and he'd go home. Naida still would be awake and wanting to hear of his triumphs.

Heads, and he'd phone the number the red headed girl had given him when she said:

"You sold our happiness for a fortune and now you're making a fortune by yourself. It's been awfully lonely waiting."

The coin spun on the floor and settled. He flipped it again and again it fell the same. Jere Nason ran slim fingers through the dark ringlets above one satyr ear.

"This time it counts," he said. The coin had scarcely settled before he was rushing for the telephone.

PERSON

JOHN JOSEPH CASEY

I HAVE just been looking at two photographs of John Joseph Casey. One was taken in 1917 in a muddy trench somewhere in France, where he served some three years in the Foreign Legion. It is a grim and terrifying thing—the picture of a killer. The beard does not conceal the hard set lines of the face. The mouth draws low at the ends; it is the dour and rancorous mouth of a man resigned to the business of bloodletting. Only in the eyes, deep set and piercing, is there noticeable a betraying—and saving—expression of wistfulness.

The other photograph was taken in New York, a year or two after the close of the war. The struggle has left its impress, but the killer is gone. The aesthete has taken his place: the artist, the lover of beauty has come home to dwell. The lines that were so ferocious and vicious have softened; they now show only disillusion and resignation to the truths man learns of himself and his fellow man in war.

But the eyes are still inscrutably melancholy. Did Jack Casey, with his "charmed life," his croix du guerre, his four citations and his single wound, envy his comrade and friend, Alan Seeger, who kept a rendezvous with death in the thick of a mighty and immolating tumult in 1916? No one will ever know, for last spring Casey died in New York.

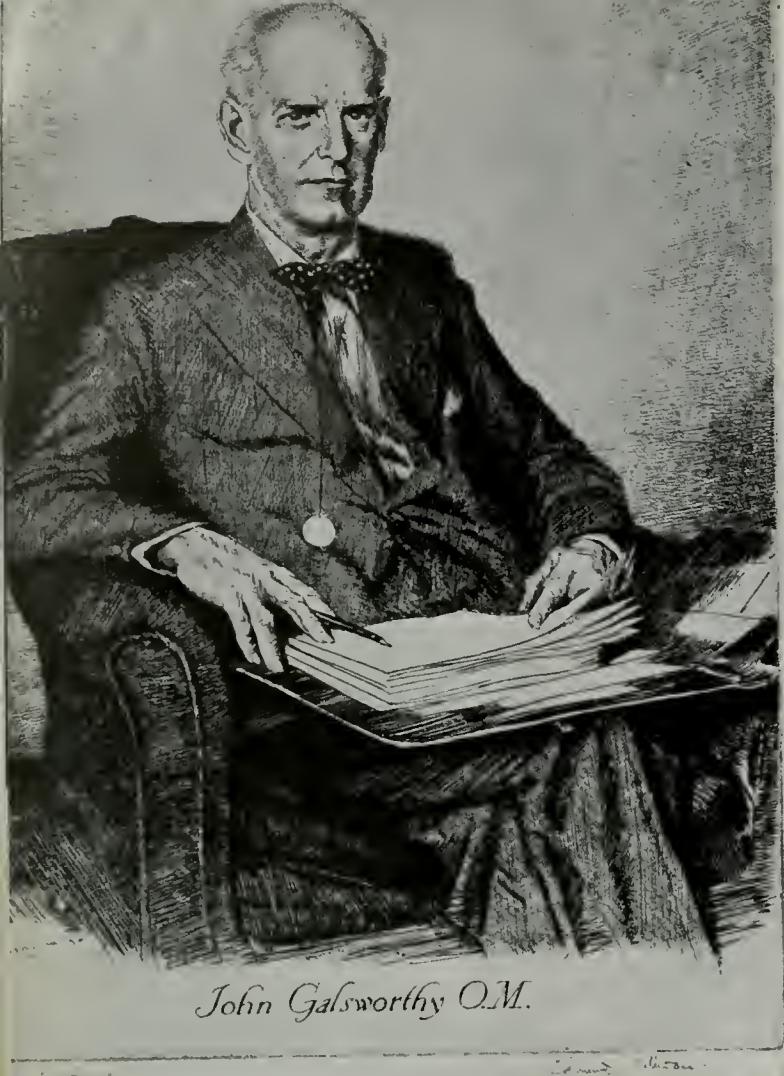
Patriots and devotees of the Foreign Legion may envy Casey the immortality of his medals or of his record in the annals of that sublimely desperate body of warriors. It is true his name is mentioned often and in terms of glory and respect in Paul Ayres Rockwell's chronicle of the Legion's exploits. But I doubt if such honors would greatly interest him were he alive today.

His bid for the only immortality he probably ever yearned for will be made during the first two weeks of March, when fifty of his oil paintings and portrait drawings will be exhibited at the East-West gallery of the Western Women's Club by Patrick Casey, his brother and biographer. These works are dated both before and after the world war and therefore the exhibit will make an absorbing study, for those who are interested in such things, of the effect of such a conflict upon an artistic mind's facility to express itself.

Studying the two photographs, one of the abysmal killer, the other of the artistic soul striving, as Tennyson

John Galsworthy O.M.

This distinguished portrait etching of the more than distinguished John Galsworthy O. M. is reproduced here because Mr. Galsworthy is at present in Arizona, vacationing en route to California where he will lecture this spring, and because Edmund J. Sullivan's etching was judged one of the "Fine Prints of the Year 1930." We should like to have presented the portrait of Galsworthy by his nephew and heir, R. H. Sauter, because this young British artist arrives in San Francisco this month to exhibit his paintings in the gallery of Vickery, Atkins and Torrey. Galsworthy will follow later to lecture at the Women's City Club, March 24th.



ALITIES

by LLOYD S. THOMPSON

said, to

"Move onward working out the brute."

And let the ape and tiger die."

one cannot help but wonder whether the artist was ever completely liberated from the heavy hand of the killer. It may not be enough that the ape and the tiger have been allowed to die out of the second picture, for although they are gone, their mischief to the soul of the creative artist may have been irreparable.

No answer to this question is given in the photograph. The enigmatic face guards its secret, and although the eyes are a little melancholy and wistful, who can say that they betray anything? The question is one that will have to be answered, each to his own satisfaction, by reflective visitors to the East-West galleries. The best available documentary evidence concerning Jack Casey's tragic secret—the works of his creative and beauty-loving imagination—will be there to plead for and against him.

HIS early history is not far from parallel with that of the vigorous Jack London. Born the oldest son of a large but humble San Francisco family, Casey spent his early years exchanging buffets with the at once savage and alluring metropolis that was in the days before the 1906 disaster. At Mark Hopkins school he first revealed his talent for art and had his education turned in that direction.

He went to New York to become a newspaper illustrator and to study in his spare hours at the Art Student's League and the Academy of Fine Arts. His creative talents received further grooming from such teachers as Edmund Tarbell and Frank Weston Benson of the Boston Museum. Considered one of the most competent of New York's newspaper artists of his time, prestige and fortune were his for the asking, but Casey was unsatisfied. The longing to create things of great and lasting beauty gave him increasing unhappiness in the metropolis, and finally took him in 1909, to Paris.

There he became the pupil of Charles Lasar, dean of American art instructors in France, friend of Henry James and Edison and teacher of the greatest of American women painters, Cecilia Beaux and Violet Oakley.

In 1910 his pictures were exhibited for the first time by the Societe des Ar-

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JACK LONDON



by CHITA KELTNER MICHELSON

FRANK NORRIS, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, George Sterling . . . some of the nation's most renowned writers. They are all from the womb of San Francisco.

We know them between buckram or Morocco, but San Francisco knew them when they were going slowly mad, after the manner of young authors in every language, in the presence of their typewriters.

Jack London is possibly the most widely known, and had he lived he would have been fifty-five years old on January twelfth.

There is a large lava stone among naked oaks at the top of a knoll. It marks his grave. One has only to climb to this high place in The Valley of the Moon to literally sit at the feet of Jack London. Being there in the winter stillness of late afternoon, the mind probes around in the past, making pictures of things here and there that are known of the life of the man who wrote fifty books in so comparatively short a lifetime.

He was born in 1876; wrote good compositions and hated long division; graduated from the Alameda Academy, a boy with big shoulders and a keen contempt for whatever was used at that time for taming adolescent hair.

The University of California claimed him for a while and then the Klondike. In 1892 he sailed before the mast to the coast of Japan and into the Behring Sea on what must have been a far from colorless quest of seals. Canada and the United States were thoroughly tramped, perhaps for reasons of social research, perhaps for reasons of tramping.

He lived in the slums of London, and during the Russo-Japanese War

A deal of successful writing and successful living had been, up to this point (1907), accomplished, and one might expect to find him permanently settled down with copious notes and a high stack of copy paper. Rather, one finds him with a stiff breeze in his hair, setting sail out through the Golden Gate on his yacht, "The Snark," with the Southern Cross in mind.

In 1909 he seems to have recalled California and come home to stay. Fifty miles from San Francisco he bought several hills and valleys, and on a redwood stump, beside which a creek went whispering by, he put his globe-trotting typewriter down.

So it is that one climbs the hill, through a windy mist, to celebrate the birthday of Jack London . . . Jack London, whose pattern of life is known to have been harsh and sometimes implacable—never easy because he would not have it so.

Out of the fabric of such a life we have such books as *Martin Eden*, *John Barleycorn*, *Tales of the Fish Patrol* and *The Call of the Wild*. We have *Burning Daylight*, *The People of the Abyss*, *The Iron Heel*, *The Sea Wolf* and *The Valley of the Moon*. There are also his essays and plays and short stories . . . a scroll that follows vividly the rapid current of his life very nearly to the end.

His many acres of land tell the rest of the story. On every side from the lava stone they fall away—lush hills and valleys as innocent of plow or hoe as they were the day Jack London left them.

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Spotlight

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

Editor's Note: Charles Caldwell Dobie has returned from New York from where he wrote the articles appearing in the past two issues. With this article, he reassumes the chair of dramatic critic for The San Franciscan, occupied during his absence by Junius Cravens.

HERE are two gin-drinking dramas on Geary Street this month but they are about as widely removed in their expression of this post-prohibition art as Kennebec, Maine, is removed from Indio, California. The rum guzzling in "Porgy" produces either crime or catalepsy, while in "Up Pops the Devil" it leads to laughter. All of which discovers for us anew that civilization encourages a sense of humor that, while it may spell death to intensity, certainly makes life more tolerable.

On second thought, however, life seems to have been tolerable enough for the denizens of Catfish Row. One is moved to terror and pity at their mistakes and sorrows while these are in progress but in retrospect one is assured that they really take it all very lightly. Their reactions to weal or woe are as unstable as April. People who have the capacity to dramatize their emotions get rid of them quickly. It is only the inarticulate who turn emotions inward to lasting sorrow. Or, shall we say, to dangerous sorrow? In "Porgy" unhappiness evaporates in the voice that gives it expression; in "Up Pops the Devil" it feeds upon silence. Yet "Up Pops the Devil" is a comedy that verges on the riotous, but it is a comedy by virtue of mere chance. Certainly, all is well that ends well, but as often as not happy endings are divided from unhappy endings by a hair's breadth.

In seeing these two widely divergent plays that opened on one and the same night, one is struck by the improvement in Coast productions. Two years ago, a year ago, one felt a trepidation at looking at a New York success through the glasses of local effort. One has only to remember "Let Us Be Gay" and "Burlesque" and a half-score of musical premiers to fall shuddering. But since then we have had "The Criminal Code," and "June Moon," and "Candelight," and "Caprice" to reassure us. And now there are "Porgy" and "Up Pops the Devil." We did not see either of these productions on our recent visit to New York. "Porgy" had long since folded its tents and departed from Broadway,

and "Up Pops the Devil" was just one more show that we didn't have time for. After all, one must get some sleep in Manhattan. But we heard folk who had seen "Porgy" in New York say that the Coast production had points of superiority, especially in the matter of the leading roles. As for "Up Pops the Devil" it doesn't seem that in general or even in particular it could have been better done. Perhaps some of the young cast could have indulged in better articulation but that is a chronic failing of the younger set and one loses just as many lines in a Broadway production.

THE excellence of "Porgy" must be due in no small part to the direction of Alan Mobray. Certainly in the matter of dramatic activity both before the footlights and on the sidelines we are greatly indebted to this gentleman's genius. "Porgy" must be a stupendous thing to stage. It is easy enough to direct a cast of seven or eight people trained in their art. But "Porgy" has a cast of sixty-five, many of them, we feel sure, scarcely beyond the amateur stage; not that this fact was betrayed by the acting. The entire cast, from the leads down to the gentleman who did a diverting bit as the crab seller, gave a perfect ensemble.

Clarence Muse as the cripple, Porgy, gave a restrained and poignant performance, as did Evelyn Preer with the character of Bess. To us the most vivid bit was the Maria of Gertrude Howard. Not only was she cast to physical type but she brought a remarkable histrionic authenticity to the role. Her comedy and her tragic moments were equally fine. Cliff Ingram as Crown struck the proper note of bombast; a "nigger" ugly in his cups and ruthless with his women. Serena, played by Cleo Desmond, had a fine dignity. In short, it was a remarkable performance and a great tribute to the artistry in a race that until comparatively recently had only a limited avenue for self-expression. We still hold that the artistry of the negro is largely imitative even in the face of Mr. Keyserling's sweeping statement that the

PEACE HAS COME TO HELEN'S FACE

By Vaughn Francis Meisling

Peace has come to Helen's face,
Singular the grace,
Death has made her beauty burn anew.
This love she will never rue
(Such is his embrace);
She will be forever true
In the distant place.

Peace has come to Helen's face.

Plays of the Month

ALCAZAR: "The First Year," Dale Winter and Henry Duffy in Frank Cravnen's amusing American comedy. To be followed by "The Spider" with William Courtney.

COLUMBIA: "Gypsy Adair" with the ever youthful and fascinating Mitzi Hajos.

CURRAN: "Up Pops the Devil," the comedy hit of the season, with Ann Teasman and John Arledge. To be followed by "Topaz" with Alan Mobray.

GEARY: "Porgy," Alan Mobray's excellent production of a great drama, with Evelyn Preer and Clarence Muse. To be followed by Kohl and Dill.

TRAVERS: "Love Apples" with Roland Telfer. To be followed by "Richelieu" with Reginald Travers.

UNION SQUARE: Will reopen after remodeling with play not yet announced.

negro is supplying the only original note to American creativeness. In "Porgy" for instance, the chant of the crab seller may have reached back to the green jungle but certainly the hymns with which the negroes of Catfish Row met their sorrows were derived from white sources. Most spirituals have an Anglo-Celtic root and even alleged negro jazz is tainted with an almost overwhelming note of the Orient. Like children they are quick to absorb and improvise, but, like children, they never get very far from the source from which their inspiration springs.

The drama packed into the three acts of "Porgy" is almost unbelievable. Like "King Lear" and "The Last Mile" it sometimes fills the cup of our emotion so full that we can hold no more. This was especially true in the storm scene. Without this "Porgy's" dramatic content is at the saturation point; with it, one gets a sense of having more than one can hold. "Porgy" to our mind ranks second in the list of plays of negro life. "Abraham's Bosom" being first. "Green Pastures" is a mere *tour de force* in spite of the extravagances of the New York critics. "Porgy" makes a play like "All God's Chillun" seem like the arrant dramatic hokum that it really is. Of course "Porgy" is melodramatic but so is the life of the Gullah negro.

Almost as a supplement to "Porgy" or, perhaps, one should say an overture, was the concert of Marion Kerby and John J. Niles at the Fairmont on the day "Porgy" opened. Miss Kerby and her composer-accompanist held an audience enthralled with the songs of the plantation negro. The same fervor, the same simplicity, the same childlike shone through these songs that informed the structure of "Porgy." Miss Kerby, who is a consummate actress, brought something more than just the gift of song to her interpretations. She moved her audience to applause but, better, she moved her audience to silence as well: real emotion is sometimes not served by the mere patter of hands. This was true of the audience on the night we went to "Porgy"; it was the silences more than the ap-

Continued on page 34

FEBRUARY, 1931

DESERT MOUNTAINS AT PALM SPRINGS

The splendid contrasts of California winter resorts is evident in comparing these photographs. Above is a view of the administration building of the extensive El Mirador at Palm Springs, taken from the lower end of the pool where the mid-winter annual desert championships event has become a tradition. Below is a study of the Merced River in Yosemite Valley under its heavy blanket of snow on which are traced the slim shadows of dormant trees in the winter sunlight.

SEL EASTON ADAMS

MOUNTAIN SNOWS IN THE HIGH SIERRAS



WILLIAM HORACE SMITH

Winters - East and West

by Doris Schmeidell

WHO can remember the good old days when all we had to worry about was the gloomy prospect of our grandchildren, ambitionless, indolent, enervated to the point of uselessness, all because the climate of California was too changeless? "You Californians have no seasons" they cried, "no contrasts of heat and cold" and Easterners would gloat over our unfortunate plight. "What! A snowless Christmas!" they would fling at us with ill-concealed contempt, "why, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to me without snow." And, if we should mildly dare to inquire what the devil it would be then, we were properly put in our places.

Well, *tempus fugit*, and the tables are turned now. Within the past month I had occasion to cross the continent, and an opportunity to observe winter in other places. I started with New York—Cold? Yes, bitterly so, but no other visible sign of winter. In Chicago I met with a thick, black drizzle that might have dampened the enthusiasm of even one of the hardier gangsters and the train windows from Omaha to the California line, framed a succession of bleak hills and plains in the icy grip of below-zero weather.

On New Year's Eve, piloting an ancient and honorable vehicle from

Continued on page 33



TAX REFUNDS

WE READ many complaints from prominent talkers about the tax refunds made to rich people and great corporations. It appears that the objectors are of the opinion that there is something crooked about these refunds.

None of our great statesmen politicians would suggest that the government has a right to rob wealthy people or corporations. They would not propose that it is fair or honorable to take money illegally from anyone, nevertheless they do not hesitate to imply that once the money has been taken illegally it is entirely ethical to refuse to restore it to its proper owners.

No one has the effrontery to maintain that any refund has ever been made until after a long investigation has definitely shown that the money taken was improperly assessed and that the beneficiary of the refund has proved that he was not liable. However, this does not interfere in any way with the demagogues who protest against any rich man being treated with elementary justice.

It is mildly suggested that the government should be conducted in accordance with the ordinary simple rules of honesty and some little regard

Reactions

by Captain Powers Symington

for decency and fairness. It is believed that when the government makes a tax assessment against an individual or corporation and the assessment is paid under protest and on condition that if, after investigation, the amount of the tax is proved to be excessive or illegal the excess will be refunded.

We do not believe that the people of the United States are in favor of the government being dishonest or do they approve of taking money from people just because they have it, without due process of law.

We have yet to hear of any case where a refund has been made that could be challenged as a case of favoritism or that is not based on some decision by a Federal Court.

Too bad there is no penalty for loose talking in this country and no way to keep the lid on blatherskites.

USES OF ADVERSITY

SOME old copy book maxims are being revamped and trotted out these days. Now that the shock is over and we are getting used to being

Assuring Success

by Charles Alma Byers

from the audience and dramatically exclaimed:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: You behold in me the great Shakespeare, reincarnate. I wrote this play, this masterpiece, but they stole it from me. Stole it!"

I think that my eyes registered frenzy. At least, my words created somewhat of a sensation. Before it subsided, I madly strode from the showhouse. I had no desire, you see, to be ejected forcibly.

A few days later I humiliated myself before my fellow townsmen in a less dramatic but, I believe, an equally effective manner. The day was bright, sunshiny, and warm. I had my chauffeur drive me downtown and drop me about a block from my office. I alighted from the car garbed in a heavy overcoat, buttoned up about my ears, and with a pink parasol over my head. People gaped at me, but I hurried on unmindful of them—and reached my office safely.

Today, to the amazement of a few onlookers, I pretended to pluck a bou-

busted, we are beginning to locate the celebrated silver lining to the cloud. Misery loves company and we can't help a chuckle when we see

the Joneses are in trouble, too. Poor people are apt to be happier than rich people and we see a lot of our friends who actually seem to get more zest out of life now that they have withdrawn to some extent from the mad orgy of spending and competition in futilities that engaged their attention not so long ago. The sky is no bluer than it was, but we get a chance to see it nowadays, we are not always looking at people who are richer than we are, we cast an occasional glance at people who are poorer. The old spring of charity and goodwill is not dried up, it was only buried by mud and false values, and the new knowledge of distress among the deserving has given the average person a chance to know his own heart and the occasion for helpfulness. It is really true that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

In all good faith we see fewer persons who are actually unhappy now than in the fat and pampered days of paper prosperity. There are those who owe money and have no income and they are naturally worried, but it is a clean, healthy worry in no way analogous to the worry about whether someone else had better clothes or a better car and such soul distorting bothers.

Contrary to the prevalent notion, we think that the persons carrying the heaviest burden in these times, are the executives of big and little business. The president of some great corporation is really a trustee and if he is worthy of his position, he has and must have a sore and bitter heart in these days. Many good people are entirely dependent upon the income that his company pays them in divi-

Continued on page 29

quet of flowers from the street gutters and about the lamp-posts.

A trying ordeal? Yes. But now I am all through with that. An hour ago I employed a noted lawyer, formerly a prominent politician, and turned over to him—together with data showing that my grandmother's uncle was once committed to an insane asylum—a carefully prepared list of witnesses.

So, the matter is practically ended.

Tonight, using either a hammer or gun—I haven't fully decided which—I shall kill my wife, and tomorrow, accompanied by my lawyer, I will, no doubt, be arraigned in court on a charge of murder. However, I anticipate but little difficulty. My defense, of course, will be insanity.



JUST

**MRS.
EDWARD J.
TOBIN**

the wife of the distinguished
San Franciscan who has recently
been created a Knight of Malta

Passing Shows

and the quality of local enthusiasm discussed

by Aline Kistler

WHY it is, no one seems to know, but the fact remains that time and again San Francisco partially or completely passes by an event without being noticeably aware that anything has happened. It happens with plays, with certain performances of music, and most obviously with art exhibits. Showings that have aroused wild enthusiasm elsewhere are brought here and allowed to leave with little more than mild interest. Exhibitions that have aroused a storm of protest in other cities may escape acknowledgement even, in San Francisco.

Water colors by Arthur B. Davies, one of the truly outstanding American artists, came here early this season. Minor works, it is true, but that is not why the exhibition passed without notice. Most people did not recognize the name of the artist enough even to know that there was any possibility of really great work being on view. In November, New York went wild about the work of Edward Weston. In December the same prints were greeted in San Francisco by a mild form of curiosity mixed scantily with intelligent enthusiasm.

The past month a large group of representative paintings by Georgio Chirico, one of the most discussable modernists, hung in a gallery at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor almost two weeks before people were aware that they were there. Even

when the newspapers did discover the presence of the paintings, they calmly stated the opinions of Lloyd Goodrich or some other New York writer. The people were "informed" and, without controversy, people accepted the information and attended the show—and that was all.

These are but three instances of the torpor that covers local reactions. San Francisco at times seems to be very much like a moderately well educated individual who has come to accept teachings without question or enthusiasm, being too "cultured" to have a healthy native curiosity and too uneducated to form intelligent judgments of his own. The fact that a comparatively limited amount of both classical and contemporary art is presented here during the succeeding seasons certainly forms no logical basis for the lethargy of acceptance. San Franciscans who attend art exhibitions are usually well traveled and widely informed. Why then, the evident lack of intelligent response?

THE CHIRICO paintings are still at the Legion of Honor—at the extreme tip of the right wing. There they are, provocative paintings, canvases that have a strange integrity in spite of certain mannerisms of treatment and frequent repetitions of material. The substance of "Horse Study IV" reproduced on this page is repeated



Our dealers—"Sorry Mr. Smith, but we only handle artists whose names are difficult to pronounce."

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

Bruce—February 16 to 28, Gump's—recent paintings by Edward Bruce, eastern modern recently come to reside in California.

Butano—To February 28, Legion of Honor Palace—sculptures by Beniamino Bufano.

California Painters—Legion of Honor Palace—water color and oil paintings by Stanley Wood, Rinaldo Cuneo, Doris Bothwell, Amy D. Fleming, Marjorie Eaton, Marian Simpson, Sergey Scherbakoff, Rowena Meeks Abdy, Mayo del Pino, Genevieve Rixford Sargent, George Post and Marian Simpson added to exhibit in California room.

Carrigan—February 12 to 26, Vickery, Atkins and Torrey—water colors by William L. Carrigan, native San Franciscan living in Connecticut.

Casey—March 2 to 16, East West Gallery—paintings and drawings by John Joseph Casey.

Chirico—To February 19, California Legion of Honor Palace—representative showing of paintings by Georgio de Chirico, Italian modern.

Contemporary American—To March 5, Legion of Honor Palace—paintings by Walt Kuhn, Bernard Karfiol, Max Weber, Alexander Brook and other American artists.

Corot—February 8 to March 7, Legion of Honor Palace—drawings and paintings by the French master, Corot. Originally in the artist's private collection—authenticated.

Cunningham—To February 14, S. F. Art Center—one man show by young local artist, Ben Cunningham.

Dyson—February 16 to 28, Gump's—satirical etchings by Will Dyson of London.

French Moderns—To February 14, Gump's—paintings by Utrillo, Lagar, Ignon, Chirico, Foujita, Gromaire, Max Jacob, Laufman, Souverbie, Derain, Jean Duny, Faure and Fillon.

Hiroshige—To March 4, Mills College—Gerardus P. Wyncoop collection of Hiroshige prints.

Ivanoff—February 16 to 28, S. F. Art Center—one man show.

Negulesco—February 9 to 23, Beaux Arts—paintings, line drawings, caricatures by young Rumanian Jean Negulesco, now visiting San Francisco.

Obata—California School of Fine Arts—copies of Japanese and Chinese "old masters," by Chiura Obata and Rokuhiko Obata, to be followed by forty Japanese wood blocks and four complete sets of 160 printing blocks. Daily demonstrations by Chiura Obata—February 9 to 15.

Sauter—February 28 to March 14, Vickery, Atkins and Torrey—paintings by visiting Englishman, R. H. Sauter, son of Painter George Sauter, nephew of John Galsworthy.

Seibert—To February 14, Paul Elder's—paintings of giant sequoia trees by Christopher Seibert of Sequoia National Park.

Shindo—February 10 to March 3, Legion of Honor Palace—paintings by Reime Shindo of Berkeley.

Shore—February 7 to March 6, Legion of Honor Palace—drawings and paintings by Henrietta Shore, now in Carmel.

Sterner—February 10 to March 3, Legion of Honor Palace—etchings by Albert Sterner.

at least six times in this one exhibition—the same diagonal of horses balanced by an opposing diagonal formed by a temple doorway and the fragment of broken column. This and two other general types of composition form the main content of the showing—but the exhibition can not be disposed of merely by classifying the mechanisms Chirico has adopted. There is a subjective content to this painting

**WILL
DYSON
GUMP GALLERIES**

**GEORGIO
di CHIRICO
"HORSE STUDY IV"**

that demands serious consideration no matter what one's reaction to his way of presentation. Here is as fine controversial material as I have seen presented to San Francisco but precedent tells me that it will pay its short visit and leave without getting under the skin of the local public. One really should prefer a display of ignorant rudeness to the meaningless politeness accorded such vitally provocative art when shown here.

In a sense, the Chirico exhibition at the Legion Palace has become a fore-runner of the S. and G. Gump showing of modern French painting. Four pieces by Chirico himself form the connecting link between the two exhibitions for three Chirico gouache paintings and one oil are an outstanding feature of the Gump show. They are finely typical examples of the work of this Italian surrealist who finds himself at home among the French moderns, represented in this instance by Utrillo, Gromaire, Andre Derain, Souverbie, Foujita and seven other painters.

This is the first time that the modern French group has been well presented in a San Francisco downtown gallery. There are several outstandingly lovely things in the show and, although it is a modest presentation, it runs a fair gamut of contemporary French work. It will undoubtedly contribute to the local acceptance of a type of art long embraced by New York.



CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR

Very much in the same spirit, we find the Galerie Beaux Arts devoting itself largely to paintings and drawings by Jean Ne'gulesco, the young Rumanian who has come to San Francisco with high words of praise from Rockwell Kent, Duncan Philips and others whose opinion is highly valued in the world of art today.

Ne'gulesco shows a series of caricatures, a group of drawings in pure rhythmical line, a few portraits and some landscape and still life paintings —works which testify to the mobile artistry of a man who has responded gracefully to many and varied inspirations. Ne'gulesco has been in America three years and plans soon to return to Paris where he formerly studied and worked. In certain ways he is a direct product of the French attitude—that, and the heritage of the slavic dexterity and facile genius of his remarkable race. He is cubist, expressionist, traditionalist—all and each in turn—the product of an amazing assimilation and consequent zest for accomplishment.

THESE exhibitions, together with the group of paintings by contemporary Americans shown at the Legion of Honor, present one phase of current art. Chirico, the French, Ne'gulesco, the New York modern—all are concerned with an eclectic search for new ways of saying what art has always had to say. Their experiments are interesting, amusing perhaps—

even exciting at times. Certain it is that their obvious gesturing has succeeded in capturing current public attention. So much so, at times, that many people forget that this eagerness for restatement of old truths in new forms is but one approach to art and that contemporary development is also being made, as always, in the steady mold of direct tradition. It may well be the old fable of the hare and tortoise with the hare getting all the grand stand cheers. And it may be that future perspective will reverse current valuations—yes, even those made by those most eager to look into the future and be the first to prophesy.

We are in such a rush to see the blossoming of a great "American art" that we forget the long period of assimilation and actual living that must precede the flowering of a national expression. We forget the immense amount of effort that must precede the unconscious use of even the simplest symbols of regional material. We do not want to remember the necessary work dealing with content that alone can give meaning to the development of a new form. In our impatience, we hesitate to acknowledge that before one redwood tree can be presented as an unconscious symbol, many painters such as Christopher Seiberth (now showing at Paul Elder's) must have spent untold hours in painstaking effort toward understanding. And when that figurative tree is painted, no one will know

Continued on page 24

NOB HILL TOPICS

Mr. George D. Smith takes pleasure in announcing that, on February 1st, Mr. Joseph Houser assumes the duties of Catering Manager in charge of dining room and banquet service at the Fairmont Hotel.



The Continental Luncheon served in Peacock Court of the Hotel Mark Hopkins on Tuesdays and Thursdays is a feature attracting both San Franciscans and out of town visitors. The luncheon includes Delicious Salads, Chafing Dishes, Cold Meats, Desserts and Beverages prepared by Chef Meyer and served in the continental manner.

Dorothy Crawford

THE COMMUNITY CHEST has been presenting Dorothy Crawford, well known San Francisco disease and composer, in her own original sketch depicting the humor and the tragedy of an Italian mother.

In this monologue Miss Crawford draws from life the appealing character of an Italian peasant woman from the North Beach district of San Francisco whose seven children are threatened by dire poverty. With a skilful intermingling of pathos and humor she wins her audience to the plight of a destitute family.

Miss Crawford's manager has kindly released her from her other professional engagements for the month of February so that she may appear at more than forty clubs and organizations with this dramatic presentation of the Community Chest message.

Among the groups which included the Chest monologue in January programs are the To Kalon, San Francisco Center, Lincoln Park Club, Daughters of California Pioneers, Council of Jewish Women, Philomath Club, San Francisco Colony of New England Women, Business and Professional Women's Club, Allied Arts, Laurel Hill Club, and many other organizations.



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Now that we know who are San Franciscans—let's get acquainted. Why not drop into the workshop at the end of *Tillman Alley and have some metalwork done by Harry Dixon.

*In case you don't already know, Tillman Alley is at 241 Grant Ave.

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Passing Shows

Continued from page 21

have always mingled their contributions to a racial or regional art—in the past it was the vogue to recognize the direct follower of tradition and neglect the innovator and today we have a somewhat general reversal of enthusiasms. So why be so concerned? The artists derive their real reward from the work itself and we profit by our enjoyment of it—so why so serious.

IT IS certain that there is a large measure of enjoyment to be derived from the watercolors by William L. Carrigan that will be shown in the Vickery, Atkins and Torrey gallery this month. These are "vacation sketches" by a painter who has earned his recognition in the east, although he was born in San Francisco and did his early work here.

While a member of the local firm of Carrigan and Hayden, William L. Carrigan studied art, painting at nights until he quit a business life to devote himself to art. Since that time he has not lived in San Francisco, preferring the artist colony at Falls Village, Connecticut, as a residence. He studied with Emil Carlsen and later with Alden Weir and Twachtman. He has exhibited widely in the East, winning recognition with his oils. The work to be shown here is in water color, informal sketches of Maine and other parts of New England and a few of Carmel, painted several years ago when he visited California. There is an exquisiteness about Carrigan's work that argues actively for personal possession. A number of the watercolors to be shown will be loaned by Mrs. Oscar Sutro and Miss Julie Helen Heyneman. Miss Heyneman, by the way, leaves soon for England from where she will return next autumn to paint portraits of several people for which she has been unable to find time this winter.

CHIURA OBATA has had so many exhibitions recently that one might give scant attention to the announcement of another at the California School of Fine Arts, sponsored by the San Francisco Art Association, were it not also made plain that these include entirely different work, chosen with educational values in mind. At present there is an exhibition of copies of oriental old masters made by Chiura Obata, Rokuichi Obata and other Japanese painters. This group presents various periods of Japanese art such as the early Tosa and later Shijo, Cano and Okeiyou schools, and includes a few copies from the Chinese. One painting is a processional painted on a scroll some hundred and seventy-five feet long, though only six inches high.

This survey of oriental painting shown by means of copies will be replaced by an exhibition of forty woodcuts by other Japanese artists and a showing of the four complete sets of plates used in the process of printing Obata's recent reproductions. The week of February 9 to 15 Chiura Obata will give a continuous demonstration of painting from nine to five o'clock each day and, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, he will continue the demonstration into the evening. That announcement amazes me. The thought of an artist painting in public so continuously brings to mind the sharp contrast between the disciplined concentration of oriental training and the occidental dependence on "inspiration" for creative work. Obata states that, when he was a student, he made a practice of painting steadily from five in the morning to twelve o'clock at night, day in and day out!

THE group of young artists sponsoring the San Francisco Art Center are having their courage bolstered by certain professional people who have responded to the idea of loaned works of art in their offices. An increasing number of doctors, lawyers and others are



To most people this is a meaningless grouping of lines within a square.

Some will recognize it as the mark that can be found on the most delightful pieces of furniture in their home.

EDWARD RAYMOND MOFFITT

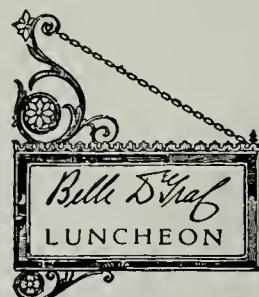
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Editor's Note: Since the newspapers are committed to printing nothing but news in their art columns and since that news often bears the marks of valuation emanating from the advertising department, San Francisco finds itself almost without published art criticism of any sort. Hence we present each month these articles by Aline Kistler whose work as former art writer for The Chronicle places her in a position to discuss the passing shows. Counter criticism and answers to her opinion are cordially invited.

availing themselves of the "lending library" privileges extended by the Center. The staff of the Center takes entire charge of office wall decoration, selecting, hanging and changing each month the paintings or other type of art work desired. In this way art is brought to busy people instead of forcing them to go to a gallery.

A complete schedule of one man exhibitions has been made at the Art Center for the spring months. The showings will include the work of Ben Cunningham and Ivanhoff (during February), Forrest Brissey, Valenti Angelo, Earl Daniell, Harold Driscoll, Hunt, Wessels and John Greathead.

TIME and again, San Francisco has been faced with the problem of trying to hold artists of talent who meet with avid appreciation elsewhere. Often the artist goes elsewhere and the city retains only the questionable consolation of claiming another "illustrious son." But sometimes San Francisco holds its own by means of appreciation and encouragement. It is such response which changed the plans of Molli Juin and persuaded her to forget promises to return to New York and, instead, to stay in San Francisco to continue with her exquisite work in enamels and to teach the technique in the Rudolph Schaeffer School of Rhythmo-Chromatic Design.

Molli Juin is a remarkable young woman, a rare individual who has found the one work in the world for her and is completely happy in doing it. Several years ago she went from San Francisco to New York where she studied in the Art Students League. Then she went to Europe on an extended tour during which she hoped to "find herself." She went to Beaux Arts in Paris where she studied painting and other fine arts. Then her travels took her to Jerusalem where she learned the technique of making filagre. On her way back through Central Europe, she stopped for an hour or two in Vienna to visit a well known arts and crafts school. There they showed her work in the finer techniques of enamel. When Molli Juin saw that exquisite work, she decided that she had found her medium. Her "hour or two" in Vienna extended to three years during which she studied and, later, taught at the school. From then on she has devoted herself to enamels, studying in Limoges, France, and traveling throughout Europe to study various techniques such as *champleve*, *cloisonne*, *bassetaille*, *repoussé* and *plique à jour*.

With a background of art training and a talent for creative painting, Molli Juin is far more than merely a fine craftsman. She has adopted this complicated and exacting medium as a means for expression and many of the boxes, brooches and other pieces now exhibited by Vickery, Atkins and Torrey have an exquisite imaginative quality, besides being charming in color and excellently executed in both metal work and enameling.

COMPENSATION? by Lucrezia Kemper

Her husband was a stranger
To the day he died.
She longed to know him better
Indeed she tried.

But he rushed away each morning
As soon as he was fed
And when he came home again
He went to bed.

He never had time for her or
The children.
But when his will was read he'd
Left a million.

THE WHITE HOUSE RAPHAEL WEILL & COMPANY

Now It Can Be Told

THE sharp contrast of clothes designed for rough-and-tumble sports-wear, and those created for the sole purpose of evening formalities, is no where and at no time so marked as at snow resorts. This month will, as usual, bring the two extremes of costuming into smart juxtaposition for the climax of California's snow-time festivities. At Tahoe, at Truckee, at Yosemite, the day will be merry with ski-ing and skating, the night with colorful dining and dancing.



If you find last year's ski-ing outfit as moth-eaten as summer's bathing suit invariably proves to be, make prompt use of the excuse to hie down to The White House sports department. You owe it to the gala spirit of the season to crown the occasion with something new, with or without the moth-eaten alibi.

There is a cozy looking (and it is quite as snug as it looks) suit of snow-proof fabric in black, with a narrow pennant of bright colour down the back, that needs only a white background to make it thoroughly irresistible. Incidentally, or perhaps most important of all, the trousers are of the breeches variety that permit Californians to wear their beloved high-laced boots. Then there is the Norwegian type of suit with trousers that blouse over the shoe tops. And corduroy breeches for those who have discovered how youthfully attractive they are.



Boots, stout snow-shoes, berets, scarfs, wooly gloves, woolen socks . . . all the accessories that are so important to the chic as well as the comfort of the winter sports outfit, are here in styles you will recognize immediately as impeccably correct.

FOR evening, how really refreshingly new and youthful are the jacketed gowns with bandings of fur on sleeves that are more surprising than short. Prints of glowing rather than brilliant coloring on rich silk crepe, seem to be the rule laid down by the couture and approved by smart women. Lace, especially black lace, with the inevitable fur banded jacket, is a particular favorite. Really a 1931 classic. And bound to be popular with those who travel since it has a remarkable comeback after packing. Slippers are of one accord with the colour of the frock, even though the frock be white, as observed in many smart instances. Gloves if not white, reflect a paler shade of the general ensemble, or in a few instances, in dramatic contrast. Wraps . . . well, what do you like? Short, three-quarter or ankle-length? Take your choice, and you cannot go wrong on any. White lapin is first and most youthful choice in evening furs. Wear a clip in your hair, two or three bracelets, since long gloves have ruled out the armfuls we used to wear, see that your bag sparkles with rhinestones, and you will have the accessory problem well in hand. Oh, yes, flowers are



really being worn. Especially on the continent, where the "best dressed" wear long clusters of gardenias over their shoulders, and sometimes as girdles. Remember, this is a feminine period, and flowers just naturally belong in the picture.

ONE thing about shopping for your snow trips at The White House . . . you always know that anything you get has an international smartness that makes it as correct for St. Moritz as it is for California's resorts.

And prices are as smartly inexpensive as the costumes are extravagantly smart.

Bull versus Sham

by Edward A. Morphy

Continued from page 7

At any rate the San Francisco region of the state can confidently repudiate the suggestion it implies. In San Francisco, so far from holding the sacredness of Christian wedlock in light esteem, we go out of our way to interest the Philistine section of the public in its charm and sanctity.

On the very day the Encyclical was published here, the following advertisement, in display type, five inches deep, appeared in the San Francisco afternoon papers:

Public Wedding Tomorrow Night

Ceremony to be Performed by

15-YEAR OLD HELEN CAMPBELL

The Child Evangelist

Who Will Unite in Holy Wedlock

Herbert Stevens and Francine La Rivee

[Couple No. 32]

WALKATHON

(Now Over 600 Hours)

Golden Gate Ball Room 50 Cents Admission

Can anyone imagine a sane and normal American sports promoter paying out real money thus to advertise and feature the sacrament of holy wedlock, as performed by a Christian Child Evangelist, if the sanctity of marriage were not a popular "stunt" with the pious people of San Francisco—notably those who seek vesperian solace and recreation at a Walkathon?

History and precedent justify the conviction that Pope Pius XI would have been footling around Vatican City for a coon's age before it would occur to him that the proper way to boost the waning sanctity of Christian wedlock is to arrange a wedding at a walkathon, and charge fifty cents admission to the ceremony.

And even when the idea had dawned upon his Holiness, and he had properly envisaged the concept of a walkathon wedding, the odds are that he would never have hit upon the still snappier concept of having a female child evangelist perform the wedding ceremony.

It is not that girls have no place in the pontifical view-point. Paul to Timothy, (in the Douai Version)—"I wish young girls to marry,"—is quoted in the Encyclical. It is just that the idea of engaging a girl to conduct a walkathon wedding service is one that would be unlikely to sprout spontaneously in the Pontifical mind. That the conditions of theological sophistication requisite for such an engagement should exist in a dear little girl of fifteen is a concept that does not seem to harmonize with the traditions of the Papacy. Even in our own Golden State, it is legally conceded that should such a young lady chance morally to slip, she would not—because of her youth and putative innocence—be responsible for her own delinquency. In Vatican City they do not employ such dear children to marry anybody.

Therefore, though we have our own way of demonstrating our love for the institution of holy wedlock, it would be about as difficult to thrust a nice, peppy, walkathon child evangelist down the intellectual throat of the Vatican as it would be to cram an appreciation of

the Wickersham Report, and a desire to simulate its style, down the same narrow and non-conciliatory orifice. Both concepts are as alien to the obsolescent spiritual and political standards of the old world as they are in harmony with those of the new. They are caviare to the general, which includes most of the outer world and the Pope.

Only in the United States have we yet approached the apotheosis of spiritual achievement and entered the estate adumbrated by the Prophet Isaiah more than twenty-six hundred years ago. Here, already, the wolf dwells with the lamb, the leopard lies down with the kid, "and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together," (which undoubtedly means the public, the bootlegger and the prohibition worker) "And a little child shall lead them."

What a pity none of us could have taken Pope Pius by the hand that Friday night in January, and inducted him to the Golden Gate Ball Room Walkathon, with its Christian wedding, its pious public, its handsome bridegroom, its beautiful bride, and "a little Child Evangelist to lead them." How it would have edified his Holiness. How it would have inspired him to envision the joy of the Prophet looking down from his place among the Cherubim, reveling in the material verification by San Franciscans of his prediction (Is. xi 6).

Alas! This progress of ours is not yet understood in Rome any more than the drift of our beautiful Wickersham Report is yet understood in Heaven. One has to be with us and of us here in America before he can hope to achieve the spiritual plane, the adequate grace and power, by virtue of which we are enabled to produce, perform and believe in these things, without even attempting to think that we or anybody else will ever be able to excuse or comprehend them.

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Jack London

Continued from page 15

Those who knew him best found love of adventure and a generous heart in him. They also found great hermit spaces, and an almost poetic hunger for perfection. He speaks in Martin Eden of people who seem to him "animated stomachs motivated by the aesthetic impulses of an oyster."

A short way from the knoll and the naked oaks where he is buried, "The Wolf House" can be seen. It was to have been the home of Jack and Charmian London; built of volcanic stone and redwood logs, rugged and lofty against Sonoma Mountain.

On the night of its completion, nearly fifteen years ago, The Wolf House burned. The source of the fire is unknown. Like a sad giant the ruins stand against the sky, charred red lava, picturesque with moss and lichens. Wild flowers grow in the fireplaces in the spring and swallows build their nests in the chimneys. Vines cling to the walls and the weathered windows frame only the ambient clouds and the sky.

A bridal path, no longer used, twines from the ruins up the steep mountain. Jack London rode often up to where on clear days the ocean can be seen beyond the city by the Golden Gate. One can vision him with the loose reins in his hand, smiling at the memory of this time or that on Telegraph Hill . . . high hopes . . . small hours . . . kindred fellows under the spell of creative art, red wine and the flickering lights on San Francisco Bay.

John Joseph Casey

Continued from page 15

tistes Francais (the old salon). Then Casey toiled assiduously until 1914, when his paintings again were shown in the salon. He noticed that he won no prizes, nor did many other Americans represented in the exhibit, while the English painters came off with high honors. The war was brewing and the Entente Cordiale had just been signed with England; France was not overlooking any opportunities to play politics with her allies.

Casey was disappointed, but not embittered. In fact he looked upon the seeming discrimination as only natural and logical. Besides the war was giving him new things to think about. He was one of the band of 200 Americans who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion in August, 1914.

His record of military glory, his citations, his wounds and the affection his comrades bore him have been told by Paul Rockwell. Like others, he had imagined the war would be a matter of weeks, or surely no more than months. But when it dragged into years, he bore up with both courage and fortitude.

IT IS said that he helped Maurice Magnus, illegitimate cousin of the Kaiser, to desert the Legion. Magnus had joined the Legion mistaking the war at its beginning for a brief and exhilarating adventure, as material for books he would write when it was over. He was delicate of build and temperamentally unfit for the rigors of trench life. Casey understood, so the reports say, and helped Magnus flee to Italy.

Rockwell, with all the indignation of a righteous legionnaire, denounces these reports as the vilest slander, but I prefer to believe that they are true. To me they indicate in Casey a laudable strain of intelligence, understanding of his fellow man, and compassion for his frailties. The act may not have been exemplary



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military behavior, but I submit it as civilized and laudable human conduct.

After the war Casey returned to New York, resuming his painting and earned his livelihood as a magazine illustrator. He preferred to forget the war; he refused to talk of his experiences in it; he sought to submerge himself in his work and thereby wipe out all memory of those years of chaos. His varied travels took him back to Paris, but he soon left the city that had cradled his dreams of younger days. It was not the Paris he had loved.

His paintings, both before and after the war, reveal Casey's yearning for the delicately beautiful in form and hue, the piquantly joyous in mood. His landscapes are illuminated by gay flecks of yellow sunlight filtered through trees or reflecting upon tranquil waters. "Summer in Chelsea" captures the spirit of those anachronisms of loveliness that are to be found in Manhattan. Many scenes, painted in Cuba, in the Balearic Islands, in California, in France all breathe the same spirit. Whatever immortality is due John Joseph Casey is due him not because of the World War but in spite of it.

Sutter and His Fort

Continued from page 11

verbal arrangement. Within sight of the fort were the homes of some sixty settlers, who had bought land of Sutter or worked it on shares. Three miles from the fort on the river bank was the rising village of Sutterville.

This thriving small world of his creation was Sutter's whole life. He was the sole director of its destinies. Its future growth was assured. Hardly a month passed but brought a small train of wagons and several families from the distant States to make homes in this Western land. Sutter royally welcomed new arrivals, located them on land, supplied them with implements, seed, cattle and advice. In time, he knew these enterprising Americans would outnumber the shiftless Spanish. California would then become an independent commonwealth or American territory.

When the Mexican War broke out in 1846, Sutter well knew what its outcome would be. As it drew to a close, he evidently judged, that the time was ripe for further extension of his activities, and it was, no doubt, with this end in view that he entered into a partnership with James Marshall to build a saw mill about forty miles up the river to tap the lower Sierra lumber resources. The mill set in motion the forces that were Sutter's undoing, for in its race Marshall discovered gold, January 19, 1848.

Sutter took every measure to keep the discovery secret, but news of it spread quickly and mysteriously to every corner of the globe. In an incredibly short time prospectors swarmed through Sutter's domains. They pitched tents where they pleased and helped themselves to his farm products. His Indians deserted him; his tenants left their fields to become miners and shop keepers in the new city of Sacramento. Sutter was a pioneer of the land and soil. He would not or could not adjust himself to the changed order. So, as a bitter, disappointed man, he turned his back upon his once magnificent holdings.

In the summer of 1849 Sutter's home was converted into a gambling and boarding house, and by 1850 the fort was completely abandoned. The outer walls were demolished to fill in a road and adjacent slough. The place was left to wind, weather and vandals, and by 1890 there remained only the wreck of the old fort house. But in that year the Native Sons collected \$20,000 and purchased the land on which the fort stands from an Eastern owner. It was then deeded to the state, and the legislature voted \$20,000 for restoration, and later another \$10,000 was voted.

Restoration has progressed upon the Fort until it is now essentially as it was in the days of Captain Sutter. The outer wall; the offices, stores and work shops thereof have been com-



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pletely reconstructed, so that now you may see a faithful replica of the quarters of Hensley & Reading, Peter Slater's saloon and other historical enterprises.

Several years ago, H. C. Peterson, who has had extensive museum experience, was made curator of the Fort. He originated the idea of a museum, devoted exclusively to relics of the gold rush, the Sacramento country and Sutter, and under his direction this work makes excellent progress. In the central building five rooms have been faithfully restored and a collection of rare '49 relics installed. In the fall of last year two carefully restored basement rooms were opened to the public, and this spring the restored distillery building will be opened as a pioneer art gallery.

Reactions

Continued from page 18

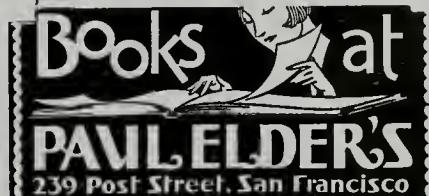
dends. The holder of ten thousand shares of his stock does not worry him at all, but the little family that holds five or ten shares is always in his mind. They must get their money and he must keep their little capital safe. Earnings fall off and dividends are threatened. Shall he cut dividends or reduce expenses by discharging workmen. His workmen are part of his family and a heavy responsibility, but if he discharges them or reduces their wages, he might keep up his dividends. The popular political idea that business executives spend their time in grinding the faces of the poor is unfair and mischievous. They actually spend more time in and give more study to getting money to the poor than all the politicians and reformers in the country, also their work is far more effective. By and large they are good men trying their best to do the decent thing in a helpful way to the greatest number.

It goes hard with the executives who in spite of all they can do are unable to make both ends meet, but after the die is cast they can breathe again, they are the ones who suffer most in the death agonies of a business, the stockholder loses money, but that is all, the president loses money and sleep and self-confidence and pride and reputation. After the crash he is apt to be very unhappy, but if he is a real man he will get over it and start over again without the crushing burden of responsibility for the happiness of others and he will be astonished at the freedom of the new life, at the beauty of things he had not been seeing for a long time.

Rockefeller can only sleep in one bed at a time and can only eat a small quantity of food at a meal, so he has nothing on us on a bright sunshiny day. We are busted and we don't care very much, we are getting a lot of fun out of life just as it is and there are a lot of good fellows about that we had lost touch with who are apparently no more downhearted than we are. They are better chaps than we had thought and we are going to have some good times with them. We thought they were stuck up and purse proud, but they can play around and enjoy simple and cheap things the way we are learning to do.

We don't really care very much whether the market goes up or down any more. What we want now is a good friend who likes the simple things that we find we have been wanting for years.

A fat wad of paper profits did not do us much good when we had it and it did spoil our pleasure in things we used to enjoy. We are poor and quite happy about it instead of being comparatively rich and miserable.



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Once again, this great annual February event, is eagerly anticipated by all San Francisco home-makers! More important than ever this year . . . in lower prices . . . in greater savings! Buy now those long coveted things for your home, and buy with satisfaction in the assurance that the City of Paris fine home furnishings at sale prices, mean real savings for you! Included in the sale are:

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Bedding	Mirrors
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Continued from page 4

Mrs. Frank E. Buck of Menlo Park was hostess to the special guests who occupied a box at the Young People's Symphony conducted by Issay Dobrowen. Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Alan Lowrey, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Daniel Volkmann and Mrs. Dean Witter were among those who entertained groups of children at the concert.

A group that included Mr. and Mrs. William D. Shuman, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington S. Henderson and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gregory motored to Soda Springs at Summit, to enjoy a week-end of winter sports.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Crocker entertained a house party of guests at their place at Pebble Beach recently.

Mrs. Olive Watt Breeze entertained at luncheon in honor of two of the season's debutantes, Miss Christine Miller and Miss Patricia Geissler. The luncheon was given at the home of Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mrs. Louis S. Beedy and Miss Katherine Deahl are among those who have planned pre-nuptial entertainments in honor of Miss Caroline Beedy, whose marriage to Mr. John Worden will take place on February 7.

Miss Elizabeth Forde was honor guest at a luncheon given by Miss Harrie Hill at the latter's home in Broadway.

Miss Adelaide Sutro gave an informal dinner party recently at her home in compliment to Miss Katherine Stent, one of the winter's debutantes.

Mrs. Ralston Page gave a luncheon at the St. Francis Yacht Club in honor of Miss Margaret Redington, the fiancee of Mr. Donald Murchie of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Rosekrans are planning an elaborate barn dance in honor of Mrs. Rosekrans' sister, Miss Dorothy Spreckels, whose debut was a brilliant event of the winter. The party will be given at the country place that Mr. and Mrs. Rosekrans recently purchased at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer W. Fuller Jr. recently spent a week at La Quinta.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ehrman were at the Ahwahnee in Yosemite for a ten-day stay.

The Junior League will shortly institute another series of fashion shows at the Hotel Mark Hopkins. Mrs. Howard Park and Mrs. Alexander Wilson are in charge of the arrangements.

Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman entertained members of the debutante group at luncheon at the Franciscan Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher entertained a group at Sunday luncheon given at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Elizabeth Raymond entertained fifteen of the debutante group of this year and last at a luncheon at her home in Pacific Avenue.

Mr. Arnold Scheier was host to a group of the younger set at a dinner at the family home in San Mateo, preceding the Woodhouse coming-out ball at the Burlingame Country Club. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin entertained at a similar affair on the same evening, as did Mr. and Mrs. Bernard W. Ford.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale entertained more than fifty friends recently at a tea given at the hostess' home on Vallejo Street.

Since their return from the Orient, Mrs. Charles P. Overton and her daughter, Miss Daisy Belle Overton, have been occupying apartments at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin gave their annual luncheon party recently at their club near Milpitas.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas B. Lewis (Janet Whitman) have taken Mr. Harry H. Scott's house in Burlingame. While the place is being made ready for them, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are visiting with Mr. Lewis' parents in Menlo Park.

A host of affairs in honor of Miss Evelyn Taylor were given during the weeks that preceded her marriage to Mr. Sterling S. Postley. Among those who showered the bride-to-be with social attentions were Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee Jr., Miss Isabelle McCreery, Miss Francesca Deering, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, and Miss Florence McCormick.

Mr. Richard M. Tobin has invited the members of Pro Musica to attend a concert to be given at the Palace of the Legion of Honor on the morning of February 3. The Abas String Quartet will provide the program.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler has returned to her apartment at the Hotel Fairmont after a visit of several weeks in Missoula, Montana, where she was the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McLeod.

In honor of Mrs. George L. Carlisle and Miss Elsie Carlisle, Mrs. Henry C. Carlisle gave a tea at her home in Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger entertained at dinner in honor of Miss Margaret Redington, the fiancee of Mr. Donald Murchie of Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. Hubert Law entertained a group of the sub-debutante set at a dance given for their daughter, Miss Arden Law, at their home in Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wholley have taken possession of their new apartment at Chestnut and Larkin Streets.

February will see many affairs given for the debutante group. Mrs. Frederick Birge will give a luncheon at the Town and Country Club, and at the San Francisco Golf Club Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. Nelson T. Shaw are entertaining for Miss Christine Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. King are giving a dinner for the debutante group, the dinner to be followed by dancing.

Mrs. George H. Mendell entertained a small group of friends at luncheon at her home in Pacific Avenue. Miss Marion Dassonville will give a luncheon on February 3 at the Womans' Athletic Club.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has arrived from New York and will spend the spring months at her home at Millbrae. A group of friends accompanied Mrs. Reid to California.

Mrs. Frederick W. Clampett has established herself and her family in a new home on Union Street.

Mrs. Alexander Isenberg and her little daughter are on a six weeks visit to Honolulu. Mrs. Isenberg sailed on the Malolo.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff and their children are now established in London where they will make their home in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cressey, who were in Cairo at last accounts, are planning to remain abroad until late summer.

Miss Maria Antonia Field of Monterey is en route to Europe and will visit Spain, Italy, Belgium and the British Isles.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Crothers left San Francisco on January 25 en route to Europe where they plan to spend six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Berrien J. Anderson of San Rafael plan to tour through Italy and France during the Spring months.

Mrs. Charles W. Merrill and her son Mr. Gregor Merrill are again in Paris. They plan to return to California at the end of this month.

Mrs. Alfred Hertz sailed for Europe on the S. S. California and will meet Mr. Hertz on the Continent. They will motor through Spain before returning to California in Summer. Mr. Hertz will again conduct the concerts at the Hollywood Bowl.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brawner of Hillsborough will leave soon for a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel D. Weill are en route to Europe and will remain abroad for six months.

Miss Betty Zane has been passing the winter months in Nice.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cebrian, who make their home in Madrid, recently entertained Mrs. Cebrian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Crofton.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. W. Blair Foster is visiting her mother, Mrs. Lewis Cates, at the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

Mrs. John B. Casserly is in New York where she plans to remain until late spring.

Miss Marion Fitzhugh was among those who attended the Beaux Arts Ball given in New York in January. Miss Fitzhugh's headdress represented the Chrysler Building.

Continued on page 32

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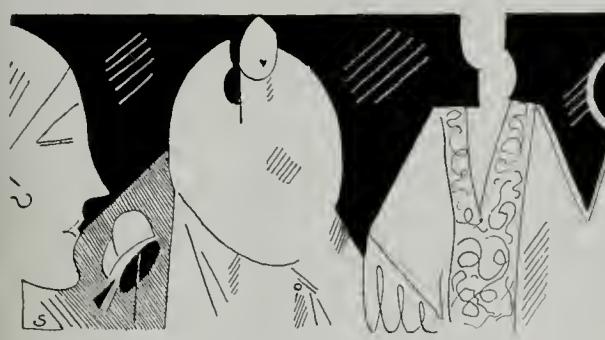
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AN EVENING spent making the rounds of hotels, cafes and night clubs, pretty clearly defines your city, and accurately takes its pulse. Here the pleasure seeker gets off his steam and, by the calibre of the crowd do you classify them night clubs or joints. Could I get nasty right now and point my finger! The bulk of patronage comes from the toilers who, fed up with the daily grind, use these places of fun and frolic as a natural outlet. Much in the minority are tables where the sophisticated relax. And do they relax? Well! rather!

On the whole all are very well managed and the crowd so good-natured you find restraint and care struck off the menu. Quick impressions are that Marquard's is the dressiest of the night clubs, for theatre goers, loath to leave the bright lights, crowd in after the shows.

The Silver Slipper has the best dance orchestra—under the able direction of Bunny Burson. That, coupled with the talented Bunny Hall at the piano, is the reason for the big pink bunny on the platform. All the members are clean-cut looking young men whose clowning is one of the high spots of the show. They

Was seen by her



by Molly Merkley

seem to follow the moods of the dancers—so much so, that the party who burst into song last Saturday found his tra-la-las softly accompanied. That's going some. . . . The Lido has the largest and best dance floor, while the crowd of the Roof Garden is chummest.

The Apex is full of color in more ways than one, for there is atmosphere here that lends novelty and color. The band and floor show is composed entirely of negroes. And have they got rhythm? Plenty. Reactions stuck out like bumps all over me, for I'm one hundred and seventeen pounds of syncopation myself. Those boys can certainly go. Most of the time the tempo is fever heat and if you've got rhythm too, you are in shreds at the end of the evening. When they slowed up once and dragged out "Mon Homme" that underlying sobbing beat made of it almost a spiritual. Something powerfully primitive here, and what they have to offer has "Body and Soul." Frisco Nick is "jam-up" as is Struttin Mitchell with his high tenor. Ted Lewis walking into one of these night clubs would be abashed to ask his famous "Is Everybody Happy?" They is. It's written on all faces, and a grouch comes to a swift sweet death here.

SOMETIMES in the pursuit of one's duties we come on a paradox where work is play. My round of night clubs was that—with the added delight of a ride in a "quick pick-up," the next afternoon to the Carolands—that sumptuous acreage being put on the market by Lang Realty Company. Situated immediately in back of Hillsborough, its graceful slopes lend themselves advantageously to display every known variety of tree and shrub. Copses of Acacias—some most rare—hardly leave a gasp for the gorgeous grove of red gum that the next bend in the drive discloses. Well, I'm no botanist, but I defy anybody not to be enthralled with this display of beauty—all planted to preserve the natural contours and character of the gorgeous hills.



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GRaystone 4784

A palatial chateau at a five hundred foot elevation crowns this spot of loveliness and, necessarily, has a commanding view almost feudal. The house of approximately one hundred rooms must have taken a battalion of servants and ah! me with my one maid, that wants one day a week, take it and like it! I've never before entered an empty home of this size—I've never really been in one so large—that still seems so warm. In my fancy the gorgeous staircase was immediately peopled with fragile ladies and gallant men. I never want to know they weren't. I could see volumes of Balzac, Shakespeare, Goethe, De Maupassant on those towering shelves in the perfect library, while the ballroom with its adjoining conservatory—just as in books—was another place for dreams. A very French dining room overlooks a plunge that glimmers below in the green, like a drop of star dust.

And now I'm off the peep-end and am only able to sputter to you girls about the ladies' personal suite of rooms that Du Barry, the Jade, would have given her pompadour for. Bed room, dressing room, living room and bath with the addition of two extra large rooms entirely devoted to her gowns, hats, jewels, etc. A little closer. The bathrooms are so large

• Jeanne Collyne •
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Mon., March 2—LA TRAVIATA with Muzio, Schipa, Thomas, others; ballet; conductor, Moranzoni.

Tues., March 3—DIE WALKUERE with Leider, Olszewska, Redell, Strack, Kipnis, Baromeo, others; conductor, Cooper.

Wed., CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA with Muzio, Cortis, Tourel, others; conductor, Moranzoni; followed by I PAGLIACCI with Burke, Marshall, Thomas, others; conductor, St. Leger.

Thurs., LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR with Salvi, Schipa, Bonelli, Baromeo, others; conductor, St. Leger; followed by BALLET.

Friday, AIDA with Muzio, Sharnova, Marshall, Formichl, Kipnis, Baromeo, others; ballet; conductor, Moranzoni.

FIRST TIME IN SAN FRANCISCO Sat. Mat., DER ROSENKAVALIER with Leider, Olszewska, Votipka, Kipnis, Ringling, others; conductor, Cooper.

Sat. Night, RIGOLETTO with Salvi, Glade, Cortis, Thomas, Baromeo; conductor, St. Leger.

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that if you—w—we—well—that is, if you were without clothes and someone yelled "Stella!" you'd drop dead. I hope you get me.

It's really hard to believe this place of luxury is attainable just outside of San Francisco and I'll always be curious to know the names of the men that combined money with intelligence and took root in this acreage. For here is peace, beauty and simplicity.

BUT to return to quite practical details—aren't there times when you feel that if you have to plan and cook another meal you'll just die? And the prospect of serving regular delicatessen just seems too much? Well, good news! The 2 Cooks Kitchen on Polk Street is the answer. In a delightful, kitchenny looking shop that smells like the old home on gingerbread days, they will plan a complete meal and tie it up for you to take home and serve in your best china. Or, if you want to augment your cellar (old style) there are cupboards of home made jams, pickles, et cetera. I went in to purchase a salad and came away with enough food under my arm to feed an army.

Facing the Music

Continued from page 11

the record for grave and solemn deportment. Coaxing the most enchanting music from their pear shaped instruments (music which made me feel so young I began to look for the truant officer, so afraid was I that I ought to be in school), they yet remained the most dignified quartet it has been my luck to hear. The pity of it was that the audience wasn't five times as large. And though Marian Kerby and John Niles (Miss Seckels' next attraction) will have been in San Francisco before you read these lines, I would yet ask you to keep Monday afternoon, February 16, free so that you may attend a song recital by Luisa Espinal. For if the beautiful Luisa is only one-tenth as accomplished as her lute playing compatriots, you will have the time of your life and secretly bless The San Franciscan for having urged you to give up your afternoon session of bridge to attend Miss Seckels' Matinee Musicale.

And so we come to the closing paragraph of this month's effusion. You will find many important events announced in the calendar of coming attractions. Appearances of Geraldine Farrar and, on the first of next month, Rachmaninoff, are only two of a long list of interesting concerts planned for the next few weeks.

Opera lovers will get another chance to indulge in their passion when the Chicago Civic Opera Company, led by an array of artists seldom assembled in one troupe, will offer seven performances in the Civic Auditorium. Among those who will be heard at that time are Claudia Muzio, Tito Schipa, John Charles Thomas, Lodovico Oliviero, Frida Leider, Maria Olszewska, Eugenio Sandrini, and many others. The following operas will be presented: "La Traviata," "Die Walkuere," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "I Pagliacci," "Lucia di Lammermor," "Aida," "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Rigoletto." Reservations for seats should be made as early as possible with the charming Peter D. Conley at the Sherman, Clay and Co. store, Sutter and Kearny Streets.

Reigning Dynasty

Continued from page 30

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant and Miss Josephine Grant are staying at the Hotel St. Regis in New York at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Campbell, the former of whom was recently appointed British Consul to New York, are being extensively entertained in that city. Mr. Campbell succeeds Sir Harry Armstrong.

Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur were recently in New York for a few days, staying at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard W. Ford are in New York on a six weeks visit.

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Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope Jr. (Harriett Brownell) are sojourning in New York for a few days with Mrs. Pope's sister, Mrs. Curtis Hutton. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, whose marriage took place on September 6, expect to arrive in San Francisco about February 11.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and Miss Grace Hamilton were recently at Agua Caliente, attending the race meeting. Mrs. Hamilton stayed at Hotel Del Coronado during her visit in the south. Others in her party included Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Eda Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron, Mr. Edward Montgomery, and Mr. Leon Walker. Mrs. Reginald Courtenay Jenkins spent ten days in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Deming Wheeler have taken a house in Montecito.

Mrs. E. O. Bartlett has arrived in Santa Barbara and is visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Slater.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones are at the Hotel Huntington in Pasadena.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan and Miss Lynda Buchanan are en route to Panama where they will visit with Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cannon spent several weeks in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park recently enjoyed a brief visit in Santa Barbara with Mr. Park's parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Park.

Mrs. Rolla V. Watt visited in Honolulu during January. She was the guest of her niece, Mrs. A. G. Horn.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Knight, who are occupying a house in Montecito, entertained a party of friends there recently. In the group were Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Knox Maddux and Mr. William Page.

Miss Hettie Stephenson spent a week-end at Carmel recently and attended the polo matches held on the Del Monte field.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Trayner were recently at El Mirador, Palm Springs, for a ten-day visit.

Winters East and West

Continued from page 17

San Francisco, I passed the gates of Yosemite Valley under stormy skies, and drew up in front of The Ahwahnee. My engine coughed and died, and in the ensuing silence I could hear the refrain of the Skaters' Waltz from the ice rink across the valley. As I struggled with various gadgets in an endeavor to reinstate motive power to my conveyance, groups of laughing winter sporters passed me. They had an excited, glowing look about them that belied the prophesies of the gloom spreaders. No lethargy or listlessness here! The whole atmosphere was charged with dynamic vitality.

Speculating on the contradiction of this vivid winter scene in a land of sunshine and flowers, I experienced a spiteful feeling of superiority over the poor humans condemned to live with their frozen radiators and their blizzards, while we in San Francisco, only a few hours from the land of snow, can enjoy it when we want it, and leave it when we tire of it.

GO ANY WINTER to Tahoe, to Yosemite, to Lake Arrowhead, and watch the people (if you can spare a moment from your own enjoyment). You will see smart looking young women in the latest imported ski togs; boys and girls, impatient of the least parental restraint that might mean loss of precious time on skates, or sleds, or toboggans; youngsters tumbling head over heels in the snow; slim, dark clad skiers, swinging along with practiced stride. And they all have that same "something terribly exciting is happening to me" look.

We Californians are new to winter sports, but we learn quickly when our athletic prowess is at stake. We are not content with fruitless snowballing and tobogganing when sports that call for skill are waiting to be mastered.

A year ago a young twelve year old from Los Angeles spent a week in Yosemite. She discovered the ice rink, and fell in love with it. This winter she returned for the Fancy Costume Ice Carnival, the big event of the Christmas-New Year holidays, and put on a figure skating exhibition in front of a gallery of six hundred people that brought down a storm of applause.

I see young men and women at the ice rink night after night, learning the intricacies of



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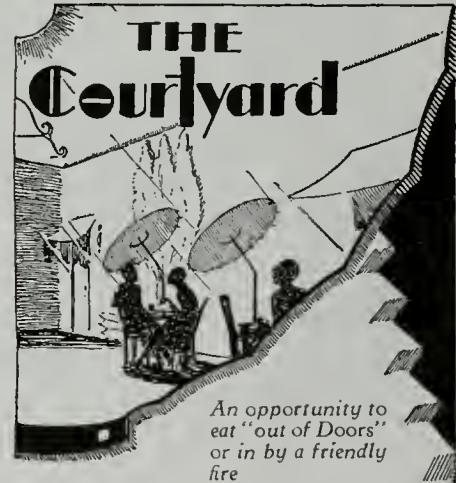
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figure skating, who, two years ago, couldn't stand on skates.

Most of us think that Switzerland has the skiing monopoly of the world. It may surprise you to learn that there are three lodges above the eight thousand foot level back of Yosemite Valley that can be reached in winter only on skis or snowshoes—and no one goes on snowshoes, they date one so.

Early in the fall these lodges are stocked with bedding and provisions to last the winter. Last year, at Snow Creek Ski Lodge alone, there were more than fifty visitors, men and women.

Aside from winter sports for the individual participant, many major snow and ice competitions are held annually at California resorts. Last year saw the Sierra Dog Derby from Truckee to Lake Tahoe, and the first annual Speed Skating Championships and the Inter-collegiate Hockey and Speed Skating Meet for the President Hoover Cup at Yosemite. In addition, this year, the California Olympic skating trials will be held at Yosemite and the ski trials at Lake Tahoe. California boasts well organized amateur skating and ski associations, as well.

Don't "no season" me! The days of rainy weekends, spent in boredom or bridge games, are over. Rain in the cities means snow in the mountains. Winter sport in California, a struggling weakling ten years ago, is healthy, hearty and here to stay today.

Spotlight

Continued from page 16

it was the silences more than the applause that plumb'd the depths of its feeling.

WHICH brings us to a specific appreciation of "Up Pops the Devil." It is one of the most plotless comedies of the present day, depending on its lines and its characterization to put its idea over. It even lacks a villain.

We kept hoping that the literary agent would develop into a villain but his villainy refused to jell. We should like the name and address of the literary agent who inspired the author. Our personal representative in New York is a fine gentleman but we are sure he would never go the lengths of the literary agent in "Up Pops the Devil." Here is a man who gives advice (we think it proved unsound) secures advances, or when he can't, produces them from his own pocket with only four chapters of a beginner's novel completed, gives the deserted wife a job in his office and is even prepared to take her off the husband's hands at the price of marriage. And never once does he advance his chances by so much as one dirty dig at his rival. We repeat he is too good to be true but he makes nice dramatic material. Raymond Hackett and Ann Teasman play very charmingly and adequately what we presume are the leading parts. But this does not prevent John Arledge and Esther Howard from stealing a good part of the show. Mr. Arledge's inebriation is enchanting, assisted undoubtedly by a shock of rebellious blond hair. One could no more refuse him the key to one's gin chest than one could refuse a gamboling kitten a saucer of milk. We all know such imbibers. They are too diverting to incur our wrath. We rail against them in private but when they show up we open our door with a smile.

"Up Pops the Devil" may not be a weighty show on the surface but it has a bit of profundity tucked under its smooth surface. It might almost be Dorothy Dix dramatized: Don't grub-stake your husband; don't let your house be overrun by gin-drinking casuals, even when they are charming; and don't tell everybody except your husband that you are going to have a baby. Above all, don't have even casual traffic with a blue-eyed "you-all" girl from south of the Mason-Dixon line—a part by the way, capitally played by Marguerite Warner.



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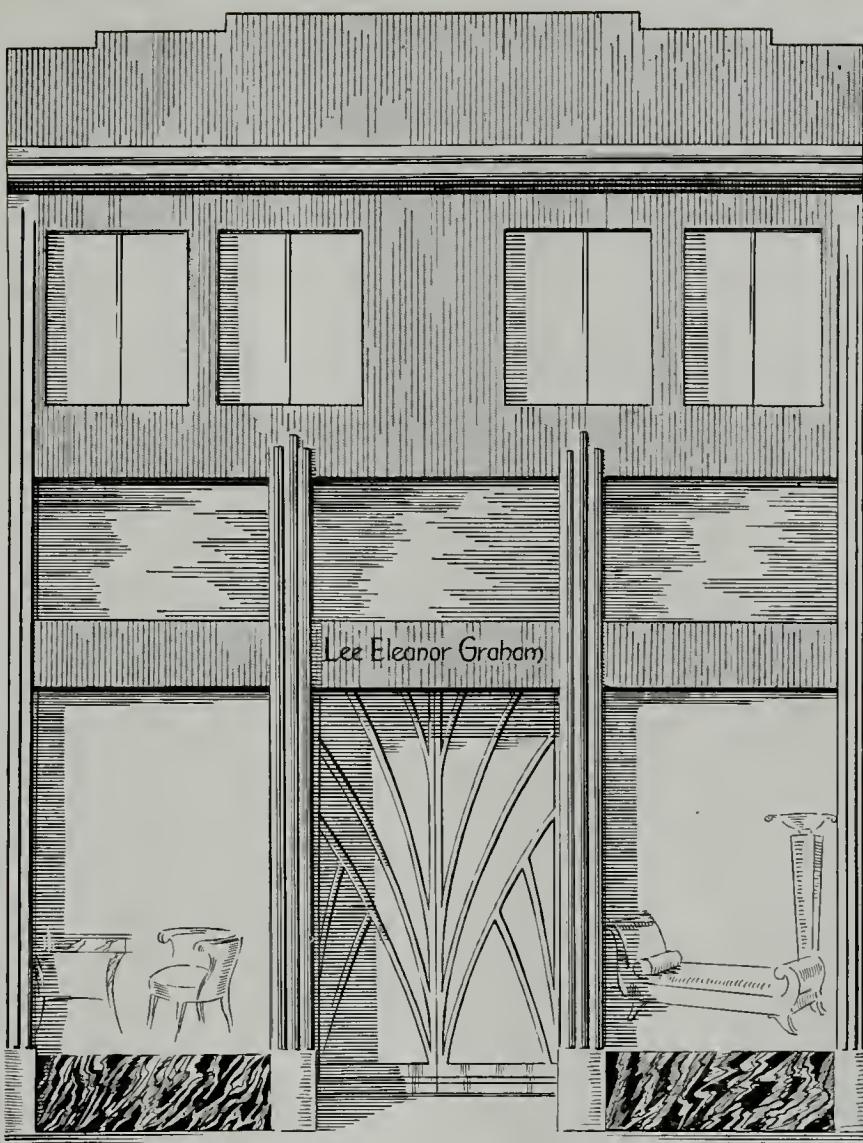
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WEDDINGS

STEELE-BOLTON. On February 4th, in San Francisco, Mr. Shorb Steele, son of Mr. and Mrs. James King Steele of Manila, and Miss Betty Bolton, daughter of Mrs. Robert C. Bolton and the late Robert Bolton.

WORDEN-BEEDY. On February 7th, in San Francisco, Mr. John B. Worden, son of Mr. Henry Worden, and Miss Caroline Beedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Beedy.

MURCHIE-REDINGTON. On February 14th, in San Mateo, Mr. Donald Murchie, son of Mr. Guy Murchie of Boston, and Miss Mary Redington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Redington.

FLEMING-COOPER. On February 19th, in New York, Mr. Wallace Fleming, Jr., son of Mr. Wallace Fleming and the late Mrs. Fleming, and Miss Jane Cooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

In honor of her sister-in-law, Mme. Henri Dehost of Paris, Mrs. Dean Witter entertained with a large tea at her home in Washington Street. Mrs. Thomas Ruhm of Seattle shared honors at the tea with Mme. Dehost.

Mrs. Jackson Fleming of New York, secretary of the Town Hall of New York, was honor guest at a luncheon given by Miss Louise Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Weatherwax of Burlingame were among those who entertained for Mrs. Osgood Pell of Paris, who has been the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer.

During the visit here of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce, during an exhibit of Mr. Bruce's paintings at the Gump Galleries, they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ehrman at their home in Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrot were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell at the Potter ranch in Carmel Valley recently. Mrs. Parrot is at present having her portrait painted by the Hon. Joseph Sigall.

San Francisco society is looking forward to the visit of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt and Lady Milford Haven, who will be in San Francisco until March 10th, when they will return to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have been entertaining as their house guest Miss Suzanna Bloch, daughter of the eminent composer, Ernest Bloch. Miss Bloch is also a composer and teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Edouard Thys (Beatrice Horst) are again in San Francisco, and are staying with Mrs. Thys' parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Clemens Horst, in Presidio Terrace.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

Mr. and Mrs. Willian H. Crocker entertained their son-in-law and daughter, Count Andre de Limur and Countess de Limur, of London, at the Crocker home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Ernest E. Gunther was the complimented guest at a luncheon given for her by Mrs. Lawrence E. Bowes.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Nigh, Jr., gave a dinner in honor of Miss Jessie Leonard, their house guest, who makes her home in Reno.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid of London was entertained at luncheon shortly after her arrival in Hillsborough.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Jr., were hosts to Miss Dorothy Mein and Miss Frances Mein at Del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman recently passed the week end with Mr. and Mrs. John Magee at Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Brooks Frothingham of Cohasset and Santa Barbara has been a guest at the Hotel Fairmont.

Mrs. William Kent, Jr., gave a large tea at her home in Scott Street in honor of Mrs. Lewers Paris of Honolulu. Mrs. E. Bancroft Towne also entertained for Mrs. Paris, the occasion being a luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Randall of Chicago, who are sojourning in California for a time and have taken a house at Los Altos, were honor guests at a buffet supper given by Mr. Randall's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Duvall Dickey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear gave a dinner at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mrs. Osgood Pell of Paris.

HERE AND THERE

Count and Countess Degenard von Wurmbrand entertained a group of the younger set at an evening gathering at their new home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Clinton E. Worden and Mrs. Nelson T. Shaw entertained at a luncheon at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Christine

Miller, one of the debutantes of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park of Burlingame entertained the members of the Murchie-Redington bridal party following the rehearsal of the ceremony.

Mrs. William D. Thomas (Helen Marye) will leave for the East on March 10th after concluding a brief visit in San Francisco. With her mother, Mrs. George T. Marye, Mrs. Thomas plans to go to Europe early in the spring.

Miss Elizabeth Forderer will be married to Mr. Ernest Charlston on Thursday evening, March 12th, at the home of the bride-elect's mother, Mrs. George S. Forderer, on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leib and Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. McCreeery were among those who entertained at dinner parties preceding the musicals given by Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron at their home in Burlingame. Miss Marion Kerby and Mr. John Niles were the recitists.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, Jr., are occupying the home of the Senior Popes in Burlingame.

Miss Ines Mejia entertained a group of the younger set at a buffet supper at her home in Hyde Street.

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels gave a luncheon for a party of twelve friends at her home in Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis J. Walker opened their Pebble Beach home for a week end during late February when their guests included among others Miss Natica Nast of New York.

Mrs. J. B. Casserly will return from New York shortly and plans to take a house in Carmel for the summer.

Celebrating the appearance of her latest novel, "Sophisticates," Mrs. Gertrude Atherton gave a dinner party at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Atherton Russell, in Green Street.

The first of a series of Spring Fashion Teas will take place at the Hotel Mark Hopkins on March 9th. Members of the Junior League will act as mannikins. The proceeds from these teas maintain the Junior League Home for Dependent Children.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan C. Van Fleet celebrated their wedding anniversary recently by giving an informal dance at the Woodside Country Club.

Word has been received here by the friends of Princess Alessandra-Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein of her impending visit to California late in the spring. The Princess is an artist of international note.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling have returned from another of their extended yachting cruises and are again established at their apartments in the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Steeplechase events, at two-week intervals, are being held this month on the Monterey Peninsula.

Continued on page 32



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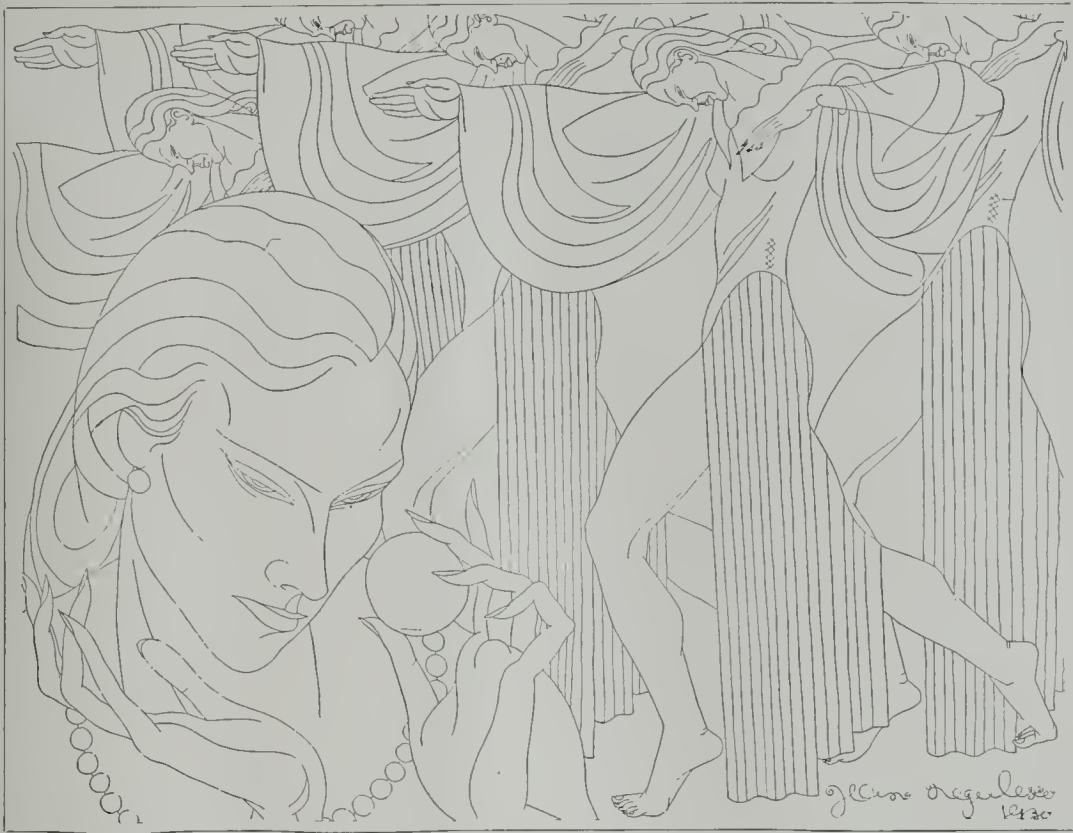
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VOLUME X

MARCH, 1931

NUMBER 5

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SPRING

Far from the sentimental version of Spring is this sophisticated photograph by Johan Hagemeyer who divides his time between San Francisco and his Hollywood studio.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

Ghosts and Uplift

- - - by Edward A. Morphy

COMPARATIVELY few of us can hope to attain that profound knowledge of human nature and abiding faith therein which are the essential qualities of the perfect optimist. Most of us, however, can recognize the symptoms whereby the observant student of mankind learns whether the trend of any community at a given time is toward the demnition bow-wows or along the path of uplift.

When the prosperity of the community, as indicated by the efforts of its press or its panders, is toward the consideration of purely material things, then we have cause for alarm. When on the other hand the communal taste inclines toward things of the spirit, spiritual, we know that we are keeping one foot on the straight and narrow way.

Hence the intense comfort and cause for gladness that all of us right-thinking people have been able to find in the interview with the ghost of the late Mr. Rudolph Valentino which has recently been contributed to the Hearst papers by the chairman of the New York Section of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Among others present at this notable event was Miss Ruth Roland, the screen actress. To her, Mr. Valentino's ghost, speaking through the medium, Mr. George Wehner, said:

"I am glad to be here and able to talk to you. Strange, isn't it?"

To which Miss Roland replied:
"Very strange."

In the view thus briefly but cogently expressed, Miss Roland, one believes, may expect the concurrence of all thoughtful people.

With the opinions of Mr. Valentino's ghost in respect of such matters as reincarnation, or the manner of Mr. Valentino's latest demise a few years ago, these comments have no concern.

A ghost naturally and inevitably puts himself upon a plane superior to human argument and human criticism. What it is desired here to emphasize is the fact that the sometimes materialistically inclined Hearst press should now appreciate the soulfulness of the great red-blooded masses that are all too often accused of preferring football news to the other forms of intellectual pabulum, and should be feeding these masses with such truly spiritual fare as is this interview with

the ghost of Mr. Valentino.

AT THE same time, it is worthy of note that the public interest aroused in Mr. Valentino's excursions among the Shades was largely divided with the interest contemporaneously aroused by the official announcements on the subject of pot likker issued by the Hon. Huey Long of Louisiana, who sees in the consumption of that ambrosial fluid the termination of all difficulties between professional politicians of opposing beliefs in this republic.

The great Brillat Savarin spent some years contemplating the culinary excellencies of America; but he failed to make any record of pot likker in his immortal *Physiologie du Gout*. Savarin, however, died more than a hundred years ago, and it is possible that pot likker had not then been invented.

It is to be deplored, however, that Governor Long's eulogy of the stuff should have aroused the exacerbated discussions that have since been figuring in the newspapers as to whether dunking is or is not *comme il faut* in the consumption of pot likker.

Of course this pot likker is a highly specialized subject, one which normally should not come within the purview of any casual publicist written on general topics. But, like the equally esoteric talking ghost of Mr. Valentino, it has become an obsession of the American mind, and merits some brief explanation:

Pot likker appears to be a species of dish-water prepared by boiling simple herbs into a broth, as did the holy Hieronymus and his emulators, the sainted Jerome in the desert of Chalcis, and other noted cenobites of old. Unlike this soup of the more famous extremists, however, pot likker, according to some authorities, should be reinforced with dumplings made from corn meal. Others deny the need of dumplings, but contend that corn-pone—a bready substance made of cornmeal—should be consumed with the pot likker.

Some say that this pone should be used to sop up or mop up the likker. Still others contend that this habit of sopping or mopping up the pot likker with corn pone—a custom known among its devotees as dunking—is a

gastronomical solecism and, like licking the platter after meals, is not sanctioned in the higher pot likker establishments. In a dispute of this nature, in which so many local customs and traditions are involved and which concerns a proclivity that is in no sense Californian, it would be invidious here to proffer advice or admonition. The word "dunking" has unquestionably a musical sound about it, and may be very nice. The problem as to whether a gentleman or lady who desires to lick the plate after dining should lick it from right to left, as go the hands of a clock, or should proceed in the opposite direction has never yet been satisfactorily solved. It may be assumed that the analogous problem of dunking will also remain indefinitely open.

MEANWHILE it seems a profound pity that this problem should have cropped up at a time when we had amongst us as a guest the one great savant of modern times who could have devoted to the subject the attention to which undoubtedly it is entitled, and who could have brought to his consideration of the issues it involves a mind perfectly free from local or national prejudices or bias; and yet the idea of seeking his counsel in the premises does not appear to have occurred to anybody.

Not only had we Professor Einstein in our midst while the controversy was raging but we also had Mrs. Einstein.

It may not seem gracious to suggest linking the name of a lady with a controversy so bitter as that which concerned the matter of pot likker and dunking. But both pot likker and dunking seem to be largely domestic matters, and in such matters the inspired proponent of the Einstein theories has always sought the counsel of his gifted spouse.

Another grave oversight in this connection was that of the chairman of the Psychical Research Society who secured the interview with Mr. Valentino's ghost.

How was it that when the world was reeling under the impact of the dunking controversy not one word concerning the subject of pot likker was included in the twelve questions submitted to Mr. Valentino's ghost?

THese days of the reign of the architect and interior decorator, one understands at a glance the situation that arose in the home of Peter B. Kyne recently. Mr. Kyne had bought a painting that he treasured highly for reasons of his own enjoyment. He had designated it for over the mantel in the house that was being built for him. But his wife came to him greatly perturbed.

"You can't have that painting over the fireplace, dear."

"And why not?"

"The architect . . ."

"What about the architect?"

"He says . . . that . . . it doesn't fit the room."

The author gulped. He, the creator of virile, be-men characters, was he to be intimidated by a mere architect? He was not. With a few well chosen words, not necessarily for publication, he gave instructions. The design of the fireplace was changed, even the style of the room was revised—but the painting hangs over the Kyne mantel.

A San Franciscan is one who knows that every good little mayor becomes a governor when he grows up.

IT IS considered perfectly legal and in order for California motorists to go hunting for whales by automobiles, according to the "California Vehicle Act" of 1929. In Chapter XVIII Par. 187, the extraordinary law is described as follows:

"It is a disdemeanor to shoot at any kind of game bird or mammal . . . except a whale . . . from an automobile . . ."

SUTRO GARDENS bring a scent of the Old Carriage Days . . . Crunchy Gravel . . . What remarkable Possibilities has Miss Helen Buel of the Guild Players . . . And some one said the Republican Party was like Louis the XV . . . After him the Deluge . . . Truly Vision Avenue in Oakland is a Blind Street . . . And there is the Fife Building on Drumm Street . . . And I am looking for Corps Alley . . . Earl Lee and Donald McClure have a striking resemblance . . . And there is a sign on McAllister Street that reads "Home Made Cooked Fish" . . . And how should it read? . . . With what majestic grace the Malolo sweeps from the harbor . . . Why do all the pictures of Eve show her with a navel? . . . And that blasts the rib theory . . . And now that Spring is at hand one sees spats peeking from beneath the trouser cuffs of the Powell Street Gentry . . . And what a catastrophe it would be if caught beneath the feet of the Thundering Herd as they make for the five-thirty ferry . . .

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Daily, walking jauntily, a girl is seen on Powell Street who wears a man's hat, carries men's gloves and cane, and wears a man's overcoat . . . And the time of stroll never varies, furthermore she is most beautiful . . . What is more annoying than the rattling of paper in a theatre . . . Tapping of feet on the seat you are sitting in . . . How beautiful against the sky is the cobalt green tile on the steeples of the church next old Mission Dolores . . . And there is a Soda Jerker on Geary Street that has a Master's degree in English and speaks out of the side of his mouth . . . Why does the girl atop the column in Union Square carry the Pitchfork and the Wreath . . . A haberdashery is showing a lounging robe with a cigaret case pocket, a flask pocket and a gun pocket . . . Straight from Chicago.

IN ITS customary gesture of making guests perfectly at home, the St. Francis hotel provided Rachmaninoff with a Steinway in his room during his recent visit to San Francisco. But courtesy to one brings its obligations to others so there was nothing to do but comply with the request of a rival pianist in the room next to that occupied by Mr. Rachmaninoff for a similar instrument. The management could not foresee the long arm of spite into whose hands they had played.

That night the celebrated pianist had scarcely retired when he was startled to hear the opening chords to his C Sharp Minor Prelude . . . tum-



"An I sez to her, wha'd'y u know about Einstein."

tum-taa . . . The composer waited, every nerve on edge until the progression should be resolved. But no further sound came. In desperation he jumped up, opened his piano and finished the phrase on his own piano. At ease again, he returned to bed but had barely relaxed his muscles when again came that tum-tum-taa . . . and then silence. Try as he would, he could not resist springing out of bed to complete the phrase. With baleful zest, the revengeful pianist continued throughout the night, varying the intervals but letting the composer get no more than a wink of sleep before he should be again disturbed with the provocative tum-tum-taa.

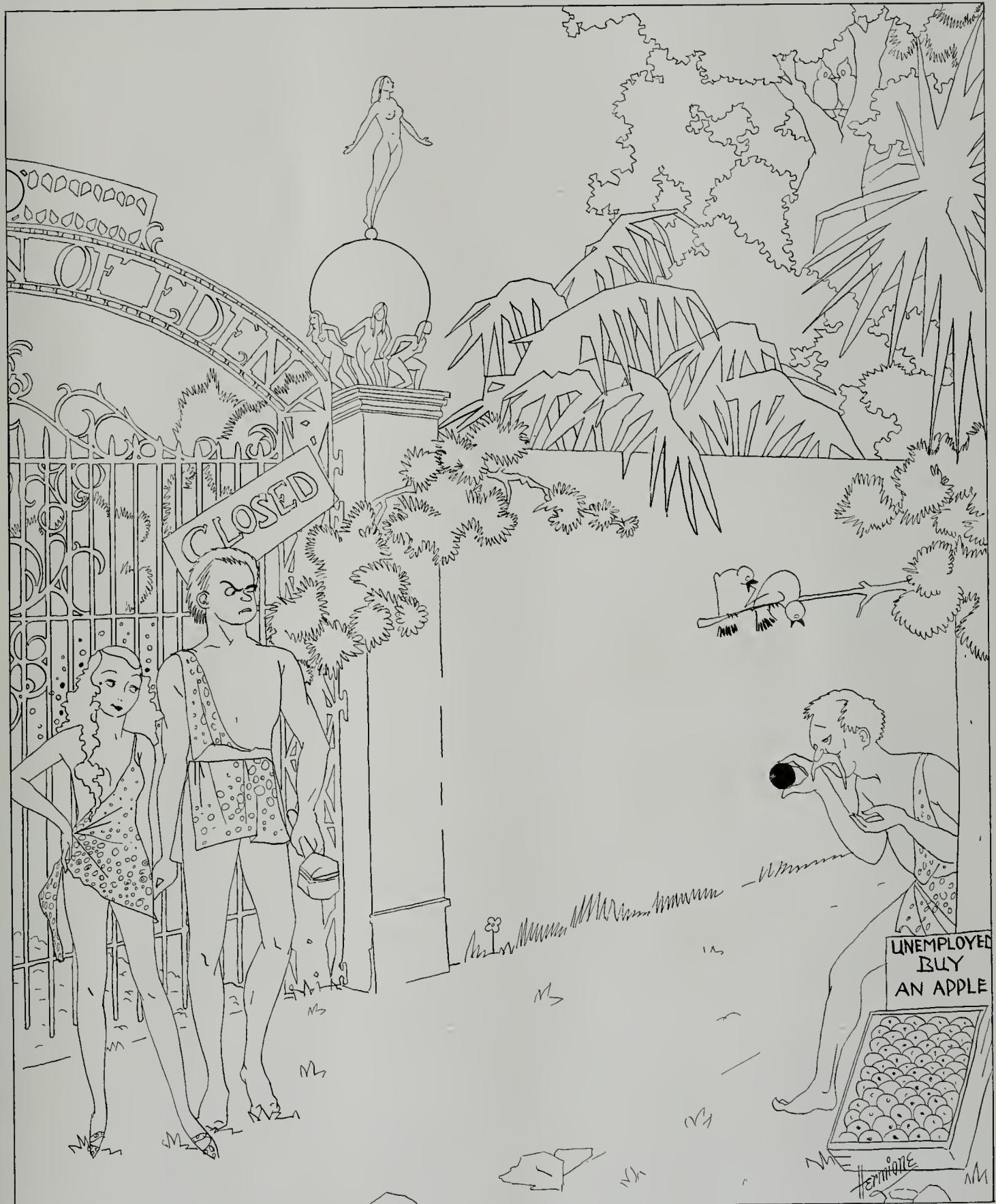
IT IS now a matter of court record that a Middle Western butter and egg man on the verge of retiring in Los Angeles was recently approached by persuasive realtors of the glib southern city. Although he stated that he was not yet ready to purchase a home, he was persuaded that the place of his dreams awaited him, ready for his immediate occupancy and he should at least look it over.

Reluctantly, he accompanied the eager ones to the mansion they had described. He was met by an array of obsequious footmen and butlers, who bowed him into the drawing room where a concealed stringed orchestra played seductive strains. The progression from one palatial room to the next was a crescendo of delight, each room being more wonderful than the last in its appointments and the completeness of its accessories. The ballroom was supplied with dancing girls, the patio pool held a bevy of bathing beauties and even the cellar lacked none of the accessories to make it a dream realization. The quality of the latter, naturally had to be sampled—and shared with the fair inhabitants of the mansion. What a party! . . . leading finally to the stroke of the pen that spelled ownership for the, by that time, somewhat vague butter and egg man and independence for the catering realtors.

The next morning, however, the owner woke with a headache and numerous regrets for, much to his astonishment, the bed in which he lay was the only piece of furniture remaining in the entire mansion. Gone were the stringed orchestra and the footmen, the bathing beauties and even the contents of the cellar. With self-made haste, the man made his way to the courts which in due time, with a total disregard for the furtherance of Los Angeles' greatest home industry, ordered the realtors to refund the purchase price and so sooth the feelings of the retiring Middle Westerner.

MARCH, 1931

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Editor's Note: Hermione Palmer first attracted attention with cartoons in "Pelican" and other University of California publications. She has recently returned to San Francisco after two successful years in New York.

At Home...

by Flagstaff

"Believe it or not" Ripley
(with all apologies)

RIP—Eggs, bacon, and waffles again this morning? Fine! A black chicken on the island of Sardinia laid a white and yellow egg with a brown shell from which was hatched two roosters, three hens, and a frog which was entirely deaf. Will you pass me the butter, dear? Butter is churned from elephant milk in certain parts of Africa, the soured milk being placed in basketball bladders. But I'll have cow butter please.

Mrs. Rip—Aren't you going to eat your grapefruit?

Rip—Grapefruit is not a fruit, it is a fire extinguisher. By the way, do you know that natives of Borneo amuse themselves by spitting against the wind? Will you pour the coffee, dear? A coffee bean is not a bean—it's ground.

Mrs. Rip—Here is your waffle.

Rip—The waffle was invented by a prisoner in an Ohio prison who attempted to throw a pancake through a jail window. For this service to mankind he was pardoned by Governor Topoopot, whose name is spelled the same backward and forward. This was in 1881 which is also written the same backward and forward, and would you mind passing me sugar, dear, backward and forward. Thanks. But you haven't much to say this morning, which is unusual enough for a couple of cartoons. What's the matter?

Mrs. Rip—I saw you get out of a taxi last night with a lady, you deceiver!

Rip—That was no lady, that was my—why, my dear, it was you! Believe it or—

Mrs. Rip—(Picking up waffle-iron and administering chastisement)—Believe it or what?

Rip—(Feeling his head)—Or—or knot!

G. W. Wickersham
(with all apologies)

MR. WICKERSHAM—Good morning, George. Did you sleep well last night?

G. W.—Well, yes, and no. I didn't wake up during the night, and really haven't given it sufficient consideration. But on the whole, no and yes—with reservations. I should have remained awake to think about it, but on the other hand—

Mrs. Wickersham—You must sit right down to breakfast, before the coffee gets cold, dear. Goodness, I think it's cold already. Try it, George. Is it cold?

G. W.—H'm! It all depends. I would hardly go so far as to say the coffee in question is below the temperature adapted to my palate, even with reservations. Still, it's not too hot. Is that what you wanted to know, m' dear? I can give you a report—

Mrs. Wickersham—Do eat your breakfast, George. It's such a splendid morning. Don't you think it is, dear?

G. W.—Don't you think I really ought to phone the weatherman, before advancing an opinion? Personally—but who's that at the door, m' dear?

Mrs. Wickersham—It must be the man who called about the lawn yesterday, George. He wants to know whether or not we want new grass put in this spring.

G. W.—I hope you didn't advance an opinion!

Mrs. Wickersham—I thought I'd let you decide about that, dear. You know we've been talking—

G. W.—Well, I'm in favor of the new lawn. You're in favor of it, too, and the entire family is in favor of it, as far as I am able to judge.

Mrs. Wickersham—Splendid! We are getting somewhere at last. Shall I tell him to go ahead with it?

G. W.—Yes, and no. Individually, the family is in favor of it, but taken as a whole, the Wickershams are against the proposition—and you can tell him that in a couple of years.

Jim Tully
(with all apologies)

MRS. TULLY—Are you just gettin' in, dear?

Tully—Hell yes, honey, and I had one helluva time gettin' to this shanty! Rode the rods on a Yellow cab to the corner of Western and Wilshire, and had to hit the pavement. Luckily, though I made the tail end of a Cad limo without the dicks seein' me, and rode the spare the rest o' the way.

Mrs. Tully—I'm sure you must be tired. What time is it, Jim?

Tully—Twelve o'clock! And if that d—n clock strikes two times and quits, like it did last night, I'll go downstairs and rip the guts out of it! Well!—I'll be a son of a—! What's that noise?

Mrs. Tully—It's only the cat, dear.

Tully—To h—l with gay-cats! Here's where I red-light that vermin-ridden feline!

Mrs. Tully—But Jim, dear, it's an

B L A C K

ONE never forgets Haiti. It is a "tropical adventure" of a most marked nature. It is a romantic isle, this green and golden place of peaks and valley jungles.

Tawny sailed fishing vessels, owned by black men from the Congo, float in clusters in the harbor. The water is the color of Indian turquoise. Stupendous mountains overwhelm the town of Porte-Au-Prince which sprawls up across the sloping shore meadows. Copper steeples thrust out above rounded clumps of emeraude foliage. Dwellings, candescent white in the hot sunlight, intensify the tropical glare. Walls border the narrow streets... bougainvillia vines spread across the roofs and mango trees are yellow with fruit. Donkeys trot beneath immense burdens and natives gather under the sheltering blue-green fronds of banana trees.

Pleasant fat negresses, with lambent eyes and dusky faces, flirt with leopard limbed youths. Laughter wells up from all sides. Little children dart in and out of the palm trunks, catching lizards with their quick hands. Peace, of the true variety, holds this place enchanted. Dilapidated motor cars—taxis—skip recklessly along the great paved boulevards of the Champs de Mars, their horns wildly honking.



ISLAND

by Philip Nesbitt

The Champs de Mars is a Haitian "Place de la Concorde," with its playing fountains and grassy spaces. Bugles blow from the military cantonment. Soldiers march without sound in wheeling rank and file. It is like an old colonial print. Carriages bearing white haired negro gentlemen, come squeakily clopping up the black avenues.

Women in scarlet headgear rest upon the grass beneath the tall statue of Dessalines. He holds his sword erect. Native superstition says, "should the sword fall," "out" go the foreigners, violently! Strange currents of barbarism flow under this tranquil island. Murmurs of potential revolt are sensed. When it does occur, it is very effective. The flame of fury burns terribly for a moment, and afterwards, smouldering, charred palaces lie in the sunshine!

EIIGHTY miles from the scanty outposts of civilization, native villages exist in terms of primitiveness. The inhabitants may be likened to the early agricultural peoples of six thousand years ago, living on the islands now called Palestine. Simplicity is the order. So remote are these blacks in the uplands of Haiti, that many of them remain ignorant of the fact of the United States. If they possess any information from the outside world, it is only a word or two of some presidential assassination. Among them, he who claims ownership of a "shirt" (though it be a rag with buttons attached) is risen high in life's dignity. Infinite pride accompanies the propertied man. They know little of the "Political furor" of the towns.

To the half cultivated Haitian, the thing we term "graft" is second nature. To intrigue is to live. The playing of power against power. Of little importance whether the small people are uprooted in the duration of the game.

Foliage-covered ruins of French Colonial plantations are still to be found in the second growth jungle of the Cape Haitian Valley. Snakes are seen coiled in rusted molasses containers. Archaic machinery for crushing the cane thrusts out of the green verdure.

Christophes' "Citadel" covers a mountain top near the Cape. Twenty miles away, it seems incredibly huge. That it is built by man is inconceivable. It looms for hours, almost above one's head, during the upward



Women, thin as famine refugees

climb. Napoleon's cannon point out over the valley gulf surrounding the fortress. These cannon were dragged up the forty-five degree steep at the rate of twenty men a mile. Even now, with what improvements have been made upon the trail, progress is difficult. Cannon balls are spilled like pills from a box, about the various terraces of the fortification. Cisterns vanish into black dungeons. Moldy galleries drip with moisture as one stumbles through them. In the black soil of the crypts, one may kick out the rusted locks of muskets, the stocks of which have long since rotted away.

IN PORTE-AU-PRINCE, there is a great native market place. Odours by the score assail the nostrils, of fish, meat, vegetables and all the edible and almost unmentionable morsels sacred to the native diet. Women, as thin and modestly fleshed as refugees from a famine, sit by the massive gateways of the stalls, calling out their trade song in cracked, strident voices. Parrots and pigs are tied in bunches. Chickens hang head down from hooks, feebly lamenting their plight with a rare cackle. Hundreds of brilliantly clad natives mill about between the

counters. There is a teeming uproad of rivalrous shoutings. Very evil smelling piles of half tanned hides decorate a portion of the market. Counters, apparently endless, support an undifferentiated burden of cereals and shoes, hardware and toothbrushes.

The market is the native town hall. All the vital issues of a social and business sort are concluded here. Land is bought and sold, for so many hundreds of "gourds," wives are selected and children born, in this vast sheltering shed.

Natives walk twenty and thirty miles in order to sell their wares at the market. They go without shoes over the hard, rocky trails, assiduously carrying their footgear in the belt, preserved against the time they might arrive in town. They never know fatigue. At nighttime, they sleep by the roadside in the slight glare of tiny coal-oil lamps.

The real Haitian is the simple "Black," not the half-native-half-French variety, and upon him the eventual survival depends. Like Tahiti and Bali, Haiti is a chosen place for the adventurous minded mortal. It offers a refuge from the furor of North America.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

MARY DUNCAN

Spotlight

Drawing Attention to Both a Play and a Talkie

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

OUR dramatic adventures this past month have fluctuated between the sophisticated unmorality of *Topaze* to the knock-down-and-drag-out criminality of *Little Caesar*. The advance notices of *Topaze* whetted our appetite for a good show. With such names as Alan Mowbray, Mary Duncan and Henry Kolker spread before us it seemed as if the play would have to be pretty bad to be a flop. We were not disappointed, for the play was as good as the actors who interpreted it. We had heard vaguely that it was a crook play so when the curtain rose upon a school-room in a boys' school in France and we discovered what was listed on the program as our old friend, Alan Mowbray, in pale and slightly ragged whiskers, teaching the young idea all about the beauty and glory of ethics we thought for a moment that we had stepped into the wrong theater. But, as the play progressed with commendable leisure and the young instructor began to feel the slings and arrows of outrageous insincerity surrounding him we had a sense of the direction in which the drama was heading.

There was only one point on which we remained sceptical. If Monsieur Topaze had merely been a young idealist we might have been more convinced of his turn-about-face in the last act. But he was not only a young idealist but a complete fool in the bargain. Idealism is curable but a complete fool usually remains a complete fool to the end of the chapter. There are those, doubtless, who will maintain that foolishness and idealism are synonymous. To this we have no

answer. But Monsieur Topaze's lack of wisdom included inefficiency. A man who could not keep order in his class-room would seem to be poor material for keeping order in a political grafting ring. But, this is all captious. Maybe Monsieur Topaze was only simulating idiocy. Which proves him a cleverer man than any of the crooks which surrounded him. At all events, fools are always dangerous and in this Monsieur Topaze proved to be no exception to the rule.

Henry Kolker made the character of Castel Benac so diverting that we felt something of a pang at his final exit covered with the ignominy of being outwitted by his pupil. We think that he would have been vastly more entertaining as a companion in the long run than the frankly humorless Topaze. Even if we were inclined to concede that an inefficient fool might achieve the technic of crime overnight we feel certain a man lacking humor remains always without that saving grace, as we are sure Suzy Courtois discovered as soon as the novelty of a new lover wore off.

As for Suzy Courtois, she seemed a figure needed to making certain mechanical wheels of the drama go around. Likewise, her costumes added a note of chic that lit up even the monotony of a provincial class-room. But here the matter ended. We heard several people in the lobby expressing disappointment at Miss Duncan's performance. They had remembered her as the flaming Poppy of "The Shanghai Gesture." But, when we pressed them to be specific, they broke down and confessed that Miss Duncan had squeezed all there was out of the role of Suzy Courtois. The character is a mere mannequin, invented to delight the audience's as well as Mr. Topaze's eye. And it provides certain motives for the males surrounding it. As a matter of fact, *Topaze* is a play about men. The females of the species who walk on are purely mechanical contrivances.

Frank Dawson gave an admirable portrait of a kind-hearted schoolmaster and later on in the play there entered a suave old villain quite too perfect to seem anything but the real thing. But in the confusion of names on the program we unhappily cannot locate either the character or the fine

actor who assumed it. For the benefit of distracted critics we wish they would revive the old custom of following the name of the character with a slight description of his place in the drama. For instance: John Jones, the village grocer, Estelle, his wife. Harold Philanderer, in love with Estelle, etc., etc.

We have only one slight criticism of Mr. Mowbray's performance and that relates to make-up. We think he would have been much more convincing in the last act if he had worn a smartly trimmed vandyke or at least a mustache. Through the first scenes we had been surrendering to the spell of Monsieur Topaze until he seemed a live person. Imagine our surprise when in the last act Mr. Alan Mowbray came bounding on the stage! It is one thing to have Monsieur Topaze change his morals but quite another to have him turn into Alan Mowbray. Not that we do not find Mr. Mowbray a diverting figure, also. But we were not prepared for him, and the surprise amounted to a shock.

ADULL holiday afternoon took us to the Paramount to see *Little Caesar*. We went expecting to be bored as is usually our fate at current movies. In such cases we have only one hope and that is that the main feature will be followed by a *Mickey Mouse* film. But on this occasion there was no *Mickey Mouse* film and in justice to *Little Caesar* and Edward Robinson who plays him, we must confess that we didn't realize the deficiency until we got home. All of which means that we sat on the edge of our seat thrilled to the core.

Little Caesar is our idea of a perfect talkie. It has swift action, melodrama, a mere dash of sentiment and practically no sob-stuff. We say a mere dash of sentiment, forgetting that it was sentiment that finally wrecked the career of "Little Caesar." At the moment when he couldn't bring himself to pull a gun on his former pal his career was over. The strength of tyranny lies in complete ruthlessness. Any dictator that can't "dish it out" to the person he loves best has his tombstone already ordered. Mr. Robinson is a great actor. He is no stage beauty but there is a compelling something in his eyes that gives his personality a flame. After seeing him in *Little Caesar* we check up another exception to the general rule of banal screen achievement.

THE theatrical woods are thick with gossip of projected Coast productions of Broadway successes. Already *Once in a Lifetime* has started

Mary Duncan's charming work with Alan Mowbray made "Topaze" one of the smartest plays of the season. Miss Duncan, remembered here for her melodramatic characterization of Poppy in "The Shanghai Gesture," has proved that she is capable of portraying not only beautifully but brilliantly drawing room roles. Rumor has it that Miss Duncan will play Eugenie Lentovich the Russian dancer in the West Coast production of "Grand Hotel."

Continued on page 34

Yesterday's Opera . . . Today's Opera House

by Harris C. Allen A. I. A.

WITH the resumption of excavation work, in the latter days of January, within the two square blocks bounded by Van Ness avenue, Fulton, Franklin and McAlister streets, San Francisco's War Memorial and Opera House Buildings are at last on the way to actual construction.

To the music lovers of San Francisco the Opera House is the fulfillment of a long standing hope. It is, as well, the perpetuation of a splendid tradition, for San Francisco is a city whose love for and generous patronage of opera dates back to its earliest rough and ready mining camp days. From old files of *The Golden Era*, the city's first literary weekly, founded in 1852, it is established that San Francisco's first operatic performance was held in the fall of 1852, in the American Theatre, Sansome and Halleck streets. It was not a complete operatic presentation, as it consisted only of arias and selections from the better known operas, but for the time and place it was a remarkable beginning.

The town was then hardly more than a makeshift trading post for the mining camps of the Sierras. The gold rush, which had begun in 1848, was still in progress. Between December, 1849, and June, 1852, the city had

Editor's Note: We are pleased to present this non-technical account of the opera house, written by one of San Francisco's most distinguished architects.

been swept by six fires, which quickly consumed its flimsy construction. But after each fire the town was promptly rebuilt, and it is a point to mark that its theatrical buildings were replaced as first thoughts, rather than incidental last thoughts.

The guest artist in the previously mentioned performance of 1852 was Katherine Hayes, New York soprano, who came by steamer, *via* the Isthmus of Panama. She was met at the wharf by a large crowd and the city's volunteer fire companies in full dress regalia, and escorted to her hotel. To thwart the plans of ticket speculators the management of the theatre auctioned off the choice seats. Bidding started at \$50.00, ran to \$100.00, then to \$200.00, \$250.00 and \$650.00. To the Empire Engine Company a seat was knocked down for \$1150.00, the highest price paid. The house was packed from pit to dome and Miss Hayes was greeted thunderously. She gave an indefinite number of encores, and to reward her the stage was showered with gold pieces and small nuggets.

THE OPERA HOUSE

A rendering by Francis Todhunter of an architectural drawing of the San Francisco War Memorial, consisting of Opera House, Veteran's Building and Memorial Court.



IN 1859 a complete presentation of *Il Trovatore* was given—the first performance of its kind in San Francisco. It was directed by one Signor Bianchini, who had set up as the young city's musical mentor and director. To him goes the credit for giving San Franciscans the musical and opera habit. Signor Bianchini made them such ideal and responsive audiences and patrons that New York and European artists were willing to make the arduous, tiresome thirty-day steamer trip from New York *via* Panama to appear in an isolated town on the edge of the wilderness, three thousand miles from the national cultural center, and until 1869, having no rail connection with that center.

San Francisco's operatic and musical life of the 1860s, '70s, '80s and '90s was equally remarkable, but here we have not the time or space to treat it in detail. Since the fire of 1906, there have been times when it seemed the vigorous old tradition was doomed to die. But with the formation of the present Opera Association in 1923, with a permanent Opera House so near realization, this possibility definitely passes.

The War Memorial site, having been paid for, funds for actual construction are approximately \$5,100,000. The public is now naturally interested in knowing what it is going to get for this \$5,100,000. The Memorial calls for two buildings, fronting upon a Memorial Court, dedicated to the men of San Francisco who gave their lives in the Great War. One building will provide office and recreational facilities for all of the city's organizations whose members participated in the Great War, Spanish American, Indian or any other war waged by the United States. It will be known as the Veterans' Building. This structure will also contain an art museum, which will fill a long felt need for a down-town, centrally located gallery to replace the old Mark Hopkins Institute Gallery, destroyed in the fire of 1906. The second building, the San Francisco Opera House, will contain both an opera and symphony hall.

Approved plans for the War Memorial Buildings are in a classical Renaissance style, the style of notable public and memorial buildings throughout the world by reason of its dignity, logic, grace and strength. It is the style in which the City Hall is designed, and thus the entire scheme—the Opera

Continued on page 26

Views and Reviews of Current Books and Publications in General

by Fritoff Michelson

IN THESE days of stock market crashes and ensuing depression, when last summer's tweeds are the vogue rather than the exception, it is a God-send to find in the list of new spring books a message to placate the holders of deflated stocks. This and more is *The Fifth Son of the Shoemaker* by Donald Corley (Robert M. McBride & Company).

It concerns an old Muscovite cobbler, Ivan Mestrovic, who is sure that "gold was once not the price nor the penalty nor the scourge of living, but only the sun shining on a beautiful wall." It is also about five sons—particularly Pyotr, the fifth.

Mr. Corley weaves philosophy, myth, the dancing of little children, seduction, song and samovars together with an easy shuttle. He becomes too drunken at times with the fabric of words to be strictly coherent, but the pattern is as colorful as it is complete.

When one reads in the same book such things as fairy queens and settlement houses; golden slippers and the dance of life of New York (composed by a young man and played on an old violin); the insecure heart of Tora-linda, a puppet doll; east side cellars, grapevines in Capri, little hurdy gurdies, and a too large bite of the apple of Hesperides . . . when one reads of these seemingly divergent things in the same book one says that the plot is unique.

One hesitates to mention Cinderella because she is likely to be associated with Pollyanna and the dust of a less incredulous decade, though there incontrovertibly was a Cinderella who danced for New York while Pyotr played. That was after Lucinda opened the magical door to music and Marya threw wide the windows of her mother love; after Dorsee awakened the mate cry within him and Altierce answered it—partly. It was also after Nischka, the opera singer of the little feet and the big heart, told him in a faint Italian dawn, "Do not think of me in other places—except as a simple Priestess of Isis."

The author quotes from an old Norcisle fire tale: "This is a story of a poet-fool and an Eft-Princess who could listen, possibly well, and the

**WILL
DYSON**
GUMP GALLERIES

shoe of a one-footed giant in which they sailed, quite without a rudder, until they came to a port of tarry and lingered there a while."

In a modern phrase, Mr. Corley takes a poke at the machine age. It is well worth turning off your radio to read.

The Light That Never Was

By Katherine Fullerton Gerould
(Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00)

IT IS sometimes unpleasant to stand off and throw stones at an old idol, but Katherine Fullerton Gerould has made it necessary to release a few missiles. It might be argued that witch-burning is out of date, but it can't be said that Mrs. Gerould does not stand convicted of money-changing in the temple. She who holds a high position in the literary temple did not win her spurs by *The Light That Never Was*, "Vain Oblations," among others, and the stories that have appeared in O'Brien's Anthology have heretofore characterized her work. Now she "develops, with brilliant dialogue, a love duel that is both modern and romantic."

The title of the tome, *The Light That Never Was*, is entirely descriptive of its contents. It concerns the almost suggestive love pangs of a flapper who is fortunate enough to have the attention of two males; an ailing aunt and a vindictive cousin. In the end we see Lydia, our orphan heroine,

"When I Have Failed"
by Vaughn Francis Meisling

*When I have failed the thousandth time
To capture Beauty in my net,
I shall sit down and laugh awhile
(For smaller loss let others fret);
Then I shall sleep, and dream of her
And thousand ways to catch her yet.*



Our Younger Novelists: Why don't you publish too?

doing the identical thing she set out to do in the beginning—she marries her first love.

It is not unlikely that economic pressure has forced Mrs. Gerould to attempt a best seller. If so, it might be suggested that she take the time to read Harold Bell Wright before she tries again.

If the book is intended to be a satire, that should be stated on the cover.

John Marsh, Pioneer

By George D. Lyman
(Charles Scribner's Sons, \$3.50)

HERE on the Pacific Coast, the last American frontier, we are likely to hear so much about the early days, before and after the gold rush, that we wave the subject aside with a jejuned gesture and a sigh. But Dr. George D. Lyman, child specialist of San Francisco, in his book "*John Marsh, Pioneer*" has concocted an antidote for such a sentiment. The directions for taking it are simple. Read the first two or three chapters, feel the vital force that is John Marsh and your ennui miraculously turns to interest. It is smooth sailing from then on, except for a few barren spaces where the author's information (based entirely on source material) was inadequate to make the tale live.

It is a well-handled account of John Marsh's adventures on six frontiers. He begins in Danvers, Mass., graduates from Harvard in 1823, goes on to Fort St. Anthony and Prairie du Chien in the upper Mississippi River wilderness. There he lived and fought with the Indians and later married a French-Indian girl by whom he had a son. He was the first school teacher in Minnesota, traded in furs, and for a time ran a store that ended in bankruptcy. He followed the Santa Fe trail to California where he bought land, became

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DOMINGA RUSSELL

Daughter of Mrs. Atherton Russell and granddaughter of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Miss Russell was one of the season's most charming and popular debutantes. She has now forsaken San Francisco society and has become Sister Dominga of the Dominican convent at San Rafael.



Facing the Music

by James Hamilton Fisher

WITH opera once again uppermost in our minds, the raging controversy as to its present artistic status is by no means an idle subject to talk about. "Opera is no longer wanted," and "Opera is the greatest art form in existence," are battle cries with which we are all familiar. For that matter so were our parents and probably our grandparents, yet the Lyric Drama has managed to survive most of the onslaughts of those who see in it nothing but a monstrous anomaly.

Opera is probably one of the oldest art forms in existence. Its beginning is shrouded in that dim past when Greece was the mistress of all arts and Athens the greatest jewel in her crown. Its first librettists were Aeschylus and Sophocles and its earliest orchestra a band of lyres and flutes. For there seems little doubt that most of the choruses in the great Greek dramas were sung to the grandest music produced at that time, and that much if not all of their dialogue was musically declaimed. And it is exactly because of this that unmusical critics of all times have censored opera in the firm conviction that musical dialogue is contrary to nature. Yet these same critics will extol the virtues of Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist of all times and are more than likely to drown in a sea of laudatory adjectives after witnessing a play by Eugene O'Neill. They refuse to understand that opera in its best form is no more inconsistent than the average drama they praise so highly. W. S. Rockstro in his article on opera says: "The poet writes his tragedy in verse because he thereby gains the power of expressing great thoughts with the greatest amount of dignity that language can command. His verses are sung, in order that they may be invested with a deeper pathos than the most careful form of ordinary declamation can reach. No one objects to the iambics of the 'Seven against Thebes,' or the blank verse of 'King John'; yet surely our sense of the fitness of things is not more rudely shocked by the melodious 'Ah! soccorso! son tradito!' uttered by the commandante after Don Giovanni has pierced him through with his sword, than by the touching couplet with which Prince Arthur, at the moment of his death, breaks forth into rhyme—

"O me! My uncles spirits is in
these stones:



PAUL ROBESON

reproduced from the small bronze
by Annette Rosenshire exhibited
by Courvoisier.

Heaven take my soul, and England
keep my bones!"

Obviously, the conventionalities of every day life are violated no less in one case than in the other. Yet the violations in the opera as well as the play are, after all, only artistic conceptions and therefore as defensible as the coloring of a picture which may not be a faithful imitation of nature though based on natural ideals. And so it is important that we establish this contention very clearly before we discuss the present artistic status of opera, for in it lies the very "*raison d'être*" of the Lyric Drama.

ALExANDER FRIED in his Sunday column "The Sounding Board" recently reprinted an opinion on opera voiced by Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Metropolitan tenor, to the New York *Telegram* in which the singer deals at least with one of the many operatic foes. Says he: "If I may be forgiven for being frank and perhaps a little unkind, may I point out that those singers who have been trumpeting their abandonment of opera and declaring it ready for burial have themselves little left to give to opera? It is they who are dying—artistically—not opera. Their period of usefulness

is over, so far as grand opera is concerned."

Which disposes in one fell swoop of all who, after a life time or an initial trial in opera see the end of their trail of success and resent its further existence without them. Harder to deal with, however, than the selfish opinions of worn out singers are other factors which in recent years have threatened, if not the life, at least the happy existence of opera and all it stands for.

It is impossible at this time to chase each one to its lair. Many would disappear automatically if those, who through money prestige have become the custodians of this art form, would think more of opera than their own social advancement. Others are deeper rooted and more pernicious because they strike at the very foundation of opera—the poetic and musical conception of a drama.

And it is in the ignorance of the latter that we find the real pitfalls which threaten the successful continuance of this art form. For instance: Artur Bodanzky, high priest of the Metropolitan Opera, and conductor of the Society of the Friends of Music of New York, in a recent speech declared that he was no longer afraid of the talkies as a menace to operatic art. Says he: "Talkie and opera are two distinctive arts. They can exist side by side. We need not fear the screen. It can never capture the direct appeal of personality of artists, face to face with an audience." Perhaps he is right. At the other hand his words are only a slight variation from those uttered by a number of stage producers when the silent screen was considered a menace to the theater. Ask yourself what happened to the theater since that time. No, Signor Bodanzky, if the talkies were a distinctive art, your words would be true. But they are not. They could be, but that fact doesn't make them so. The motion picture industry is a parasitic growth on all other art forms simply because with them to feed on, their financial success is more or less assured. A distinctive art is a creative art, and the movies never have, and in all probability never will, be that. They can't afford it. If they were they would be on a par with all other art forms, financially, which obviously they are not.

And so we are up against this curious situation where the parasite gives color to the body it feeds on. Go for instance to the Fox Theater and listen to one of Walt Roesner's operatic parodies. Recently he presented what I believe were three hotch-

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WARREN CHASE MERRITT

Port o'Call

An Account of San Francisco's Shipping Activities

by Lucrezia Kemper

SINCE the day of the conquistadores, romance, commerce and finance have been closely interwoven with the history and development of California, and more particularly with San Francisco and her harbor. Commerce came first, brought by the hardy Russians when they sailed from their settlement in Sitka, Alaska, to the coast of California, there to indulge in a brisk trade with the natives for hides, furs and tallow. With them, these Russians brought romance to run like a bright thread through all the history of early California and likewise they brought a medium of exchange.

Even before these adventurous traders began making their annual pilgrimages in the interest of commerce, the Spaniards were busy with their explorations and merchandising.

In the dim light of the 16th and 17th centuries the shadowy sails of Spanish galleons, on their yearly missions of treasure-bearing from Manila to Acapulco, Mexico, skirted the coast of California. Though searching for a safe harbor on that coast, they were not rewarded until a century later. At the same time almost in the very entrance of the harbor, yet without locating it, lingered the world's great pirate-ships waiting for the treasure galleons that they might strike swiftly and vanish with the gifts of the Orient.

The discovery of the Bay of San Francisco was to be the reward of that dashing Lieutenant Don Juan Manuel Ayala. It was he, the first of all the west-bound Argonauts, in his trim frigate *Toison De Ore*—“Golden Fleece”—sometimes called San Carlos, who in 1775 pierced the gray fog of the Farallones to enter the quiet waters soon to be called “Chrysopylæ,” or Golden Gate.

Other than a landing place for a few fishermen and hide droghers, little use was made of the great safe harbor for the next 65 years. The wind-swept dunes that surrounded the bay were uninviting and seemed uninhabitable. But that which caused men to search for it for three centuries drew men to it after discovery.

In 1835 Spain proclaimed the Embarcadero of Yerba Buena a port of entry, and appointed Captain William A. Richardson its first harbor master. He is the solitary settler described in Dana's “Two Years Before the Mast”—“living in a canvas tent stretched on pine posts and carrying on a small trade between the hide ships and the Indians.”

THE first traffic on San Francisco Bay was a raft built and operated under the direction of Commander Arguello. This raft brought lumber from Corte De Madera via Carquinez Straits to the Presidio of San Francisco. On its first trip, due to the inefficiency of its crew, the craft barely escaped wreckage in Raccoon Straits.

Not discouraged by this ineffectual beginning, Captain Richardson began sailing two schooners for the transportation of hides, tallow and wheat between the settlements on the bay and the Port of San Francisco.

Commerce, whose halo San Francisco has always worn, slowly began drawing the ships of all nations to the harbor. It was here, in 1816, the English sloop *Raccoon* while awaiting cargo, heard the news of Waterloo. Eleven years later, the French frigate *Artimesia*, seeking tonnage unfurled the first tri-colors to be seen within the Gate. In 1841 flying the Stars and Stripes, the Warship *San Luis* was the first of all America's great fleet to drop anchor in the bay.

It was not until the late 40's shipping men became so bold as to venture 'round the horn with a passenger vessel. But with demand came service. In 1846 the first passenger carrying vessel the *Brooklyn* with 238 aboard under the protection of Samuel Brennan sailed in through the Golden Gate bound for Oregon Territory from New York. Where they had expected to find Spanish soil they met their own flag. For twenty days before their arrival—July 9, 1846—Captain Montgomery of the U.S. Sloop *Portsmouth* had hoisted America's Stars and Stripes over what is now Portsmouth Square.

In 1845 the principal industries of California were wheat ranching and cattle raising. Furs provided a lucrative business in the Northwest. These activities caused men to migrate westward that they might participate in them. With the slow moving emigrant trains moved the demand for news from home. It was this demand then which in 1845 caused the people of the West to petition the United States Postal Department for the establishment of a mail service between New York and Oregon by way of Panama and San Francisco.

Congress granted the petition and authorized the opening of the new mail route. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was founded with a government subsidy of \$200,000 a year for carrying the California and Oregon mail.

The first of the company's fleet of three vessels, the 1050-ton wooden side-wheeler *California* left New York at noon October 5, 1848. She docked at Clark's Point February 28, 1849 with 250 passengers, some cargo and a handful of mail just as gold had roused San Francisco from her age-long lethargy. Passengers and crew alike deserted the ship and rushed to the gold fields.

THE bay of San Francisco had awokened. During the next two years in the first hot flush of the gold fever, hundreds of ships sailed through the Golden Gate to disgorge thousands of gold-crazed immigrants into the desolation that was then San Francisco. From the holds of these same ships came tons of every needed commodity that life might be maintained, for at that period California supplied only gold. Captains and

crews deserted their ships for the siren song of the ore-body, and the bay of San Francisco became a great forest of masts and rigging. Gradually old hulks rotted and fell to pieces while their owners in the East fretted and fumed or came westward to reclaim them, only to forget their mission when they neared the magic of pan and shovel.

THUS the harbor of San Francisco came to be built on ships both figuratively and literally. Ships housed its commerce, ships formed its foundations, and ships carried its gold away and brought back passengers, money and merchandise.

Down under the sands of what is now the financial district of the city lie buried the hulks of worn-out ships. Ever and again the steel tooth of a great dredger bites into the rotting timbers of a long-forgotten vessel when excavating that tall buildings might arise. It is then old, old-timers, gather and reminisce over the remains of a sloop or clipper torn from her sleeping.

It was an old discarded scow that served as San Francisco's first bank. A scow that had been pushed ashore at what is now California and Battery streets. Upon its deck a group of men established a regular exchange, deposit and forwarding business. The propeller-boat *Sarah Sands* was one of San Francisco's first lodging houses, and the brig *Euphemia* the first prison. The *Apollo* and the *Niantic* served first as depots of merchandise and later as saloons. Other of the deserted vessels became homes and still others firewood.

The iron hulk of the revenue steamer *James K. Polk* was beached at the foot of the bluff, where Vallejo street intersects Battery, to become the first real passenger landing stage in San Francisco; a wharf de luxe of the early days. It was here the *California*, the first mail ship from the East, was anchored.

Early California shipping was varied and dependent upon many things aside from the whims of man. Shortly after the discovery of gold when San Francisco sprang overnight from a desolate village beside a quagmire to a virile young city by the sea, "gas lighting" was introduced to the populace. To make this gas it was necessary to import coal, and a lively three-cornered trade between England, Australia and San Francisco grew out of this need. Ships loading merchandise in England would exchange their cargo in Australia for coal which they carried to San Francisco where it was exchanged for wheat to be taken to

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Lonely

by Leslie Connor Williams

EVERY morning the cable car gave Fletcher leisure and detachment to consider the curious inconsistency of life. During the weeks after Adele and Rosemary left for San Diego the morning ride to the office became a sort of respite—twenty minutes when no one would speculate about his affairs or offer well meant sympathy.

His wife had complained that there was too much fog in San Francisco. Rosemary needed sunshine. She and the child would spend the summer with her mother in San Diego. Next winter—perhaps . . .

Lewis, jogging along in the cable car, staring somberly at his fellow passengers, tried to think it through. Eight years of marriage—glamour, disillusionment, adjustment, indifference—he suspected that he and Adele had quarrelled less, suffered less than many of their friends. But they shared little except the externals of life. Adele resented any efforts he made to share the child. Rosemary had always been her baby. And now—if she chose never to come back to San Francisco. . .

As the weeks went by, Lewis was increasingly convinced that she would not come back. He stifled his loneliness and the sense of a disaster he could not avert by watching the people who rode with him on the cable car. The car ceased to be merely a conveyance between apartment and office and became a miniature stage where he as a spectator could analyze other people's emotions and forget his own.

Although they exchanged no signs of recognition, he began to feel ac-

quainted with the men and women who boarded the cable car every morning, so regularly that he knew at which corner to look for many of them. There was the belligerent young man who jumped on at Fillmore, the pert little girl—evidently a stenographer—who giggled and pushed her way into the crowded car at Franklin Street, the cripple waving his crutch at the conductor from the curbstone and hobbling through the traffic at Van Ness.

A curious reticence kept these people from speaking to each other. Lewis liked to watch for the quick glance of recognition, veiled immediately by caution. It amused him. The squeamishness of city proprieties seemed ridiculous enough seen from the perspective of his loneliness.

San Francisco was home for most of them. The cable car was an incident in the morning routine, almost as closely a part of their lives as the lunch counter or the telephone calls which would involve them when they hurried from the cable car to office desks.

Yet Lewis found himself hampered by petty convention as rigidly as the other men and women, physically crowding each other so close in the rush hour of traffic, socially keeping each other at vast distances.

AGIRL he saw and came to watch for every morning brought him this recognition of his own limitation. She was tall and slim. The hat she wore shaded her eyes. This bothered Lewis a good deal. Her eyes were beautiful; but the hat made it hard to see whether she was glad or sad. At first, Lewis kept hoping she was not so sad as her wistful mouth seemed to indicate.

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This view of the docks at China Basin, where the M. S. San Francisco lies ready for its voyage direct to Hamburg, and the waterfront scene on the opposite page are reproduced from sketches by Warren Chase Merritt, San Francisco mural painter.





TOM DOUGLAS

Tom Douglas is one of England's most popular juveniles. He was recently seen in San Francisco with Elsie Ferguson in "Fata Morgana" and with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Ghosts." Mr. Douglas has "gone Hollywood" and has accepted a five year contract with Universal. Later during his stay in California he will be seen again in San Francisco with productions originating on the Pacific Coast. With the success of Mr. Curran's "Topaze" and "The Apple Cart" as precedent, one is justified in looking forward to performances of outstanding merit in presentations which dare stand up under strict comparison with New York's offerings.

Exotic color has been lent the artistic social life of San Francisco by the advent of the beautiful young Senora Frieda de Rivera who accompanies her distinguished husband, Diego Rivera, now painting frescoes in the California School of Fine Arts. The portrait is by Edward Weston of Carmel.

SENORA FRIEDA DE RIVERA



Passing Shows

and a few pertinent sidelights

by Aline Kistler

ART has "gone society" in San Francisco. Rather, society has decided that the galleries once more deserve the official lorgnon. After a lapse of many years, when only the more courageous of "the people that count" joined the more or less frayed ranks of gallery goers in San Francisco, the tide of social approval has turned and now it is quite the thing to drop into an art gallery during the afternoon.

It is difficult to trace the turn of the tide in detail. It would be vain to attempt analysis of origins. Enough that an increasingly impressive number of sleek motor cars with correct chauffeurs have parked outside the Legion of Honor during lectures and other special events; the Beaux Arts teas have assumed the air of intimate soirees with guest lists watched by the society news writers; the opening day of exhibitions in downtown galleries has become a social event that one must have attended to hold up conversation that evening at dinner; and the opening of a new gallery has been made definite occasion for celebration.

For years it was one of my delights to slip into a gallery unobserved, enjoy the exhibition quite by myself and step

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

Abdy—March 16 to 30, Courvoisiers—water colors and pastels by Rowena Meeks Abdy.
Albro—To April 20, Legion of Honor Palace—paintings and drawings of Mexican life by Maxine Albro.

Angelo—March 16 to 30, the Art Center—paintings and drawings by San Francisco illustrator, Valenti Angelo.

Arkatov—March 23 to April 4—camera studies of world notables by Dr. Alexander Arkatov.

Bakos—To April 8, Legion of Honor Palace—water colors by Josef Bakos.

Brissey—To March 16, the Art Center—water colors by Forrest Lee Brissey.

Casey—To March 15, East-West Gallery—retrospective exhibition of work by John Joseph Casey.

Chagall—To April 20, Legion of Honor Palace—paintings by French modernist, Marc Chagall.

American Etchers—To March 21, Paul Elder—etchings by Josef Pennell, Bror Olissen Norfeldt and Earl Horter.

Baltekal-Goodman—To March 30, Gruen's Studio—wood engravings and pastels by Michael Baltekal-Goodman.

Krasnow—To April 20, Legion of Honor Palace—paintings, drawings, woodblocks, pastels and sculpture by Peter Krasnow.

Nisbit—To April 10, California School of Fine Arts—water colors by C. Bachelder Nisbit.

No-Jury—To March 30, Berkeley Art Museum—Third Annual No-Jury by Berkeley artists.

Oldfield—To March 21, Gallerie Beaux Arts—water color drawings by Otis Oldfield.

1931 Prints—To March 21, Gallerie Beaux Arts—American prints of 1931.

Sauter—To March 16, Vickery, Atkins and Torrey—water colors, lithographs and drawings by Rudolf H. Sauter.

Shore—To March 16, Legion of Honor Palace—paintings and drawings by Henrietta Shore.

SELF PORTRAIT

by Otis Oldfield who will leave the latter part of March for Alaska on a fishing boat to gather material for painting. His water colors are now on view at the Gallerie Beaux Arts.



during the past month, the one that out again refreshed by a few minutes of comparative solitude. Such is no longer possible. The galleries of San Francisco have been spoiled for secret rendezvous. I am afraid before long I shall even have to wear gloves.

THE opening of the new Courvoisier Gallery in the quarters formerly occupied by the Post Street Book Store was an event of late February. Unusual interest attended it because it marked the transition of a very small, young, balcony gallery into a ground floor establishment with adequate space to show paintings as well as the water colors and prints that were presented in the former Little Gallery. The social interest in the opening may have been heightened by the presence in the gallery of paintings by James Swinner-ton, president of the Bohemian Club, but the art interest will be far better sustained by the showing of water colors by Rowena Meeks Abdy which opens the 16th. These water colors are fine. In them Mrs. Abdy has painted strongly and with clear insight. She has utilized the landscape of Italy and of California with telling effect, re-casting her impressions into coherent, meaningful paintings. For the first time, she shows a few pastels. These are well handled but have not the strength and surety of her water colors where years of development have given her a directness not easily gained in a new medium.

Ten thousand people are reported as having attended Edward Bruce's show at the Gump Galleries—I can well believe that half that many were there the opening day for I had need

for slenderness to make my way even half way round the room. Everybody was there and by that I mean "Everybody," that mythical group meant by those whose intimates are the goal of social aspirations. Edward Bruce came to San Francisco backed both by an international reputation and by wide-spreading California family connections. His paintings are best described by his own phrase of "classical realism." He is interested primarily in the actual hills, trees, houses and other forms in the landscape he sees and these he casts into compositions of classic mold. Bruce is highly American. He believes in home products, the might of America to get what it wants, and the ultimate attainment of general good taste. In fact, I might have doubted the complete metamorphosis of practical business man to impractical artist had he not advocated the solution of the unemployment situation by means of a revival of the aesthetic crafts. His paintings will remain on view the rest of this week, having been held over for four weeks that all who wished might come to see. Monday, these paintings will be replaced by a group of work by contemporary Irish painters.

Gallery attendance is an interesting barometer of public attention but it seems to have little correlation to the actual acquisition of works of art by San Franciscans. Often one finds that the exhibition most generously attended finds fewest people who wish to add its contents to their own possessions. In fact it is no better indication of response to art than is publicity. One of the most successful exhibitions

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Moaning at the Bar

by Brookes

Being a somewhat sentimental lament at the passing of Tilden and Jones from amateur ranks, and a brief biographical sketch contrasting these two "World's Greatest."

IT IS one thing to be world's champion, and quite another to be conceded the rare title of "the greatest player of all time"; and when two individuals acquire this rank in their respective fields within the same decade, and close that decade with their retirement from amateur competition, the event is nothing short of dramatic. For technically faint as the line may be that divides the professional from the amateur, it nevertheless separates two distinct worlds in sports, and Tilden and Jones have said goodbye forever to the glamorous, glorified world of the "Simon Pures."

From a practical viewpoint there is really no occasion to "moan." With Tilden's retirement one senses a feeling of relief; with Jones one feels that he could not have chosen a more opportune moment, having reached the heights he eliminated all possibility of the inevitable anti-climax by withdrawing from competition. Yet we cannot help but mourn the loss of these two brilliant figures who have brought inspirational pleasure to countless thousands, and who by their stellar achievements have set standards that perhaps may never be equalled.

One could no more compare Bobby Jones to Bill Tilden than one could compare golf to tennis. In fact it is seldom one finds two personalities who have mutually shared universal adoration, as have these two, so antithetical in every respect. One, tall, lanky, dashing, spectacular; the other almost stocky, quiet, modest, unassuming. The stormy career of the one in striking contrast to the smooth, unruffled course of the other. Both geniuses—one with all the characteristics and temperament of a genius; the other (perhaps fortunately) possessing none of these qualities.

BOTH starting at the tender age of six or thereabouts in their respective fields, their careers diverge from then on. Despite the fact that he played tennis consistently, and had the advantage of an older brother, who for a number of years had been in the top flight at Philadelphia, to help and encourage him, Tilden in his teens

was a comparatively mediocre player, failing even to make his college varsity team until his senior year. Though at the age of twenty he won the National mixed doubles with Mary K. Browne, he was still termed by many a "swatter." Jones, on the other hand, at the age of fourteen had won seven club championships, the Georgia State amateur championship, and reached the third round of the National Amateur! He started playing golf in a casual sort of way, at first following his mother and father around the course with one sawed-off club. In his auto-biography Jones says that the best luck he ever had in golf was when Stewart Maiden came from Carnoustie, Scotland, to be professional at the East Lake Club, on the grounds of which the Jones family resided. For it was by tagging at Maiden's heels as a spindley-legged little boy, and unconsciously imitating every shot made by the "pro," that Jones developed such an early game. But in all due respect to Stewart Maiden, I am inclined to think that if it hadn't been he, it would have been some other "pro" whom Jones would have followed, imitated, and later developed his own unparalleled game.

In 1915, at twenty-two, Tilden achieved his first national ranking, in class No. 6, there being 100 ranking players divided into ten groups of ten players. The following year he jumped to the "Second Ten" by reason of his entry into "big tournaments." Nevertheless his game was extremely erratic and inconsistent—he was a "promising player who nearly always failed to fulfill."

JONES has referred to the years between 1916, when at fourteen he first came into prominence, to 1923 when he won his first major title, as his "seven lean years." It is true that in that time he played in eleven national championships and did not win one; but he was still in his teens, and even then his achievements were causing quite a stir in Eastern golfing circles. If those were lean years for Bobby, Tilden's seven years, between 1912, when he first showed promise of rising above mediocrity, to 1920 when he won the National singles title, were nothing short of emaciated! But it was not within these years, as with Jones, that Tilden developed the game that was to rank him No. 1 on the list of America's tennis stars, and

to enable him to hold that position for ten consecutive years. It was the year between 1919 after his decisive defeat by Johnston, and 1920, when he reciprocated in that memorable match that tried and tested them to the utmost. Of the match *American Lawn Tennis* says, "When victory finally went to Tilden, after he had gone through nerve-racking and courage-testing vicissitudes, and had several times been within a stroke of the match only to be denied, the realization came that here was a great genius of the game, a player whose mastery of nearly every stroke was greater than that of any of his predecessors; whose gameness was not to be denied, whose ability to rise to greater and yet greater heights when the need came was little short of phenomenal. This match was the acid test. From it the tall Philadelphian emerged triumphantly, mint-stamped "sterling." Within one year Tilden had developed from an "also-ran" into a "World's Greatest."

Jones attributes the turning point after his "seven lean years," not to an improvement in his game, but to the change in his tournament attitude, his battle with Old Man Par as he terms it. But it was the amazing improvement in his game, the perfection of his strokes by intensive practice in overcoming his weaknesses that jumped Tilden to his stellar position in that one year. Then for a period of seven years (strangely enough) both men reigned supreme. Jones from 1923 to 1930, in which time he won thirteen national championships (American and British) including the immortal "Grand Slam"; and Tilden from 1920 to 1927, within these years winning the National Singles title six times, and being on the winning Davis Cup team seven times. And now the gruelling, nerve-racking championship days are over, for "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" is as true of the leaders of sport today as it was of royalty in medieval times.

LOST LADY

by Constance Ferris

Why do I weep, alone in my apartment
Here amid familiar things,
A clock, a book, a chair?
Not for Lethe, though it bring
Surcease to one who has grown weary
And moves about uncertainly
In a dazed bewilderment
At life's persistence.
Wherefore my tears?
Not for Mothers nor for heroes.
Thus do I find my misery summarized:
I weep for a girl in a white skirt and a red jacket
Who met life with a gay challenge
Carrying a briefcase under her arm.

Lonely

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Then he began to discuss with himself—because he was lonely and adrift and had seen little of his friends since Adele and the child left for San Diego—how simple it would be to speak to the girl some morning—find out if she was really unhappy—take her to some play—dance with her—amuse her so that those dark eyes beneath the hat brim would lose their haunting sadness.

Curious, how difficult it seemed to do such a simple, friendly thing as that. Suppose he were down at the beach and the girl got out of her depth . . . Suppose he were camping and the girl lost in the woods . . . Any decent man would help a girl in trouble.

Yet here, on this cable car, clambering up hill, clattering down hill, jolting through Chinatown, jerking to a stop with the traffic at Montgomery Street where most of the passengers scrambled off and darted through the crowd to scurry into tall office buildings which held them until the cable car received them again at night—here, on this silly little cable car, some irrational convention prevented Fletcher from speaking to the girl.

People would laugh at him, no doubt. Sentimental idiot. The girl's wistfulness probably indicated nothing but regret because she had overslept and couldn't stop for breakfast for fear she'd annoy her boss and lose her job. Jobs were hard to get these days.

The men at the insurance office where Fletcher worked would snicker if they suspected his qualms. The girl was pretty—no question of that. Why not strike up an acquaintance? Easy to "make" most girls of that sort. She couldn't any more than turn you down.

ONE morning, the girl looked frightened—as if she might cry if you stuck a finger at her, as school children used to say.

The cripple pulled himself on the car at Van Ness.

"Good morning!" he sang out to Lewis. "Fine morning, isn't it?"

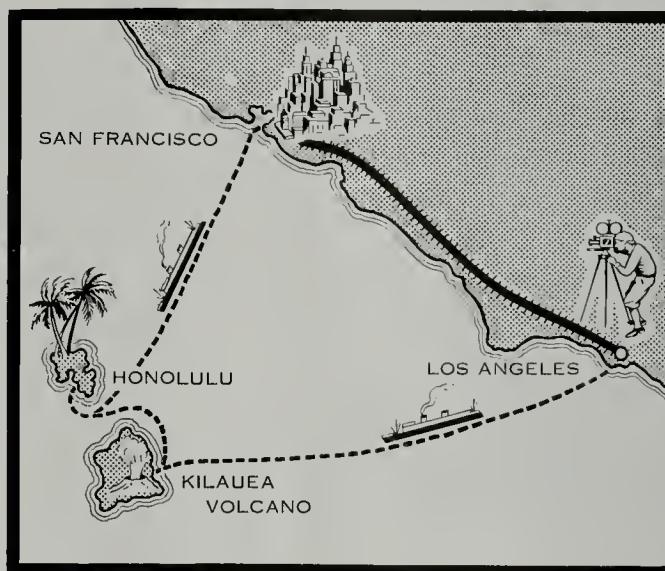
That settled it. If the cripple could be sensible and friendly . . . "Tomorrow morning," thought Lewis, "I shall speak to her. I shall ask her to have lunch with me!"

The next morning he chose his necktie with special care. He hurried so fast to catch the car that he left the newspaper on his doorstep. Then—to early—he had to wait on the street corner for one car to go by, because he knew just which car she always took.

At Laguna Street, where he had

Continued on page 26

1931'S GREATEST TRAVEL BARGAIN!



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Passing Shows

Continued from page 21

added most to local private collections, received no more than three lines in any of the newspapers (see advertising department edict regarding galleries that do not advertise in leading dailies). And certainly the present system of art news published by the newspapers bears slight relation to the importance or significance of the exhibitions presented. The news that is printed in the art columns is valued according to human interest, novelty of subject matter or some such factor quite aside from the worth of the exhibition as a contribution to art. Perhaps it is best so, since the news columns are obviously written for the unthinking majority who wish to be amused. At present, the news columns serve two commendable purposes—to inform the interested public of the contents and dates of exhibitions and to bolster up the ego of the artists represented. Perhaps we should be content with two such accomplishments, both of which, because they occupy space in public print, enable San Francisco to feel that it is paying attention to art—even though unintelligently.

A SHOW that received far less printed attention than it deserved was that of work by Henrietta Shore at the Legion of Honor Palace. Here is a contemporary Californian working in a highly individualized way. She sees beauty in clearly defined forms and high key color and she presents this form and color in meaningful compositions, now abstract, now directly related to reality. Her development each year seems to have a functional significance, bringing her work closer to some self-set goal.

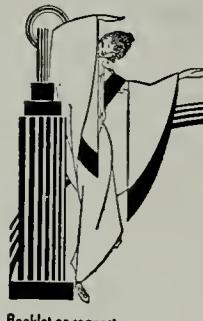
Peter Krasnow is another Californian with a message quite his own. The showing of his paintings, wood carvings, pastels and prints at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor forms the first comprehensive presentation of his work in San Francisco. It is baffling. There is so much variety within the gamut of Krasnow's experiments that it is difficult to understand the essential contribution this man is making to modern art. Working independently, he has discovered for himself the ways and means of contemporary European artists. There is a closer relationship between Krasnow and Chagall, whose things are shown in a nearby gallery, than between Krasnow and any other contemporary work shown at the Legion Palace. Last month, had his work been here, people undoubtedly would have discovered a relationship between some of it and that of Chirico. But Krasnow does not know the work of Chirico, he is not familiar with the theories and tenets of the very men whose work is so similar to his own. This fact seems to present proof of the indigenous quality of certain phases of modernism, in that similar results are reached by widely separated artists of the same period.

THE most important factor of art in San Francisco at this moment is Lloyd LaPage Rollins, museum director, who has just returned from New York where he made preliminary arrangements for features of the 1931-32 season at both the California Palace of the Legion of Honor and the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum. (Would that in the combination of these two institutions under the one direction something could be done to shorten the imposing names to something that would allow room for discussion of events in their galleries on the same page with the announcement of time and place held.)

Director Rollins has accomplished in a few months what many years of agitation failed to do—he has established a definite museum program for San Francisco and allotted to each museum a clearly defined function. The de Young Museum will be devoted exclusively to the decorative and graphic arts, while the

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WATER COLORS by
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California Palace will confine its energies to painting and sculpture. At the de Young during the coming season will be shown the collection of Russian Icons now at the Metropolitan Museum; the great Guelph treasure of the Dukes of Brunswick which is considered one of the most important aggregations of Romanesque and Gothic ecclesiastical work in metal, enamels and jewels in the entire world; a group of Laurentian bronzes from ancient Persia; an exhibition of historical wall papers; a group of historical textiles from the Elsberg collection; a collection of contemporary Dutch crafts, and other bodies of material interesting to the student and appreciator of decorative art. Here also will be instituted a graphic arts department with a series of exhibitions of both historical and contemporary moment. The California Palace will continue its rotation of exhibitions presenting vital work of present and past periods.

Thomas Howe, Jr., has been engaged by Director Rollins as assistant director at the Legion of Honor Palace. Originally from Indianapolis, Mr. Howe comes to San Francisco with an A.B. and Master's degree from Harvard, practical experience in the Fogg Museum and technical study abroad. Another new member of the Palace staff is Miss Franziska Schacht of Boston who comes here, following study at Vassar and Simmons and experience in the Vose gallery and the Boston Museum, to give docent and educational service similar to that already started by Mrs. Katherine Ehrhart Caldwell.

Running concurrently with a preponderance of contemporary shows at other galleries, the exhibition of work by the late John Joseph Casey at the East West Gallery offers direct contrast. It is a pity that more discrimination was not shown in the selection of the material for, in the present show, the late artist is shown in a very uneven light. Trivial, even rather bad things, are shown with work upon which a posthumous reputation might be founded. There are several canvases that cling to one's memory as having substance other than being merely part of the great stream of impressionism in which Casey found himself—for these we are thankful.



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Lonely

Continued from page 23

grown so accustomed to watching her slim body buffeting the wind, the car did not even stop. Perhaps she had come early too and had walked on to the next corner. But there was only a forlorn old woman at the next corner.

She must have taken the earlier car which he had let pass him. What a fool he was! Now he would have to wait until tomorrow morning.

THE pert stenographer jostled against him. He reached past him to grab hold of another girl. She thrust beneath his face the morning newspaper, the flaunting headline: BEAUTY'S DEATH-LEAP MYSTIFIES POLICE—a smeared picture—those lovely, haunting eyes.

"Can yaa beat it, Edna?" the pert girl was saying: "I knew that kid. Her an' me ate lunch yesterday at the Cafeteria. An' she use-ta take this car to work . . . The paper says she must-a jumped out-a the window where she worked in the Ross Building 'cause she was lonely . . . Lonely in this town . . . Gee, cin ya beat that?"

Jim Tully At Home

Continued from page 10

Irish cat! Why don't you come to bed?

Tully—It may be an Irish cat, but it isn't red-headed! Oh, well! I guess I'll peel off my filthy rags and get my unwashed body into these lousy pajamas. What th—! Hey! Where's the bugs on these?

Mrs. Tully—I had them deloused, my dear.

Tully—H—l! Now I won't sleep a wink! Isn't it enough for me to sweat blood all day at the movie studio, and then go over to Jack Gilbert's sanitary shack—

Mrs. Tully—What did you do over at the Gilbert's, Jim?

Tully—Oh, he knocked one of my d—ned teeth loose and I flattened his ear. Then we got down to business. I'm helping him write a book.

Today's Opera House

Continued from page 14

House, Veterans' Building and Memorial Court—will be in harmony with this structure and will impressively complete the Civic Center.

THE Opera House auditorium is planned to meet, intelligently and adequately, the newer concepts of theatrical art and architecture, whose aim is to realize the ultimate emotional and suggestive possibilities of the play, opera or symphony. The house will have two balconies in addition to the main floor. It will seat 3,250 people, and seat them on terms of full equality. Every seat in the house will command a full, undistorted view of the entire stage. Authorities on acoustics and illumination will be called to consultation to assure perfection in these two most important considerations.

The result will be that every member of the audience, regardless of the position of seat, or price paid, will be able to sit comfortably throughout the performance. Those to the rear will not be forced to spend the evening craning their necks to follow the movements of mariolettes in a remote circle of glaring light, nor strain their ears in a vain attempt to catch elusive notes of music or the human voice. Those to the front will not be confused by a blare of sound and blaze of light. The entire audience will hear, see and enjoy the performance as it is presented.

Backstage facilities, work rooms, dressing rooms and the like will embody the most advanced ideas for these units in order that the house may function as a musical laboratory and work room as well as a public meeting place.

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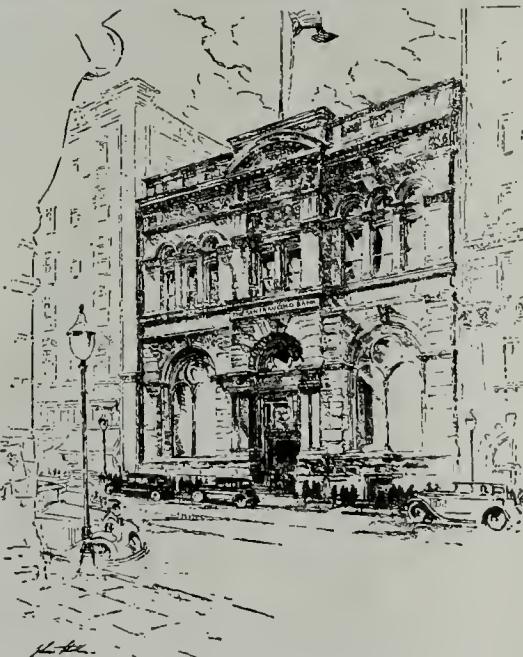
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NOB HILL TOPICS

The Travers Theatre



DOROTHY MOORE

This intimate little theatre in the Fairmont Hotel has become a center for various activities, supplementing the productions of the Reginald Travers Repertory Players. Following an interesting season which included "The Amazons," "The Affairs of Anatol," "Lysistrata," "Uncle Vanya," "Enter Madam," "Nob Hill Gaieties" and "Love Apples," the Players are now in rehearsal for "The Cardinal"—a modernized version of Sir Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu." In this, Mr. Travers will play the title role, supported by a cast of fifty.

In the meantime, the March program at the Travers Theatre includes special music events each Sunday evening. On March 1st, Mme. Sofia Neustadt presented a melody drama of "Der Rosenkavalier" appearing in joint program with Jeanette von Sturm Stock, mezzo-soprano. The next program featured Grace Burroughs in a cycle of East Indian dances and Audrey Farn-croft, soprano. Miss Burroughs was assisted by Herbert Clark who played on the sarenga, an old Indian instrument. On March 15th, Emelie Melville will give reminiscences of light operas in a program with Ellen Page Pressley, soprano, and

Martin Cory, baritone, who will sing selections from various light operas. March 22nd, the program will be given by Consuelo Gonzales and Arthur Johnson and the series will close, March 29th, with a recital by Eva Atkinson, contralto, and Noel Sullivan, bass.

Later in the spring the Travers Repertory Players will give a season of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, beginning with "Pinafore." Well known singers will compose the cast, including Ellen Page Pressley, Loraine Sands, Nona Campbell, Arthur Johnson, Martin Cory and Noel Sullivan.

Already, Mr. Travers has announced that the Players have in preparation for next season "Daughter of Jorio" and "L'Artesienne" by Alphonse Daudet and other interesting plays.

These future events, no doubt, will be accompanied, as have the recent events at the Travers Theatre, with a succession of dinner parties in the Venetian Room of The Fairmont and after-theatre entertaining in Peacock Court—ever the most popular places for distinguished entertaining.

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Port o'Call

Continued from page 19

England. Seemingly this arrangement was perfect but in actual fact it had its drawbacks, because the price of coal in Australia fixed the price of wheat in California and vice versa. If coal were too cheap to haul, the boats would not stop at San Francisco on the return trip to England to pick up the wheat. On the other hand if wheat were too cheap to pay for the haul the coal miners suffered because the boats again would not stop for the wheat, hence they would not carry the coal.

There have been times in the history of San Francisco's shipping when the entire crop of the ranchers has been at the mercy of the profiteer. In the days when the great grain barons ruled the state, before the era of railroads, ranchers were dependent upon vessels to transport their grain to eastern and foreign markets. This was an opportunity not to be overlooked. Gradually one powerful family began cornering all of the cargo carrying space that came in. At shipping time the grain growers were at their mercy and rates were prohibitive. This condition existed for several years until another of the country's rich men, incensed at the injustice, contracted with the growers for all their wheat. When shipping time arrived that fall he refused to ship except at his terms. The profiteers in bottoms were on the verge of financial ruin and were coming to terms when the wheat corner baron died. But his work had been done. The corner was crushed and never again has this evil confronted the growers.

FROM its haphazard beginning the port of San Francisco has grown until today it stands as one of the world's leading seaports. Situated as it is, the city of San Francisco lies

almost exactly in the middle of the route which transverses the most populous sections of the earth and over which passes the larger portion of the world's commerce. In less than a hundred years the port of San Francisco has grown from nothing to a place where now it imports and exports near twelve million tons and during 1930 7,332 ships dropped anchor and deposited passengers and cargo upon the docks.

The small handful of mail which came in on the first steamer would pass unnoticed among the two or three million pieces handled daily through the post office to make its way toward train and ship bound for every city and port in the world.

"Steamer Day," those memorable times of the sixties, seventies, eighties and nineties, occurring twice a month when the steamer arrived and departed for the east—is still within the memory of living men. Marked indeed is the change from those days to the present when every day is steamer day. The harbor is full of cargo carriers, passenger ships and pleasure craft. It would be an event now without parallel to find a time when the forty-five great docks were all empty on the bay free of ships.

San Francisco occupies a vital position in relation to trade routes. It is the key to the commerce of the Pacific, lying as it does only 163 miles from the Great Circle Route from Panama to Yokohama, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and the Straits. At some time during their careers, practically all the great ships of the world come to berth at this port. Regularly the giant *Belgenland* makes it a port of call. Yearly the majestic *Resolute* of the Hamburg American line on her annual world cruise visits San Francisco as does the Canadian Pacific's *Empress of Australia* and the Cunard's *Franconia*. From the Netherlands come sturdy *Lochnonar*, *Dinteldyke* and *Moerdijk*—reminiscent of the land behind the sea wall. It is also

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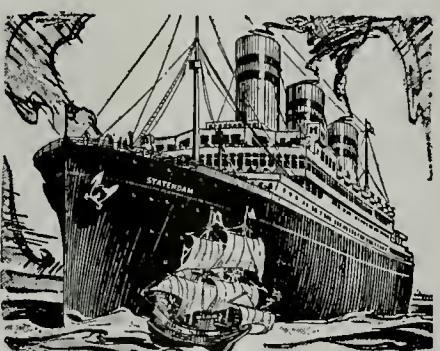
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These are only a few of the ships that make this a Port o' Call. Cargo carriers from the world's seaports discharge at San Francisco docks and, loaded to the Plimsol mark with products for world-wide consumption, depart through the Golden Gate for cities beyond the horizon.

Views and Reviews

Continued from page 15

wealthy, started a revolution and was finally murdered.

The adventures of the book compose only a frame-work on which the character of John Marsh is hung. His life was beset with many trials. Some of them he inflicted upon himself, others came uninvited. Always after a harrowing experience, Dr. Lyman gives the changed character of his protagonist. Sometimes one applauds, sometimes one condemns. The author does not intrude his own opinion. He offers the facts as he gathered them and the result, if you like history and biography intermingled, is gratifying.

Hard Lines

By OGDEN NASH
(Simon and Schuster, \$1.75)

Modern verse or poetry has a way of defying description. This volume, on the other hand, is neither poetry nor verse. Bearded sages who lecture from college rostrums on dangling participles, split infinitives, Keats, Byron and Shelley, might call it balderdash, but Mr. Nash himself calls it doggerel. His classification is acceptable.

"Hard Lines", now in the third printing, is not to be blown aside with a contumelious sniff. Aside from offering some passable satire and a few laughs, it is intelligent.

Mr. Nash has crossed the mental attitude of H. L. Mencken with the raucous style of E. E. Cummings and he has very nearly succeeded in spawning a new variety of verse. Listen to this:

The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks
Which practically conceal its sex.
I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile.

He also aims the spurt of his Waterman at such dignitaries as Senator Smoot, Bernarr Macfadden, Arthur Brisbane, Commander Byrd and Amy McPherson.

After reading the book one inevitably comes to the conclusion that Buffoon Nash, in spite of the likeness of his work to that of E. E. Cummings, should not be exterminated. He should be left at large to spread cheer in the too prevalent gloom of modern letters.

The illustrations by O. Soglow are better than the "verse".

My Husband's Friends

By KATHERINE BELLAMANN

Mrs. Bellamann has written a modern novel that is more than modern in tolerance and unbiased understanding. "My Husband's Friends" is a splendid rest from that prevalent modern type of book that begins and ends like a feverish Ferris wheel, with scarcely more relationship to essential realism than the spinning glare of red electric lights.

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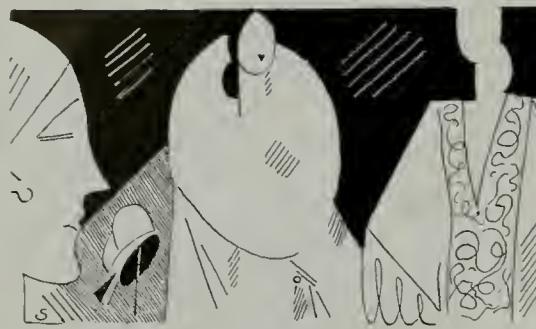
Spring 1931 holds no qualms
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As seen by her



AND now what? There is so much to be seen in the shops and such an unlimited list of things to recommend. Think I'll take a clue from the fascinating window displays and at random pick out the ones that score a bull's eye.

Because it's spring, Podesta & Baldocchi's have the right of way. It's worth the price of a corsage of violets to walk under the fragrant arch of blossoming quince albeit twenty feet. The old spring sap begins to rise, and when you meet Dan at the end of this short stroll and he cajoles you into buying orchids, it is still worth the price. You go out friendly with the world in general. I believe this window display is the very brightest spot in San Francisco, and I'm happy to see it has more allure than any place in town. Only an artist could arrange color combinations such as they offer here and no matter how busy the shopper, there is always time for a trek to this gorgeous floral display. It's part of the works. Surrounded on both sides by the plate glass show windows of the White House it becomes a jewel in a rare setting.

Of these many magnificent show cases the one I picked to gaze and gaze was just to the left of the entrance. Skiing!!! The first time I ever saw these costumes was in little ole New

York. They were arresting because new but I'm sure I thought them ugly and indexed them with far away Lake Placid and the New Hampshire Hills. Now there are so many in Yosemite and Tahoe they are like skippers on a fish pond and the designers vie with one another to make them most fascinating. Looking at these beautiful costumes causes this window to open up vistas of snow-capped mountains and frosted firs. Lady, lady, we owe you much.

Of course if there was any justice in the world I should be owning that sapphire chifon showing this week in Gaffney's. Not a gadget in the damned thing, but if you knew clothes you couldn't miss it. What possibilities? Visions of the appraising eye of "good lookin'" would make you nod toward the blue moon and as nonchalantly as you "light a Murad," suggest a stroll. He's a cinch. That is if you're bent that way.

That last paragraph suggests diamonds and all I had to do was wait for the gong, because Shreve & Company were just across the intersection with diamonds to spare. Only the square and oblong cuts were on exhibition. And what an exhibition! Cool aloof looking stones that give that empress feeling to the wearer. I know—page Mr. Ripley—for, believe it or not, I owned a six-carat oblong diamond and—well we won't go into that; only, "I wonder who's wearing it now." Emeralds, rubies and sapphires, one more gorgeous than the other, makes you marvel at the stupendous stock of precious stones carried by this splendid firm. The general courtesy extended to the smallest buyer makes it a pleasure to be on the books of Shreve & Company.

Just a step farther is Joseph's. I can't pass this shop without a peek at the animal room. Every day there is something new to see. Petite whimsical figures in colored glass of every conceivable wild beastie that ever growed—and some that didn't makes you want to pull old Noah's whiskers and say "Tie that!" It's truly most fascinating and makes one realize that the child is not far from the man ever.

Crossing the streets in front of automobiles,

waiting like whippets all a tremor for the start, make a hazard these day not unlike Trader Horn beset with perils of the jungle. I held up my hand to one young sprout and found myself saying the wrong thing, "Be your age." Was I wrong? You would know I was if you could see the black and blue spot.

I's funny that way, but the next window that caused me to Parade! Rest! was full of good looking lamps at the City of Paris. I think a lamp is the most cantankerous thing in the world to buy. You have a picture in your mind of just what you want but you find the lamp makers union think you're a scab and don't make them that way. Here was an assortment, all good looking, that you could plan over. Nothing garrish. Cheery without being too bright—wait a minute. I'm going in and scrape an acquaintance with that lamp buyer. He's a regular guy and certainly knows his onions.

For the sake of an argument, "don't you love shops for men"? I never pass one up, and know if I were a man I'd revel in the Knox Shop. The good taste displayed in their stock is a positive inspiration. What a tough break it would be to clip a few coupons and then be on the loose in this shop. For to me it is the shop

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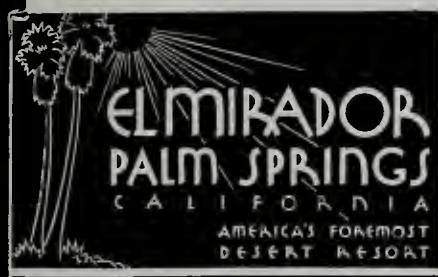
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of shops. That plain henna sweater in the window facing Geary would stymie any man's style on the golf links, while the full-dress suit with its gros-grain facings has a bulge on all the others. A gentle hint, that powder marks brush off this silk much better than satin, might make petting a simpler art. How do I know? Ask me something easy.

An amusing sidelight on people and their whimsicalities is shown on sunny days at the Courtyard Tearoom. People crowd up the narrow stairs to the charming sun-flooded courtyard and the gay, green-walled dining room beyond for one of the truly famous Courtyard Salads or some other particular delicacy. But, though the brighter the sun shines the gayer are the walls and bright-hued tables inside (making the dining room much lighter than any other tearoom in town), one finds that people resort to almost any strategy to get a place in the direct sunshine.

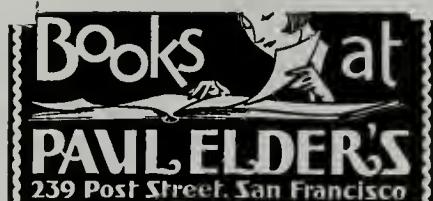
Another charming place that I have found more recently is Chez Peshon in the El Cortez Hotel. Here one finds quiet, intimate surroundings in which to choose from delightful French models anything from a newlinen lace evening dress to a sport ensemble with matching hat made especially for you. And should you find daytime shopping inconvenient, you may make an evening appointment Chez Peshon.

Facing the Music

Continued from page 17

pots of his own based on "Martha," "Faust," and "The Jewels of the Madonna," respectively, which made those who know the operas burst into tears, and convinced the others that they were right in staying away from any performances which even in part might resemble such stupid presentations. In other words, legitimate performances of operas suffered at the hands of a "musician" (?) whose orchestra consists of a brass section with all other instruments playing their accompaniment, and whose greatest joy in life is to watch a cymbal player go through the most ridiculous contortions while playing his instrument. And this, mind you, is only one of the dangers which beset operas. There are many others. The quasi-operatic singer whose vocal interpretations of arias, accompanied by weird bodily squirmings, pass as great art among the uninitiated—the radio

Continued on page 33



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Reigning Dynasty

Continued from page 4

Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. McCreery entertained a party of friends at dinner on the evening of March 2nd, later taking the group to the opening performance of the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

Mrs. Alexander Gareau entertained members of the debutante group at luncheon at her home in Jackson Street, the occasion complimenting Miss Katherine Stent. Mrs. Frederick A. Birge also gave a luncheon for members of the younger group at the Town and Country Club. Miss Mignon Willard was the complimented guest on this occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan are occupying their Pebble Beach home this spring. Among their first house guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Henderson.

The Gymkhana Club of San Mateo held an informal horse show on February 14th. The show was put on by the club's juvenile members. Mrs. William C. Duncan and Mrs. Nion R. Tucker were in charge of the program.

Miss Dorothy Spreckels gave a luncheon at her home in Washington Street in honor of Miss Elizabeth Forderer, the fiancee of Mr. Ernest Charlston.

Members of the San Francisco Branch of the Junior League will present the play, "Sleeping Beauty," written by Mrs. William Kent, Jr., at the Community Playhouse on the afternoons of April 9th, 10th and 11th. The one evening performance will be given on April 10th.

Mrs. Edward H. Clark of New York is being greatly complimented on her book, "Hidden Allusions in Shakespeare's Plays." The gist of Mrs. Clark's extensive research work is to the effect that the plays of Shakespeare are in reality the work of Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford. Mrs. Clark is the mother of Mrs. Howard Park of Burlingame and of Mr. Edward H. Clark, Jr.

The marriage of Miss Carol Rogers of Boston and Mr. Allen L. Chickering, Jr., of Piedmont, will take place on May 23rd in Boston.

Mrs. James A. Black is again occupying her apartments in the Hotel St. Francis after concluding a five months' tour of the Orient.

Mrs. George L. Filmer entertained a group of fourteen friends at luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Since their return from their honeymoon in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Shorb Steele (Betty Bolton) have been occupying an apartment on Russian Hill.

Welcoming Mr. and Mrs. George Legh-Jones, who recently returned from an extended visit in

England, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Eyre Pinekard gave a buffet supper at their home in San Mateo. Mrs. Tobin Clark gave a large dinner party at her Pebble Beach home during a weekend stay on the Monterey Peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan have returned to San Francisco after a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. Howard Fleming, Miss Genevieve Hart, Miss Alice Schussler, Miss Ruth Turner, Mrs. George Bowles, Mrs. Alan Lowrey, Mrs. Palmanter Gibson and Mrs. M. C. Sloss are among the women doing important work in connection with this year's Community Chest drive.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Brailey will give a dinner dance for fifty at their home in Pacific Avenue on the evening of March 7th.

Mrs. Morbido de Mailly has been named chairman of the telephone campaign committee of the recently organized San Francisco Salvage Shop, a project headed by Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. The purpose of the shop is to aid the needy and unemployed.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Paige Maillard are planning to open their country place at Atherton early in April.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Mrs. George H. Eldridge is passing the winter in Florence.

Mrs. Roger Lapham, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Carol Lapham, is en route to Europe, where she will spend the spring and summer.

Miss Cornelia Armsby has taken the apartments of the Princess Jane Faustino in Rome. Miss Armsby's brother, Mr. Raymond Armsby, is also spending the winter in Rome.

Mrs. Gustave Ziel is in Paris for an indefinite period. She is staying with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, at their apartment.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest R. Folger are in New York at the present writing, staying at the Hotel Plaza.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard W. Ford were in New York recently, guests at the Ritz-Carlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dollar and Miss Diana Dollar visited New York following the launching of the new Dollar liner, the President Coolidge.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace W. Morgan made the Hotel St. Regis their home during their recent stay in New York.

Mrs. David Armstrong Taylor is visiting Count and Countess Ferrara at the Cuban Embassy in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Taylor recently dined at the White House.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Whittel were in Los Angeles recently on a five-day visit.

Dr. and Mrs. Otto Barkan were recently at Snow Creek Ski Lodge in Yosemite. Jules Frisch, ski expert, accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Barkan. Mrs. Barkan has the distinction of being the first woman to make the eight-mile trip from Snow Creek to Tenaya Lake, on skis.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker are spending a month in Santa Barbara.

Among the San Franciscans who motored into Yosemite over the recent holiday week end were Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Herrman and Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell spent a week in Death Valley recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore were at the Santa Barbara Biltmore recently on a visit of a week.

Miss Genevieve Hart spent the month of February in Los Angeles.

Colonel and Mrs. A. E. Stewart, their niece, Miss Barbara Stewart, and Mrs. Edward Montgomery, comprised one of the many parties of San Francisco society folk who motored to Yosemite for the Washington's Birthday week end.

Mrs. William B. Pringle and Miss Isabel Pringle are spending several weeks at the San Ysidro Ranch in the Montecito Valley.

Miss Marion Huntington organized an active party of friends to Yosemite recently, the group including Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Harwood, among others.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour are spending three weeks at Palm Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann sojourned at the Santa Barbara Biltmore for a week recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale enjoyed a three-day stay at Agua Caliente during their recent motor trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart are en route to Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Jackman spent a fortnight at Hotel Del Coronado at Coronado late in February.

Miss Nancy Merrill of Menlo Park and Miss Kathleen Pringle are enjoying a visit to Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. Dean Dillman and her children and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore were among recent visitors to La Quinta, the desert resort. Mrs. Ogden Armour of Chicago was also a visitor to La Quinta recently.

Mrs. Duncan McDuffie visited in Santa Barbara for a short time, a guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt were guests at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara for several weeks.



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Facing the Music

Continued from page 31

stations who will release so called operatic pot-pourris which musically are impossible horrors. (I am thinking of KPO's release of "Rigoletto" Friday night, February 27) and many, many others.

Obviously presentations of this kind do opera more harm than good. They are not designed to further popular understanding of the art form they profess to imitate. After all, any helpful interpretation must be built on the understanding of the art interpreted, and can anyone truthfully say that either movie theaters or radio stations are interested in such an altruistic aspect?

AS IMPORTANT as the engagement of Issay Dobrowen as conductor of the San Francisco symphony orchestra for a three-year period is to the musical life of this city, the mere completion of the legal formalities between him and the Symphony society by no means end the matter. After all no conductor can be much better than the orchestra he conducts. And even if it is conceivable for a brilliant leader to whip his players into a semblance of competence, such a procedure can not possibly be kept up either by him or by his men for more than one or two performances. Though it might be a novelty to hear Kreisler play one of Mr. Woolworth's best fifteen-cent violins, no one would care to stand in line to hear him a second time. And so the mere acquisition of a conductor, if that conductor is tied by the usual maze of red tape, does not necessarily mean a rejuvenation of an orchestra. Dobrowen is a fine choice, but unless he is given sole power to reorganize the orchestra, San Francisco might as well have offered the job to Calvin Coolidge for all the good it

will do. The new leader is a reasonable man and no one need be afraid that drastic changes will be made all at once. However, if this city is to have an orchestra worth anything, an honest attempt should be made to bring the organization up to his standard rather than force him to step down to the present level of the orchestra. And who is better qualified to do that than the conductor himself?

Concerts of the Month

- Sunday afternoon, March 8—Symphony at the Curran Theater. Iturbi, Spanish pianist, soloist.
- Wednesday evening, March 11—Iturbi, Spanish pianist, in recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
- Thursday evening, March 12—Harold Bauer, pianist, in recital at the Dreamland Auditorium.
- Sunday afternoon, March 15—Popular Symphony Concert at the Curran Theater.
- Monday afternoon, March 16—Muriel Draper, at the Fairmont Hotel Terrace Room.
- Monday evening, March 16—The Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet at the home of Mrs. Charles N. Felton, 3311 Pacific Avenue.
- Tuesday evening, March 17—The Abas String Quartet at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
- Wednesday evening, March 18—Last Municipal Symphony Concert at the Civic Auditorium; Municipal Chorus in Brahms' "Requiem" with Werrenrath, guest artist.
- Friday afternoon, March 20—Symphony at the Curran Theater.
- Saturday evening, March 21—Mishel Piastro and Issay Dobrowen in a sonata recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium.
- Sunday afternoon, March 22—Symphony at the Curran Theater.
- Monday evening, March 23—Albert Spalding, violinist, at the Dreamland Auditorium.
- Tuesday evening, March 24—The Neah-Kah-Nie String Quartet at the home of Miss L. Remillard, 2042 Vallejo Street.

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March 18th



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Spotlight

Continued from page 13

its career in the South with Hollywood turning a critical eye on this comedy of its foibles. And there is talk of Leslie Howard in *Berkeley Square*, a production of *Grand Hotel* and *Elizabeth, the Queen*. We saw *Berkeley Square* in Chicago with Leslie Howard and we concluded that it might be given successfully with substitutes in every role save the role that Mr. Howard assumed. He was so much a part of the characterization that it was impossible to visualize the play without him. That he is to play in the coast production is, therefore, cheering news. *Grand Hotel* is just in the rumor stage, but *Elizabeth, the Queen* takes on definite proportions with an unofficial announcement that the part of Elizabeth is to be assumed by Pauline Frederick. With every deference to Miss Frederick's talents we think such casting a tremendous mistake.

Margaret Anglin would be great if she were available as would be Nance O'Neill. Miss O'Neill used to play a version of *Queen Elizabeth* by an Italian playwright. She was superb in the role. Her make-up and bearing were remarkable. Lynne Fontane, in the Guild production in New York, was little short of perfect. No, try as we will, we cannot see Pauline Frederick getting away with it. However, we may be wrong. Artists have a way of surprising us.

Meanwhile, don't read either the novel *Grand Hotel*, nor the play. Wait and go see the stage production. A great part of its charm lies in its elements of surprise. To get the most complete surrender to it go to the theatre in ignorance of its progression or denouement.

Whoever plays or does not play in these rumored productions we can say one thing: After such splendid coast productions as *Porgy*, *Up Pops the Devil* and *Topaze* we may be assured that they will be in good hands.

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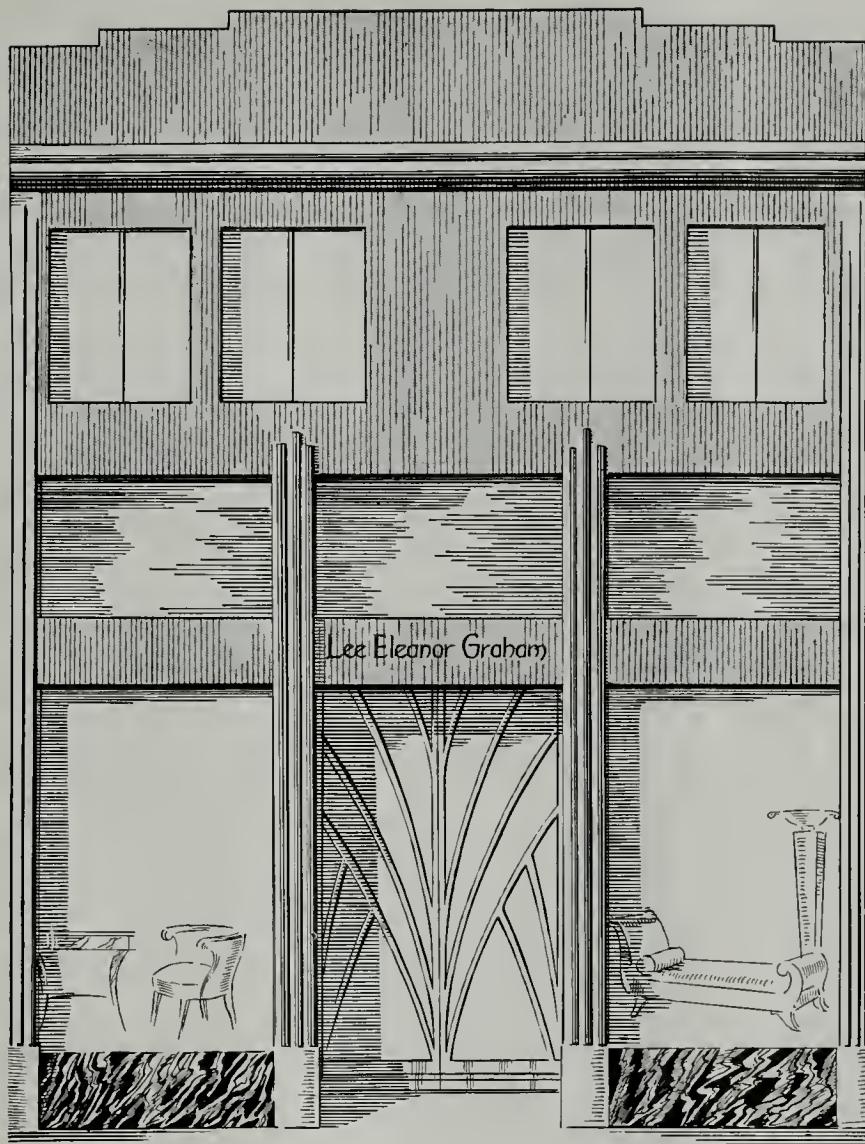
THREE must be a reason why people of wealth and position who have traveled widely and are accustomed to the best of service are almost unanimous in their choice of the aristocratic Nob Hill hotels.

Perhaps it is the subtle temptation of the modern luxury with which each guest is surrounded that brings those who "know" to Nob Hill for the weekend, to spend the season or to make their home above the heart of the city.

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WEDDINGS

CHARLESTON-FORDERER. On March 12, Mr. Ernest Charleston, son of Mrs. Mae Charleston and the late Mr. Ernest Charleston, and Miss Elizabeth Forderer, daughter of Mrs. George Stevens Forderer and the late Mr. Forderer.

MILLER-DOW. On March 21, Miss Dorothy Dow, daughter of Mrs. Edwin T. Dow and the late Mr. Dow, and Lieutenant George Carl Miller, U. S. N., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller of Seattle.

GROMME-SHERMAN. On March 28, Mr. Carl F. Gromme of Cincinnati and Miss Lucia Kittle Sherman, daughter of Mrs. Harry M. Sherman and the late Dr. Sherman.

KASPER-JONES. On March 28, Mr. Robert Kasper, son of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Kasper, and Miss Vail Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones.

ENGAGEMENTS

BROEMMEL-GREEN. Miss Eleanor Broemmell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Broemmell, son of Mrs. Edward Lowe Green, son of Mrs. Charles Robert Green and the late Mr. Green of Aherdeen, Wash.

THOMAS-KNOWLES. Miss Jane Dodge Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Thomas of Rome, New York, to Mr. Josiah N. Knowles, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Knowles of Piedmont.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

A tea was given for Mrs. John Galsworthy, wife of the eminent English novelist, at the Woman's City Club. Miss Marion Leale, the club's president, and the board of directors, greeted the three hundred guests that attended.

The presence of the international polo team on the peninsula precipitated a round of entertainment during March. Among those who arranged teas, dinners and dancing parties were Mr. and Mrs. William Magee, Jr., Miss Josephine Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin and Prescott Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tohin and Mr. and Mrs. William Gregory Parrott.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Leib entertained at luncheon at the Burlingame Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Magee, Mrs. Harry Gray and Miss Melissa Yuille of New York. On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a dinner for the New York visitors at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Davis visited San Francisco recently from their home in Rio de Janeiro. Among those who entertained in their honor were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cartan and Mrs. Wilfred S. Metson.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

Mrs. Lionel Stahl (Louise Gerstle) who now makes her home in Lima, Peru, where Mr. Stahl is in the American diplomatic service, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mark K. Gerstle. During the recent visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince George in Peru, Mr. and Mrs. Stahl gave a dinner party in their honor.

Honoring Dr. and Mrs. Henry F. Helmholtz of Rochester, New York, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Hinman entertained at dinner.

Among the Honolulu visitors who are being greeted in San Francisco during the Easter season are Mr. and Mrs. J. Platt Cooke, Mr. Walter F. Dillingham, Mr. Harold Dillingham and Mr. and Mrs. Burton Newcomb. Mr. Walter Dillingham was honor guest at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park gave a buffet supper at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Clark of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering entertained at dinner recently and Mr. Ignace Jan Paderewski was the guest of honor.

In honor of Mrs. Graham Aldis of Chicago, Mrs. S. Hasket Derby gave a luncheon at her home in Gough street.

Mrs. G. Temple Bridgeman (Anita Maillard) of New Canaan, Connecticut, was honor guest at a luncheon given by Mrs. Atherton Russell.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Sr., entertained at dinner at their home in Burlingame, honoring Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper is a visitor in San Francisco and is staying at the Hotel Mark Hopkins. Mrs. Cooper (Anita Harvey) makes her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali and Mr. and Mrs. William P. Roth were among those who entertained for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunham of Chicago during their visit here. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham were guests at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. William R. Nichols of Montecito is the house guest of Miss Catherine Wheeler at her home in Broadway.

Mrs. William J. Younger of New York is a guest at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Sanborn Young (Ruth Comfort Mitchell) of Los Gatos, has been in San Francisco for a fortnight, staying at the Hotel Fairmont.

In honor of Miss Betty Godfrey of Coronado, Miss Genevieve Hart gave a luncheon at her home in Stanford Court.

Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon was luncheon hostess at the Franciscan Club in honor of Mrs. O. C. Hawkins of Gridley.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. Jerome Kuhn and Mr. William S. Kuhn, Jr., gave a party at the Kuhn home in San Mateo in honor of their sister, Mrs. Robert G. Hooker. The occasion was Mrs. Hooker's birthday.

Miss Helen Hammersmith gave a party at the St. Francis Yacht Club in honor of Miss Vail Jones and her fiance, Mr. Robert Kasper. Others who arranged pre-nuptial entertainments for the couple included Mr. and Mrs. Heber V. Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Hammersmith, Mrs. Calvin Tilden and Mrs. George C. Thierbach.

Mrs. Lelon Crimmins gave a luncheon at her home in Atherton in honor of Miss Florence McCormick, one of the season's debutantes.

Miss Aileen Tohn has announced April 25 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Ernest O. McCormick. Miss Agnes Clark will be maid of honor, and Mr. Henry McCormick will be best man.

Pro Musica Society is planning a concert to be given by the London String Quartet at Scottish Rite Hall on April 10. Mrs. Sigmund Stern will give a supper at her home in Pacific Avenue following the recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Fox, Jr., have taken the Kenneth Montecito place in San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Filer, who make their home at the Burlingame Country Club, entertained there at luncheon recently. Among the guests was Mr. Campbell Stewart of Santa Barbara who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Filer over the week-end.

Mrs. Atherton Macdonald has been selected to play the part of the Princess in the Junior League's performance of the Sleeping Beauty, to be given at the Community Playhouse on April 9, 10 and 11.

Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., of New York, celebrated his birthday by giving a dinner party at the Hotel St. Francis. Mr. Warren is building a new home on his ranch property at Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Newhall, Jr., of Burlingame, entertained a group of the polo enthusiasts at luncheon preceding one of the matches.

Continued on page 30



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THE SAN FRANCISCAN

JOSEPH DYER
Editor and Publisher

Aline Kistler
Assistant to the Publisher

VOLUME V

APRIL, 1931

NUMBER 6

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ISSAY DOBROWEN

Symphony conductor and musician extraordinary, who, in signing a three-year contract with the San Francisco Symphony Association, divides responsibility next year with Basil Cameron but in the Fall of 1932 assumes complete charge of the orchestra. With a long list of successful European engagements to his credit, Dobrowen brings a wealth of experience to his new post.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

Constructive Disintegration . . .

by Edward A. Morphy

PROFESSOR EINSTEIN has been writing a few kind words about his opinions of America. His compliments largely predominate over his criticisms. Nevertheless he observes that:

"The exaggerated value of money is even more noticeable in America than in Europe, but it seems to be waning."

In reference to this conciliatory after-thought he expresses his belief that:

"Americans are beginning to realize that material possessions are not essential to a happy and blessed life."

If this conjecture be true, so much the better for many of us Americans. Because—though the fact is not one which is emphasized by our newspapers or by our leaders in the realms of politics, industry, commerce and finance—we are trending toward a goal whereat many of us will have to realize that such possessions are not essential to any sort of a life that will then come within the normal sphere of attainment.

In other words, the larger masses of the people may have to forget what joy once lay in those material possessions that are now being moved out of their reach by the process known as "the rationalization of industry." This implies, euphemistically, the bent of modern commercialism in the higher efficiencies:—The substitution of machinery for man-power in every available walk of life, the extension of the chain system in trade and finance, the consolidation of great enterprises, and all the other ingenious devices by which we are eliminating the human worker from human achievement, and dissociating him from the employment whereby his means for the purchase of material possessions have hitherto been acquired.

THIS is a serious matter as regarded from the worker's point of view, and the situation is not ameliorated by the fact that, while eliminating him from his place in the machine that is society, we are educating his children along academic lines that unfit them for the adventures and hardships of pioneering. In such circumstances, the

workers cannot be expected to spend money on any material possessions other than essentials.

Thus it happens that, with the largest gold reserves ever hoarded by any nation in history, with the largest surplus of grain and cotton that it was ever possible for any nation to accumulate, with the most lavish abundance of oil and gasoline anywhere attainable, and about seven times more automobiles than all the rest of the world, this country is now suffering from conditions of distress, unemployment and depression normally and hitherto inconceivable amid such surroundings. The people who are in employment are the people who buy things. When they are put out of employment the producer loses his most important purchasers.

As a remedy for these conditions, we are still further "rationalizing" our industries where possible or cutting down staffs by amalgamating previously individual enterprises, or by the simpler process of discharging all but the most essential workers. Having done all this, we induce our newspapers to proclaim loudly and boldly, "Employ all you can!"

Such exhortations, however, will not change the present trend of our civilization, nor will it alter the real aspect of our affairs. Little likelihood of altering this aspect seems to exist. Mr. Ford, no doubt, has mooted an ingenious plan for engaging workers in his factories during one-half of the year and cutting them loose on farms, with Ford tractors, during the other half. Will the factory hand succeed as a farmer, and *vice versa*? Somehow the idea seems to savor of the older communal enterprise wherein a colony of Chinese laundrymen lived by taking in each other's wash.

But Mr. Ford proffers a suggestion that has at least a flavor of constructiveness about it. In the other departments of "rationalization" the only suggestion to the unemployed worker is that he remain unemployed, but that he be generous in spending his savings, if he have any, while so unemployed.

No situation which promises to expand unemployment is one that prom-

ises stability. Nevertheless, as it is the apparent desire of the nation to be constantly assured that everything is lovely in the garden, and that unemployment is the mere figment of a dream, the newspapers can scarcely be blamed for following the lead of our public men and assuring everybody that employment and prosperity of every kind is waiting for us just around the corner. Why not keep on boosting our fool's paradise until we all believe in it?

MEANWHILE it might be useful if some of our leaders realized that impermanence is one of the few inevitable qualities of a fool's paradise, and that we in capitalistic America today are achieving by methods which we believe to be purely constructive and anti-communistic, the same disintegrating results upon society that the communist administration at Moscow is seeking to produce throughout all civilization.

Superficially considered, this concept might seem preposterous. But it is no more preposterous than is the repugnance of our administrators and our financiers to concede the existence of conditions of depression that obviously do exist. It is while seeking the causes for this repugnance that one is confronted with the fact that nothing other than an economic miracle can bring a remedy for existing conditions unless we change our method of development on lines that will permit the worker to work.

Most commentators on this situation seem to expect the appearance of the desired miracle—some invention, or discovery or other phenomenon—that will change the whole aspect of human existence and will enable all men to live and prosper without need for undue exertion or endeavor.

It is to be hoped that these optimists are right. At any rate the social readjustments that have followed some great industrial and political innovations of the past may justify the optimists in their expectations. But miracles that speedily and painlessly readjust badly disturbed conditions of

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

A NEW and simpler version of the recent slapping of Sinclair Lewis, Nobel Prize winner, by Theodore Dreiser, was told by Frederick O'Brien, to some hundreds of authors, and members of the San Francisco Advertising Club, attending the California Writers' day luncheon, in the Colonial room of the St. Francis hotel. In introducing O'Brien, Charles Caldwell Dobie, chairman, rejoiced that the other speaker, Annie Laurie, was of the well behaved sex, so that there was no fear of such an unseemly encounter between them as that in New York between Sinclair Lewis, Nobel Prize winner, and Theodore Dreiser, famous author of *An American Tragedy*.

Frederick O'Brien said that he knew both Lewis and Dreiser, and could very easily account for the encounter.

"Ray Long, chief Hearst magazines editor, is an admirable host," said O'Brien, "I have dined with him. At his dinner to the notables in New York, Red Lewis, who has saffron hair and a carrot-hued face, is of an ebullient, not to say turbulent nature. Dreiser, a huge mass of introverted genius, is without humor. As the evening grows, Lewis becomes louder and funnier; Dreiser more lugubrious, silent and less sensitive to noises without."

At the dinner table, Lewis had replied tartly to his introduction by the jolly toastmaster, that he hated to talk because one of the guests present had "copped 3,000 words from my wife's book on Russia, and two others had said that the award of the Nobel prize to me was boloney."

After this preliminary declaration of muteness, Lewis said many other personal mouthfuls.

After all the eating was over, and the guests were knotting about the salon, Lewis approached the now almost impenetrably lost-in-thought Dreiser, with a bright and big beaker of one-half of one per cent. The dialogue before action began:

Lewis: "Say, Sister Carrie, let's drink this to peace."

Dreiser, twiddling his kerchief (he does this by the hour when immersed in inwardness): "Nothing, thanks, I'm dry, sir."

Lewis: "I know who you are. You're an American tragedy. Who the bells do you think I am? Do you think I'm a mere Nobel experiment, too?"

He proffers beaker, insistently, teeteringly.

Dreiser, absent-mindedly dropping his kerchief, and looking out from the clouds: "Oh, you, you are He Who Gets Slapped."

"And, with that," said O'Brien, "he proved himself a very Titan at flat-handed palmistry."

A San Franciscan is one whose apartment has "the best marine view in the city."

AHUGE lavender limousine swung to the curb. It was the Royceiest of Rolls. A chauffeur highly ginned jumped out in a wobbly way and swung open the tonneau door. Came forth flushed like the sun, a woman clothed in sables, jewels sparkling and she also was very, very

tipsy. Taking the arm of the chauffeur, with all the dignified grace of a queen, and with an apparent mutual understanding they made for the door-way across the sidewalk, the pair of them floundering around like driftwood in an eddy. Suddenly when within a direct line with the door they lunged forward, making the entrance by a close margin and a hiccup or two, it slammed, the crowd grinning began dispersing, a youngster of the streets piped up: "Yeah, the old girl is plush on her webs."

We quote a distinguished citizen of Hollywood who recently visited San Francisco:

"Hollywood," he said, "has the perfect approach to art. It has neither prejudices, previous impressions, nor educated associations with which to judge what it sees—it is the epitome of an unbiased mind."

DURING a recent fog we were reminded of the old gentleman who came to San Francisco last summer and was lost in a fog one night. It was thicker than the man had ever seen in his life, but he did not become seriously alarmed until he found himself in a slimy alley. He was on the verge of calling for help when he heard footsteps approaching through the obscurity.

"Where am I going?" he asked anxiously.

A voice replied weirdly through the darkness:

"Into the bay—I've just come out of it."

ALARGE colored woman from Oakland's dark town, charged with assaulting another negress, was being tried. "Mandy Mullins," said the magistrate, "what have you to say for yourself?"

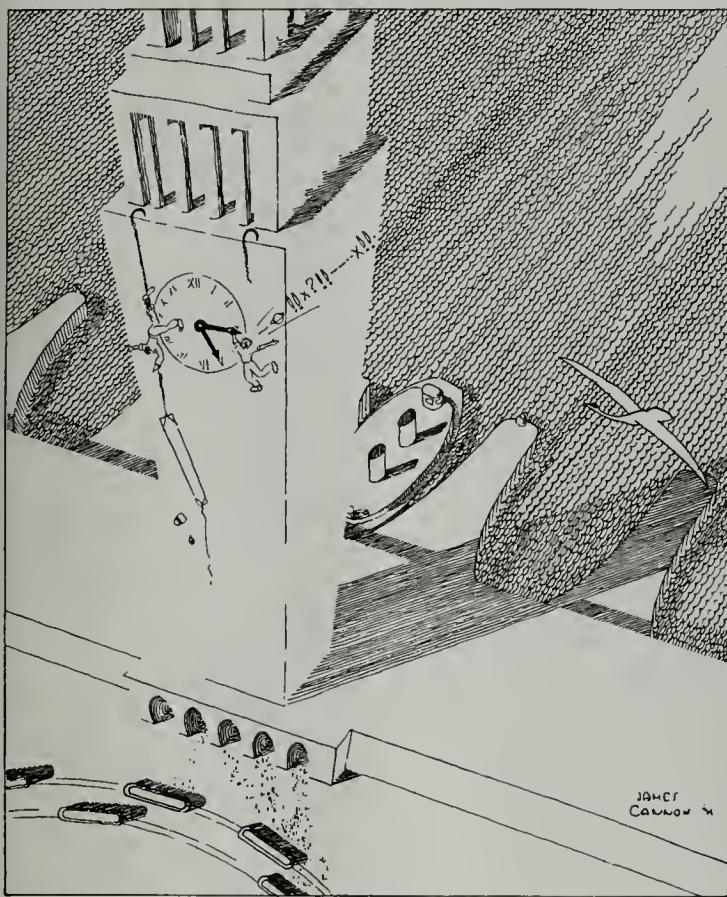
"Yo' wo'ship," replied Mandy. "Ah ain't nevah struck dat woman. Ah nevah touched her. Ah had called her down foh throwin' rubbish out back, an' she kept on doin' it, an' dis mawnin'. Ah reprimanded her again. Ah was holdin' up my right hand jes' like de statue of Liberty, jes' like Ah'm holdin' up mah right hand now, reprimandin' dat woman, an' as Ah come close to her, dat woman juse jumped head first ovah de railing. Ah ain't touched her."

"What did you have in the hand which you were holding up like the Statue of Liberty?" asked the magistrate.

"An ax," was the reply.

A San Franciscan is one who tells the seasons by the decorations at the Post Street Cafeteria.





Let go that hand—they'll think they've missed the 5:15

WE HAVE an abject reverence for those able to juggle statistics—and even if you do not enjoy a similar attitude, we are willing to share these figures, reprinted from *The Recorder*, so that you may quote them as your own at the next dinner party:

In spite of the increased competition of trucks, busses and airplanes, the railroads in 1930 carried 45,887,413 carloads of revenue freight, which was only 13 per cent less than in 1929 and was 16 per cent greater than in 1921. Fisher Index covering 200 items, in 1930 reached the lowest level since 1916, but were still 19 per cent above the average for 1914.

Of special interest to San Franciscans is the fact that shipping tonnage entering and clearing the harbor during 1930 showed a decrease of only 2 per cent when compared with 1929 and was 14 per cent greater than in 1927. Post office receipts of San Francisco in 1930 were 2 per cent less than in 1929, but 1 per cent more than in 1928; and automobile sales were 10 per cent more in 1930 than in 1927.

We lay these statistical tributes on the tomb of 1930 in the hope that they will help that unhappy year to *requiescat in pacem* and discourage its ghost from stalking about to scare the timid in 1931.

IN the old days in the San Joaquin valley, two good-natured thieves formed a partnership for the purpose of cattle "rustling." They operated together until they were finally caught by the Vigilantes committee. The trial was short but adequate. A lynching bee was the next step in the effective, if somewhat summary, legal procedure of the time.

Presently the two thieves were taken to a bridge for hanging. As the first one, with the rope around his neck, was cast off, the rope broke, and he fell into the river. But he was a good swimmer and swam downstream to freedom.

When the lynchers adjusted the rope around the other rustler's neck, he called out anxiously:

"Boys, I wish you'd be a little more careful with that rope. I can't swim a stroke!"

THE lady was charming and kind and the man was handsome and strong. They met on the sunny side of Powell Street and looked into each other's eyes. She was richly, though simply dressed; he was all but in rags. Yet, there was a regal something about him that caused her to listen with more than usual attentiveness when he spoke.

When she learned it was alms he sought, she was moved to compassion. "My poor man," she said, "you have seen better days."

"Ya, madam, I bane wan tam Prance Charmang ta many wuman."

"Oh, you were a war hero?"

"Naw, I ban moova haro before tha damn talkies cam."

ROME AND JULIET" as played by Ralph Chesse and his marionettes at the Travers Theatre deserves special comment. Many of the important scenes had to be omitted to suit the purpose of the mar-

ionette but in spite of that the cut version told the story and sustained dramatic interest throughout. There was none of the grotesque in this marionette version, the beauty and poetry of Shakespeare was surprisingly well expressed in the reading as well as in the movement of the small wooden figures. The settings, though modern to the extent of suggesting the abstract, created a perfect atmosphere that was colorful and gave the feeling of great space. Here at least the artist has his freedom and Shakespeare has been interpreted by a single individual.

It is a far cry from "Punch and Judy" to "Romeo and Juliet," but Chesse has lifted the art of the marionette beyond any possible fear of confusion. What doubt exists, only exists in the minds of those who have seen Punch and can only imagine Romeo in awkward comparison to him. So much for an experiment, may the marionettes live long.

Among those who would probably appreciate a new Opera House is the tall, slim, languid young woman who enters the Auditorium followed by her escort carrying a cushion.

SUICIDE is epidemic but does not begin to be as alarming as it would be if all who attempt it succeeded. While many are willing to jump off into the void with both feet, many more manage to keep one foot at least firmly planted.

A phlegmatic patrolman saw a gentleman in the act of emulating a comet by jumping from a third story window the other morning about three o'clock. The latter landed on the pavement with a dull, sickening thud. The policeman thought he was dead, but an instant later the late aviator without benefit of parachute sat up dazedly, rubbing his head.

"Why did you jump out of that window?" demanded the arm of the law, perceiving that the other was not badly hurt.

"A woman lied to me."

"Well, and what if she did? Is that any reason to jump out of a three-story window? What did she lie about?"

"She told me her husband was in China."



Facing the Music

ONCE upon a time the head of a great and important Civic Bureau was asked to speak at a dinner given for the purpose of forming a summer symphony association in his community. He knew nothing about music, less how to form a symphony association, but he did realize that it might be to his political advantage to attend the dinner and "do something for art." And so he wrote a speech, which his wife called "good" and his stenographer pronounced "perfect." There is no need to repeat the things he said. We all have heard orations delivered by leaders of important Civic Bureaux in defense of art, and so are familiar with their texts. But, being a man famous for his wit, the head of this particular Civic Bureau was certain to utter some unique drollery which would carry a deep and far-reaching moral. And his audience was not disappointed. Said the great man as a climax to his rousing oration: "The boy who blows a horn will never blow a safe, therefore let us have summer concerts." And the diners, sad to say, cheered wildly and pronounced themselves in full accord with the great man's view.

There is nothing in the records of the Philharmonic Society of San Mateo or the San Francisco Summer Symphony Association to indicate that their existence is based on this or any other priceless epigram uttered at the end of a satisfying meal. As a matter of fact, from the first I suspected that neither Lenora Wood Armsby, who governs the one, nor Joseph Thompson, who heads the other of these organizations, would waste one moment of their precious time if they thought summer symphony concerts were nothing more than crime prevention schools. But as knowledge of such facts is always doubtful until probed at first hand, it was decided both should be solemnly interviewed and severely questioned as to their intentions, if any. And though the interviews differed from the usual question and answer pattern, because of an inherent objection on my part to ask questions, the result was highly illuminating.

TO SATISFY those who insist on getting their facts straight and unadulterated, let me state briefly that this year's eight concerts in the Woodlawn Theatre in Hillsborough are to start on Sunday afternoon, June 21, while the Civic Auditorium series of ten will begin on Tuesday evening,

by James Hamilton Fisher

June 23; that although the list of conductors is not quite complete, certain it is that Walter Damrosch, of New York, Sir Hamilton Harty of England, Pierre Monteux of Paris and Arthur Rodzinski of Los Angeles will be among them; that the programs will contain mostly classic and semi-classic composition with a few modern works thrown in for good measure, and that the birds in the Woodlawn Theatre will accompany the orchestra whenever they feel like it. Mr. Thompson said the Tuesday night concerts may again be broadcast, providing the right sort of sponsor can be found, while Mrs. Armsby was hopeful that the general attendance during the coming season would be even better than last year.

So much about the mere physical aspect of the concerts. True, facts of this sort are important but are obviously only part of the whole show. Of greater consequence to the average man and woman in the streets are the underlying reasons for giving these concerts at all. For, once they grasp

Concerts of the Month

Friday evening, April 10—Under the auspices of San Francisco Chapter of "Pro-Musica," The London String Quartet at Scottish Rite Hall.

Sunday afternoon, April 12—Estelle Reed, dancer, at the Geary.

Monday night, April 13—Claire Dux, at Dreamland Auditorium.

Sunday afternoon, April 19—Yehudi Menuhin, at Dreamland Auditorium.

Monday night, April 20—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "Carmen" with Eleanor Painter; Claire Upsher; Olive Richardes; Ludovico Tomarchio; Joseph Hoyos, etc.

Tuesday night, April 21—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "Rigoletto" with Louis de Ibarguen; Joseph Hoyos; Jose Corral; Evaristo Alibertini; Bernice van Gelder; Edith Mackey, etc.

Thursday night, April 23—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "The Masked Ball" with Olive Richardes; Myrtle Leonard; Ludovico Tomarchio, etc.

Saturday afternoon, April 25—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Adela Reyes; Edith Mackey; Louis de Ibarguen; Joseph Hoyos, etc., and "La Boite a Jou Joux."

Saturday evening, April 25—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "Carmen" with Eleanor Painter; Claire Upsher; Olive Richardes; Ludovico Tomarchio; Joseph Hoyos, etc.

Monday evening, April 27—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "La Gioconda" with Meryl Floyd; Nona Campbell; Myrtle Leonard; Ludovico Tomarchio; Mateo Dragoni, etc.

Wednesday evening, April 29—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "Madame Butterfly" with Hana Shimozumi-Iki; Edith Mackey; Mardell May; Luis de Ibarguen; Marsden Argall, etc.

Friday evening, May 1—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "Lucia" with Audrey Farncroft; Elizabeth Byrnes; Luis de Ibarguen; Marsden Argall, etc.

Saturday afternoon, May 2—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "I Pagliacci" with Gladys Young; Ludovico Tomarchio; Mateo Dragoni; Terry Lafranconi; Marsden Argall, etc., and "La Boite a Jou Joux."

Saturday evening, May 2—Pacific Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Theatre, "La Gioconda" with Meryl Floyd; Nona Campbell; Myrtle Leonard; Ludovico Tomarchio; Mateo Dragoni, etc.

their real significance, it is far easier to prevail upon them to buy tickets.

Certain it is that summer symphony concerts, diligently arranged, are a popular form of entertainment. San Francisco has ample proof of that. So has Hollywood and New York. Yet for every ten who like to spend their Sunday afternoons in the Woodlawn Theatre and their Tuesday nights in the Civic Auditorium there are twenty who consider Summer Symphonies a waste of time, money and effort. Not that they dislike music. Far from it. They like it but they must have it in what they are pleased to call the "right atmosphere," and summer nights or Sunday afternoons simply don't click with them. Perhaps their attitude is merely an alibi. Whatever it is, it is a mental hazard which has to be overcome by those who, realizing the value of the concerts, are working for their success.

Summer concerts are important to the musical life of a city if for no other reason than to give the members of a symphony orchestra a chance to work and practice. Have you ever thought of that? If you haven't, just ask Mrs. Armsby or Mr. Thompson. They know. They realize how important it is for an organization as finely balanced as a symphony orchestra to stay intact all the year around.

Then there is the possibility of hearing guest conductors. Most noted leaders have their permanent orchestras over which they preside during the winter months. But during the summer they can take their talents elsewhere. Have you ever realized how valuable a change of discipline is to the players? And who profits by it but San Francisco if the visiting leaders return to their respective homes, either in this country or in Europe, and sing the praises of the orchestra they conducted here?

WHEN Issay Dobrowen was on his way to San Francisco from Germany recently to fill his engagement here, he met Bruno Walter, brilliant Prussian conductor in Berlin. If Dobrowen felt happy over his trip to California before he met his colleague, he must have been doubly pleased after he had spoken with him. For Walter, who conducted in this city during the summer months a year or two ago, could not tell him enough about San Francisco's natural beauties and artistic achievements.

Chambers of Commerce, both senior and junior ought to make a note of this. Summer concerts ARE important you see, in more ways than one. After all San Francisco may be known as "The Jewel of the Pacific," but even

Continued on page 25



Courtesy of Vickery, Atkins & Co.

S A N F R A N C I S C O

THE sun goes down in a fog—dropping like a plummet in the carnelian waters of the bay . . . shorelines . . . eastern skies faintly bright . . . relentless Pacific—now a carpet of aquamarine merges into the ash-blue valance of infinity . . . gray-green sullen-lipped breakers—foam-topped—venting their fury upon the rocks of time . . .

Night . . . the air is heavy—oppressive—stifling . . . Chinatown . . . its mysterious caverns filled with pleasure seekers . . . Market Street—great octopus, breathes heavily—its far-reaching tentacles embracing humanity of every race and creed . . . Barbary Coast . . . dance halls filled to capacity . . . Palace Hotel—rendezvous of the world-traveled, agleam with brilliant gayety . . . San Francisco, sophisticate of cities . . .

A low hoarse sound as of distant thunder . . . a wierd, unearthly light succession of lightning-like vibrations . . . the earth swells like the sea . . . buildings collapse on every side . . . the ground opens in great rents—widening—engulfing houses, trees. Human beings roused from sleep and pleasure . . . screams of terror dreadful to hear . . . a sickening sense of gradual sinking . . . short, sharp, intermittent tremblors . . . fire! . . . water mains asunder! . . . great buildings . . . block on block of houses trembling . . . licked by fiery tongues—devoured . . . great funnel-like holes yawning . . .

TWENTY-FIVE years . . . metropolis of the west . . . Chinatown—delightful, inviting, its clean broad streets paneled with smart shops . . . colorful cafes . . . Golden Gate Park—monument to man's genius . . . towering hotels . . . apartments . . . skyline of giant buildings . . . flower stalls, flanking colorful roadways . . . restaurants rivaling Paris . . . an atmosphere unparalleled.

The sun goes down in a fog tonight . . . myriad lights hasten to take its place . . . brilliance . . . floodlights enhance the beauty of skyscrapers . . . luxurious motor cars slowly climb Nob Hill . . . laughter on a Roof Garden . . . magnificent panorama—ceaseless Pacific . . . gayety and contentment . . . soft breath of fog enveloping . . . the lonesome sound of a bellbuoy . . . Night, San Francisco, sophisticate of cities . . .

Drawing by . . .
Rudolf H. Sauter
visiting English
painter

Impressions of
twenty-five years
ago and today by
Jack Wyche Feeny

Adams and Stevenson in Samoa

by Frederick O'Brien

Apia, Samoa, July 11, 1921

To Frederick O'Brien,

Safune, Savaii, Samoa.

My Dear O'Brien—I was glad to get your note because it fell in with a conclusion I had already come to in my own mind just as I was leaving your village of Safune. You happened to say that a tabu had been put on your cottage and the pool in the cavern, so you would not be disturbed and could work. Thinking this over I decided not to come back for anyone can see that a person from the outside, no matter who, disturbs literary work more than any other. I know my father and his brother, Henry, used to require seclusion at their work.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY ADAMS.

IN READING *The Letters of Henry Adams*, a recent volume, I recalled meeting Henry Adams, his nephew, on the scene of Samoa so illuminatingly dealt with by the eminent author of the *Education* and of *Chartres*. I was living, ten years ago, at the store-boarding-house of Henry J. Moore, on the main street of Apia, and after dinner the talk had fallen on Stevenson:

"He often sat right here," said Moors. "I built for him the house in

which he lived the last few years of his life and in which he died. He and I were great friends. I wrote the book, *With Stevenson in Samoa*, to tell about my dealings with him."

Henry Adams, the nephew, whose letter to me is above, said, "My uncle, Henry Adams, was here in Samoa with John La Farge, the painter, and knew and liked Stevenson. He thought he was queer, but got to understand him, he said."

Knowing Henry Adams, the New Englander, by his *Education*, I wondered then what he really had thought of Stevenson. I did not believe that I would ever know, for Adams was reticent, and even his *Education* was not published until after his death. But, now, in the *Letters*, are astonishing and intimate disclosures of Adams' impressions of the beloved poet and wanderer. They are made in letters to close friends or kin, and are published after forty years. Here is Adams' first sight of Stevenson:

The afternoon was lowering, with drops of rain, and misty in the distance. At last we came out on a clearing dotted with burned stumps exactly like a clearing in our backwoods. In the middle stood a two-story Irish shanty with steps outside to the upper floor, and a galvanized iron roof. A

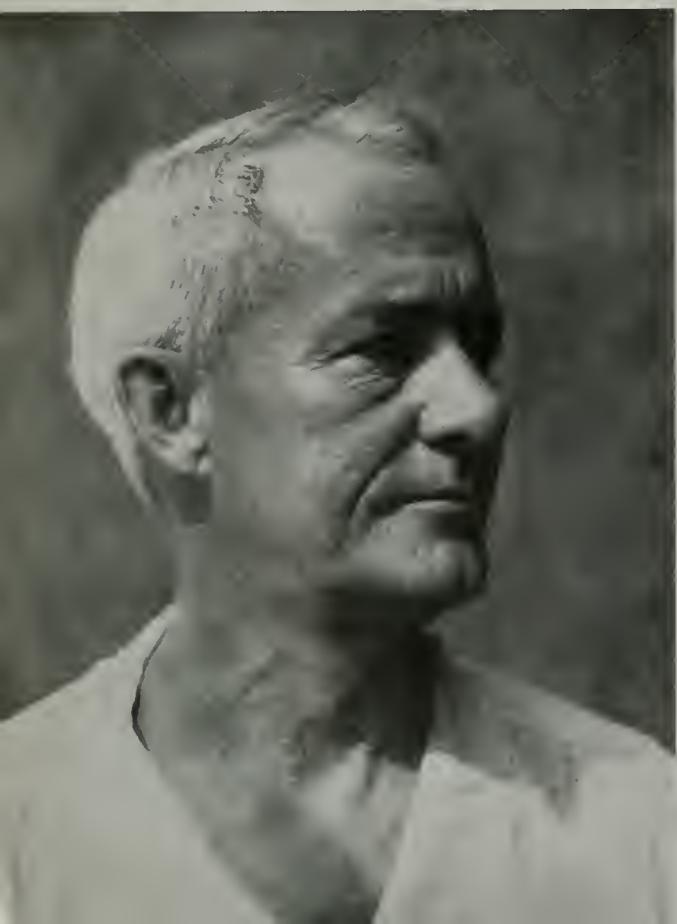
pervasive atmosphere of dirt seemed to hang around it, and the squalor like a railroad navvy's board hut. As we reached the steps a figure came out that I cannot do justice to. Imagine a man so thin and emaciated that he looked like a bundle of sticks in a bag, with a head and eyes morbidly intelligent and restless. He was costumed in a dirty striped cotton pyjamas, the baggy legs tucked into coarse knit woolen stockings, one of which was bright brown in color, the other a purplish dark tone. With him was a woman who retired for a moment into the house to reappear a moment afterwards, probably in some change of costume, but as far as I could see, the change could only have consisted in putting shoes on her bare feet. She wore the usual missionary nightgown which was no cleaner than her husband's shirt and drawers, but she omitted the stockings. Her complexion and eyes were dark and strong, like a half-breed Mexican.

Henry Adams did not know, maybe, that this shanty in which lived the Stevensons, was but the pioneer tent for building the commodious and delightful home in which, until he died, the noted pair entertained lavishly the most distinguished visitors to Samoa. Stevenson returns the visit to Henry Adams and La Farge, and Adams writes:

We have seen much of Stevenson these last few days, and I must say no more in ridicule, for he has been extremely obliging, and given me very valuable letters of introduction to Tahiti and the Marquesas. He has amused and interested us, too, and greatly by his conversation. Last evening he came at five o'clock, and brought his wife to dine with us. Their arrival was characteristic. He appeared first, looking like an insane stork, very warm, and very restless. Presently Mrs. Stevenson in a reddish cotton nightgown, staggered up the steps, and sank into a chair, gasping, and unable to speak. Stevenson hurried to explain that she was overcome by the heat and the walk. Stevenson says that his wife has some disease, I know what of a paralytic nature, and suffers greatly from its attacks. I know only that when I arrived afterwards I found her on the piazza chatting . . . and apparently as well and stalwart as any Apache squaw. Stevenson was astonishingly agreeable, dancing about, brandishing his long arms above his head, and looking so attenuated in the thin flannel shirt which is his constant wear, that I expected to see him break in sections like the pollo (a reef worm). To my great relief he is not a Presbyterian, but is as little missionary as I am.

FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Recent stinging comment by this noted author, journalist and world adventurer published in *The Carmelite* has drawn renewed attention to Frederick O'Brien, one of the outstanding writers in the West who herewith becomes a contributor to *The San Franciscan*. The portrait is by Brett Weston.



APRIL, 1931

"OASIS"

by Karoly Fulop



Courtesy of COURVOISIER

This wood carving with ivory inlay is among the Fulop pieces owned in San Francisco. His watercolors, carvings and chrysos paintings were shown at the Legion Palace last autumn and are now on view at Courvoisier's.

THE acquaintance progresses, and Adams and La Farge go to breakfast at the shanty:

Stevenson stayed to dine with us, and was quite on his manners, but as usual had to borrow Sewall's clothes. La Farge and I promised to come up to his place next morning, and to send our breakfast before us. I cannot conceive why they should ever be without food in the house, but apparently their normal condition is foodless, and they

not only consented, but advised my making sure of my own breakfast. Stevenson himself seems to eat little or nothing, and lives on cheap French vin ordinaire when he can get it . . . I do not know how this regime affects his complaint, for I do not know what his complaint is. I supposed it to be phthisis, or tubercular consumption; but I am assured here that his lungs are not affected. The German physician here says that it is asthma. Asthma or

whatever it is, he and his wife, according to their account, rarely have enough to eat in the house, so I sent off a native at seven o'clock in the morning with a basket of food.

We found Stevenson and his wife just as they had appeared at our first call, except that Mrs. Stevenson did not think herself obliged to put on slippers, and her nightgown costume had apparently not been washed since

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PAULINE FREDERICK

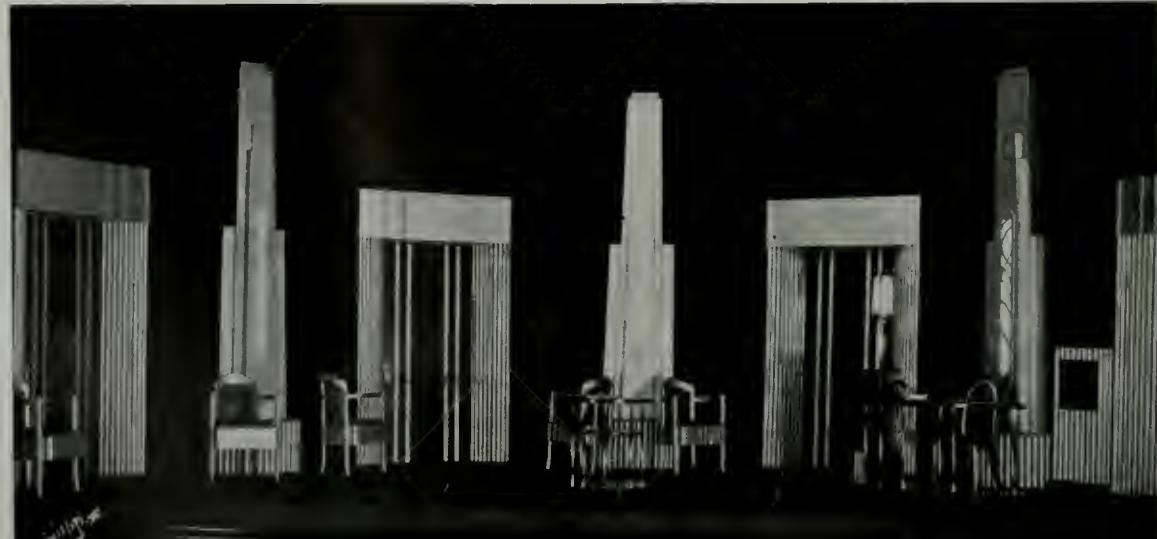
One of San Francisco's favorite actresses who has turned a deaf ear to the talkies, remaining constant to the legitimate theatre, pictured as she will be seen here in the Belasco Curran production of the New York Theatre Guild's current success, "Elizabeth, the Queen."

(below)

Modernistic setting for the second act of the satirical comedy on Hollywood, "Once in a Lifetime" now breaking records in San Francisco. According to reports, Sid Grauman's local version surpasses the New York production.



DE FOREST



Spotlight

THE feature of this review was to have been Joe Brown in "Elmer the Great." But, unhappily, crossed wires prevented and we arrived at the box office for a Wednesday matinee to find no seats in our name and a string of fifty people waiting vainly in line for a chance to even so much as stand up. Further inquiry disclosed the fact that the house had been sold out for the entire week. This was momentarily disappointing until we realized that the spoken stage about whose death so much has been written was really a very live corpse. And, we were likewise happy to find that our friend Duffy had struck pay dirt again.

This talk about the decline of the stage has always been with us, even before the movies came on the scene. There was something said about degenerate drama in Shakespeare's time and it was re-iterated in the days of Sophocles. The movies should no more interfere with the spoken drama than the radio and phonograph interfere with symphonies and the opera. As a matter of fact, the screen should feed the stage and if we had any rational inquiry into the subject we should doubtless find that it does that very thing. If people are so content to look at shadows why do they crowd into movie palaces whenever a "personal appearance" is announced? And why do the police reserves have to be called out whenever Charlie Chaplin or Mary Pickford park their cars and alight before the entrance to a hotel? People may find it agreeable and even entertaining to see shadows but they are always hungry to look upon real flesh and blood. They can see Lindbergh and Einstein from the comfortable upholstery of any movie palace when such figures are flashed on the news-reel but this does not prevent them from standing for hours along any line of march over which these gentlemen are scheduled to travel.

Joe Brown and "Elmer the Great" may be indifferent entertainment, for all we know, but the fact remains that the public has made up its mind to see the show. And the more people are turned away empty-handed from the box office the more determined they will be to finally achieve an entrance. There is no better advertisement for a play than difficulty to obtain seats. We, having come fresh from several such New York successes, were not so fussed by our inability to obtain an entrance to the theatre but most of the San Franciscans in line were resentful to the point of comedy. It has been so long since the "standing-room-only"

sign has been hung out before any local box-office that the good people of the city by the Golden Gate have forgotten that such a situation could exist.

IN spite of the dearth of dramatic entertainment that has prevailed during the past month, the immediate future is bright for, what we hope, will be a repetition of box-office sell outs. First of all, there is to be a knock out at the Curran in the shape of comedy entitled "Once in a Lifetime." The management announces that it will run for two weeks, only. It should run for two months. We have no personal idea how the coast production compares with the New York production. But we have seen those who have enjoyed both performances and who report very favorably on the cast from Los Angeles. It doesn't require a great cast and if the proper types have been secured the play will be a riot. If you want to see and hear Hollywood get the panning of its life, don't miss "Once in a Lifetime." And, if the management is serious about a two-week run, you had better go early and avoid the rush.

The other potential sell-out is "Elizabeth the Queen." There could be no greater contrast than this play and "Once in a Lifetime." It was one of the greatest New York Guild productions of the season. And, this, with the critics in a rather snifflish mood. Historical drama is not in good odour with the highbrows of the great metropolis—unless it be the historical drama out of Soviet Russia. Lynn Fontane gave an extraordinary alive portrait of the Queen. Her makeup was as marvelous as the makeups that Richard Mansfield used to assume. It is not so easy for an actress to sink her identity in grease-paint and wig. Usually, of course, if she is very lovely, she resents sacrificing her good looks to her art. Which moves one to wonder how far Pauline Frederick will go in this matter.

Bernhardt, great as she was, could never hide her identity even when she played Hamlet or "L'Aiglon." Nor is Mrs. Fiske any better. We saw Mrs. Fiske play Mary of Magdala, once, and she was so like herself that it

AT SAUSILITO

by Vaughn Francis Meisling

A lifting blue-and-silver haze
Recalls the happy-island days
Sung in the long ago; the bay
Is grey.
Athwart its glintless stretches wide
Unnumbered craft at anchor ride:
Yaws, schooners, pleasure-boats, and one
Full-rigger, lifting in the sun.

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

verged on comedy. Nazimova, on the other hand, was a marvel at makeup. We saw her in "The Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," and a French comedy called "Mme. Coquette" all within the week and every night she was a totally different woman. Duse, of course, made not the slightest attempt at makeup. She would not even use rouge. However, there are some performances which demand it and "Elizabeth the Queen" is one. Now, Pauline, come through and let us see how completely you can become the red-headed, sharp-nosed virago sometimes known as the Virgin Queen. Not that you need to be unlovely, but you need to be very different. Miss Fontane was strikingly handsome in the part but she was no more the Lynn Fontane of contemporary drama than a Lynn Fontane of classic Greece. Essex is likewise a great role. But Essex would always suffer in comparison with Elizabeth. But the New York critics did not sense this and they sneered again—this time, at Alfred Lunt in the role. We repeat what we wrote from New York in December that "Elizabeth the Queen" is one of the best historical dramas that we have ever seen. By the time this show arrives in San Francisco the public will doubtless have become accustomed to standing in line for tickets. Which is as it should be. We grow indifferent to delights that are too easily come upon.

AND while we are on the subject of the revival of the spoken drama, we must report the rumor that vaudeville is coming into its own again. On every side there are signs of awakening. It seems that even San Francisco is perking up in a vaudeville way with the return of eight acts to the Golden Gate. Almost our first move when we arrived in New York last fall was to make tracks for Keith's Palace at Broadway and Forty-seventh. This was the last stand of simon-pure vaudeville and, oh boy, how we did stand with it! Every week saw us in line for the change of bill. There were the Marx Brothers, and Eddie Cantor and Sophie Tucker and all the old favorites. And in addition ventriloquists, and slack-wire performers, and sleight-of-hand folk, to say nothing of the appropriate music to accompany them! Now, honest, wouldn't you like to see a lovely lady in tarleton skirts run back and forth on a slack wire while the orchestra softly croons "Roses from the South," or a gentleman toss oranges and plates into the

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GUNNAR JOHANSEN

Though in his early twenties, Gunnar Johansen has been acclaimed a genius and a great artist in the Scandinavian capitols and in America wherever he has appeared in concert and as soloist with symphony orchestra. A pianist of unusual technique, his accomplishment is considered greatest in the realm of emotional sensibility. He is a Dane by birth but now makes his home in the San Francisco Bay Region where he is often heard informally. His most recent public concert drew unusual attendance and enthusiasm and current opinion has it that Johansen is slated to become one of the world's truly great pianists.



WARREN CHENEY

Huntress

by Leroy Rumsey

THE long, low roadster, a shimmering streak of silver in the black shadows of the night, rolled slowly to a standstill in a secluded portion of the park, a spot silent and remote with only the occasional distant rumble of a street car to break the stillness.

Joan Harper, mistress of every gesture, every emotion, sat in the close quarters of the car with all the grace of a Garbo reclining on a silken-pillowed dais. Joan, the girl with the sleepy blue eyes, who had arrived in San Francisco from nowhere, had met Anton Knight at a tea, and now, a month later, was seated beside him in this intimate nook, calmly certain of the outcome of her adventure.

"Cigarette?" Anton was offering her his case.

"Thanks."

He held the lighter for her. "Has everything been all right?" he asked.

Languidly she blew smoke at him. "It—will be."

"I thought you'd like a bit of quiet for a change," he continued with thoughtful deliberation. "A small cafe and a ride—something peaceful, for just us."

"It's been perfect."

Joan was not lying. The evening could not have been better arranged for her purposes had she planned it herself. The little upstairs cafe with its colorful walls and swart waiters had been just the frame necessary to enhance the portrait of blonde loveliness she had prepared for him. She had put on her *Chanel* gown, the clinging white satin that made every curve of her body a seductive appeal; had spent hours over the light-textured hair that aureoled her head like a casque of spun gold; had put forth all her feminine allurements to make this night perfect. The moment she had heard Anton's voice on the phone asking her to dinner, she had sensed that tonight would be the end of her adventure, and that she must do her best to make the ending happy—for her.

She had not spent all of her father's insurance and the money from the little corner grocery in St. Helena on clothes for nothing. She had kept Anton interested for a month, and now she must turn this interest into something more—or start hunting a job. She was not worrying, however,

for she knew that Anton, the eligible Anton, the playboy of San Francisco, was finally going to ask her to marry him.

She caressed his cheek with her cool fingertips. "You're a dear, Anton." Her voice was like the husky slither of velvet across polished mahogany. "It isn't often that we've had much time to ourselves, you know."

Anton caught the slender white hand in his own. "We've been great pals, haven't we, Joan?"

"Yes, Anton—great pals."

He looked thoughtfully at his cigarette, tossed it to the floor, extinguished it with slow deliberation. "Why do you say it that way, Joan?" Suddenly he was closer. "We're more than that, Joan—more—." With practiced assurance, he pressed his cheek to hers, held her slim body close. "Joan, I love you so."

IT WAS almost too theatrical, and for one disturbing moment, Joan doubted his sincerity; then feeling the throbbing masculine warmth of him through the rough topcoat, she exulted once more. Her moment had come: her campaign was successful, and the game was almost finished. Slowly, languorously, she kissed him. Her voice was a ghost, a wavering wraith, like the shiver of silk in a silent room. "And I love you, Anton, I love you."

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FREMONT OLDER

Dean of western journalists, Fremont Older has played a greater part in San Francisco journalism than any other one man. Coming here when a boy, he started work as a cub reporter on the *Alta California*. He was city editor of the old *Call*—he edited *The Bulletin* for twenty-four years—and is now editor of the amalgamated *Call-Bulletin*. During his stormy career he has exposed corruption and lead the prosecution of the San Francisco graft scandal under the Ruef administration. He has been a passionate crusader for the liberty of Mooney and Billings. He has no hobby except his work and looks upon his ranch at Los Gatos as a refuge—not a hobby.

JO DAVIDSON

SAVE for one thread of romance, the Russian attempt to found a colonial empire in America is a weary tale of hunger, cold, sickness, futility and death. The romance, such as it was, has been immortalized in Gertrude Atherton's *Rezanof*.

Nicholai Petrovich Rezanof was of the Russian nobility, a person of importance at the Russian court. He was a director in the Russian-American Company, founded in 1779 to create a crown monopoly of the fur trade in Alaska and Alaskan waters and to administer Russian affairs on the American Pacific coast where a general extension of Russian power and trade was planned.

The Alaskan fur trade, begun as early as 1745, was highly profitable to Russia, but the Alaskan colonies were habitually in a precarious and uncertain condition. Alaska is a bitterly cold, inhospitable country and was then a barren, isolated and lonely land. Grain and other food supplies had to be taken to the settlements across Siberia by horse or dog pack and then by ships across the Bering Sea. The journey was long and hazardous. Frequently the supplies failed to arrive on schedule or were lost altogether.

In the fall of 1805 Rezanof landed at New Archangel, on the island of Sitka off the coast of Alaska, to visit the Russian settlements, make a survey of conditions and do what he could to improve them and increase the profits

The Russians in California

by Zoe A. Battu

of the fur trade. He found the Sitkan colony facing a winter of famine and terror. One ship, bearing a cargo of food, had been wrecked; a second ship failed to arrive. Presently, the colonists were reduced to dried fish, devil fish, whale blubber and scurvy.

At this point, the Yankee schooner *Juno* sailed into Archangel harbor, and Rezanof promptly purchased the vessel and whatever food it had aboard for \$8,000. But the *Juno*'s food supply was small and the aid was only temporary. Rezanof was forced to find other means to keep his colony from starving to death.

To the south was California, where the Spanish lived in an easy abundance of grain, fruits, oil, wine and sunshine. But by royal decree the ports of all Spanish colonies were closed to trade with any ships, save those of Spain. Particularly were the ports of California closed to Russian ships and trade.

But to the desperate Russians hunger was a sterner reality than Spanish law. Rezanof loaded the *Juno* with a cargo of furs and European-made merchandise, and headed for California.

After a rough and hazardous voyage, the *Juno* made the port of Yerba Buena (San Francisco) in April, 1806.

The Spanish were astonished at the appearance of the Russians, but were polite. The visitors were given the freedom of the town and harbor. They were fed and wined sumptuously and made acquainted with the most beautiful women. The home of Arguella, commandant of the Presidio, was thrown open to Rezanof, and the eldest daughter of the house, the lovely Concepcion Arguella, was set to entertain him, and to decide, at their very first meeting, to marry him. Affairs, apparently, were turning out better than Rezanof had expected.

But when he mentioned the matter of trading his cargo for California grain, his hosts were evasive. Such trading was against the Spanish law. The best they could allow Rezanof to do was to buy whatever grain the *Juno* could carry, which would not be much, since her own cargo could not be sold in California.

Whereupon Rezanof changed his tactics. He visited the Mission Fathers, gave them presents and won their sup-

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PASSING

THE memorial exhibition of work by William Keith, traditionally the greatest of California painters, brings a certain reminiscence of the time when art in San Francisco wore the aspect of being enormously popular.

Those were the days when Duncan's Auction Rooms were succeeded by art dealers whose reputation is now secure, when San Francisco's Latin Quarter was first artistically established with the studios of Hill, Keith, Tavernier, Yelland and others—the days when art exhibits were made a gay event of moment throughout the city.

Just how much of mellow illusion is mixed into our conception of those days it is hard to say. Perhaps they rightly appear richer in that we group the happenings of the 60's, 70's and 80's and derive an impression from thirty years' activities in comparison to the current consciousness of but a single season. No doubt but the struggles of the artists for recognition by fellow San Franciscans were even more strenuous in those days than in these. From the time of the "first art exhibition," recorded as having been held in 1869 with paintings by Thomas Hill, William Keith, Norton Bush, A. Bierstadt, Marjot and Moran—through the 70's when it is said that the "only art exhibitions were those of the Woodward Gardens" and when the Nob Hill mansions were filled with mirrors, Japanese screens, carved teak wood, marble top tables, filagree, glass cabinets, bric a brac, curios and other flamboyant expressions of the period—no doubt but that the way of local artists was hard. They may have been wined and dined and entertained as honored guests—but it is improbable that patronage was any more substantial than it is today.

Until the 90's, then local art patronage seems to have meant something very definite. The art school and the art association were matters of public pride. The city bought many artists—and actually a small group by buying their work. It is true that noted artists such as Emil Carlsen, whom San Francisco likes today to include among its adopted sons, have less happy memories in some instances than we might wish—certainly the presence and continued work of artists such as Jules Tavernier, Julian Rixford, Benoni Irwin, Samuel Brooks, Jo Harrington, C. D. Robinson, Virgil Williams, Toby Rosenthal, William Marple, S. W. Shaw, Thaddeus Welch, John Stanton, Bruce Porter, Arthur Atkins and the younger artists, many of whom are still with us, testify to

local response during that period and the decades which followed. The most widely known figure developed by this period was William Keith, who may in time be considered to epitomize the entire group. That will be unjust—as are all such epitomes—for the artists were as diversified in their work then as now. But Keith was fortunate in the fact that his work in a sense echoed that of the accepted figure in eastern art, namely Inness. It is said that there exists today a canvas which Inness started and Keith finished or vice versa. Perhaps it is only a myth—but certainly the two men were striving toward a common goal and while Keith does not often measure up to the poetic quality of Inness, he did contribute authentic romantic landscapes to the art of the West.

Keith was the most successful artist of the period. His work was appreciated generally and people were eager to buy it at high prices because they were convinced of its worth. Keith died April 13, 1916, conveniently closing his work within the period which gave rise to it. So today and tomorrow and throughout coming periods, he stands as the first California "master," the one figure who produced enough of work of a definite character to attract and hold the public attention until he and his work became generally accepted symbols which stood for his period. In this way are old masters made. The Gump showing is an amazingly fair one for the gallery has made every effort to have William Keith presented in the fullness of his accomplishment. About half of the paintings are borrowed from private collections for the exhibition. Thus we see representative examples of various types of Keith's work from the days of the 80's when he first broke away from meticulous literalism, to the latest period of

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

- Armer—April 16 to 30, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., landscape, portrait and genre scenes by Ruth Armer.
- Albro—To April 20, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., paintings and drawings by Maxine Albro.
- Art Annual—April 25 to May 1, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Palace—fifty-third annual exhibition of sculpture and graphic arts by the Art Association.
- Coventry—To April 13, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., water colors by Stanley Coventry.
- Chagall—To April 20, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., paintings by Marc Chagall.
- Chinese Paintings—April 16 to 20, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., private showing of Chinese Paintings by the Chinese Society, Peking.
- Choultse—April 9 to 18, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., paintings by Ivan Choultse, court painter to the Czar Nicholas II, Czar of Russia.
- Daniel—To April 13, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., paintings by Earl Daniel.
- Driscoll—April 13 to 21, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., colors by Harold Driscoll.
- Blue Four—April 8 to 18, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Palace—group showing of the Blue Four.
- Fulop—To April 11, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., water colors and charcoal drawings by Fulop.
- Howard—To April 18, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., water colors and drawings by Howard.
- Krasnow—To April 20, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., paintings, drawings, sculpture by Peter Krasnow.
- Lawson—To April 11, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Ernest Lawson.
- Miles—April 13 to May 1, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., water colors of European subjects and original designs for Miles.
- Miller—April 19 to 30, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., blocks of Korea by L. Miller.
- Oldfield—To April 30, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., new to San Francisco by Oldfield.
- Pascin—April 8 to May 1, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., retrospective show of Pascin.
- Presley-Stone—To April 18, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., etchings by Florence Presley-Stone.
- Scheyer—April 12, 2:30 to 5 p.m., Palace—lecture on the life and work of Galka E. Scheyer.
- Water Colors—April 19 to May 1, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., work by a group of water colorists.

discussion of art and criticism

Cecilia Graham modeled the two dancer figures reproduced on this page and the one opposite. They are shown by the Gump Galleries which secured a small group of work by this talented girl who recently returned to her Berkeley home after study in Paris.



SHOWS

poetic landscapes. Many of the canvases have never before been shown in San Francisco, some having been purchased direct from the artist and others having been sold in New York.

EVEN as it is difficult today to be certain of our evaluation of the work of a man such as Keith, who has been dead fifteen years, so it becomes much more hazardous to value the work of a man whose painting is still in the first flush of maturity. John Langley Howard, whose oils, watercolors and drawings are on view at the Galerie Beaux Arts, is comparatively little known in San Francisco but already there is an expectation of greatness in the air. His work was first shown here in the Modern Gallery on Montgomery Street. I remember the discussion aroused by a wood carving shown there. Those who questioned it were told to watch this youngest of the Howards—he has something to say, they insisted. Then the Modern Gallery group held a show up-town in the East West Gallery and a portrait by John Langley Howard was the event of the exhibition.

He shared a group showing with his brothers, Robert Boardman Howard and Charles Howard, at Beaux Arts several years ago but other than these meagre intervals, he has worked far from public attention.

In spite of this, there is a definite presentiment abroad that John Langley Howard is one of the really significant artists among the younger group. His present exhibition is a small one, consisting of half a dozen oils, mostly portraits, twelve or fifteen landscape watercolors, a group of drawings and a number of experimental dry-brush paintings. The difference that the medium makes in his work is surprising. The oils are high-key, almost harsh in tone, the

landscapes are subtly handled though very direct, and the drawings and dry-brush paintings are nebulous in texture though structurally definite.

Throughout his work it is apparent that he regards easel painting and all drawing and painting of small area as an adventure in which the artist need acknowledge no such restraints as would be felt in the treatment of a wall or large permanent space. This work of his is highly personalized. It is intimate at times. It deals with what is closest his consideration—and he has made few reservations in treatment, daring sentiment, literalism or any other of the usual *cul de sacs* feared by most modern artists. He is not theorizing! He is painting. Painting what he feels and sees.

RUTH ARMER is another young San Francisco painter whose work is seldom shown here. Her watercolors will be presented by Vickery, Atkins and Torrey — opening on April 16th. Having seen her work in portfolio, I am eager to see it hung in the exhibition because here are watercolors that change in technique with the shift in the artist's mood—startling at times in the strength of abstraction—delicate and tonal in the portraits—and frankly temperamental in her responses to landscape. It is an interesting gamut that is run by her work in its variation—from the almost Holbein quality of the head of a Mexican to the tempestuous abstraction from a Bartok composition. And through all the various manifestations of her art, one finds an essential honesty to Ruth Armer that demands consideration.

Her abstractions will no doubt rouse the most comment during the exhibition because they are striking in both color and rhythm. The fact that they were derived from musical compositions will also feed the curiosity of the public. Here is something to be argued about, something on which to speculate. However, I feel that there need be no strong distinction drawn between the pure abstractions and her other work. In all, her attitude has remained constant. In each instance, she has stated her reaction to external circumstance in compositions of coherent color and form—and what matter whether the external circumstance be visual or aural?

We are usually somewhat mystified by the abstract and often miss much of the beauty of its essential form and rhythm in the process of trying to relate it definitely to our own experience. Perhaps the only purely aesthetic enjoyment derived from any work of art is due to the abstract quality we find



in it. But pure abstraction often defeats its end. Paradoxically, we may miss the aesthetic qualities of a thing which is wholly abstract because our habits of identification refuse to be laid aside and, in straining for some definite association, we miss the very quality to which we would respond were it present in a work of art more readily related to our experience.

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its various factors
by Aline Kistler

Views and Reviews of Books

by Fritoff Michelson

... Imogene Caraway, whose lingerie was made from flour sacks of the Bar-None brand. When Reverend Foster, the Baptist minister, led his convert into the river for immersion "the water pasted Imogene's white voile dress to her flanks. The wet cloth was transparent against her flour-sack underskirt. Across her broad buttocks in large red letters had appeared the brand, Bar-None."

Mr. Milburn's stories are not plotted, they are conceived. In the denouement of each he attains something of the subtle and poignant satire of De Maupassant; in their telling, something of the ghoulish realism of Chekhov. Again, he writes with the unpretentious simplicity of Sherwood Anderson, except that he develops a tang of humor that sometimes becomes a bit brutal.

In a thousand or fifteen hundred words he presents a picture of a yokel, a nit-wit, a small town banker or a bootlegger, and they stand out as clearly as if they were daguerreotypes.

These stories in "Oklahoma Town"—some of which appeared previously in American Mercury and Vanity Fair—will linger in memory. That, perhaps, is the best possible test of their merit.

CALIFORNIANS will doubtless hail the return of Mrs. Atherton to the fiction world with clarion *elan*. Those who are interested still in post-war introversion brought up to date will now be able to sit down to a complicated feast.

The particular "Sophisticates" of whom the book is written are products of an enterprising middle western town. Primarily it is the story of Melton Abbey who becomes quite suddenly recusant at the aspect of continuing to be the docile though beautiful wife of a wealthy banker who is old enough to be her father.

It is a novel of swift transition, a charming *salon* and the accumulation of a select coterie whose baffled admiration for Melton well-nigh ascends to worship when she is tried for the murder of her husband. It is a novel of suspense and well-informed conversation about such things as hormones, endocrinology and pituitary diathermy.

All the riddles concerning the brilliant and inscrutable potential-murderess are solved in the last few pages

—a swift and satisfactory denouement to a dreadful dilemma.

It is said of "*The Sophisticates*" that "not since '*Black Oxen*' has this San Francisco author given us so absorbing and so penetrating a novel."

IT SEEMS true enough to be platitudinous that most of the world's great men (men whose names endure after they have gone) attained their prominence by sheer perseverance. Nearly all artists, at any rate, broke up through the crust of poverty, squalor and ill health to write their names on the scroll of greatness.

"*Savage Messiah*" is the life story of Henri Gaudier, an inpecunious French artist, and Sophie Suzanne Brzeska, a highly strung Polish novelist who was Gaudier's inamorata. It is the story of sordidness, of hope and disillusionment, of ambition and frustration. It is a story of the gutter and a story of pristine beauty.

Through years drugged with brain-fag, self denial and ultimate belief in himself, Henri Gaudier pours out the tragic episodes of his life in a series of letters to Miss Brzeska. He met her in 1910 at the St. Genevieve Library in Paris. She was nearly forty years old, mentally warped and ill. Gaudier was a thin youth of eighteen, undernourished and lonely. He fell violently in love.

Henri took the name of Gaudier-Brzeska and for five years their strange relationship continued. They alternately lived together and apart, as brother and sister. Likewise they alternately adored and despised each other. It was never more than a Platonic relationship, a fact borne out by Gaudier's beseeching his "Beloved Zosik" to join him as his wife.

The book is not alone concerned with their exotic lives. Gaudier's opinions are also given. He writes: "Now for Baudelaire—I like him just because he has sacrificed the fugitive to that which endures. He encloses his idea in a severe form, the sonnet, and puts nothing but the essential, that which will remain forever. When the principal features are expressed the secondary ones are easily imagined; if only the secondary are given, the principal ones are lost. If they are both given, they lose in intensity and one can no longer distinguish. It is a law of art which applies to all branches. To the first group belong Michelan-

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SINCLAIR LEWIS

One of the latest victims of the news writers who, for the enjoyment of the ubiquitous "common people" insist on making either a hero or a fool out of every public figure. The caricature is by Sotomayor.

IT IS generally conceded that America, in addition to being the land of the free and the home of the brave, is also the home of the modern-day short story. It is admitted, usually, in a tone that implies, "Ah yes, America also produces Waldorf tissues, Lifebuoy and Pepsodent." Mayhap short story writers are word-smiths and tricksters as they have so often been called. Nothing can decide that except the judgment of the individual.

Undeniably it is true that there is far too much drool (with virtuous heroines and happy endings) published. Yet, in the chaff that goes through the mill a few kernels are sometimes found. George Milburn's recent volume, "Oklahoma Town," (Harcourt, Brace and Company, \$2.00), is proof.

Mr. Milburn writes of the shouting Methodists and the jumping baptists ... August Kunkel, the atheist at the Wear-U-Well shoe repair shop ... Buelah Huber of whom he says "a Cubist would have had an interesting time dreaming about her. That is the way she is built." ... Mrs. Crutchfield "who had her washtubs set out under a twisted tree in the yard. She used to hang her hymn book on a nail in the tree and chant hymns in a high, reedy voice, keeping time on the rub-board."



LADY HASTINGS

Who is being widely entertained during her sojourn in San Francisco while her husband, Lord Hastings, assists Diego Rivera with fresco panels in the Stock Exchange and California School of Fine Arts.





It develops that Mrs. Frederick Moody has gone polo along with many former devotees of other sports. The former Helen Wills of international fame admits great enthusiasm for horse back riding.



However, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci remains a confirmed golfer — particularly when in California, she says, for here the courses as well as the sport prove irresistible. Taken at Del Monte.

Racing Days Are Here Again Del Monte Revives the Sport of Kings

"A Horse, A Horse, My Kingdom for a Horse."

Who was the Monarch who gave voice to this desire? Well, it really doesn't matter materially, because pretty nearly everyone has a horse or wants one. And some of the steeds bring the price of a kingdom.

At Del Monte, a casual visitor might gain the idea that the Horse is the solitary center of interest, judging from the riding togs in evidence and the "hossy talk" that is aired. One might not understand that there are four world-famous golf courses close at hand, except that you cannot keep the dyed-in-the-wool golfer from the first

by Sam Morse

tee; or the bathers from the Roman plunge; or the tennis devotees from the courts; or the marksmen from the traps:

But this winter the crowds on the Monterey peninsula have followed the horse. On the new timber course, some four thousand dotted the knolls to watch the inaugural meet of the Pacific Coast Steeplechase and Racing Associations. And the polo tournament, which ran from November until March, the sideboards of the field were always lined with enthusiastic spectators. Of course, individual and club jaunts on horseback were—and are—daily occurrences for there are hundreds of miles of scenic trails in the forest, along the beach and rocky cliffs.

And with the most successful and brilliant winter polo season Del Monte has ever experienced coming to a close, King Horse is being prepared for another parade to interest the crowds. A spring race meeting will be held at Del Monte on two week-ends, May 1 to 3 and May 7 to 10. Seven races are going to be held daily and one of the events will be a steeplechase.

The clubhouse and grounds are being improved, and the famous mile circular track has been resurfaced to provide a cushion for the thoroughbreds

to pound. A new steeplechase course is to be constructed around the polo fields, inside the track, so that the spectators can take in each of the seven jumps.

WITH racing holding sway, Del Monte is going to be gay and exciting this spring. And for next winter's season, Del Monte is already preparing to feature the Horse on a banner scale. Two new polo fields are to be constructed immediately and this will give four tournament fields and two practice fields. It will provide extraordinary facilities for the fast,

Continued on page 26



Society watches polo with a discerning glance. Mrs. W. S. Henderson (left) and Miss Natica Nast were photographed at a Del Monte tournament.

Among those who participate in the equestrienne fun is Mrs. Alfred Hammerstrom with shown (right) with the mount she uses on bridle paths at Monterey.



Spring in Paris or San Francisco

by Marjorie V. MacDonald

FAR be it from me to sentimentalize, that is, messy sentimentality . . . it takes too much time! But please allow me a sincere (and provincial) blurb on the subject nearest and dearest . . . San Francisco . . . and the definite, unescapable (and who in his right mind would want to escape it?) aura . . . atmosphere . . . call it anything you like . . . that reaches its triumphant peak at Eastertide . . . the hushtime . . . the promise time of the year in San Francisco.

Think of Paris in Spring . . . go ahead . . . thousands of other people do when they think in superlatives! And what vague loveliness that almost bromidic phrase conjures. But it is vague to most of us! We picture drizzling rain, moaning, musical auto horns, chic . . . ah! chic, what would we do without your famously mispronounced glamour . . . tres' chic to be exact, women of Paris! Females . . . they are, beautiful perhaps . . . vivacious, individual decidedly . . . but even to our receptive American minds a trifle outre' in their garb. They parade gorgeously on Easter Morn . . . to ancient French cathedrals . . . and we gasp, yes we do, in our own fertile imaginations . . . gasp at orchids . . . furs, mostly monkey skins, leopards, Summer ermine maybe; at black satin, good old black satin . . . at pearls! Exotic, fascinating, intriguing of course! But a shade too Parisienne for perfection! At least that's what we feel in our own wholesome California minds which are, thank God, the most wholesome in the world, of that we need no conviction!

Without a single pang, honestly, we put aside a secret longing to be in that world renowned rendezvous of fashion plates, of passionate adventure tinged with champagne . . . and we're glad, we're ecstatically glad that we're here in San Francisco at Easter!

We wonder at a stranger's emotions were he set down by some benign fate on the corner of Geary and Grant Avenue . . . Suppose he were to see for the first time our ladies (and that is just what they are with due respect to Hergesheimer's 1930 portrait) . . . stepping from a cab or from their own low-purring Packard . . . San Francisco's car! Suppose he were to gaze at their perfect, but not too perfect ensembles—dark for the most part . . . with splashy, unexpected and so delightful color touches! Their furs, of course they have furs, are mostly dark ones that form the most flattering frames for their clear, glowing complexions . . . San Francisco's own particular beauty!

They're casual . . . they're poised . . . almost miraculously nonchalant, our women . . . in their bearing a trace of old Castilian proudness . . . and they're not too femalish, too exotic, but slim, alert, alive with the stimulating life that is part of our cosmopolitan city . . . They are equal to meeting the world!

One stops at a riotous flower haven across the street . . . and streets are streets here, not ways; she stops, apparently indifferent, but we know . . . oh, how we know with what inward exultation! She buys a bunch or maybe two, of our

Continued on page 29



On the fine art of giving visitors something really to write home about —

Your visitor from the East—or from the North or South, for that matter—will welcome the suggestion: "Let's take a trip through Gump's"—For this store's renown has made it familiar even to those who are strangers to San Francisco. And thus it follows that your suggestion meets with enthusiastic assent. . just as genuine enjoyment invariably results from acting upon it ♦ ♦ ♦

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**EARL
BURNETT . . .**

|||
A D V.

NOB HILL TOPICS

|||

ABOUT six years ago, Earl Burtnett, then one of San Francisco's popular orchestra leaders, was picked out by the management of the then new Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, to be the musical director of that greatest of all Pacific Coast hostelleries. He not only made the Biltmore Supper Room the rendezvous of all the smart people of Southern California and the movie colony, but he has directed the musical policy of all the California Biltmore Hotels. He has set the fashion in music—he was one of the first orchestra leaders to realize the possibility of Radio and has held the lead in popularity for broadcasting orchestras for many years, broadcasting over K. F. I. When the talkies came in and Hollywood began to work on the Broadway Melody—the first great whirlwind success, it was Earl Burtnett who made the arrangements and his great orchestra of Radio Stars who played the music. Other triumphs followed: "Puttin' on the Ritz"—"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—"Reaching for the Moon," and a score of other successes.

So great has been his popularity that San Franciscans have tired of hearing him on the air and have demanded his return in person, if it be only for a few weeks. Because of these repeated requests, an orchestra exchange with Anson Weeks of Hotel Mark Hopkins has at last been arranged and Burtnett with his fifteen veterans, who know every musical combination that has ever been worked out, opened in Peacock Court Tuesday night, April the 7th, where they will play during the remainder of the month.

Facing the Music

Continued from page 00

precious stones have to be polished and advertised if you want to keep them on the market.

Perhaps an interview should consist of questions and answers. But when two people are as full of enthusiasm for their work as the heads of the two summer symphony organizations, questions are a waste of breath. They'll tell you everything anyway.

"As long as we have music during the summer I'm happy," says Mrs. Armsby. "Give me symphonies, Grand symphonies, Brahms symphonies," says Mr. Thompson.

And so with the orchestra augmented to 85 pieces, San Francisco is going to have music every Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening for ten long weeks this summer. And much of the credit for this perennial bounty must go to those who give unselfishly so that San Francisco's musical name remains great.

Spotlight

Continued from page 00

air to the strains of "Artists' Life"? To say nothing of a troupe of Japanese acrobats balancing bowls of gold fish on their noses while they leap from shoulder to shoulder? Of course you would, and it looks as if you may see all these things in a very near future. However, we have a theory that to be really successful, vaudeville should be fairly intimate. It is difficult for a vaudeville star to get any contact with a public that crowds its way into a movie palace holding five thousand people. We think the Orpheum died completely the moment it moved up to the huge Pantages Theatre.

The little theatres are ever with us to keep alive the flame of the spoken word. Only last month an organization calling themselves "The Wayfarers" hired a loft on Commercial street, near the Embarcadero and proceeded to build a stage and scenery, and write plays, and direct and act them, all by themselves. There wasn't a professional hand in the entire project. Under the circumstances the results were truly surprising.

Are we downhearted about the spoken drama? Assuredly not!

Departure

by W. D. Stockley, Jr.

The world on its wide shining stream
Brings him a sudden challenge: Go!
Calls him from me who love him so.
I must not show a broken dream,
Nor that bright beckoning bedim,
Nor whisper any word of woe,
Nor stretch a hand to stop him. No,
I'll just pack up and follow him.

To places new
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cursions under expert guidance. You'll visit the palace of the Sultan of Johore and the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. In Siam, Fiji, Samoa, lithe dancers will perform exotic rituals for you.

Ideal cruising season

Sailing September 19 from San Francisco (20th from Los Angeles), you'll be in Japan at chrysanthemum time and in the South Seas when it's their spring. Back home December 16. Fares are as low as \$1,500.

What an adventure to talk about in years to come! Ask for illustrated itinerary today, at any travel agency, or at this office.



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Racing Days

Continued from page 22

thrilling sport. Players from all parts of the globe will come out and there will be play almost every day. Steeplechasing and racing assures plenty of attractions for the winter.

Even this summer, King Horse will be much in evidence but swimming, boating, golfing and all the varied outdoor pastimes will be on the Del Monte calendar, as usual, the cool, summer climate of the Monterey Peninsula being an incentive for such activities.

Now It Can Be Told

ARAILWAY bridge, located at a remote spot in the Sierras, was recently destroyed by fire. It was necessary to replace it without delay and the bridge engineer and his staff were ordered in haste to the place. Two days later came the superintendent of the division.

"Bill," said the superintendent and his words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay is costing the company money. Have you the engineer's plan for the new bridge?"

"I don't know," replied the bridge builder, "whether the engineer has drawn the picture yet or not, but the bridge is up and the trains is passin' over it."

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Passing Shows

Continued from page 19

THE adventure that is art is a splendidly varied one. Recently we have had access to as diversified work as the paintings of Jules Pascin at the Legion of Honor, the passionately painted landscapes by Ernest Lawson at Gump's; the exquisitely conceived work of Karoly Fulop at Courvoisier's; the decorative paintings of Stanley Coventry, also at Gump's; more sketches by Otis Oldfield at the Gruen studio; fresco paintings by Earl Daniell at the Art Center, and the etchings by Florence Presley and Mimi Stone at the East West Gallery. Each artist contributes to one's enjoyment according to his vision and artistic intent, subject to his personal limitations. What fools we are when we attempt to impose the standard of one on the work of another—or even if we cling so tightly to our own preconceived view of art that we receive nothing from the artist except when he enters our own limited realm of artistic standards. Of course, our enjoyment is measured by our own experience and limitations but why not give each artist a chance to add to our individual experience. The realm of aesthetics too closely approaches that of religion for it to be subject to the harsh analysis our age tends to seek. We would compress into formula that which can only be felt—and we limit ourselves needlessly by arbitrary, often secondhand viewpoints.

Recently a gallery director expressed doubt concerning the wisdom of showing certain sketches—on the basis that they were possibly too illustrative. A glance at the material showed that these were technical drawings designed for a specific purpose which would not have been served had they not been definite illustration. Certainly no one need apologize for showing a frank solution of a particular problem—so long as the intent is made plain. Art is not confined to any one category or group of prescribed limitations—its value rests on the way in which an imaginative problem is solved rather than in the problem itself.

In this category are the motion picture designs by Harold Miles shown at the Paul Elder gallery, together with his water colors of European and Sierra landscapes. These are the artist's conception of certain climactic scenes in the cinema productions for which Miles has designed settings. In them one finds a certain emotional quality that has been approximated but not reached in the final picturing on the screen.

THE time has come, and almost passed, for speaking of the Diego Rivera fresco panel in the Stock Exchange Lunch Club. However, it is still impossible to speak of it first hand because, being a woman, I am eligible for admission only on Saturday afternoons. So far, each Saturday has produced some counter allurements—the Mendocino coast,

fishing on the bay, even lecturing on art—and each in turn has absorbed the time that could have been spent viewing Mr. Rivera's work. So I have waited, hoping for some favorable comment to quote (it would be impolite to quote anything unfavorable about the honored guest in our city) and while waiting for such quotable opinion, I must remain silent.

The main art event of April will be the opening, April 26th, of the Fifty-Third Annual Exhibition held by the San Francisco Art Association in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. About fifty prominent artists from various parts of the United States have responded to the invitation to exhibit and hundreds of other artists have sent in work to be considered for hanging. The jury of selection meets this week. It is composed of Ray Boynton, Ralph Stackpole, John Emmett Gerrity, Rinaldo Cuneo and Lee F. Randolph, with Ruth Cravath and Lucien Lebaud as alternates.

The jury of awards will meet later to select the prize winners of the Anne Bremer Memorial prizes, the California Palace of the Legion of Honor Purchase Prize, the Marea W. Stone Memorial Prize and to award the Association medals in painting, sculpture, water color and graphic arts. The Harold L. Mack Popular Prize of one hundred and fifty dollars will be given to the picture receiving the greatest number of votes from visitors to the exhibition. For the jury of awards, the Association has chosen Diego Rivera, Edward Bruce, Charles Stafford Duncan, Ralph Stackpole and Marian Simpson, chairman.

In the meantime we note that the Palace of the Legion of Honor has revived the Blue Four. It is a good three years since their last appearance in San Francisco so a revival is probably due, although we have never been without opportunity to see these works—through the private agencies of Galka E. Scheyer—in the Oakland Art Gallery or at least in Los Angeles.

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Views and Reviews

Continued from page 20

gelo, Rodin, Shakespeare, and Baudelaire, to the second all bad artists, and to the last, devils like Dickens and Walter Scott."

Mr. Ede has ably chosen his material to give a complete and lasting picture of his characters. The title "Savage Messiah" could not be improved upon, and the book as a whole is a powerful cross-section of life—a medley of love and hate, sorrow and ecstasy, beauty and squalor, dreams and death.

Damned Little Fool, by COSMO HAMILTON
(Brewer and Warren, \$2.00)

THE latest novel by Cosmo Hamilton is an old story in a new spring suit. Rosita Moreland, twenty-year-old wife of Ronald, tells him, "I must be made happy or I shall die." Ronald Moreland, ex-army officer, engaged in writing a book about war, permits her to divorce him. This is accomplished by being "caught" (as arranged by the long arm of the law) in a hotel bedroom with his stenographer, Sheila Garnet. The old story abides in the triangle: Sheila, who loves Ronald unselfishly; Ronald, who loves Rosita insanely, and Rosita, who loves everybody, especially Rosita.

The modern clothes with which Mr. Hamilton adorns his plot are of English cut. After the bedroom scene, a French coast villa is the setting. The story unwinds rapidly.

Ronald, crushed by his inability to make Rosita happy, moves for the summer with his sister and his secretary to the sunny seclusion of his villa. Rosita, "damned little fool," unadvised of his plans, has preceded him with her potential second husband and four guests. The untangling of this disquieting embroilment leads to a happy and colorful ending. Rosita finds that "happiness is a twin." *Da capo!*

"Damned Little Fool" is not the best of Mr. Hamilton's thirteen novels, neither is it his worst. It has, however, the sparkle of sophistication and a generous sprinkling of dry English satire to commend it.

Salute to Cyrano, by PAUL FEVAL
(Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.00)

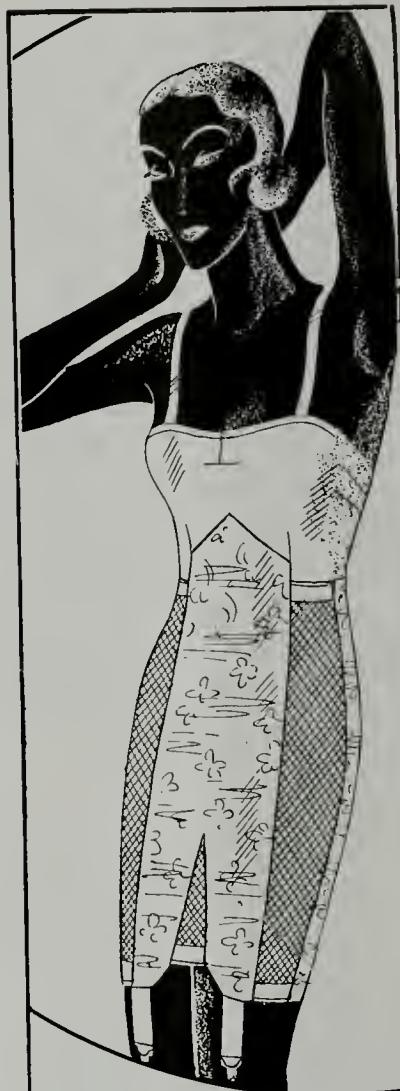
"Salute to Cyrano" is a nicely-written, slap-stick satire, pleasant enough to read until one remembers the Cyrano of Rostand's sterling drama and the d'Artagnan of Dumas. Then one cannot help but regret that Cyrano and d'Artagnan have been forced into the roles of movie comedians, custard pies balanced on their uplifted palms, taking deadly aim at the whites of the enemy's eyes.

Rondo, by BASIL MAINE
(Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.00)

Four women and a music critic are the central figures of this eccentric book. Mark Haverland, the critic and protagonist, tells the story in the first person. He begins with Roma, a sensual and not too sapient modern girl, whose unrest and need for something beyond luxury ultimately drive her into the streets of London. The second is a Burmese dancing girl, from Bakersfield, California, tall and willowy and untaught. The third feminine force in Mark's life is Fidelia, a worldly-wise and happily married German opera singer. It remained for her to bring Mark and Madonna, the woman he loves, together again.

The book, as a whole, is not without merit. It is obvious that Basil Maine is himself a musician and a critic. The plot is well conceived to fulfill its musical title—"Rondo." There is much intelligent comment on music, a great many astute observations on life and many objectionable pronouncements.

Mr. Maine seems to imagine his typewriter



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Duosettes
have arrived!

Still the perfect-fitting garment, and made of a brocade that's finer than ever! It boasts the bit of boning smart women want this season . . . and molds your figure to a grand slimness! The 14-in. length, \$16.50.

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Constructive Disintegration

Continued from page 7

society are so rare that they are not to be regarded as dependable agencies of readjustment.

Our present tendency is largely to expand the processes of rationalizing industry—still further curtailing employment. It is incontestable that protracted periods of employment encourage the disintegration of society at its base; and the fact that it is in the face of unparalleled accumulations of centralized wealth that we are expanding the conditions of unemployment in this country today does not help the situation. It exacerbates it. Great enterprises, through seeking to be too constructive, are really producing upon certain groups those prospects of despair that conduce to social disintegration. They are eliminating the human worker from their own fields of endeavor without finding any other occupation for him to pursue.

Government stepping in—as illustrated in the Farm Board debacle—does not help. The Farm Board, through its Grain Corporation and other subsidiary organizations, stands in line with the chain store, the branch bank, and other consolidations to create conditions of control and the extinction of individual initiative and ambition in every field of work. These are the precise conditions that the communists at Moscow are striving to attain, and we are beating them in the race for their attainment.

Neither the government nor big business can halt us in this race unless we see fit to change nearly all existing innovations in industry and commerce, and we are much too canny to scrap all these.

Meanwhile the natural, necessary and irresistible policy of big business in this period of commercialist and competitive expansion is like that of the big fish in the sea, to swallow his small competitors. The big chain grocer swallows the little grocer, the big farmer swallows

the little farmer, the big banker swallows the little banker, and so along.

In principle, as in nature, this may be all right; but in practice we seem to be doing the thing too hurriedly. The small fish are not yet quite ready to be swallowed, and the big fish are not big enough to swallow them all effectively. Moreover, if and when the little fish are all swallowed, or have sought safety in shallow waters, the big fish must pine or perish.

Where may the little fish find safe, shallow waters?

They may not find them. They—the little fish, the outcasts who have lost their former sources of subsistence—may turn on the big fish, revolt in the old-fashioned way and produce a social chaos analogous to that of Russia. On the other hand they may abandon their towns and cities and return to the primitive life of other days, each group or family working to supply its own needs and to produce enough to have some surplus staple to barter in trade with some neighbor.

This latter concept may seem nonsensical in the light of current customs and traditions. No such concept seems irrational in the light of history. Babylon in its day was relatively as important as any city now in America. So was Thebes. What have the people of Thebes and Babylon been doing for more than a thousand years? Yet human nature is the same today as it was when Thothmes ruled at Thebes, and as it was when Sargon was king of Babylon, nearly six thousand years ago.

Spring in San Francisco

Continued from page 23

own violets. Fragrant, deep, vibrant violets they are . . . not hot-housey and Parisian . . . Violets that she pins carelessly, but with what charming results to her superb scarf . . . or the sleek collar on her tailored Spring redingote!

The sun shines . . . as we've heard it may do

upon rare occasions in Paris . . . and it's a sun that is alive . . . a sun that plays upon the windows of Nob Hill and runs down our own outwardly indifferent but radiantly aware city streets . . . down to the bay! In its sapphire depths, the sun reflects a serenity . . . a live serenity, of breath-taking beauty! A sun whose sparkle is echoed across our mighty Golden Gate to whisper significantly to the sleeping maid, magnificent Tamalpais! There's a figure . . . like our women . . . wonderfully aloof, calm . . . but underneath so friendly, so real and sympathetic in her protection of Marin's secret wonders!

And then back, back to the scene before us . . . (and don't forget the stranger) . . . to the windows in our own typical stores . . . Smart they are, and gay . . . because, for all our poise, we're gay; we're filled with a joy of living that is actually magnetic to the rest of the world.

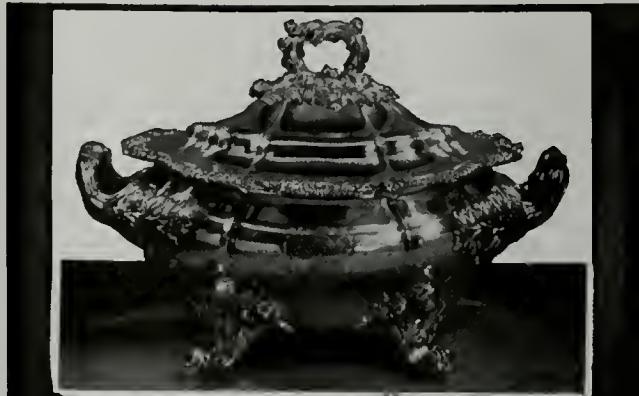
We wouldn't forsake it for a million Parris ciscanized . . . we gloat! It gets even them, this thing, doesn't it? We see an Italian, beaming, happy, talking a little loudly of what the old country people inquire about . . . as if to convince himself of its realism; but working, busying himself, raising tiny Italians . . . here in our particular heaven! Everywhere evidences of our progress, our going places and getting things done . . . it's part, a big part in the whole, lovable something!

OUR streets . . . our flowers . . . our *joie de vivre* . . . greater than that of Paris (and it's Paris that's so commercialized, so backneyed—not our's) . . . our rapturous emanation . . . the element which first took seed here, when Sir Francis Drake got wise to himself . . . my god, how we love it!

We wouldn't forsake it for a million Paris's in Spring and we ask you seriously, bravely—with the same aplomb that we'd use on that stranger—confident of both your answers . . . "would you?"



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Reigning Dynasty

Continued from page 4

The last of the Junior Assemblies will take place on April 24. It will be a sports dance.

Mrs. Frederick W. Bradley gave a dinner dance at her home in Broadway in honor of Miss Katherine Stent.

Mrs. L. E. W. Piota and Miss Mary Emma Piota are in Santa Cruz where they will remain until after Easter. On April 11 Mrs. Piota is entertaining sixty luncheon guests at the San Francisco Golf Club.

Mrs. A. B. Spreckels invited a small group of friends to preview an exhibit of dolls of all nations at her home in Washington street. The occasion was a tea. As soon as the exhibit is completed Mrs. Spreckels will give a large affair in honor of the foreign consuls and their wives, many of whom contributed dolls to the collection.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith recently spent a week-end at Pebble Beach where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, acting president of the San Francisco Garden Club, gave a tea for the members at her home on Broadway. A fine array of daffodils was exhibited.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Uhl celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of their wedding by giving a dinner at the Hotel Mark Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. McNear entertained at the Hotel Mark Hopkins where they gave a dinner dance in honor of Miss Florence McCormick and at the same time entertained a group of older friends in their apartments in the hotel.

Miss Gloria Ames gave a dinner party in honor of Miss Isobel McCreery at the Ames home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Norris have returned from New York and will be established in their Palo Alto home in April.

Mrs. Garnett Cheeney and Mrs. Frederick E. Supple and a group of hostesses arranged the benefit tea at the Clift Hotel for the Stanford chapter of Gamma Phi Beta.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Miss Ethel Cooper left San Francisco on April 1, en route to Europe where she will visit for three months. In Italy she will join Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Minor and will travel through Spain with them.

Mrs. Constance Peters is leaving San Francisco on April 4 en route to Europe where she will remain indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rupert Mason are planning a trip around the world. They will be away for a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. McCreery and their daughter, Miss Isohel McCreery, are leaving soon for Europe for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Charles P. Overton and Miss Daisy Belle Overton sailed from San Francisco aboard the Empress of Australia. From New York Mrs. Overton and her daughter will go on to Europe.

Miss Julie Helen Heynemann is en route to London after a visit of several months in San Francisco. Miss Heynemann is at work on a biography of the late Arthur Putnam.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. Dunn Dutton is in the East where she will visit for several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Walter Macfarlane.

Mrs. George W. Kleiser and her son, George W. Kleiser, Jr., are in New York for several weeks.

Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler is in New York visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chambers. When Mrs. Wheeler returns late in May she will bring with her the two elder children of Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and will take them to the Wheeler country place on the McCloud river for the summer.

Mrs. Beverley McMonagle has closed her home in Atherton and will visit in Cleveland and New York. Later in summer Mrs. McMonagle plans a trip abroad for six months, most of the time to be spent in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Gregory are spending a month in New York.

Ernest Peixotto was among the group of artists chosen to stage the pageant to be held next year at the new Waldorf Astoria where the Beaux Arts ball will take place.

Mrs. Alfred De Ropp was among the guests at a luncheon given by Mrs. Stephen Cumming at the Hotel Pierre in New York.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Sterling Postley (Eve Taylor) are at Palm Springs, having returned from their honeymoon trip to Honolulu a few weeks ago.

Miss Jennie Blair and her traveling companion, Mrs. Haines Smith of Paris, were at Hotel del Coronado recently. The two are making a leisurely motor trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Francis Harris Stent and her daughter, Miss Katherine Stent, recently visited in Santa Barbara for a week.

Miss Christine and Miss Mary Donohoe, who spent several weeks at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara, were honor guests at a luncheon given by Mrs. John Lloyd Butler in Montecito recently.

Mrs. Peter Beaver has been sojourning at Palm Springs at El Mirador.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph V. Whiting were at Hotel del Coronado during the latter part of March and will visit the desert resorts before returning north.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Holladay who now live in Pasadena but whose former San Francisco home in the center of La Fayette square was a landmark for many years, recently have been sojourning at the desert resort, La Quinta. Others there at the time included Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henderson of Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Volkmann, and Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Swinterton.

Mrs. Richard tum Suden with her mother, Mrs. Victor Etierne, Jr., and her daughter, Miss Frances tum Suden, motored to Palm Springs a few days ago and will remain at the southern resort for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brockway Metcalf celebrated their wedding anniversary at the Ahwahnee in the Yosemite Valley. Other San Franciscans who were at the hotel recently have included Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bowes, and from Marin, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dihlbee and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Schmidell.

Miss Gloria Van Bergen recently spent a few days visiting in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby are at present at Arrowhead springs where they have taken the Arrowhead Bungalow with their daughter, Mrs. Ralph Palmer.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh spent a week in Santa Barbara during the latter part of March.

Miss Margaret Garneau will spend her Easter vacation in Santa Barbara with Mrs. Horace D. Pillsbury and Miss Margaret Pillsbury.

Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. Nion Tucker and Mrs. Cliff Weatherwax have taken the Peck bungalow at Arrowhead and will be there for a week or ten days. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller and Mrs. Henry Bothin are joining the party later.

Mr. and Mrs. George Caswell are enjoying a stay in Honolulu. Sailing on the same ship with the Caswells was Miss Ernestine Adams, who will visit in the Islands with her brother-in-law and sister, Lieutenant and Mrs. Robert B. Hutchins.

Mrs. Frederick McNear is at Arrowhead Springs where she has taken bungalow for several weeks.

Mrs. Kate Pohli McLeod is at present in Coronado, but plans to sail for Honolulu on April 18.

A motor party comprising Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale, Mrs. George D. Boyd and Miss Jean McGregor Boyd left recently for Santa Barbara for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Dollar, accompanied by Mrs. Keith Ferguson, were recently in Los Angeles, staying at the Ambassador.

VISIT

The MADISON

NEW YORK

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THE MADISON

Madison Ave. at 58th St.
THEODORE TITZÉ Mgr.

Huntress

Continued from page 16

Moments, hours—an eternity passed before the question for which she had been waiting was spoken. "Will you marry me right away—tonight?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes. We can slip over the border—to Nevada—"

Malicious—No, it couldn't be. Joan hesitated, overcame her mental objections with one bold stroke.

"Oh——." She paused for a moment longer, to keep him eager, alive with anticipation. "Yes—I'll do it."

HE LEFT her at the St. Francis with the promise to be back in half an hour. The car cut through the night like a razor through a web of silk. She walked to the elevator, feeling faintly scornful of the barrel-figured dowagers, the ugly duckling debutantes, everyone who would have snubbed her had she given them the chance. She had managed her whole game rather neatly for a girl from the backwoods of Napa Valley, a girl reared by a rheumatic father whose only concern in life was keeping the drab little corner grocery going, a girl whose one passionate desire had been to get out of the silly little two-by-four town with its narrow-minded, shallow people.

She had worked quietly, getting her culture from the movies, her style from the magazines, and her manners from an old etiquette book. She had worked long and patiently, gesturing in front of a mirror to get the right poise into her movements. During high school

days, she had practiced diligently on her public speaking lessons to make her voice vibrant. And then, when her opportunity had come, she had been able to rise to it. Soon she would be Mrs. Anton Knight with a country house and an apartment in town and dozens of long, low roadsters.

Upstairs in her room, she threw some things into a travelling bag and, before taking off her gown, trailed her slender fingers over its sinuous ripples, shivering with delight at the luxurious feeling. Satin spelled adventure—the adventure of which she had dreamed when schooling herself from magazines and movies. She stepped to the mirror to take one last look at herself, to see the beautiful picture at which Anton had been looking all evening.

The picture left nothing to be desired. The dress fit her with the perfection of a masterpiece; there was not a single fold out of place; every line of her glorious body shown in its fullest loveliness, and her hair and eyes seemed to top the whole thing off with the correct finishing touch.

She glanced at her watch. It was time Anton was back. She turned to the mirror for one last look and stood very still.

There in the mirror the satin seemed to slip away, and the hair come down, and the eyes change, and Joan saw instead of the beautiful portrait, a drab dull little girl in a faded little dress, sweeping her stringy brown hair back from her forehead and gesturing with stupid, overdone, awkward flourishes. Counterfeit...

She went to the window, her features motionless, blank, frozen in a wooden stare. Anton would be coming soon, and she would be leaving. She ought to change her dress....

And then suddenly, she knew that Anton would never come, for he had been playing with her. He, too, had seen that stupid little girl in the mirror, that dull little girl trying to put on airs.



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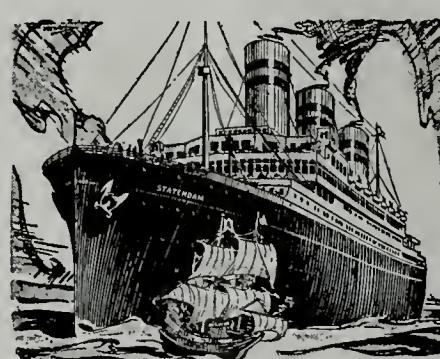
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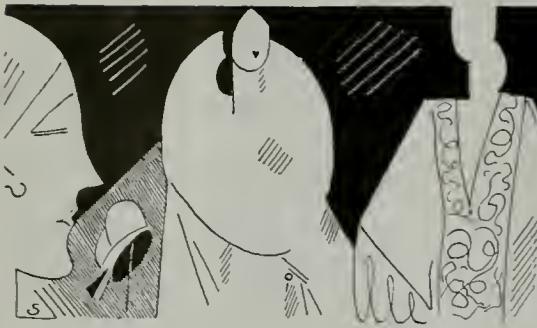
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as seen by her



by Molly Merkley

ON THE loose today, and out for no good. Shiven I must be before the Easter-tide, so "What price temptation?"

Clothes! My nemesis—I sought gayly with nothing to back me up. Well, I don't care. All the columnists say buy, and then buy some more, so I figure that a mere frail like me should take that sound advice.

Luncheon at the St. Francis and only tomato juice and brook trout to sustain me. How did we ever consume the huge meals served us before the world war? Soup to nuts, and I have no memory of even turning in bed.

It makes me almost ill thinking of a five-course meal unless the hostess is first cousin to a dietician. In those days a size thirty-eight was a fair average, while now sixteen to eighteen is most proper and handsprings a daily occurrence.

Hats should come first. They are hardest to buy. I'd always had a hankering to go into Charlotte's and here was the chance for I was right in the building and only an elevator to make. Why is it that some women who have a perfect flair for gowns buy a certain type of hat that would make a dealer of antiques look twice. Now that all of our headgear gives us the air of just "taking off" we quite often bump into a woman who still insists upon outlining her eyebrows with the crown of her hat. I met one in the lobby just now. Was she all laid away? A black Bangkok straw perched over the bridge of her nose, almost obscured her vision. It took three slaps on the wrist to keep from approaching her and asking if she would bear with me while I explained the psychology of wearing her hat far back on her head. It's the age. Nothing to hide in this day of frankness. In other words, "Gif a look."

Charlotte's hats were pert and very simply catchy. More straws this year than San Francisco has seen in some time, and that is because they are so soft and pliable, they fit the head "tight like that." Those of you that have bad

hair line take heart. Dips pulled out: part showing; Billy Dove spit curls; all are helpful blandishments that enable anyone to wear a hat in the fashionable precarious fashion.

Talked out loud to myself that I was going into Gaffney's only to say Hello! But with all my discriminating expostulating—G-o-o-d—the lady had my number and signalled to the model to start pouring into dresses. You know that is what we all do these days. I musn't give this shop all the breaks, but I can twitter a bit about an apple green silk net, combined with filmy white lace. It had the name of "Sweet and Low" tacked on to it. Perfection for a bridesmaid. THE SANFRANCISCAN has always been so graciously interested in bridal parties that I'm following that policy in mentioning this dress.

AS THE TEMPO of city living hastens, clothes keep pace accordingly. It is a matter of minutes now to dress for dinner while a few years back it was almost an institution. Even our shoes we kick off and slip on. Following that trend Frank More has a pair of evening slippers so cut away they are much like a Japanese sandal. Fashioned of exquisite fabric they are a delight to wear. Dr. Sholl, a word in your ear—"Go out of business." Corn plasters are superfluous with the new cut-away pump.

That last paragraph supplies a basis for a broad jump to Lee Eleanor Graham's new studio on Sutter Street. I think we will have to change the name of this street for it has become an avenue of art. Most of the interior decorators have taken their abode here, and you can kill more time just looking in three blocks, than in any other part of the city.

You have to salute the Graham shop. It has everything to offer. If you think your home beautifully and satisfactorily furnished step into this studio. Horsefeathers! One could fill a book with ravings about the exquisite furniture, drapes and objects of art, not to mention the garden room and the colorful gar-

den adjoining. I think there isn't anything like it in California.

JOHN QUINN too has moved to a new establishment on 482 Sutter Street which had its opening March 13th. Captain Quinn has an excellent record behind him in San Francisco and the valleys. It takes a firm and slashing grasp of this art to turn a cluttered home into a place of beauty and rest. I have seen his capable hand do just this. I adore the sagacity of his plain John Quinn sign... Then too, he is going in for ships—yacht interiors and that sort of thing! Ducky, you know.

Barged into Morris' to shake my finger at someone and suggest that they take away the artificial flowers from their really beautiful stock. Mr. Morris came forward and was so courteous I shook hands instead. Even when I plunged a glass bottle to the floor he smiled. You couldn't keep up a dyspeptic glower in the face of that. Now I ask you? I felt so guilty I bought a cocktail tray that is the newest and cleverest thing I've seen. Copied after the stock mart, it has the makings of every known cocktail. Horizontally you read the name of the drink you want to make, and perpendicularly you find the ingredients. Quotations are the portions. That is about as clear as mud. But do go in to see them.

My stomach just gave birth to an idea—"Get something to eat." La Casa Alta was right in the shopping district and I had a yen for some of their hot bread. Topped off with a delicious cake-de-luxe at Foster and Orear's. There mother and child are doing well.

I think there is cause for general rejoicing to have Foster and Orear re-open in such artistic quarters. Everything is very moderne. Lovely soft tones to the walls and fascinating side lights. I didn't miss a trick. Even the maids' costumes and the napkins blended in shade.

Maybe I'm going "native" for a great desire has come upon me to shed my clothes and "lay the body down." Quick, Watson, the aspirin.

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The Russians

Continued from page 17

port. He gave lovely and expensive nothings to every woman in town. By the hour, he spun tales of the splendors of the Russian court to the seemingly indifferent Concepcion. Finally, he proposed marriage to her. To get his grain and a trade treaty with Spanish-California Rezanof would go to any length—even to matrimony.

His proposal threw Concepcion's parents into a panic. The Mission Fathers were scandalized, because the man was only a Russian, a heretic and non-believer in the True Faith. But Concepcion was beautiful, spoiled, sixteen, ambitious, bored with life in the wilderness and enraptured with dreams of the Russian court. In the end, she routed all opposition to the marriage. So Rezanof, as a prospective member of the Arguella family, obtained his grain and disposed of his cargo.

He sailed away to bear the grain to his starving Sitkans, to visit his own monarch, to secure the blessings of the Pope to this alliance of colonial Russia and colonial Spain, and to return in two years to claim his betrothed as his bride.

He did not return. While crossing Siberia to Moscow, he was stricken with fever and died. It was some years before Concepcion learned of Rezanof's death, but always she was faithful to his memory. When it became apparent that he would not return, she entered the Church to find consolation in good deeds. When the first Dominican convent in California was founded at Benicia, in the early 1850's, Concepcion was received into the order, and at Benicia she died in 1857, at the age of 67.

REZANOF'S untimely death was a great blow to the Russian-American Company, but it rallied its forces to proceed with the long debated plan of founding a colony in California. About 1810 a large area of land around Bodega Bay was purchased from the Indians for three blankets, three pairs of breeches, two axes, three hoes and some beads. In the summer of 1812 the Russians began the construction of a fortified settlement about 18 miles above Bodega Bay, and called it Fort Ross.

Architecturally, if one may judge by the few standing remains, the fort was nothing to look at. It consisted of a chapel, the fort building proper, several store rooms and work shops, the commander's house and officers' quarters. These structures were built of heavy redwood timbers, rising vertically from the ground, and topped with crude roofs. The place was surrounded by a high, strong wall and was well fortified.

The Spanish viewed Fort Ross with alarm. But they were in no position to do anything about it. Neither could they do anything more than officially and feebly protest when the Russians established a second and smaller fortified station on the Farallones, and from time to time entered Yerba Buena Bay and slaughtered sea otters and seals under the very noses of the Spanish. Relations between the two peoples quickly resolved themselves into a peanut diplomacy, as absurd as it was ineffectual.

The truth of the matter was that neither the Russians nor Spanish were capable of developing and administering California. The Spanish did not even perceive its possibilities. The Russians sensed its possibilities, but had no talents as empire builders. The two of them merely marked time, while the despised Americans pressed steadily westward and possessed California at the very hour when it revealed wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

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Stevenson and Adams

Continued from page 12

our first visit. Stevenson himself wore still a brown knit woolen sock on one foot, and a greyish purple sock on the other, much wanting in heels, so that I speculated half my time whether it was the same old socks, or the corresponding alternates, and concluded that he must have worn them ever since we first saw him... (two months).

Their travels have broken his wife; she is a victim to rheumatism, which is becoming paralysis, and, I suspect, to dyspepsia; she says that their voyages have caused it; but Stevenson gloats over discomforts and thinks that every traveler should sail for months in small cutters, rancid with cocoanut oil, and mouldy with constant rains, and should live on coral atolls, with nothing but cocoanuts and poisonous fish to eat.

Their mode of existence here is far less human than that of the natives, and compared with their shanty a native house is a palace, but this squalor must be somehow due to his education. All through him, the education shows. His early associates were all second-rate; he never seems by any chance to have come in contact with first-rate people, either men, women or artists. He does not know the difference between people, and mixes them up in a fashion as grotesque, as if they were characters in his New Arabian Nights. The two characters in contact are rather amusing as contrasts: the Oriental delicacy of La Farge seems to be doubled by the eccentricities and barbarisms of Stevenson who is as one-sided as a crab.

Alas, poor Henry Adams had led all his life with aristocrats, diplomats, politicians, professors and snobs. He was a stiff shirt, and was appalled by Stevenson's rejection of the stupidities of society. The simple, sweet Bohemian disposition of the Scot seemed to him part pose and part ignorance.

About this breakfast, Stevenson, in a letter to Henry James, says:

We have had enlightened society: La Farge the painter, and your friend, Henry Adams; a great privilege—would it might endure. I would go oftener to see them but the place is awkward to reach on horseback. I had to swim my horse the last time I went to dinner; and I have not yet returned the clothes I had to borrow, I dare not return in the same plight; it seems inevitable—as soon as the wash comes in, I plump straight into the American's (Sewall's) shirt or trousers! They, I believe, would come oftener to see me but for the horrid doubt that weighs on our commissariat department; we have often almost nothing to eat; a guest would simply break the bank; my wife and I have dined on one avocado pear; I have several times dined on hard bread and onions. What would you do with a guest at such narrow seasons?... eat him?... or serve up a labour boy fricassee?

Henry Adams, the nephew, and I met next on the island of Savaii, where I had taken up residence. I suggested that he rent a nearby hut, as he admired so greatly the environment. He had agreed to do so but he changed his mind because of the tabu.

Many nights I spent with Moors chatting about Stevenson, but that is another story, as is an unpublished letter from Stevenson to Moors which I have, showing the generosity of the sick poet to strangers and his racy wit.

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Clear Lake Topics . . .



Buckingham Park

Formerly the estate of Thomas H. Buckingham, founder of Buckingham & Hecht, Buckingham Park occupies a long, narrow peninsula, jutting squarely out into Clear Lake. Its fascinating extent of natural hillocks, wooded slopes and beaches has been developed into an exclusive and distinctive community of lakeside, residential sites, each about one acre in size.

This private park, almost surrounded by its own waterfront, has been laid out by a master landscape architect, in a manner befitting its natural beauty, with fine paved roadways and avenues, parked grounds, piers and boat landings, bathing beaches and space reservation for golf links. It has all the romantic charm of an island location without the drawback of inaccessibility. It is within a delightful four hours drive from San Francisco, less than an hour by airplane, yet here, at the base of glorious Mount Konocti, in that country, rich in the lore of the Pomo Indian, one is assured the utmost privacy and ex-

clusiveness, in which to enjoy the quiet and restfulness of one's own veranda, or swimming, fishing, boating, horse-back riding, and all of the other sports—all the year.

The land rises gradually from the lake to an elevation of several hundred feet, giving every homesite an inspiring view. Some are level, others have natural slopes, hillocks and knolls. Many of the sites front directly on Clear Lake—no site is farther than four or five hundred feet from the water's edge. Baldwin and Howell who have developed Buckingham Park have arranged for community control by the actual owners of the homesites whereby the rigid restrictions will be maintained to preserve all the charm for this colony of Society people in their lakeside villas.

Motor up this weekend to see the homesites now available. Take State Highway to Lakeport via Cloverdale and Hopland, or to Lower Lake via Calistoga and Middletown, then direct to Buckingham Park.—Adv.



WEDDINGS

GUNN-MOHUN. On May 9, Mr. William Earl Gunn, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Gunn of Coronado, and Miss Cecile Mohun, daughter of Mrs. C. C. Mohun and the late Dr. Mohun.

PRATT-TANNER. On March 30, in Paris, Mr. Russell Wilson Pratt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt, Jr., and Miss Sally Tanner, daughter of Princess Jean Capece Zurlo and the late Mr. Jack Tanner.

MCCORMICK-TOBIN. On April 15, in San Mateo, Mr. Ernest O. McCormick, son of Mrs. Ernest Oliver McCormick and the late Mr. McCormick, and Miss Aileen Tobin, daughter of Mrs. Clement Tobin and the late Mr. Tobin.

MCDOWELL-BISHOP. On May 26, Mr. Arthur Jerrett McDowell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McDowell, and Miss Frances Bishop, daughter of Mrs. Edward Francis Bishop and the late Mr. Bishop.

WHITAKER-OYSTER. On May 16, Mr. Guy Whitaker and Miss Elizabeth Oyster, daughter of Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster and the late Mr. Oyster.

ENGAGEMENTS

BARRETT-MILLER. Miss Irene Barrett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barrett, to Mr. Joseph Hennessy Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Miller of New York.

BISHOP-KING. Miss Celia Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy N. Bishop, to Mr. Lionel King, son of Mr. C. van H. King.

DOYLE-WEED. Miss Dorothy Bailey Doyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Doyle, to Mr. Oliver Marion Weed of Los Angeles.

GILLESPIE-MULLER. Miss Claudine Cotton Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Gillespie, to Mr. Harold George Muller, son of Mrs. August H. Muller and the late Mr. Muller.

RAPP-SCOTT. Miss Gladys Rapp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rapp, to Mr. Kenneth Carlisle Scott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert C. Scott of Piedmont.

TITTLE-THOMAS. Miss Doreen Tittle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Seymour Tittle, to Mr. Lloyd Leroy Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert N. Thomas.

VISITORS ENTERTAINED

Mrs. Stanhope Nixon of Santa Barbara visited for a week with Mrs. Nion Tucker in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heinmann gave a dinner at the Burlingame Club for Mrs. Nixon during her stay.

THE REIGNING DYNASTY

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Blyth of New York are spending the summer in San Mateo and were honor guests at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman at their home in Burlingame. Mrs. Lyman also gave a bridge party recently in honor of Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna of New York.

Among the many affairs given for Mrs. Theodore Wicker of New York, the former Miss Schatz Adams, were parties given by Mrs. Orra Hyde, Miss Catherine Wheeler and Mrs. Ward Dawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Heckscher of New York and Santa Barbara were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Johnson in Burlingame for ten days.

A number of affairs were given for Miss Helen Palmer, the elder daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Palmer of London, during her stay. Lady Palmer was the former Miss Mason of Alameda. Judge George A. Crothers was among those who entertained at dinner for the visitor.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus S. Klavenoff of Denmark were extensively entertained during their visit to San Francisco. Mrs. Arthur B. Cahill, Mrs. Peter B. Kyne and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Harris were among those who planned entertainment for the visitors.

Mrs. Charles Fraker (Merrill Jones) who came from her home in Minneapolis to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Vail Jones, to Mr. Robert Kasper, was guest of honor at several luncheon and dinner parties. Mr. and Mrs. August Virden, Mrs. Du Val Moore and Mrs. Starr Bruce were among those who entertained for her.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Roth were hosts at two week end parties during the recent steeplechase meet at Menlo Park. They entertained at a dinner dance at the Burlingame Country Club on Saturday evening and at luncheon on Sunday at their home at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Taylor Pillsbury are established in their apartment on California Street.

Mrs. Tobin Clark, Miss Patricia and Miss Agnes Clark entertained thirty friends at dinner at the Burlingame Country Club, the occasion being in honor of Miss Aileen Tobin and Mr. Ernest O. McCormick.

Miss Gloria Ames entertained a group of fourteen young women at the Woman's Athletic Club in compliment to Miss Gloria Van Bergen.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Rowell were the honored guests at a dinner party given by Dr. and Mrs. William Palmer Lucas.

Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker will entertain the members of the San Francisco Garden Club at the Fleishhacker home in Woodside on June 13.

Count and Countess Degenard von Wurmbrand were dinner hosts to a group of friends at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale has reopened her Woodside home for the summer.

Miss Harrie Hill heads the junior auxiliary of the Salvage Shop recently organized by Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels.

Mrs. Jerome Politzer entertained at tea at her home in Scott Street in compliment to Miss Janet Coleman on the latter's return from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Cumberston have reopened their home in Menlo Park after spending the winter at the Gaylord Hotel.

The Hillsborough Garden Club show took place in May on the grounds of the Burlingame Country Club.

Miss Louise Boyd has planned an extensive cruise of the Alaskan waters for the summer. Miss Janet Coleman will accompany her.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. George Clark of Washington, D. C., were entertained during their fortnight's stay at the Hotel Canterbury.

Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna is visiting her mother, Mrs. George Wells, at the latter's apartments at the Fairmont.

HERE AND THERE

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, who now make their home in Biarritz, will visit Burlingame during the late summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Davies have taken a cottage for the summer at Pasatiempo Country Club at Santa Cruz.

Miss Dorothy Spreckels made a successful stage debut in the production, "The Marriage Lease," given at the Community Playhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion R. Tucker gave an informal dinner at their Burlingame home in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Lowery also entertained for Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Woolams and their family are again established at their country home in Ross.

Mrs. Richard H. Sprague has returned to San Francisco after a two months' trip East, where she visited some time with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Poole.

Continued on page 28



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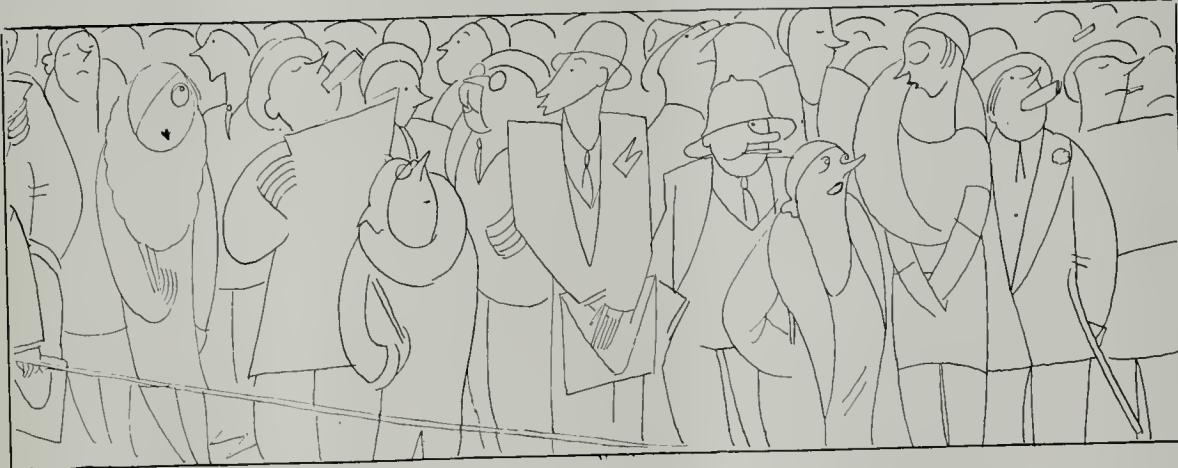
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This photograph was taken during the recent visit of Albert Einstein when Johan Hagemeyer and his camera were spectators while Einstein and his assistant worked over scientific data. Later the great scientist sat for Hagemeyer. The resulting group of photographs, considered by Einstein the finest ever made of himself, is being shown by Gelber, Lillenthal. Hagemeyer has returned to San Francisco after a year spent in Southern California and will divide his time this summer between here and Carmel.

EINSTEIN AT WORK

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

The Art of Revolt

by Don Gordon

THEY say that our times lack vigor, that there are no more giants in the earth. But they fail to observe one manifestation of our zeal: we have had, lately, a renaissance of the art of rebellion. Pitiful and obscure indeed the institution that has not been tried in the balance and found wanting. The Nineteenth Century sowed a healthy lot of dragon's teeth. These have at length ripened in the sun of the new century and have sprung, breathless, into being; a species of militant legion to be expected from that quaint sowing. Reduced to the least common denominator, what they want, in their multitudinous ways, is whatever they have not; and what they do not want is precisely what they have.

Almost everything we do now is arranged by an efficiency expert. Not a sparrow falls that does not contribute his slight kinetic energy to the world's sum of power. All the industries and all the seven arts produce at high tension, on a large scale and with a minimum of waste. Only the eighth, the art of revolt, has gone on by trial and error. Too long have the dragon's teeth, now grown to soldier-like stature, fired and ceased firing at will. They need a regimen. Certain rules and regulations have, after painstaking research, emerged from the dust of many rebellions. These have almost the dignity of a code. It is possible now to teach the young idea how to revolt.

No reference need be made to the common or garden revolt, the simple, naive objection to government. That is as old as history and no longer smart. Our modern rebellions are all smart, all in the mode. We have at last realized that governments get old, like everything else, that they run to paunches, wrinkles and bald areas, and that, somehow or other, they eventually disappear. We might as well direct our energies against other, more tenacious institutions. As to government we have only to let nature take her course.

The remaining revolts fall naturally and inevitably into four classes:

A—Economic, or objection to

other people's money.

B—Matrimonial, or yearning for other people's objets d' amour.

C—Religious, or suspicion of other people's gods.

D—Artistic, or contempt for other people's taste.

In order successfully to conduct Revolt A certain prerequisites are necessary. You cannot just go in for it. In the first place, you must have either (1) Very Little Money or, better still, (2) No Money at All. It is obvious that if you have money yourself and are overcome by the desire to revolt, you will be cutting your own throat. No, in case of wealth it is better to try one of the other forms of rebellion.

If you come under subhead 1 or 2 the next thing is to get into the right uniform. In these days this consists of a pair of trousers with frayed cuffs and a patched stern elevation; a coat that does not match and that has at least one torn pocket; a khaki, a black or a blue denim shirt; a crumpled hat that can be put on going in any direction. The hair should be two months and the beard approximately three days long. This is all you will need except for shoes that must be run over at the heel and stained, preferably with paint or white lime. If you are a woman the above directions will apply with due allowance made for variation in cut of clothes and hirsute capacity. A tam o' shanter is considered very effective for women revolting under A.

Spend as much time as possible on public benches. Talk to everyone who sits near you about your revolt and as loudly as you can. Spit contemptuously at intervals. When crossing streets always move contrary to the stop signals. When ordered back by the officer on duty, mutter fiercely and go back very slowly. When an auto passes too close to your toes and it is a medium priced car, simply scowl at the inmates; if a high priced car, glare; if both high priced and very shiny, glare and curse.

When hungry, panhandle. This is

comme il faut among conscientious revolters. You are thereby not knuckling under to the rotten economic system; you are merely levying a tax, rather informally, upon those weak enough to be taxed. If panhandling is inadequate, the soup kitchens are available. If, however, you find their menu lacking in vitamines, it may be necessary to compromise.

If you have to succumb to the existing order so far as to go to work, do not go meekly. Arrive as late as possible, keep your eyes on the clock, punch your time card just as the closing hour strikes. At noon spread the gospel among the milk-fed workers. Grumble when you can, loaf when you can, take your pay check with the silent imprecation that it is blood money extorted from the widow and orphan.

If the check is small you will still be eligible to continue the revolt under subhead 1 (Very Little Money). But if the check is large, you will come under neither subhead 1 or 2 and are disqualified. You will then be one of those "other people" who are being revolted against.

If you wish to enroll under Revolt B (Matrimonial), you must first ascertain your classification. You must be either (1) Married, or (2) Not Married. The revolt in any case is of the same nature; the variation is only in degree of animosity.

If you come under subhead 1 you may live anywhere and wear what you please, for your revolt is only incipient and requires no symbols. It takes the form, usually, of discourse. If male, you are to express the wish, at intervals, for the life of a beach-comber in Tahiti. You are to be heard muttering about "bondage" and "a dog's life." You are to look with covetous eyes at your neighbor's wife and, in the absence of her husband, to express some of your views on the necessity for broad-mindedness in the modern world.

If female, you are to mention frequently various suitors who once sought your hand. You will undoubtedly point out how some of

HAVING chosen much of the substance of *Curtain Calls* by Constance Ferris for publication in The San Franciscan prior to its appearance in book form and having heard more recently of people who hid the book from their mothers, we share the author's consternation over the fate of numerous copies of this sophisticated volume of verse.

At the recent ball and banquet closing the Book Dealers' Convention, Miss Ferris was introduced to a Hollywood bookseller. During their dance he complimented her on the book, mentioned the portrait frontispiece and said the volume had been a boon to him.

"And have you children of your own?"

Miss Ferris was startled.

"I mean, I thought you might have had your own children in mind."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that mothers seem so glad to get *Curtain Calls*. You see, I keep very few school books and whenever a woman comes in asking for a primer that I don't have, I say, 'But madam, your children are modern children, aren't they? Then why not buy them this?' and she walks off with a copy of *Curtain Calls*."

"What do you offer it as—a sex primer?" the author was frankly curious.

"A sex primer!"

"Yes, haven't you read *Curtain Calls*?"

"No—I admit I haven't—but, coming from Herr Wagner's press, I took it for granted it was a school book."

Whereupon Miss Ferris quoted the verse beginning "I might have died a virtuous wife," and watched a blush creep up the man's cheek as he realized for the first time what he had been prescribing for the children of Hollywood.

A San Franciscan is one who was born on a hill where a cable car runs. This fact, he assumes, (usually with great success) gives him honor, standing and distinction in London, Paris and the other capitals of the world.

HARD times have humbled great numbers of egotists who in palmy days of '29 thought they knew it all, but not the specimen of this gentry who accosted us the other morning.

"Gimme a dollar," he demanded, approaching us boldly, almost threateningly.

"Well," we demurred, sparring for time, "we don't mind giving you a

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

quarter or so, but really we can't contribute a dollar to your support."

"Naw, it's a dollar or nothing," he returned, savagely, "Don't you try to tell me how to run my business!"

A San Franciscan is one who respects the right of way of a cable car.

VARIOUS statements, denials and counter explanations have followed in the wake of the stupid action of Mayor and Mrs. John C. Porter of Los Angeles, who walked out of the room during the drinking of a toast to the President of France, at Havre. Whether the refusal of the toast was due to moral rectitude, misguided patriotic impulse, ignorance of the language and customs of France or any other of the grounds subsequently mentioned by the press, the gesture certainly denoted no high grade of intelligence—and obviously an extreme lack in the social graces, some of which even a mayor of Los Angeles cannot afford to be without.

A San Franciscan is one who knows the months when shell fish are in season.

The scene is the lobby of the Russ Building: Three men meet, one borrows twenty dollars from the man on his left who, in turn, hands it to the man by his side who evidently asked for a loan. The recipient of the money, after a torrid look from the original lender, hands it back to him. Then they all smile, shake hands and depart in separate directions.

The thought we nurse is who owes who?

IT IS a theory of Aldous Huxley, contemporary philosopher and sophisticate, that no budding and ambitious writer can afford to be without a cat—preferably two, one male and one female. The cat, Huxley maintains, is indispensable in gaining a knowledge of human nature.

If you have a cat or cats you may have discovered the logic of this highly engaging theory. If you have no cat, consider Felix. Felix, be it

known, is a tom-cat of more than average proportions, of the variety known as Maltese. Felix is to be found daily and in the earlier hours of the evening in his home and habitat, an Italian restaurant, on Broadway, just around the corner from Chinatown. The cat bears the name of his master, and is not, as may be supposed, borrowing any lustre from his screen contemporary.

The reports that came to us of Felix were remarkable. He can, we were informed, stand on his hind legs, jump through hoops, shake hands, play dead, say his prayers and so on. Further, we understood that Felix needed no urging to perform his tricks, being as agreeable as he is amusing and clever.

We made our way to North Beach to see him and his master. It was about eleven in the morning—one of the hot days of the recent hot spell. Felix finally was spied, stretched to his full length and sleeping peacefully, upon a door transom, some six feet above the floor.

His master roused him. He glared at us and growled ominously. We dislodged him from his high post. We forced Felix to stand on his hind legs. He laid back his ears, spit at us, and from his eyes flashed black hatred. He loftily scorned to shake hands.

We allowed Felix to resume his transom perch, and mounted a chair, thinking he might unbend a little if we assumed his level, instead of forcing him down to ours. We coaxed and spoke soft words. But to no purpose. Felix had spent the night out. Plainly, he indicated that the morning hours are sacred to the rest and recuperation of the man about town, and are not to be interrupted by people who, having unimaginatively and prosaically spent the best hours of the night in sleep, are abroad at ungodly hours of the forenoon.

If you foster the noble aspiration to be remembered for your deeds tomorrow, then be not forgetful today of men who so usefully served mankind yesterday.—Adolf Werbik.

THEY needed newspapermen in the filming of the American Tragedy in Hollywood last week. Eight members of the Fifth Estate, which belongs to reporters unwed to any employment, were recruited.

"Well boys," genially demanded the director at the end of the day's work, "what do you think of it?"

The eight shuffled around uneasily.

Continued on page 31



ROLL OF OBLOQUY

by Sotomayor

X. Y. ZOUNDS (top left)—the practical business man very much obsessed with the depression at this time. A self-made man whose lips are loud with invitations for bigger and better buying of his products while his right hand is busy signing final checks for dismissed employees. Zounds has not cured himself of the habit of jingling coins in his pocket. He even forgets to quiet the sound of clinking dollars when he repeats his palliative homily that having one's pockets empty is merely a psychological state.

C. GORFERD STEBBLE-WAITE (upper right)—author of the latest obtruse novel published in the Balearic Islands—read by all but understood by none. He is here shown in a characteristic pose denoting modesty before a newscamera. He wouldn't miss being in the picture for worlds—but he feels that it is appropriate for one of his erudition to shrink from the public gaze. Though dealing with the deepest psychological problems in his writings, he is not yet aware that he himself has a fairly developed exhibition complex.

PETER GARBIDDLE FOND (top right)—regarded throughout the community as a pillar of culture. He is always to be found at the pre-view of an important art exhibition or any event catering to artists. He is one of those large silent men credited with an aesthetic soul under a heavy exterior—few know that Fond is a manufacturer of paint and that he takes delight in counting up the square feet of painted canvas hung in each exhibition. Fewer still know that his grief at the passing of the impressionists comes from his realization that they were by far the most lavish of all users of paint.

MRS. DOREL BROWNE-HIBB-CARVINGTON—(lower right)—whose successive marriages and divorces have brought her such notoriety that her endorsement is felt to carry a great deal of weight with the general public. She has in turn endorsed cosmetics, breakfast foods, mattresses and bath mats—and is now turning to the lucrative field of Foreign Language, Public Speaking and other such correspondence courses in which advertisements she will be pictured in her full glory of thrice-widowhood with a caption beginning, ". . . four weeks later, they were at my feet—"



Wives Have All the Fun

An Analysis of the Status of Modern Women

by Leona Mayer Bayer

THE American Twentieth Century is a witch. She intoxicates her children with the heady wine of intellectual liberty, the while she pushes them slyly into an ever hotter oven of economic bondage. Only one person eludes her. It is the modern wife.

This fortunate lady is precisely in that position where she can eat her cake and have it too. She may be free when she likes, and sheltered when it suits her. She stands in the strategic dawn of her complete liberation, whence she can, on appropriate occasion, step back into the warm night of her former dependency. She may have a "room of her own" in a house maintained by her husband. For she has kept the haven of an old institution through the adventure of a new era.

Through several generations, woman battled for liberty in a capitalistic order where it was clear enough that the *sine qua non* of personal independence lay in financial self-sufficiency. She was obliged to back her claims to freedom with the indisputable argument of her pay-check. But now she has her world well trained: she need only shout "I am free," and everyone believes her.

It might have been otherwise. Having demonstrated her self-sufficiency, she might have been confronted with an institution of wedlock which refused to support her any longer. But marriage, that good old convention, has stood firm against the logic of woman's independence. It remains a happy anachronism, offering to a changed woman the unchanged promise of her husband's wage. So naturally is it offered, that the same girl who staunchly shares weekend expenses with her lover, will, with only a faint qualm, accept half of his income as community property—after the ceremony.

The "new woman" in America has, by a sort of surprise maneuver, wrested from society both education and privilege. Society has not yet countered with the demand that she use them. It has left her irresponsible, not expecting, as Soviet Russia is said to expect, that now she will become an integral working part of the community. She is still under no obligations except to herself.

NOT every woman, obviously, reaps the full harvest of such uncompromised power. Many have independence neither in spirit

nor in fact. Many more carry its full responsibility in the sharp necessity of supporting themselves. But the woman who succeeds in having a husband in the house, free ideas in her head, and money in her pocket, is a creature who can skim the cream from the community milk. The group to whom this applies is less limited in significance than in number—since the illogic of woman's status is demonstrated by the fact that such a group exists at all.

Already in her approach to the marriage which is her open sesame, the 1931 lass basks in the sunshine of her advantage. She may not pursue her husband in the Shavian sense, but she must admit that she is quite active in finding the man who shall pick her out. She shares his work-fields and his playgrounds. She meets him with the gay arrogance of the independence which woman has so valiantly earned, whether or no she herself will ever again actually earn it. She has the double fun of being wooed as a woman and fencing like a man: his equal in self-esteem, training, and experience; his superior in seduction.

Furthermore, among that curious portion of the population which nurtures our paragon in her most gala form, the man who finally marries her can usually support both her and her independence. The same education, intelligence, and training which cause him to be attracted to a truly liberated feminine spirit, likewise enable him to earn a good salary, if he consents at all to turn his hand to a money making occupation. At one stroke, therefore, she acquires both the man and the income. The requisite attitude she has already. And now, what can she not do?

Home, office; work, leisure; children, police dogs—she can call the tune to her fancy. For if she can not pay the piper, the gentleman will.

In the first place, she can continue with a career if it please her, or drop it, if it irks. Of course, if the husband abandons his own work, or engages in a non-remunerative pursuit, or meets with pecuniary reverses, she automatically steps in to fill the gap. Her chivalry is not lacking, even though it be rarely called into evidence. Do we not all know the fair young doctor who financed the family when her husband's business collapsed, the teacher who helped to establish her husband as a critic, the social worker who saved the situation when her professorial spouse lost his job in an excess of free speech? This is not even counting the little fat girl who put her man through college.

This self-portrait was one of the interesting canvases shown at the San Francisco Art Association Annual at the Legion of Honor Palace. Together with a still life painting, it presented Alice O'Neill as a painter—heretofore she has been known as a sculptor of small figures. She is the wife of Peter Van Valkenburgh, the painter, and resides in Berkeley.

ALICE O'NEILL

Continued on page 30



The Party

A Story to be Read Between the Letters

by Gale Wilhelm

MY DARLING—It's all arranged! Martin is perfectly agreeable and will be at Tahoe until Wednesday. I have the key in my pocket and my heart is doing a bolero—or something similar. You'll love his place, Suzanne—it's cozier than anything you've ever seen. And no eyes to see two mortals gone nymph and satyr—should such a transformation occur to them! We can quarrel (I love to quarrel with you, darling) over the seat by the window where a quartet of pigeons waits each morning for the breakfast crumbs—over the privilege to wash dishes or first place in the shower or Martin's gorgeous pajamas or which is to say grace at table!

I'm hellish busy this morning—better to say I *should* be hellish busy.

Suzanne, don't fail me this time. I'll live on impatience and ecstasy until Friday.

Your own
PAUL.

DEAR MRS. HUMPHREY—You'll forgive me I know, but I simply can't find a way to get in for Janet's party. Mother's a nervous wreck already, fussing over the luggage, and Daddy's such a nuisance with that gout of his—and I feel I'll simply have to stand by her.

I know it'll be a *gorgeous* party and I wanted so much to meet Janet's South American, but I'll have to postpone it for a few weeks.

I know you'll understand—and know how sorry I am.

Mother sends love.
Affectionately,
SUZANNE.

MY DEAR MARGARET—Just a few words to thank you for the lovely week-end you gave Suzanne. She talked of nothing else for hours. And that charming Quavello—I don't wonder Janet is quite taken with him. These daughters!

Jeff is much improved and is so impatient to be off. We shall sail on Monday or Tuesday and expect to be in town by October.

Thank you again, and my love to Janet and yourself.

Affectionately,
MILDRED G.

DARLING, DARLING—We've just passed the Farallones and Mother has gone out on deck for her nap. Daddy has promised to stop in at Monterey—so I'll post this there.

Paul, I'll simply go *mad* without you for three weeks. I *loathe* even thinking of it. Every time I see a gull I think of Martin's pigeons and that dear little table not quite big enough for two—and my toes on your bare ankles underneath. And Paul darling, the time we fell asleep on the rug and the fire went out. Only I didn't go to sleep for *hours*. You looked just like a little boy and I wanted to eat you. Oh if—

Daddy just came in and asked me

why the devil I didn't get out in the sunshine. I told him I was writing to Mr. Devers about my portrait—and he simply grunted. Nobody can grunt as expressively as Daddy! But Paul, you simply must get that picture started when I get back. He said the other day you must be doing it in gold leaf or something.

I'll have to stop now, darling.

Only I love you—I'll die a thousand times before October. Or go mad—which is worse? If only I could hear from you.

More later, darling.

SUZANNE.

P. S.: Mother never tumbled, Paul. I simply talked *teams* about Janet's South American (everybody knows she's going to announce their engagement soon) and what a glorious time I had—Mother was too busy to read the scandal sheet (as you call it) and even too busy to notice that I started to call Josephine *Paul* when she was unfastening my brassiere last night. I simply must stop now.



Window Washer: I've got it—create another holding company?

The Summer Trek

THE world has been made safe for travelers, comfortable for tourists, and practically irresistible to vacationers. San Francisco will soon be in the throes of its annual exchange, welcoming throngs of people from elsewhere who come to see for themselves the right it has to the reputation of the "most fascinating city in America," and sending out thousands in each direction to sample other places and modes of living.

Vacations are taken seriously in San Francisco. From the typists and salesmen who inundate Russian River and Santa Cruz for week-end and short vacation periods to the business executives and society figures who absent the city from May to September, all devote an amazing amount of concentration on the decision of where their vacations shall be spent. It is the irresistible call of romance—in one form or another. For during vacation, be it two weeks or three months, there is a break in routine, the change in scene which restores the illusion of individual freedom.

San Francisco is marvelously situated for the summer trek. It is within two-week-vacation reach of Hawaii, Canada, Mexico and numerous western scenic marvels—but slightly farther from Alaska, the South Seas, Australia, the East Indies, China and Japan—and one of its main business travel routes leads through the romantic lands of Latin America.

The north is attracting people as never before. Alaska, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California's incomparable Redwood Empire, all stimulate the imagination. The boat trip to Vancouver on board European liners is rapidly coming to take the place in San Franciscan estimation that is occupied by the New York-Havana jaunt on the east coast. Three days on board a foreign ship with European accommodations and bar and you are in Vancouver, a foreign port. The change of environment is complete for the thirsty traveler who leaves his home in search of new sights and old flavors. But unlike the Havana trip from New York, the Vancouver voyage is but the prelude to further travel and is most often taken as a one-way-water one-



An exceptional picture of Mt. Fuji, the presiding genius of Japan. During June, the month of Iris, and July, the season of Lotos, Mt. Fuji is the goal of many tourists and travelers who climb its sides over well-kept trails. The ascent of Mt. Fuji requires eight to ten hours' actual tramping. Reproduction courtesy of N.Y.K.

At right: A reproduction of an old Italian tavern forms the bar of the "Duchess D'Aosta," one of the three luxury ships voyaging from San Francisco to the Mediterranean and also available on the coast trip to Vancouver. Libera Line.



North . . South . . East . . West

way-land vacation. Auto transportation is an incidental matter on the boats or one takes advantage of rail, motor coach or further boat service up the coast, inland or back home.

ALASKA is still frontier country, although it is yearly becoming more accessible—hence more civilized. Hotel and travel accommodations there are claimed to be as good as anywhere on the continent so one is assured of access to the picturesque scenes of the hardships of Klondike days in customary luxury. Within five years one will be able to drive to Alaska by automobile. This summer a splendid highway is completed to Hazelton, about a thousand miles north of Vancouver through the spectacular wilds of British Columbia. Next year they expect to push the highway on to White Horse and, subsequently, up the Yukon to Dawson and on from there to join the Richardson highway this side of Fairbanks.

The fact that no passport is required to enter Canada argues well in favor of the British Columbia and other Canadian trips and resorts. The triangle tour of the Canadian Rockies, including a boat trip from Vancouver to Prince Rupert and inland to Jasper National Park, is rapidly gaining fame and favor. Particularly for those who, in former years, have familiarized themselves with the High Sierras, the Rockies and our national parks.

Cocoa palms at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, showing Diamond head in the background.

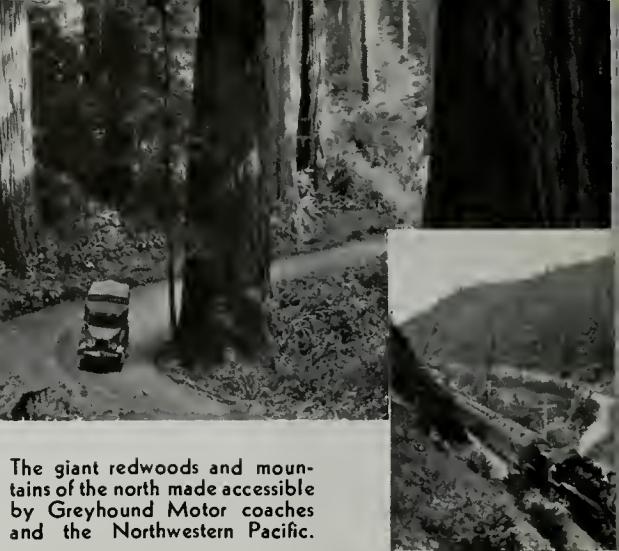
At right: The municipal theater at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, a port of call for the McCormick S. S. Line cruises.

by John Parker

The increased accessibility of these farther north regions applies also to the Redwood Empire which but a short time ago was a scenic wonderland traversed only by hardy adventurers who braved its then narrow, crooked and unpaved roads with an occasional automobile in lieu of the freight wagons and old concord coaches drawn by sweating six-horse teams, their only frequenters. Today the Redwood highway is recognized as one of the finest highways in the West—ideal for the motorist and traversed daily by swift luxurious motor coaches.

The Redwood Empire tour—a new route by rail and motor coach between San Francisco and Grants Pass, featured both as a separate trip and as an enrichment of the usual way to or from Portland and the East—carries one through more than a hundred miles of giant redwoods, the oldest living things on earth, standing today as they did when the first stones of the pyramids were being laid in Egypt. Thousands of the *Sequoia sempervirens*, which flourish in their native setting only in our northern coast range, tower more than 350 feet high and the diameter of the largest trees is from ten to eighteen feet, but the scenic beauty of the redwood country is due fully as much to the luxuriant undergrowth at their feet as to the impressive size of the forest monarchs.

And so the tendency is to go north—even if it is only a little way north



The giant redwoods and mountains of the north made accessible by Greyhound Motor coaches and the Northwestern Pacific.

and only for a week-end trip or a few days' fishing and hunting. The Mendocino coast, Humboldt, Shasta and Lake Counties—each have their appeal, and distances are being shortened amazingly. One of the best short cuts is the new airplane route to Buckingham Park on Clear Lake. Fifty minutes from San Francisco one is landed at The Barge, a sportsman's camp from which to fish, boat and hunt, at the base of Mount Konocti, up to within fifty minutes of the time the city and duty demand return.

TO THE SOUTH lie more exotic lures. Southern California resorts, Agua Caliente, Ensenada, Mazatlan and the interior of Mexico with its strange mixture of primitive people, borrowed European culture, governmental experiments and current modernisms. Then come the succession of Latin-American countries, each with its beauties of scenery and customs and art—and Panama, the gateway through which so many pass to Havana and New York, or direct to Europe on the Libera, Holland-America or other international lines.

One of the most surprising, inexpensive and off-the-beaten-track adventures is the trip to South America . . . or rather, around South America!

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WARREN CHASE MERRITT

Visitors, entertainers, bar-keep and all—the interior of a typical Barbary Coast resort is sketched as seen in the old days by Warren Chase Merritt.

The Barbary Coast An Explanation and Introduction

by Zoe Battu

LONDON has its Limehouse District. New York has its (vanishing) Bowery.

San Francisco had its Barbary Coast.

Of these three, the Barbary Coast was the most notorious. It long stood as a symbol of sin cut loose. It was the root of San Francisco's fame as a wicked, worldly-wise city. Of equal fame was the beauty of San Francisco, and so it possessed the three elements always irresistible to travelers, adventurers, artists, philosophers and romancers.

But of its several quarters or districts, San Francisco and its natives paid the least attention to Barbary Coast. Chinatown is etched, painted, sketched, photographed, made into poetry and novelized. Montgomery Street, Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill, Fisherman's Wharf, the water front, the Latin and Bohemian quarters are as an open and delightful book, not only to San Francisco but to all the world.

For a like chronicling of Barbary Coast, its life, people and history you search the lore of San Francisco in vain. An attempt to gather such material first hand is futile. The Hall of Justice is full of "old timers, who had a beat on The Coast, when it was wide open." Their recollections of the district are somehow vague and general. If now and then, they recall

specific instances in their experiences, these, under close investigation, generally turn out to be of no particular interest or value.

The only people, in fact, who spoke or wrote with authority on The Coast were the reformers. Close to 100% of the literature on the subject, if literature it can be called, issued from the pens of these zealous people. They left unrecorded no detail of the vices, amusements, habits, abnormalities, subnormalities, diseases and fate after death of The Coast's habitues, henchmen, landlords and proprietors. The result of all this industry is, alas, worthless and almost unreadable.

Yet the editor insists that there be written "some stuff" on the Barbary Coast. To such a request no promises can be made. All that can be done is to take what few usable records exist, add to them what details can be picked up, and make the best of the collection. When this has been done, the reader may decide that, after all, the Barbary Coast was a lot like the report of Mark Twain's death—exaggerated and over-rated. He may decide that the average native San Franciscan demonstrated his civilized instinct of live and let live, his sense of historical continuity, by persistently refusing to get into a fever of hysteria about the Barbary Coast. If such is his decision, it is justified, for The

Coast was another of those social phenomena, which in "passing" assume other forms and carry on as lustily as ever.

BUT to begin in the beginning: the district, known as the Barbary Coast, was born of the gold rush. Miners, gamblers, speculators, saloon, hotel, restaurant and gambling house keepers arrived on the scene simultaneously. Dance halls, gambling houses, theatres and music halls sprang up by the hundreds, and literally, overnight.

The life that centered about these many resorts is an old story. Life in the new land was precarious. A man's days moved in strange and dangerous rhythms. Living accommodations were flimsy, cheerless, wretched and exceedingly expensive. By contrast, the gambling houses and saloons were the best built places in the town. Their interiors were flashy with overdone elegance, but they were well lighted, cheerful and warm. Their proprietors, bartenders and patrons were genial, hospitable and sociable. Naturally enough, a man sought these places to celebrate appropriately his good fortune and solace himself in bad fortune.

In good time, of course, the scene changed for the better. San Francisco exchanged its gold for things that make life agreeable and somewhat rational. The town early became noted for its patronage of drama, music and opera. It founded libraries, schools, art galleries and museums. It learned to dine fashionably, and drink with grace of good liquors. The pioneers

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Views and Reviews

of Current Fiction and Verse

by Fritjoff Michelson

GULLIBILITY may be the cause, and again it may simply be an uncontrollable strain of romance that runs through the minds of men, but there inevitably is a stubborn tendency on the part of humanity to glorify, and be baffled by, all things that are strange. People and places separated from our own homes by the breadth of an ocean, by some strange twist of thinking, become phantasmagorical in our imaginations. And those phantasms are heir to all manner of weird interpretations. It is, of course, a fault rather than a virtue. Truth has no relationship to the fanciful notions, warped by dogma and perpetuated by repetition, that seem to survive.

When home-loving Americans, for example, think of the inhabitants of Turkey, they think of the "Unspeaking Turk," and when they think of the Orient, they think of the "Heathen Chinee."

Such mental anachronisms are as absurdly fallacious in origin as they are in truth. A turban tied around one's head does not signify a villain, or a yellow complexion a heathen, any more than the twitter of a single snow bird signifies winter.

Human thoughts and beliefs, human emotions and fetishisms, are fundamentally the same among all nationalities, whether their skins be white, yellow, brown, red or mauve. One needs no better proof of this than to read *The Good Earth*, by Pearl S. Buck (The John Day Company), a current selection of the Book of the Month Club.

Here is a book of China and the Chinese temperament that is as comprehensive in scope as it is delicate in details, as fascinating in content as it is masterfully sustained. The style, somewhat biblical, is admirably suited to the tenor of the subject matter, and it knits the story together into a fabric that is absorbing, colorful, simple, and, best of all, replete with the essence of life.

One hesitates to say too much of the story itself lest he give the impression that it is intricately plotted and tense with action. Plot and action are there, to be sure, but the plot grows out of the characters and the characters out of the action, paradoxical though it may sound.

The curtain rises on Wang Lung, a simple and poverty ridden farmer,

on the day he is to marry O-lan, a slave girl from the Great House of Hwang. In accordance with Chinese custom, Wang Lung has not yet seen his future bride, the marriage having been arranged by The Old One, his father. Because a woman has never before looked upon his body, Wang Lung allows himself the luxury of enough water to become thoroughly clean. Dressed in his long robe, his pigtail neatly groomed, he goes with many tremblings to bring back to the earthen house of his father the mother of his children. The Old Mistress of the Great House of Hwang says:

"She is not beautiful, but that you do not need. Only men of leisure have the need for beautiful women to divert them. Neither is she clever. But she does well what she is told to do and she has a good temper. So far as I know she is a virgin. She has not beauty enough to tempt my sons and grandsons even if she had not been in the kitchen. If there has been anything it has been only a serving man. But with the innumerable and pretty slaves running freely about the courts, I doubt if there has been anyone. Take her and use her well. She is a good slave, although somewhat slow and stupid . . ."

Together, Wang Lung and O-lan work the soil (the good earth) and rear children, suffer floods and drought, pestilence and revolution, until Wang Lung becomes a wealthy landowner.

Although the book deals with nearly fifty characters, each one stands out as a living, breathing organism—not as animated manikins pumped full of the author's own Chinese imaginings, but as human beings who dream and plan, enjoy, suffer and lust as most of us on this mortal coil are likely to do.

Mrs. Buck, who has lived all her life in China, except for the years when she was being educated at Randolph-Macon College and Cornell University, knows the land and the people of which she writes. *The Good Earth*, her second novel, is proof. It is the kind of book that one opens with a thrill and finishes with regret—the kind that one recommends to his friends and buys for his library. It is not preposterous to liken it to Knut Hamsun's *The Growth of the Soil*.

Mrs. Buck's first book, *East Wind: West Wind*, was published a year ago.



LINCOLN STEFFENS

whose autobiography came off the press last month bringing enthusiastic comment from former foes and friends alike. It is commended as much for the literary accomplishment of the account of his childhood as for the conclusions to which his years of activity in the midst of political and partisan battles have lead.

The Secret Image
By Laurence Oliver
(Simon and Schuster, \$2.00)

TO SAY of a modern novel that it is both human and heroic is to say that it certainly is not "just another book."

The story begins dramatically with flames leaping into the sky from the little island of Terain where "those two," Jack Irskine and Charlotte Blair, have been living for fourteen years, unmarried. Nothing is left of the house. Charlotte alone is rescued. She returns to consciousness in a strange room among strange people with no memory of her past life. Cross-sectional bits of her early life awaken uncertainly. Her maiden name . . . her maiden aunts with whom she lived . . . an early marriage with the middle-aged Sir Edward Blair, a dreary union "in which there was neither love nor lust." She also recalled her two children, her experience as a war nurse and the spell of meeting the talented, charming, sophisticated Jack Irskine and her decision to abandon the chains of a selfless existence for freedom with the man she loved. From the completeness of high happiness, Charlotte's life crumbles bit by bit, leaving

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KAY JOHNSON



"Tomorrow and Tomorrow," one of the plays considered for the Pulitzer Prize, brings Kay Johnson to the legitimate stage after recent talkie successes. It is the latest play by Philip Barry, product of 47 Workshop, winner of Harvard drama prize, and one of the most successful of the younger playwrights. In it Barry has tackled problems of social ethics.

With Mrs. Leslie Carter appearing in "Shanghai Gesture" and Mrs. Fiske coming in "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh," San Francisco has unusually rich dramatic fare, particularly since the three-star cast of "The Typhoon" will remain here to play in the American premiere of "Three Men and a Woman." In this, the part of the wife of the lighthouse keeper will be played by San Francisco's favorite—

FLORENCE REED



WALTER EARLE

Spotlight

San Francisco Responds to Varied Drama

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

IF ANYONE ever has doubted that the speaking stage would hold its own in the affections of the public, the record of the past few weeks in San Francisco must go far to dispell such doubts. The list of capacity-house plays has steadily grown. Joey Brown led off at the Alcazar with "Elmer the Great," then followed "Once in a Lifetime," "Elizabeth the Queen," "Street Scene." At present writing, the old Tivoli is brimming over with audiences renewing their acquaintance with De Wolfe Hopper and Gilbert and Sullivan, while the combined strength of Reed, Whiteside and Post is luring theatrically minded folk into the Columbia, for weeks in the doldrums and turned over to the motion picture. Even the opera enthusiasts have had their inning. For two weeks the Pacific Opera Company have made Eddy street look like old times. Mr. Casiglia, with an experience born of two years of pioneering with local talent, suddenly blossomed out with a company that carried performances off with quite a professional air and put a quietus on the idea that there was no local talent in San Francisco worth developing. This season yielded a splendid harvest of potential artists. There was Marsden Argall, a San Jose boy for one and Myrtle Leonard, the girl from Alameda for another. If Mr. Casiglia had done nothing more than discover Myrtle Leonard he must have earned the praise of San Francisco. There are not many real contraltos in the world, but Miss Leonard is one of them. Indeed, she is so definitely one of them that the prediction has been made that she will not stop until the door to either the Chicago or Metropolitan Opera Companies is opened to her.

But to return to what is going on at the present moment. It was our good fortune to see the New York production of "Elizabeth the Queen," but we shall refrain from comparisons. The New York and the San Francisco productions—or should I say the Los Angeles production?—each had excellences and defects. Miss Frederick as Elizabeth is doing the best work of her career. It is a careful and adequate characterization. The worst that can be said of it is that it lacks variety and shading. Miss Frederick has chosen to emphasize the tempestuous and ill-humored side of

England's virgin queen, leaving the warmly human impulses a matter of light sketching. She captures one's admiration for the character, but scarcely one's emotions. Mr. Keith, on the other hand, made Essex a lovesome being despite his choleric. We hope we commit no breach of criticism if we suggest that Essex stole the show. That the reverse was true of the New York performances carries its own inferences. John Craig as Sir Francis Bacon did handsomely with the part, but here the roster of outstanding performances ends. Milton Pope was incredibly bad as the Fool. He missed all its wistful pathos. And, somehow, Barrie O'Daniels was a most undashing, if we may use such a phrase, Raleigh.

We were struck anew with the perfection of Maxwell Anderson's play technic in viewing "Elizabeth the Queen" for a second time. He gets his play under way in an incredibly short time and he keeps it moving at a pace that is not usually encountered in an historical drama. Of course, the continuity of his theme has something to do with it. Plays about public characters usually try to crowd in all the side issues of a career. By limiting this play to the story of Elizabeth's contacts with Essex, Mr. Anderson, following in the footsteps of Mr. Strachey, advances the claims of coherence. Elizabeth had many other interests and many other vital experiences, but they would have served the inter-

ests of the drama not at all had they been intruded.

Again, San Francisco has to thank Belasco and Curran for a sterling production that would be hard to match west of Broadway.

"STREET SCENE" was also on our list of plays seen in New York or, in this case, Brooklyn. Which is not quibbling as definitely as one might imagine. For the "Street Scene" we saw in Brooklyn, just thirty minutes from Broadway, was not "an original New York production" but what is known in the vicinity of Times Square as a "subway company." Meaning that it was not a hundred per cent efficient cast. But it was efficient enough to make us decide that we didn't want to see it a second time. A good enough play but one of those "slices of life" which one can get in the daily paper any morning. It was so real that if you know your New York of the lower middle classes your flesh begins to creep before the curtain has fallen upon the first act. If we must have plays of real life, let them be either of the submerged tenements or the crass artificiality of Park avenue. The intermediate life of Manhattan is too appalling, unless the author gives it a twist of interpretation which raises it above the dull monotony of its surface. This Mr. Rice did not do. It was dramatic, it was skillful, it was diverting in its way, but it was also pretty much of the empty shell that real life usually is. And the women members of the family around whom the drama revolved were quite too refined and grammatical for the environment which had reared them. Figs do not grow upon thistles.

All of which means that we did

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MY CITY

by Sydney King Russell

What fortress as impregnable as this
Stern citadel whose wall remains unshaken?
Arrows were impotent; a bullet's kiss
A vain caress. The city is not taken
Though enemies conspire. Alone she stands,
Her haughty towers groping to the sky
And challenges the might of straining hands
And dares to breathe that beauty may not die.

Yet Jericho once fronted such a night
Wearing the jewels of heaven for a crown;
A trumpet's challenge leapt, as swift as light
And at the siege of song the walls fell down . . .
Take heed, my city, lest a madman's prayer
Uproot your strength and scatter you to air?





ARNOLD GENTHE

MRS. OSCAR COOPER

formerly Anita Harvey,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
Downey Harvey, who was a
recent visitor to San Francisco
from her New York home.

C R E D O

I LIKE SAN FRANCISCO

■ It is breezy, and along with its breezes comes a feeling of all the world. Breezes from across the bay bring hints of the hinterland: ranches and mines, oil and timber, peaks topped with snow. Breezes from the sea, stiff and salty, blow straight from the Orient, the Southseas, Alaska and Siberia. Japanese steamers manned by Japanese. Cargo ships that have come around the Horn. Ships putting out for Australia and coming back by way of the Southseas. Ships loaded with furs and fish from the north. "The United States knows California," they say, "the world knows San Francisco."

I LIKE THE MEN

■ A man in San Francisco looks as though he had been everywhere and were just about to go back again. The city is just an episode in his life. He is never dominated by it. He is not the city type who looks as though his pasty skin had never been aired, as though a ruthless hand had crushed a derby onto a soft head and smothered its brains. The men in San Francisco look as though they had lived in all the far places of the globe. Everyone walks about as though he had selected his clothes for comfort, not as though they had been assigned to him by convention. They wear big hats and high boots, uniforms of ships' officers, golfing togs, loose raglan coats and soft hats. Whatever he wears, the San Francisco man looks like a real person. His skin usually shows a touch of sun. Often his conversation does too.

I LIKE THE WOMEN

■ They, like the men, look as though they had chosen their clothes. In San Francisco you do not see women, as you do in eastern cities, in the standardized costume: society women, shop girls, recent immigrants, and shoppers from Podunk all in the same dress at varying prices. Here women are individual. A woman wears furs at any season if she is more aware of the edge to the breeze than its caress. Women in suits and low-heeled shoes, if they are native San Franciscans and used to chill, and hills. Women in sweaters, open-necked shirts, and flat shoes, just off the links, the tennis courts, or a yacht. Women as smart as women anywhere, turned out in the last smooth perfection for dinner or dance. Young girls of rare beauty of skin and coloring, lovely and gay, filled with eagerness in a city which offers all the snap and sparkle of city, all the sport of

C R E D O

by Erna Fergusson

country living. Women, like men, in San Francisco, have an air of being in command of themselves. They dress as they wish, and they always look well.

I LIKE THE TRAFFIC

■ There are never, or almost never, pushing rude crowds. Even in the crowded hours there is room in which to move and breathe. Crowds are cheerful. At the busy hour, when office workers swarm out and onto the cars and ferries, it is interesting to compare them with a similar crowd elsewhere. Here nobody bawls and pushes. No step-lively signs. Sometimes a city dweller from somewhere else pushes for place. Others make way for him with a large amused tolerance which soon subdues him to walk quietly. There is plenty of time. Plenty of space.

On the ferry there are seats for hundreds. Papers for sale. Meals, shoe shines, candy and tricks. In the very crowded hour people may stand, but there is always the beauty of the bay to watch. A Norwegian steamer passes, rocking the ferry on long slanting waves. A lumber ship bound from Seattle to Mazatlan rides easily. Two boys, hair blown straight up, skim past in a speed boat. The great slow hideous bulk of the city garbage boat plows along. The towers of Oakland rise in front, Berkeley climbs the hills and looks down on its Campanile. The islands reflect the glow from the Golden Gate.

In the city, there is no point to running for cars or pushing to get aboard. Not that there will be another one along in a minute, but that they come in shoals. On Market street they bear down in solid phalanxes, advancing four abreast. It looks as though they would mow down pedestrians like wheat. But no, they are spaced just not to crush you between. They stop often, men on foot make change, conductors tell you where they are going and what they think you had better do to go where you are going. Courteous. They have dealt with too many Orientals to be disturbed by any ordinary kind of stranger.

And the cable cars! The timid sit inside. Intrepid souls or native San Franciscans with well developed adhesive properties, sit outside, face the whole world and take every chance. You climb aboard. The gripman, using more strength than seems human, pulls great levers. It moves. A conductor,

pushing through in the good old-fashioned way, collects your nickel. Here it is a blessed nickel and not some fancy sum like seven cents, involving pennies, change, dropped coins, curses, and all manner of distress for the stranger. The car starts. Almost immediately it begins to climb. Up and up, incredible hills. If San Francisco had grown more slowly, or later, they would have flattened those hills on top and made it like other places. As it is, San Francisco is a perpetual roller coaster. Going up is thrilling enough, watching the strength of the motorman and the additional pull of the conductor on the brake. But coming down! Careening over the hills, up and down, around curves (Hold on lady, says the conductor) with a swerve which would throw off the unwary, and long headlong plunges down narrow streets, paved with brick because no car could stay on asphalt on such an incline; and then the quiet sure stopping whenever the motorman wishes. I like cars in San Francisco.

I LIKE THE AIR

■ The air has always a jewel-like iridescence. On clear days, so-called, it is shot with light like an opal. A sunset behind the Golden Gate gives it the deep warm glow of a Mexican opal. On misty days, cloudy days, foggy days it takes on the soft milky tones of moon-stones. Blue and gray. At night, from the top of, say Telegraph Hill, one gets the deeper tones of Australian black opals. Mysterious flashing green and blue lights with fire in the depths of the water where long lines of lights reach out from the ferry slips.

I LIKE THE HILLS

■ The high buildings are reaching up, now, almost to the height of the hills. San Francisco is a city, and it must grow, as American cities grow, into stupendous height of buildings. But its towers stand against mountains, and its growth is, by a very gracious God, limited. Only this peninsula, nothing more. From the ferries on the east to the tip of the peninsula where seals roll around to watch shipping steam through the Golden Gate, and back to the hills, and that is all. No possible way to spread into the sprawling ugliness which threatens most towns. A self-contained beautiful city.

I LIKE SAN FRANCISCO.



SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION



"Chester," the sculptured head reproduced above at the left, was awarded the first prize in sculpture at the San Francisco Art Association Annual Exhibition. It is by Sargent Johnson, a negro, whose work has won him recognition in New York where it has received Harmon awards the past three years.

"Girl's Head" by Arnold Blanch, above at the right, received the first Anne Bremer Memorial Prize in the same exhibition. It is a beautifully sensitive painting and one of the truly outstanding canvases in the show. It was posed for by Phyllis De Lapp, who also was the model for "Girl Seated," also by Blanch, which was awarded the California Palace of the Legion of Honor Purchase Prize. Blanch returns this summer to Woodstock in New York from where he came to teach at the California School of Fine Arts.

"Bathers" by Nelson Poole, below, was one of the distinctive paintings in the Annual exhibition. It was hung on the same wall as the first prize painting "Prison Riot" by Ross Moffett.

Passing Shows

With a Brief Post Mortem of the Annual

by Aline Kistler

WITH a Beaux Arts membership campaign launched by a "kick-off" dinner, the current showing of Old Masters by Gump's and the inauguration of a "flower show" at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco closes its 1930-31 art season and formulates plans for next fall. The season just past has been a colorful and eventful one. New factors have changed the local situation, fresh impetus has been given the galleries by newly awakened enthusiasms—and the city finds itself in a period of transition from its former complacency to a possible future activity.

The Fifty-third Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association was disillusioning. Its intentions were of the best. It aggregated four hundred and eighty-two ostensible works of art representative of the work of two hundred and seventy-five artists—and high hopes were held on to until four consecutive weeks of exhibition finally convinced even the reluctant ones that the year in art, as represented by the exhibition, could well be counted out. The final curtain was rung on possible enthusiasm when the California School of Fine Arts held its annual student's exhibition and it was found that the students' show was fully as interesting if not more so than that of the practicing artists. It was a bitter dose, and swallowed with hesitance, to be forced to acknowledge that with the exception of a very few of the eastern paintings and even fewer of the California works, the experiments of the students held fully as much vitality and meaning as the general run of supposedly mature work.

The obvious conclusion must be that the chief asset of the modernism championed by those wielding selective power for the Association rests in the form rather than the content of the art being produced. This form can be, and is being, assimilated by the art students who, with their fresh agility, can quickly rival the work of older artists. And when one looks for the accomplishment of maturity, the contribution to art that one expects of the artist of whom we have a right to expect some additional statement of beauty, one is disappointed. For these older artists have been chiefly concerned with the mechanics of modernism and have somehow forgotten that

an artist is supposed to have something to say.

THE controversies aroused by the Association show formed the most encouraging aspect of the exhibition. They showed, at least, that the public is beginning to be unwilling to take what is prescribed for it lying down. There was possibly a greater participating interest in the recent showing than in any other exhibition of the year—if so, what does it matter that the work shown was negligible?

Of the comments called forth by the jumbled dynamics that composed "Prison Riot" by Ross Moffett, first choice of Diego Rivera, Edward Bruce and other members of the jury of awards, one of the most analytical was that of the man who said:

"If Moffett presented this painting to me as proof of his having learned the mechanics of painting and composition, I should grant him a degree on the face of it. He has successfully handled a square to give it the feeling of a cube. He has solved the problem of placing a pyramid in the center counterbalanced with interrelated surfaces. He has started a curve, halted it with angular form—in short, he has presented all the elements of painting. But he has not produced a work of art."

Truly the Legion of Honor is to be complimented on its wisdom in selecting the sensitively painted "Girl Seated" by Arnold Blanch for its purchase prize rather than this epitome of French experimentation from Cezanne to Chirico which was the favorite of the jury.

The sculpture in the Annual was so negligible that most people were not even aware that there were thirty pieces of sculpture shown. Being, for the most part, stylized in a heavy modern mold, with surfaces that spoke of volume and little more, the sculptured pieces took on the anonymity of furniture.

These same local sculptors probably are sniffing at the sculpture of Urbici Soler now on view at the Palace. Let them sniff. There is a vital something to these aracuan types and portrait heads that will outlive the styled simplicities and forced ponderance of most local work.

Soler is an artist of unusual purpose. Having taught in Munich, following



GRUEN STUDI

THE CRITIC

by Ivor Rose

his student days there, he was sought by Buenos Aires. There his work met with such response that he found himself burdened with commissions. Then, in the very height of his popular success, he decided that he was becoming a "bourgoise maker of statues" rather than a free artist. So he deserted the city that was tossing gold into his lap, and went into the forests of Peru and Chile where he buried himself to do creative work. From this revolt came the renewed artistic purpose which has taken him from one frontier to another to study the Indian races of the Americas—serving his only master, Art.

ECONOMIC tension is forcing people to turn to the arts for release and relaxation. On every hand is concrete evidence that the public at large is actively seeking aesthetic experiences—and while this is encouraging to the future vitality of art, it may mean little to most practicing artists because when people go out in search of art they are more exacting than when it is "sold" to them, catering to their vanity and pride in being considered "patrons of art."

The spectacular methods recently
Continued on page 24

Racket

Written on Departure from Miami at the Close of the Season

by Elizabeth Myatt

BEAUTIFUL Miami, the Paradise of Racketeers! The races are over, the last Jai-Alai (Hi-Li) game has been paid. The money lenders have packed up their wallets and handbags and moved elsewhere, the ladies of pleasure and gentlemen of the same are out hunting auto rides to a new season, and the racket racket is somewhat easing up in the Florida resorts. I say *somewhat* easing up because it won't ease up completely, but only wane and gather momentum for a new outbreak, for "we see by the papers" that Miami intends to have a "season" this summer also. God help the natives! I don't know which is worse for them, a season, or a lack of one. One forgets too quickly the dreadful hurricane of 1926 which killed a couple of thousands of people and did vast commercial damage. Beyond the actual destruction of tangibles, the hurricane has wrecked subsequent seasons. Much was expected of the winter just past in the way of building up the long battered resources of Miami, but the depression increased instead of lessening and reached its peak about February, which under "normal" conditions would have been its height.

Unless you belong to the doers in this town, you belong to the donees. Every man who can think at all thinks out a racket and promptly perpetrates it. You might expect the placid negro who "ain't nothin'" to be a negative element, but not so. His effortless existence is a marvel of rackets!

There is the peanut racket, to begin with; the song sheet racket, the puppy-peddling racket, these are the mildest of the "Main Street" rackets. Of more nefarious rackets, I remain discreetly silent, although there are others who might care to shout about them. "This has been a very bad winter," say the natives. Well, well. There weren't quite enough victims for all the racketeers.

No price is fixed. You enter a store, you bargain, you emerge with your article at your price if you've been astute enough, at theirs if you've been merely the first two letters. The apartment hunter will be charged just as much as he gives signs of paying. The idea, confided one apartment house owner to me, is to get as much cash

as possible, hence the habit of collecting the whole season's rental at one time if humanly and physically possible without actual assault and battery. However, if you have a "salary," you belong to the elite and will be unmolested. This same individual told me that he would rent his hundred dollar apartment for sixty, or even fifty-five to a wage earner, because, he said, jobs are so scarce, and besides, "these winter people, you can't ever tell how much they have."

CASH is the only medium of exchange. Cheques are impossible to cash, and if you finally are lucky enough to get some action you are penalized by a fee. Banks aren't trusted. The surplus cash of Miamians goes into the Post Office. I haven't seen a silver dollar since I was in New York. Your change is given in paper. I doubt if any bank in town could produce a silver dollar, even at the point of a machine gun. But then I doubt if any bank in town could produce much, anyhow, machine gun notwithstanding.

The political situation arises at times to a polite brawl, which cannot be soft-pedaled until the summer but must burst its bonds every so often. Invectives are hurled in print and otherwise and a continual side-show carried on for the visitor. The entertainment is not intentional. It merely goes on because somebody can't keep still at a given moment and brings the accumulated wrath of the whole outfit into the open again. The ins are at odds with the outs and the outs are trying to get back in again, which, of course, is really the crux of any so-called political situation. A certain public utility which is said to be privately owned by the ins is believed to be getting too much gravy for the good of the taxpayers, and the outs are trying to rescue their fellow citizens. What improvement their installation in the high-chairs of administration would be, only time can tell.

At present Miami is still suffering from the effects of the boom, boom taxes on boom improvements. The miles of beautiful unused streets have bankrupted the owners of the rows of beautiful and now unused houses. Fine bridges have broken the river front dwellers. The sound of the

hammer is not heard in Miami. Should a building permit appear, it only means that the next day, or the day after that, a man will walk out, put a board over a hole and walk in again. After that, the permit can come down.

The feud with California is worth mentioning. The inevitable question, "Where are you from?" (everyone is from somewhere here) and my reply, "California," brings a response of childish hostility. The Miamian wants your nickel, however, no matter where you are from. When he has procured that, you can be on your way, unless, of course, you have some more nickels.

WITH relief, I, too, pack my bags and prepare to depart, having lingered too long already in my curiosity to see what the town would look like with all its big hotels closed, all the souvenir shops vacated, the used car lots empty, the song sheet vendors gone. With the advent of April and May, the season is officially ended. Rents are cut in half on that date, to be doubled again in November. The whole trouble with this year's season has been that more than the usual crowd of resort parasites and all the adjuncts and appurtenances thereto arrived in full force and hungrier than ever, due to their dull business in other climes. These wolves licked their jowls and waited until the too, too few Little Red Riding Hoods appeared. However, when they appeared, they were racketeering too, and the resulting flourish was a game of *nickel nickel who's got the nickel* played to the death.

I depart. If you want to see a city which is like no other in the United States at present, but which will be like Los Angeles in a few years, with luck (?), go to Miami, but I warn you, leave most of your bankroll behind (if you have any), and be sure to let on that you're an old timer in Miami (four years is equal to five generations background in any other community), allow it to be known that you have a salary, and you'll get out with at least the skin on your back.

FAREWELL, Beautiful Miami. Your weather is heavenly and your skies unfailingly blue. Your air is like warm milk, but your mosquitos, your rainstorms, your high winds and your racketeers sort of clutter up your horizon. Here I go to catch my train north, thank God (and be gypped by the taxi-man as a final flourish).

NOB HILL TOPICS

With delightful insistence, the rhythm of the tango has caught the fancy of San Franciscans—especially those who frequent smart gatherings on Nob Hill. Here the exotic, tantalizing dance of Spain and the Argentine reigns supreme. In Peacock Court at the Mark Hopkins, the return of Anson Weeks from a triumphant request tour of Southern California is celebrated with fresh enthusiasm for the tango as played by his marvelous orchestra. Below are shown Jack Holland and June Knight, famous exponents of the tango who recently appeared at Peacock Court.



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Passing Shows

Continued from page 21

adopted by Beaux Arts may bring the very response and increase in membership they hope for. At least they will reach a public that has long been neglected, that public which responds to "drives" and slogans and "kick-off" dinners.

San Francisco is promised a deluge of French modernism. It had a foretaste the past season in the Chirico, Pascin, and other shows at the Legion Palace and downtown galleries. Augustus Pollack's recent showing at the Art Center of paintings and drawings he brought back from Paris keyed in with the growing interest and the current showing of Dietz Edzard and Emil Lahnor at Gump's finds a definite public eager for that type of painting. However it is doubtful whether, even yet, the public for French Moderns is anywhere nearly so large as that which eagerly goes to see the Old Masters brought here by Richard Gump.

And quite in line with the awakened interest in old masters, comes the request for cooperation from an authority in Holland who is searching for information concerning paintings and drawings by the Dutch master, Hendrick Avercamp, the "muse of Kampen" (1595-1663), a painter of winter scenes. This authority knows of only four works in the United States but believes that there must be more in this country. It is to the interest of all owners of work by this Dutch master that the prospective publication be as complete and accurate as possible so that full justice will be given to both the painter and the owners of his work. Information concerning any of the work of Hendrick Avercamp may be addressed to THE SAN FRANCISCAN from where it will be forwarded to the authority in Holland.

The Art of Revolt

Continued from page 7

them have become famous or wealthy or both. Then sigh reminiscently and half but not wholly resignedly. Speak of Paris with a kind of wistful regret and longing. When with someone else's husband, disparage your own by calling him "good" and "kind."

The advance guard of Revolt B is, of course, subhead 2 (Not Married). They usually come by twos. It is customary for the male to be rather lean and with a burning eye. He is not to wear a hat unless it be a black one. He is never to wear a tie. A shirt open at the throat is the preferred symbol. The female will always wear sandals instinctively so that no directions need be given her. The

They are not to live in a house because houses smack of matrimony; neither are they to dwell in an apartment because apartments are filled with the sort of people who are married. A shack on the side of a hill is almost necessary to manage successfully Revolt B under subhead 2. There should be in it a number

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of pillows so that guests may sit on the floor and imbibe the breath of liberty which is cold and settles near the ground. This is about all that is required for the furnishings except that there should always be a pile of dirty dishes in the kitchen to denote emancipation.

In case of accident or other Act of God, walk, do not run, to the nearest J. P. If your friends are so rude as to laugh, swear fervently that you still hold to your principles even though appearances are against you.

THE enthusiast kills religion with a sermon, the revoler with a smile. And that is the essence of Revolt C. No costume, no special domicile is needed. You are chiefly to be equipped with a restrained irony. It is not necessary to make speeches unless mortification is setting in without them. The main thing is to radiate destruction like ultra-violet rays.

Do not remain away from churches or other edifices of established religion; for to ignore them is to compliment them. No, the thing to do is to go to them all. Let everyone see you there. If they don't see you, tell them about it later. Convey the impression that you go as others go to the theater or to wrestling matches. When people speak of their dogmas and beliefs, do not weaken your case by altercation. Simply smile that ineffable, that wise, iconoclastic, deity-denying smile. You will find it very effective, for people in these days are a bit touchy about their gods.

FOR REVOLT D—Artistic, you have to have a conviction of genius and a hammer. The first is to guarantee your enthusiasm for your own work; the second is to dispose of the work of others. As to uniform, the main thing is to look as little like an artist as possible. For the revolt against art nowadays is also a revolt against the popular conception of the artist. The masses have at last convinced artists and rebels against art that they ought to look like everybody else or more so. Long hair, flowing ties, open shirts, smocks and batiks are passe. If you have an irresistible impulse towards them you should do your revolting under B—Matrimonial and subhead 2 (Not Married).

Having succeeded in your impersonation of a human being and having settled down in a comfortable house or apartment of the kind formerly shunned by artists and revolters against art, you are ready. If you are a painter or a sculptor, go to all the exhibitions. In the galleries where the art of the past is displayed or where there is conventional art, the method most in vogue is to walk rapidly down one side and up the other, glancing briefly at each canvas or figure. Then leave. Thus you will have registered your estimate.

When the art or the literature of the past, or conventional art or literature is mentioned, always say, "Yes, very fine . . . in its day . . ." with that inimitable tapering off at the end of the phrase, that godlike dismissal that can be expressed in writing only by dots. Or else remark, "Smith? Oh, yes, one of the older men isn't he?"

These, however, are the negative aspects. Your real demonstration lies in your own work. Here you have a chance to express everything at once fell swoop . . . your contempt for the past, your boredom at the conventions of the moment, your conviction of genius, your charter membership in the revolt. If you are a painter, you will find it difficult to put all that in the two dimensions usually permitted the art. The thing to do, then, is to ignore this limitation and to go at once into the fourth dimension. You will be surprised at what this will do to your canvases. Instead of portraying mere externals, or doing mere camera-work, you will now be able to present the essence, the "innards," to use a vulgarism, of life.

Poets in revolt can't do much in the matter of dimension but they have ample room for romping in lower and upper case type. A few

Continued on page 27

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44A

Barbary Coast

Continued from page 14

established families and built homes, which they located on the hills to the west and south of the water front and Montgomery street.

San Francisco, in fine, gradually outgrew the ways and recreations of the gold rush days. It abandoned the haunts and habits of its hectic first years. That is, certain resorts, grouped in central and lower North Beach, were left to those whose ideas of recreation and a good time remained elemental. This section ultimately became known as Barbary Coast, and so The Coast was a replica and hang-over of San Francisco during the famed gold rush.

For many years The Coast flourished as the hunting ground and habitat of gamblers, card sharks, hop heads, shyster politicians, underworld worthies, shanghaiers, hoodlums, dope peddlers and ladies of easy virtue or no virtue at all. Its resorts catered to the sailor in port, water front denizens, the riff-raff of a seaport city. Such gentlemen preferred (and still prefer) their liquor raw and straight; their food in quantity. As to women, they are easily satisfied, and of their feminine companions, make no subtle demands.

In the motley throng of Barbary Coast, there were, to be sure, unique personalities, and some of its resorts were not without interest. There were, for instance, The Midway, The Thalia, The Whale, The Hippodrome, The Moulin Rouge or Red Mill. There were Oofty-Goofty, Big Bertha, Cowboy Mag, The Lady of The Galloping Cow, The Congo King, Red Kelly, Bottle Koenig and Bottle Meyer. For one reason or another these people and places were amusing and interesting, and so The Coast served very well when the native San Franciscan wanted to go slumming, or in his more callow youth was seized with the desire to sow a few wild oats.

THIS old Barbary Coast is no more. Reform prophesied its doom; prohibition sealed it.

It is completely stripped of red lights and glamor. Its resorts have been converted into garages, warehouses, quick lunch counters and speakeasies. Only two structures remain to give the rising generation any idea of The Coast in its heyday. These are the padlocked wrecks of The Hippodrome and Red Mill on Pacific street, just below Kearny.

The Red Mill is in the best state of preservation, and is easily identified by a series of bas reliefs in plaster, adorning its recessed lobby, and the figure of a crumbling sprite upon a delapidated half moon, surmounting the entrance. The bas reliefs, depicting the gay gambols of satyrs and wood nymphs, are the work of the recently deceased Arthur Putnam. Putnam, a Western and San Francisco artist, is universally proclaimed the greatest of contemporary animal sculptors, and his animal studies are chief among the treasures of the Legion of Honor Palace. He did the panels for the Red Mill about 1912, and was more than thankful to have the job because he was broke at the time.

Originally the figures in question were nude. The Society for the Suppression of Something or Other quickly learned of this and demanded that they be decently clothed. They were, as you may easily discern for yourself in wisps and strips of chiffon.

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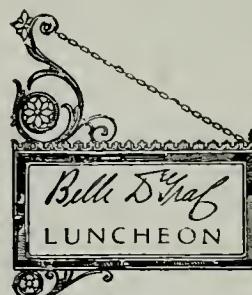
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The Art of Revolt

Continued from page 25

capital letters sprinkled judiciously in the middle and amputated at the beginning of sentences will lend a pleasing whimsicality. A further method is to put the first stanza last and to omit the last. It is also possible to arrange the whole poem in an interesting pattern on the paper.

In general, and whatever your art, when revolting under D, be enigmatic. It will not do in these parlous times to disclose what you mean. Others have done that and they are being revolted against. Put your trust in riddles—they will give people so much to do that they won't have time for counter-rebellion. And you will be free to revolt to your art's content.

HERE are some whose symptoms may not be provided for under A, B, C, or D. They will find themselves taken care of under a further classification known as E—Cosmic, or Chronic Revolt. This is a kind of thirty-second degree in the revolting art and the details cannot be made public just now.

Views and Reviews

Continued from page 15

nothing of the secret image, leaving no alternative except the tragic declamation which is the climax.

The Sonnets of Frederick Goddard Tuckerman
Edited by Witter Bynner
(Alfred A. Knopf)

O F Tuckerman, Witter Bynner says in his introduction: "He is a poet permanently important in any literature." After reading the collection of over a hundred sonnets one wonders for what conceivable reason they have been for so long overlooked. They seem to have escaped anthologists and critics in spite of the favorable way they compare with the work of Tuckerman's contemporaries. Many of them, indeed, sound quite as modern as Symons, Masefield or Edna Millay.

They are sonnets of strong images, sincere integrity to himself and nature, together with a poignant passion to be kin to the final beauty of living. There is nothing of fictitiousness to be found in any of his lines, and little of humor.

Diry of Sylvia McNeely
(Longmans, Green and Co., \$1.00)

Here is the literary product of a nine-year-old which "rates as a feminine Tom Sawyer." Sylvia turns her youthful spotlight on religion, the industrial system, education and literature in a manner that is, to at least one member of her public, delightful.

Sincerely and with much misspelling Sylvia sets down the facts of her life. Her Sunday School teacher "is very thankful of God, but she is very homely." Sundays can, however, "be born with because of ice cream with chocklet soss."

Her reflections are original, her convictions firm and her humor husky. If you wish to brush up on your pre-adolescent self, the information is to be had first hand from Sylvia's unexpurgated "Diry."

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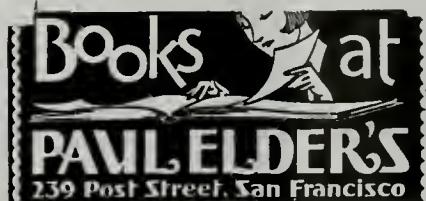
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Reigning Dynasty

Continued from page 4

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Newbold Lawrence (Marina Casserly) will come to California some time in June for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence live in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Walker and their two children will arrive from the East in June and will visit with Mr. and Mrs. Percy J. Walker. Since last November Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Walker have been living in Detroit.

Mrs. Horace Bradford Clifton has been chosen as chairman of the Woman's Committee of the San Francisco Opera Association.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent and Miss Elizabeth Lent will pass the summer at their country place in Woodside.

Miss Sara Coffin is at her home in Ross but plans to go to Santa Barbara soon for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunphy and their daughters are established at Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Meyer have returned to their home in West Clay Park after a six weeks' trip through the East.

Mrs. Harold K. Faber gave a luncheon at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Mrs. Olney Girard, who recently returned from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant have returned to San Francisco after a six weeks' stay in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Phleger are spending the summer in San Rafael.

Mrs. George Dearborn of New York and Mrs. Henry Dearborn are in California for an indefinite stay. They are at present house guests of Mrs. Mountford S. Elson in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Poett and their daughter, Mrs. Richard McLaren, have returned from a trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh E. Porter are in Menlo Park for the summer.

Mrs. Lee Eleanor Graham entertained at a dinner at the St. Francis in honor of Mrs. Marie Wells Hanna of New York.

A Venetian Carnival and buffet dinner dance inaugurated the activities of the Meadow Country Club of Tamalpais for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Foster Brown entertained a party of forty guests on the opening night.

Miss Dorothy Mein entertained at a luncheon recently at the family summer home in Woodside. June 11 has been announced by Miss Hettie Stephenson as the date of her marriage to Mr. Francis Farrington Owen. The ceremony will be performed at Grace Cathedral.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. A. Piota were hosts at a dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. Roy N. Bishop, who recently returned from a year's cruise around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Raymond Welch, who spent the winter in Spokane, have returned to the peninsula for the summer. Mrs. Nixon Tucker gave a luncheon for Mrs. Welch shortly after her return.

SAN FRANCISCANS ABROAD

Countess de Limur and her three children have returned to London after passing the spring months at the W. H. Crocker home in Hillsborough.

Mr. Richard Tobin is spending the summer in Europe.

Miss Katherine Stent and Miss Christine Miller will spend the summer on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Alison H. Turner and Miss Ruth Turner are touring Europe.

Miss Maria Antonia Field was in Rome at last accounts and attended a luncheon given by Mrs. Joseph Scott of Pasadena in honor of the ordination of her son, the Reverend Patrick Scott.

Miss Beatrice Williams is en route to Naples, where she will join her aunt, Mrs. Charles H. Shieh.

Mrs. Edward O. Bartlett has left for Europe after spending the spring months with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jerd Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ettore Avenali are in Italy at the present writing. They plan to tour the Continent until late August.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leigh-Jones are spending the summer in London.

Miss Katherine M. Ball is in Ceylon, where she plans to remain for several months.

Miss Catherine Wheeler sailed from New York en route for England on May 28. Miss Wheeler will remain abroad until August.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN NEW YORK

Mrs. George B. Pillsbury is in the East for a few weeks' visit.

Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt and her granddaughter, Miss Gwynneth Woodhouse, left New York on May 19, planning to sail for London this month.

Mrs. William Wallace Mein was in New York for a six weeks' stay. She is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Frederick Faust.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Farmer Fuller and their son, Mr. George Fuller, visited for three weeks in New York and Washington.

Mrs. Benjamin P. Broadie and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters are en route to New York by way of the Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. King visited at the Savoy-Plaza in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Knight were guests at the Plaza during their visits in New York.

Mrs. Bradley L. Wallace, Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, Jr., and Mrs. Henry Cartan will attend the National Convention of Junior Leagues to be held this year in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ehrman were recently in New York, guests at the Hotel Pierre.

SAN FRANCISCANS IN THE SOUTH

Miss Virginia Murphy and Miss Barbara Pond recently enjoyed a ten-day motor trip in the south.

Mrs. Georgie Spieker Drum is visiting in the Hawaiian Islands, the guest of Mrs. Paul I. Fagan. Mrs. Drum sailed on the S. S. Malolo. Mrs. W. W. Crocker and her children also left for the islands on the Malolo.

Mrs. Frederick W. Clampett and Mrs. William D. Shuman were in Pasadena recently, staying at the Hotel Huntington.

Miss Marion Zeile has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Talbot Walker, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Schwabacher and their daughter and Miss Marjorie Gunst were recently visitors at Coronado.

Mrs. William B. Pringle and Miss Isabelle Pringle recently motored through the South and spent some time at Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. William K. Bowes has taken a house in the Ojai Valley for the month of May.

Mrs. Charles W. Doe has been a guest at the Biltmore in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington S. Henderson and the Count and Countess Von Wurmbrand spent a weekend at the Ahwahnee in Yosemite Valley recently. Mrs. Ward F. Barron has been the guest of Mrs. Pollock Graham at the latter's home in Palm Springs.

Mrs. F. Clift Donahue and her son were recent visitors at Palm Springs.

Mrs. Max Rothschild and Mrs. A. H. Small were at Hotel del Coronado recently. The two went south to attend the wedding of Miss Betty Godfrey and Lieutenant John K. Wells.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll G. Cambron enjoyed a few days' vacation at the Hotel Ahwahnee in Yosemite recently.

Dr. and Mrs. Horace Gray will spend the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Dollar were guests recently at the Hotel Biltmore in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest O. McCormick spent their honeymoon in Southern California, where they visited Agua Caliente, Coronado, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. In the latter city they were guests at Miramar.



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—The San Franciscan

The Summer Trek

Continued from page 13

For the leisurely globe trotter, there are ways of making such a trip entirely around South America, direct from San Francisco, for less than it costs to stay home. Frequent sailings of the McCormick steamships are scheduled through the Panama Canal via Porto Rico, which may serve as a transfer point if desired. Other ships of the same line sail via the historic Straits of Magellan, making all the important and colorful ports of the east coast of South America and thence home via the Canal.

A wide variety of experiences await the interested traveler, for these countries of the sub-tropics each have their distinctive culture and individual customs. The weeks are punctuated with colorful festivals seen when the passengers go ashore at practically all ports of call, with ample time in which to get the atmosphere of the locality. The graceful, pleasant mode of life that distinguishes the Latin is interwoven with the exchange of cargoes, from the coffee, sugar and nut shipments in the equatorial region to the beef, hide and lumber traffic of the Argentine. A trip revealing a new world with interests as widely divergent as the antipodes!

In spite of Kipling, the East is west to San Franciscans. And each year finds more and swifter lanes of travel binding the ports of the Pacific into a neighborly mesh.

China and Japan are within easy reach and the exoticisms of the southern islands and peninsulas of the Orient are dreams easily ful-

filled. The great fleets of Matson, N.Y.K., and other trans-Pacific shipping companies bring the most romantic outposts of the world within pleasurable reach. The Japanese liners connect with several around-the-Pacific cruises during the summer months and in September the luxurious Malolo leaves San Francisco for its yearly cruise encircling the Pacific in record time with the most complete itinerary of romantic ports possible. Australia and the South Seas will be brought closer by the launching, July 18th, of the new S. S. Mariposa, which will herald a new era of fast, luxurious transportation over the southern seas. Tahiti is drawing an unusual number of visitors this summer with special celebrations of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of French rule . . .

As to Hawaii—"Eight parts water and six parts land. Add a generous portion of salt air, plus all the blood-quicken diversions of a five thousand mile ocean voyage; put in four memorable days in the playground of Hawaii, and finally, add a week-end frolic in Los Angeles on the way back home." This is a Matson Line formula for a thrill-packed vacation within the prescribed limit of two weeks!

Time was when consideration of a five thousand mile sea trip during a mere fourteen-day surcease from toil would have been called preposterous. Not so today—thanks to the marvel of marine engineering which produced the speedy S. S. Malolo. True, this special two weeks' cruise is not available throughout the regular summer schedule, but it is approximated so closely that Hawaii remains "just around the corner" all the year around.



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NEW as the great Northwest it serves—swift as the tumbling mountain streams along the SHASTA ROUTE. All-Pullman, with barber, valet, maid, baths, observation car, club car, and all the other luxuries of an extra fare train.

You'll delight in the new, modern dining car, featuring Southern Pacific's specialties, the "Salad Bowl" and "Casserole."

LOW SUMMER FARES

Greatly reduced summer roundtrips to the East in effect this year from May 22 to October 15. Return limit October 31.

Examples of roundtrips from San Francisco (one way through Portland):

NEW YORK . . . \$169.70
CHICAGO 108.30
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\$300
AND UP
First Class



SIR HAMILTON HARTY

SIR HAMILTON HARTY, eminent English conductor, will make his first American appearance as guest conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra during the forthcoming series of summer concerts which opens June 23rd, at the Civic Auditorium.

Other directors announced for this series of ten weekly concerts are Walter Damrosch, "Dean of American Conductors," former leader of the New York Symphony and outstanding Wagnerian authority; Alexander Smallens, associate of Leopold Stokowski in the direction of the Philadelphia Orchestra and conductor of Philadelphia's annual Summer Symphony; Pierre Monteux, successor of Karl Muck as director of the great Boston

Symphony, and colleague of Willem Mengelberg at the head of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw; and Arthur Rodzinski, brilliant young Polish leader of the Los Angeles Philharmonic who was so well received in San Francisco last year.

These distinguished visiting directors contribute much to the city's summer, drawing as they do thousands of visitors from elsewhere and keeping home many San Franciscans who might otherwise go to other musical centers.

Wives Have All the Fun

Continued from page 10

only to be deserted for a blond vampire in the bitter end.

Such contingencies, however, arise only with the more startling changes of development and fortune. Pending these, a wife is not forced to follow a career out of financial considerations, nor need she, on their account, make compromises in the mode of its pursuit. When she continues to work, as she oftener does than not, it is because she likes to. When she brings in the financial bacon, she glows with the splendid beneficence which comes from supplying the luxury portion of the family budget. When, contrariwise, her professional activities warrant entries only on the wrong side of the ledger, she still makes no retreat from her independent stand. Also, since she is on the whole no more expensive than an older fashioned taste for clothes and charity would have made her, her pose is challenged neither by society nor by her husband. Again, we all know: the young fellow who puts his wife through law school, the artist who made his consort a singer, the reporter whose mate started a printing press.

All these projects cost her husband money, for the use of which one might expect a wife to be humbly, nay, submissively grateful. Not so—such projects, remunerative or devastating, give to a woman a sense of poised aloofness which no well dressed look can approach. Meanwhile, the financier, if he thinks about it, may hope that his expenditures will prove to be a good investment. In the interim he is delighted when his socks are darned.

If, on the other hand, it be not work but the high life of cultured leisure which tempts her, the sophisticate can indulge this taste without loss of caste. She need not parade the conventional activities of freedom, so long as she keeps about her the subtle suggestion of its flavor. The "good life" is hers, if her endowment and her American education have given her the capacity to find it. She may even become one of the civilized rarities of the community. To her chances of civility, however, her isolation is a rather severe check. Women with similar economic security too rarely have a congenial psyche, while the congenial males are all at the office. And one can not be civilized all alone! The dullness of a leisure in such meagre company may be a more persuasive stimulus to work than to culture; in any case, leisure may have a lesser lure than one might suppose.

WHATEVER her occupation, the problem of children is another which the modern wife can approach with something of real equanimity. No longer need she balance home and offspring against career and freedom. These can all be made to fit in, like the pieces of a picture puzzle. Offices are habituated to the three months off; there are summer vacations for faculty women; or there is "just stopping for awhile." Since she is merrily free to measure her success by fullness of experience rather than by dollars and

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cents, she can probably interrupt her career by a few well-timed pregnancies without jeopardizing its ultimate value. There remain only those tangled knots: can she dare to bring a child into the indifference of a mechanistic universe? Will her marriage be a better relationship with or without a child? Will her own ego thrive best as a single bloom tended with exclusive devotion, or will it be a more flattering plant when surrounded by young offshoots? These knots, the gods know, are never completely unravelled. Her husband may well be more reluctant than she. For if to both a child means curtailment of personal liberty, maternity is for the woman almost a biologically necessary experience, compared to which fatherhood among the intelligentsia often appears to be a more equivocal boon. Furthermore, bill collectors still look to father, not to mother, at the first of the month.

And finally, when it comes to enjoying a variety of emotional experience, the well married mate is in a psychological position which is far sturdier than that of any lone adventurer. In fact, it is ideal!

INDEED, the twentieth century spouse has achieved for herself a delightful if unstable Utopia—a Utopia no less pleasant for being so absurd and fragile. Admittedly, it is a bizarre phenomenon, produced by a combination of essentially arbitrary circumstances. It could not exist except in a capitalistic society, so wealthy that one man's labor will often maintain a family. Nor could it exist except in a community which has learned that woman can be free when she so desires, but which harbors a majority who do not so desire. It could not happen except in a society which has never contemplated either its women or itself with sufficient awareness.

When once man realizes that only under capitalism could such a paradox be perpetrated—he may turn communist. When once he realizes that his wife has all the fun, while he himself wins almost no financial release—he may well force her to the self support which is the ultimate conclusion of her premise of freedom. No doubt the modern wife will be forced to relinquish her private Utopia long before the rest of humanity finds for itself a social pattern even half so desirable. But for this halcyon moment, when her man loves her like an equal, and supports her like a medieval cavalier—she thanks him.

Now It Can Be Told

Continued from page 8

their eyes roaming about the lot. Suddenly one, unable to endure the silence, looked the director in the eye.

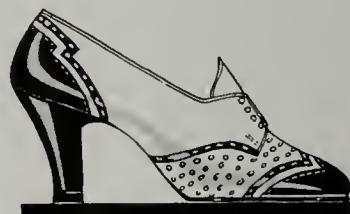
"The lines are lousy," he declaimed, "and the American flag on top of that schoolhouse is short four stars and flying upside down, and some of the extras are a lot of crumbs, and the script calls for a rowboat for the gal to get thrown out of and not a yacht, and there's a lot of other stuff. I betcha the picture doesn't click!"

In the pleasant Hollywood hills, the hissing sibilance of yesses is slowly eradicating the horror of the experience from the shocked director's mind. Three chorus men, a haberdashery clerk, a druggist, and three cousins have been furnished pencils, old clothes and instructions to act like reporters.

The Fifth Estate is again enriched by eight members.

A San Franciscan is one who knows there are still real cowboys in "Butchertown."

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For Spectating and other smart occasions, this perforated, white buck oxford with brown or black kid trim. **\$8.50**



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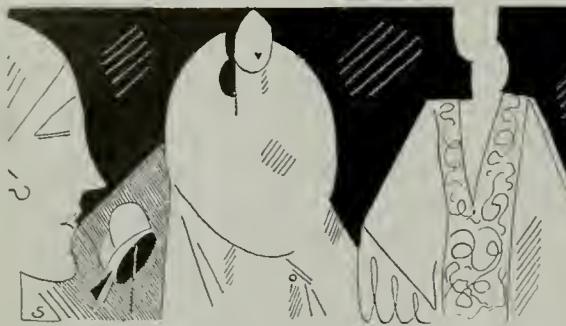
Havana	Bounty Is.	Port Moresby (New Guinea)	Colombo
Colon	Antipodes Is.	Bali (Boeleleng)	Bombay
Galapagos Is.	Scott Island	Sourabaya (Java)	Suez (via Aden)
Marquesas Is.	Ross Sea	Batavia	Port Said
Tahiti	Macquarie Island	Padang (Sumatra)	Catania
Raratonga	Hobart (Tasmania)	Deli (Belawan)	Messina
Auckland	Sydney		Gibraltar

The Cruise will be under the personal direction of Lieut. Commander J. R. Stenhouse, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.S.C., the famous Antarctic explorer and navigator, who commanded the "Aurora" of Sir Ernest Schakleton's Trans-Antarctic Expedition as well as the Royal Research Ship "Discovery" during her recent antarctic expedition. \$2,500, and up.

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As seen by her



If you had no place to go, with Spring singing in your blood and every macadam road a highway to adventure, to say nothing of the banners on Van Ness flaunting the Open Road, wouldn't your nerves go *tsing* over any jar however slight? Mine did that little thing a minute ago, and all because I ran head-on into a woman, tastily dressed, whose upper lip was adorned with a luxuriant mustache. The everglades had nothing on this for growth. Giggles and startled glances made no impression and I had a sneaking suspicion she enjoyed the sensation she was causing. My nerves went b-u-r-r altogether. I wanted to smack her down for not gilletting three times a day if necessary. It seems almost unpardonable for the female of the species to allow a blot like that on the landscape.

I dodged into the City of Paris to lose sight of her and involuntarily sought perfumes, sachets and cosmetics. One whiff of *Le Tabac Blond* and I was better. I've been using this particular fragrance for the last five years and to my mind it is still supreme. You can always get it at the City of Paris even in small portions. Delicately sweet and lingering it is somehow very feminine.



1/3 OFF

On the third semi-annual clearance sale of our entire stock of distinctive apparel and furnishings for Boys, Students and Young Men.

This is an opportunity to economically outfit the boy for his summer vacation with clothes and haberdashery which are recognized as the standard of correct attire.

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Fairmont Hotel

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by Molly Merkley

I'm still kicking back at that mustache. Deep down in my heart that woman caused a feminine reflex that made me seek frilling fussy things and I bought outright, with no particular date in view, a soft handkerchief linen blouse at O'Connor, Moffatt's. Fragile as a cobweb its graceful folds are its charm.

Dainty things like this make me thankful. I'm not a "red hot mama" with an upholstered front. Judging from the crowds at Tanforan there are still plenty of these roaming loose. They must inhale calories for, even trussed in foundations, most of them look like the prow of a galleon. *Fermete*, 1405 Van Ness, has a message for such as you—can and will reduce you anytime, anywhere. While people have been starving and punishing themselves there must have been dirty work at the cross-roads for these *Fermete* people do the trick with the simple treatment of rubbing on a lotion. Presto!! What a break! To eat all you want of devil's food, marshmallow, butterscotch cake.

Europe has taken seriously this season to monogramming itself. We had a wave some time back, but over there it has become a perfect sea wall. Monograms for pajamas, parasols, clips for shoes and suspenders made of initials are quite the thing. In fact, some way you must have your identification tag in the form of a monogram on your person. Harry Dixon in Tillman Alley is the dean of this particular art in San Francisco and can custom build any design with initials. It's interesting to see what can be done with a few letters.

But initials are the least of what one finds at Harry Dixon's unusual shop. I went in for a minute and stayed an hour and a half—not only looking at the exquisite craftsmanship in copper, silver and jewelry but talking to Dixon himself. I'm convinced that he is one of the most fascinating people in all San Francisco—an amazing mixture of philosopher, modern craftsman and artist. His generosity with time is delightful—possibly I im-

posed on him. But he is definitely chalked down as one of the "sights of San Francisco" to whom I shall introduce all my friends visiting the city—and maybe he'll find that generosity pays.

And now to touch on Bal Tabarin—our newest night club. Jammed tight with patrons, one can at least look at the ceiling which, I would say, is the feature of the place. Cornice after cornice of silvered metal with indirect lighting, all converged to a central red light of beauty. Everything is extremely moderne. You sort of look for words of description for this particular decoration. The whole note seems to be "perspective" from every angle.

The dinner served is very good; waiters unusually excellent, while Tom Gerun with his splendid orchestra is a marvelous host between acts. We've long needed this but, by way of wishing it success, let me suggest more diplomacy at the door and check room. It's needed badly.

Two places that you might all like to hear about are Perin, Ltd., and Van Ysen. Both on the same floor at 251 Post Street. The former has made San Francisco home these

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Make an appointment to suit your convenience.

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White...because the first rule of fashion is white with a color!

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The off-the-face mode, now in fashion, stresses the importance of brows and eyelashes as accents to your beauty. Let us dye your lashes and eyebrows with the new method that assures perfect coloring while keeping them soft and silky. Why bother with day to day coloring when it can be done quickly and expertly by

last three months and hails from Pasadena. They carry a stock of high class furniture and we all know Pasadena holds the loving cup for artistic things. I think that city has more real imports than any other of its size.

And, speaking of irresistibles, I'm thinking of the bargains offered by Clyde Hendricks, at 431 Stockton Street. Beguiling new things—and an intriguing assortment of top-notch "second hands" on consignment. I often wondered why someone did not establish a clearing house such as this for white elephant gifts and things our friends have no immediate need for though the value they represent is needed for pocket-change. Presented in the discriminating way that Miss Hendricks does it, I don't think I should be insulted even to find the bracelet I gave Aunt Elsbeth or the bridge table I donated to the budding household of a former boarding-school friend in this attractive shop, waiting for fresh appreciation.

But, while these indoor places have all held interest for me, the open road is still calling and new luggage smells good. I'm off for new sights and wide spaces!

Spotlight

Continued from page 17

not try to sit through "Street Scene" again in spite of the gossip that we heard of its excellent cast.

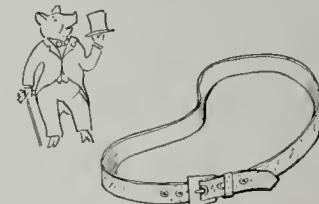
Our inability at the eleventh hour to be assured seats for the opening of "Typhoon" took us to the premiere of "Pinafore" at the Tivoli, instead.

THE audience which arrived to see Messrs. Travers' and Brown's immensely diverting concoction came in all manner of conveyances—in street cars, in taxis, in carriages, in wheel chairs, on crutches, on foot. Many of them looked as if they had not been to a show since Ferris Hartman and Gracie Plaisted cavorted through "Ship Ahoy" at the "old Tivoli" in the days when beer and Queen Charlottes could be had between the acts for the asking. They filled the house from pit to dome and they hummed and whistled and beat time all through the overture. And did they enjoy it! Say, boy, if Mr. Brown had let them have their way they would have kept everyone there until five in the morning.

Well, it's a great old show and De Wolf Hopper is a great old comedian. And, if we want to go in for local pride, there was Carl Kroenke fresh from triumph in Chicago as Sir Joseph Porter and Arthur Johnson, who has not yet deserted San Francisco, looking like a plump cherub as Ralph Rackstraw and even singing more like one, and Nona Campbell waltzing through "Buttercup," and Lillian Glaser, who comes from the east bay

"Pigs is Pigs"

*...but these little pigs
were smart enough to
become something else!*



This little pig liked to run around...so he became a

Smart Pigskin Belt

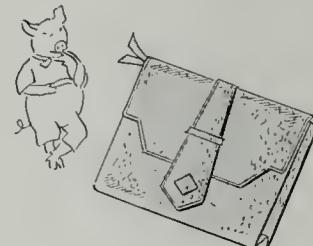
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region and is the present Mrs. Hopper, languishing in the most approved style as Josephine. Bless my soul, we almost forget Arthur Cunningham! Whether he is a San Franciscan or not, he was here long enough "in the old days" to be one. He has lost neither his voice nor his girth, in fact the latter is decidedly in the ascendency. As to the home towns of John Philip Ryder and Aimee Torriani, we cannot answer, but it doesn't really matter because they both were excellent. Yes, Messrs. Travers and Brown, we repeat, turned out a good opera. What, you didn't know that Travers and Brown wrote "Pinafore"? Well, they didn't. But neither did Sid Grauman write "Once in a Lifetime" nor "Street Scene." But in these days it is not the fashion to feature authors on programs. At least, whenever Sid goes producer the printers seem to run out of heavy black type before the names of the authors are reached.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MAN-
AGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIR-
ED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST
24, 1912.

of THE SAN FRANCISCAN, published monthly at San
Francisco, California for April, 1931.

State of California
County of San Francisco)ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner and publisher of THE SAN FRANCISCAN and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher: Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.
Editor: Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.
Managing Editor: (None).
Business Manager: Alfred D. Hendrickson, Russ Bldg., San Francisco.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Joseph H. Dyer, Jr., Sharon Bldg., San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

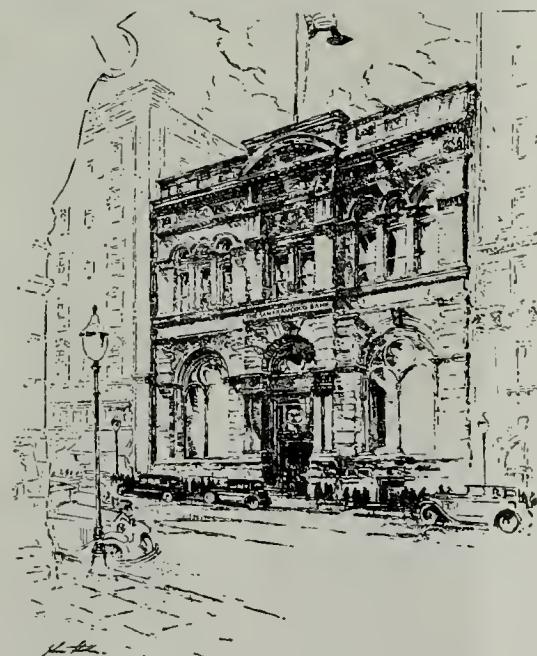
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the Company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the Company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements, embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the Company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bond, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOSEPH H. DYER, JR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of April, 1931.

MARY F. REDDING,
Notary Public in and for the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California. (My
commission expires July 14, 1933.)



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**San Francisco's world hotel in its most distinguished neighborhood.
Quiet--aloof, yet accessible.**

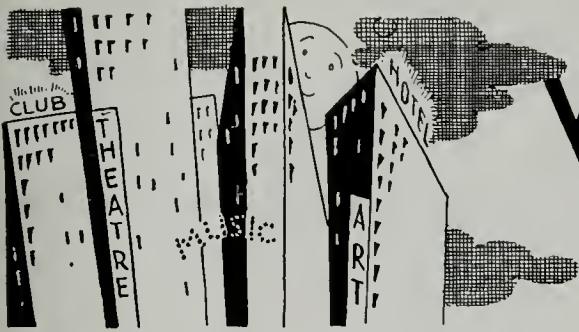
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September 12th: "Aida" with Elisabeth Rethberg, Faina Petrova and Giovanni Martinelli.
September 13th: "Lohengrin" with Gotthelf Pistor, Maria Mueller and Faina Petrova.
September 16th: "Andrea Chenier" with Giovanni Martinelli, Elisabeth Rethberg and Dublois Ferguson.
September 18th: "Madame Butterfly" with Maria Mueller, Faina Petrova and Mario Chamlee.
September 19th: "The Masked Ball" with Giovanni Martinelli, Giuseppe Danise and Elisabeth Rethberg.
September 21st: "Tosca" with Yvonne Gall, Mario Chamlee and Giuseppe Danise.
September 23rd: "Tannhauser" with Elisabeth Rethberg, Gotthelf Pistor and Friedrich Schorr.
September 25th: "La Boheme" with Maria Mueller and Mario Chamlee.
September 26: "Il Trovatore" with Elisabeth Rethberg, Giovanni Martinelli and Giuseppe Danise.
September 28th: "Die Meistersinger" with Gotthelf Pistor, Maria Mueller and George Meader.
September 29th: "Carmen" with Faina Petrova and Giovanni Martinelli.

THE STAGE

Alcazar: "Ladies All" with Perry Askam.
Curran: Jane Cowl in "Camille."
Capitol: Burlesque.
Columbia: "The Silver Cord" with Laura Hope Crews and Kay Johnson.
Geary: "The Greeks Had a Word for It" with Dorothy Hall, Wanda Lyon and Elda Vokel.

DINING AND DANCING

Mark Hopkins: Its doors open wide to all outside. To enter is but the fulfillment of the tourists' desires as to cuisine and service.
Fairmont: Where gentility rubs noses (or is it elbows?) with gay cosmopolitanities. (Probably our word.)
St. Francis: There's something about it... it must be the atmosphere...
The Palace: One of the San Francisco landmarks and very correct places for something almost like four score years.
Sir Francis Drake: Quiet, exceptional cuisine, service, and all the other subtle necessities for a charming evening.
Russian Tea Room: Unusual foods served in a manner that makes the guest linger a little longer over the demi tasse.
States Hof Brau: Dance music now rendered by Bob Klier and his Syncopators.

Grace Trocadero's: Always overwhelmed with popularity.

Coppa's: Chicken portola served in cocoanut shells pleases the most discriminating.

The Courtyard: Truly San Franciscan and delightfully different.

Jacinto Mexican Grill: Where Mexican foods are eatable without the tang of spices that burn the palate.

Solari's: A place that is known for its cordiality and excellent food.

The Lido: Where dull care is thrown to the winds.

The Bal Tabarin: The gayest Night Club in town.

SPORTS

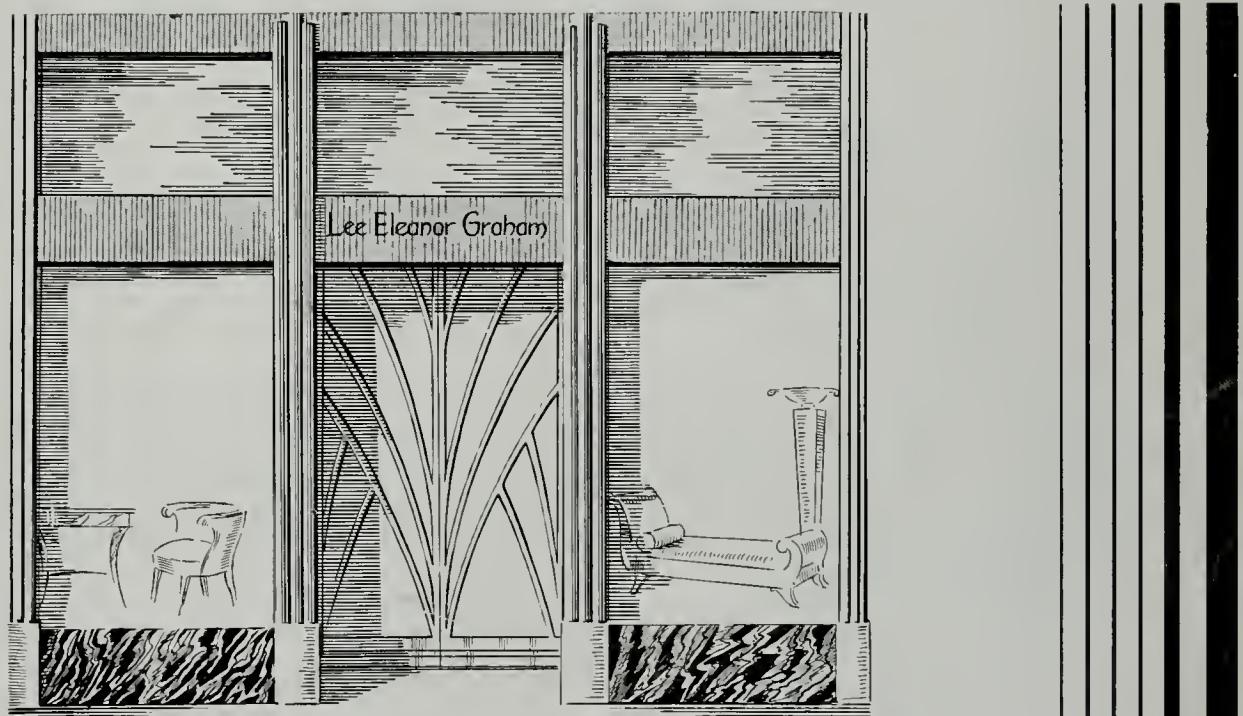
San Jose Speedway: Sunday, September 13th, seven automobile events. Sunday, September 20th, eight motorcycle events.

Polo: Sunday, August 30th, Golden Gate Park Stadium, Olympic Club vs. Army, play-off for summer championship.

California Amateur Golf Championship Tournament: Del Monte and Pebble Beach, September 7th to 12th. Del Monte championship for women, September 9th to 13th.

Oakland Kennel Club: Summer show, Sunday, September 27th, Neptune Beach.

San Benito Horse Show and Rodeo: August 28th, 29th, and 30th, Hollister and Tres Pinos.



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ART AND ARTISTS

California School of Fine Arts, Jones and Chestnut Streets: Opening in September, an exhibition of contemporary Spanish paintings under the auspices of the San Francisco Art Association.

Shell Building Gallery, Bush and Battery Streets: Exhibition of the work of E. Melbourne Brindle.

Courvoisier Gallery, 480 Post Street: Oil paintings by Adolph Berson. Until September 15th.

Beaux Arts Galleries: Representative paintings by eight young painters of Northern and Southern California.

Denny-Watrous Gallery, Carmel: Carmel Art Association exhibition of the works of four National Academicians: William Ritschel, Paul Dougherty, Armin Hansen, and Arthur Hill Gilbert.

California State Fair, Sacramento: Exhibits of oils and water color paintings by California artists. September 5th to 12th.

Oakland Art Gallery, Oakland Auditorium: Oil paintings and water colors by the "Blue Four"—Jawlenski, Feininger, Kandinski and Klee.

Stanford Art Gallery, Stanford University: Exhibitions of art work from the public schools of New York and Carmel, California. Modernistic designs, portfolio covers, block prints, and weavings. Until September 15th. Also a collection of fifty pencil drawings by the late C. Percy Stone.

Fashion Art School of San Francisco: Exhibition of industrial arts by the Reimann School of Berlin, at De Young Museum, Golden Gate Park, August 21st to September 21st.

Duncan-Vail Gallery, 116 Kearny Street: New water colors by Chiura Obata.

California Camera Club: Exhibition of photographic prints by P. Douglas Anderson. Coming exhibitions: Prints by Ira W. Martin and Kathleen Dougan.

Casa de Manana, Berkeley: Oils and water colors by Eveline Flanagan Davis.

California School of Fine Arts, Jones and Chestnut Streets: Annual "Fifty Prints of the Year" exhibition, sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts, and including prints by Michael Baltekal-Goodman, John Sloan, Fiske Boyd, Peggy Bacon, Jose Clemente Orozco, Jean Charlot and others.

Gump Galleries, 246 Post Street: General exhibition of paintings and etchings. August 20th to September 4th: Exhibition of drawings by Hugo Rumbold.

Berkeley Art Museum, Berkeley: Drawings, lithographs and etchings by Millard Sheets and etchings by Arthur Millier.

FOOTBALL

1931 Schedule 4

SEPTEMBER 13, 1931

W. Coast Army vs. Olympic C.; Kezar
Stanford vs. W. Coast Army; Palo Alto

Oregon State vs. Willamette; Corvallis

SEPTEMBER 20, 1931

U. S. Marines vs. Olympic C.; Kezar

SEPTEMBER 25, 1931

U. of S. F. vs. Brigham Young; Seals' Stadium (night)

U. C. L. A. vs. Occidental; Los Angeles (night)

Oregon vs. Monmouth Normal; Eugene

SEPTEMBER 26, 1931

California vs. Santa Clara; Berkeley

Stanford vs. Olympic Club; Palo Alto

St. Mary's vs. So. Cal.; Los Angeles

Washington vs. Utah; Seattle

Washington State vs. Idaho College; Pullman

Oregon vs. Willamette; Eugene

Oregon State vs. Colorado U.; Portland

Montana vs. St. Charles; Missoula

Nevada vs. West Coast Army; Reno

Idaho vs. Whitman; Moscow

OCTOBER 3, 1931

California vs. St. Mary's; Berkeley

Stanford vs. Santa Clara; Palo Alto

So. Cal. vs. Oregon State; Los Angeles

U. C. L. A. vs. Washington State; Pullman

Washington vs. Montana; Seattle

Oregon vs. Idaho; Portland

Nevada vs. Brigham Young; Reno

OCTOBER 4, 1931

U. of S. F. vs. W. Coast Army; Kezar

OCTOBER 9, 1931

Nevada vs. California Aggies; Sacramento

OCTOBER 10, 1931

California vs. Olympic Club; Berkeley

Stanford vs. Minnesota; Palo Alto

So. Cal. vs. Washington State; Los Angeles

Washington vs. Oregon; Seattle

Idaho vs. Montana; Moscow

OCTOBER 11, 1931

St. Mary's vs. W. Coast Army; Kezar

Santa Clara vs. U. S. Marines; San Diego

OCTOBER 16, 1931

Nevada vs. College of Pacific; Stockton

OCTOBER 17, 1931

California vs. Washington State; Portland

Stanford vs. Oregon State; Palo Alto

So. Cal. vs. Oregon; Los Angeles

U. C. L. A. vs. Northwestern; Evanston, Ill.

Washington vs. Idaho; Seattle

Santa Clara vs. Olympic Club; Kezar

W. C. Army vs. Cal. Aggies; Woodland

OCTOBER 18, 1931

St. Mary's vs. U. of S. F.; Kezar

OCTOBER 23, 1931

Oregon State vs. Oregon Normal; Corvallis
U. of S. F. vs. Loyola; Kezar

Santa Clara vs. W. Coast Army; Seals' Stadium (night)

OCTOBER 24, 1931

California vs. So. Cal.; Berkeley

Stanford vs. Washington; Seattle

U. C. L. A. vs. Pomona; Claremont

Washington State vs. Montana; Missoula

Oregon vs. N. Dak.; Grand Forks, N. D.

Nevada vs. Fresno State College; Reno

OCTOBER 25, 1931

St. Mary's vs. Gonzaga; Kezar

Olympic C. vs. Pac. Fleet; San Diego

OCTOBER 30, 1931

U. of S. F. vs. Olympic Club; Seals' Stadium (night)

OCTOBER 31, 1931

California vs. Nevada; Berkeley

Stanford vs. U. C. L. A.; Palo Alto

Washington vs. Whitman; Seattle

Washington State vs. Oregon State; Portland

Oregon vs. X. Y. University; New York

Idaho vs. Gonzaga; Moscow

Montana vs. Montana State; Butte

NOVEMBER 1, 1931

St. Mary's vs. Santa Clara; Kezar

W. C. Army vs. U. S. Marines; San Diego

NOVEMBER 6, 1931

Santa Clara vs. Loyola; Wrigley Field, L. A.

NOVEMBER 7, 1931

California vs. Washington; Berkeley

Stanford vs. So. Cal.; Los Angeles

Washington State vs. Idaho; Pullman

Oregon State vs. Montana; Corvallis

U. of S. F. vs. Gonzaga; Spokane (night)

Nevada vs. San Jose State; Reno

NOVEMBER 8, 1931

St. Mary's vs. Olympic Club; Kezar

NOVEMBER 11, 1931

St. Mary's vs. U. C. L. A.; Los Angeles

W. Coast Army vs. Navy; Berkeley

NOVEMBER 14, 1931

California vs. Idaho; Berkeley

Stanford vs. Nevada; Palo Alto

So. Cal. vs. Montana; Los Angeles

Washington vs. Washington State; Seattle

Oregon vs. Oregon State; Eugene

NOVEMBER 15, 1931

U. of S. F. vs. Santa Clara; Kezar

NOVEMBER 21, 1931

California vs. Stanford; Palo Alto

So. Cal. vs. Notre Dame; Chicago

U. C. L. A. vs. Oregon; Los Angeles

Washington State vs. Gonzaga; Spokane

U. of S. F. vs. Nevada; Reno

Santa Clara vs. Wyoming; Laramie

Olympic Club vs. Loyola; Los Angeles



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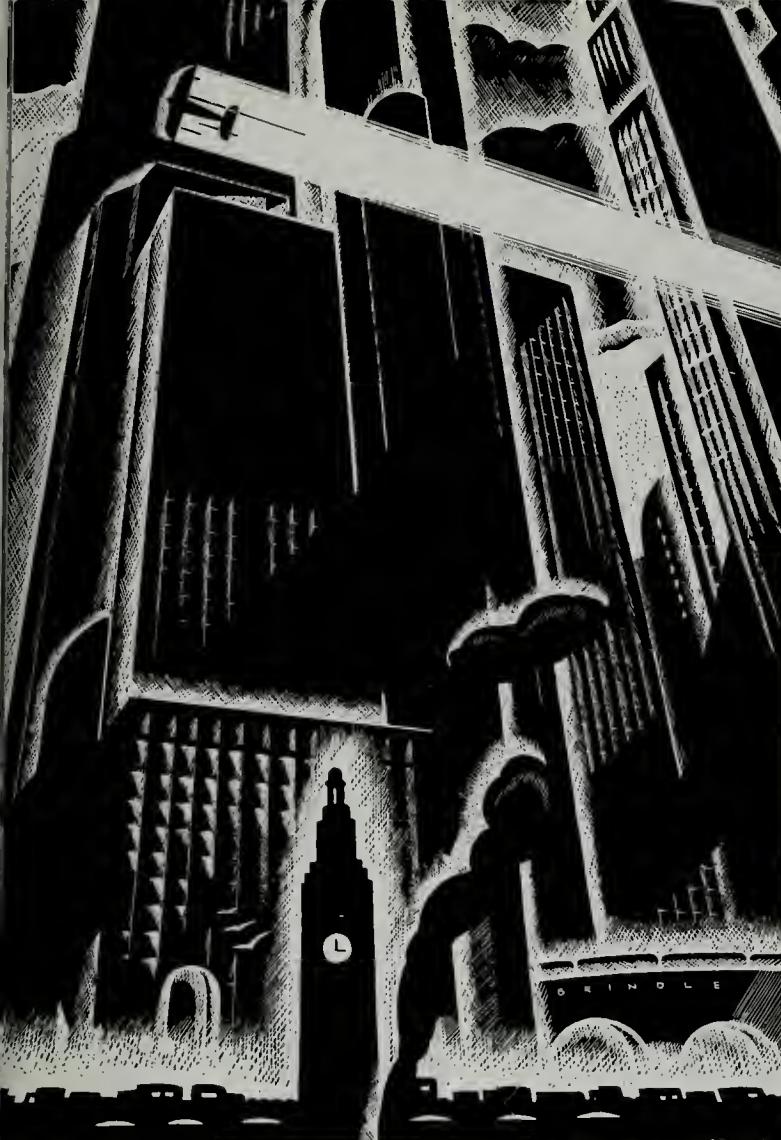
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HARRY A. MASON, Manager



SEPTEMBER 1931

VOL. 5

No. 8

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THE SAN FRANCISCAN

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Arkatov

GAETANO MEROLA

San Franciscans hold the name of Gaetano Merola in grateful regard, for it is mainly due to his vision, organizing powers, and untiring labors that San Francisco has been restored to her traditional place with the opera producing cities of the world. As General Director of the San Francisco Opera Association, since its inception in 1923, Mr. Merola has guided the artistic affairs of the company with the hand of a genius, realizing successfully the city's long cherished dream of producing locally maintained grand opera of metropolitan standards. Himself, a prominent figure in opera, he has brought to San Francisco the world's greatest singers in performances which have delighted almost a half million people and have spread the fame of our music loving city all over the world wherever music is heard.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

"Just Around The Corner"

Some Embarrassing Problems Confronting the Administration for 1932

by Edward A. Morphy

JUST around the corner. What inspiring promises of jobs to burn and cornucopian prosperity these heartening words conjure!

Unfortunately, however, those promises are now of small concern. Just around the corner at this particular moment we see only the vista of a distinctly non-comforting winter as the harbinger of an unusual presidential election year.

This condition, naturally enough, is surprising as well as painful to 126,000,000 innately trustful and confiding people. Have not the occasionally faltering hopes and expectations of this multitude been buoyed up and nourished for more than a year with assurances from the very highest authority in all the land that something very different from the winter it has now in view was waiting for it just around the corner? And were not these assurances echoed and re-echoed during the same period by every high official, and quasi-official, and would-be official, and log-rolling spokesman for the administration?

Was not every dismal Diogenes who sought to probe the rumors of unemployment rebuked for his inquisitiveness? And were not the Census returns of April, 1930, so computed that they revealed a paltry congeries of less than 2,500,000 unemployed in this fortunate land? The exact number cited was 2,429,062. As nobody outside of administrative circles could be induced to accept these figures, it may be recalled, another count was insisted upon which revealed more than 6,000,000 unemployed in the latter part of January.

Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and a member of the advisory committee recently appointed by Mr. Walter S. Gifford, who in turn was recently appointed National Relief Director by Mr. Hoover, predicts that more than 7,000,000 persons will be unemployed this winter. He also disagrees with President Hoover's expressed theory that local funds will be adequate to meet all demands for unemployment relief.

This point is mentioned to show that, at the outset of this unusual winter, on the eve of a presidential election—the fourth such election to be held in the Era of the Noble Experiment, which is Prohibition Enforcement—organized labor does not see eye to eye with the President on a very important issue. The merits of this issue matter but little. It is natural if silly for wage-earners, when thrown out of work, to be embittered against anybody they may be told should help them and who fails to help them. More than 7,000,000 unemployed, as estimated by the chief of the Federation of Labor, is an appalling multitude. It is one-third of the multitude that voted for Mr. Hoover in 1928, the largest vote ever polled for a presidential candidate.

More in accord with the ideals of organized labor are the professed intentions of the President and his administration to do everything possible to persuade employers to maintain the peak standard of wages throughout the period of depression.

This policy has the advantage of involving no expense to the administration or to the taxpayer. At the same time it is doubtful that any administration, even under the leadership of Mr. Hoover, would be powerful enough to compel the maintenance of peak-period wages in any national industry should that industry, during a protracted period of depression, be subjected to the commonly universal operations of the laws of supply and demand.

EVEN the United States Steel Corporation—"the world's premier corporation"—had to announce a general wage and salary slash a few weeks ago. In the reports on the announcement telegraphed from Wall Street it was set forth, *inter alia*, that: "Some economists are inclined to believe that a wage reduction should have been made a year ago regardless of political pressure."

It is to be apprehended that if the administration cannot compel the maintenance of peak-period wage

standards in a concern so dependent upon government favors as is the United States Steel Corporation it will find the attempt equally futile in other quarters.

As a matter of fact what has tended to hurt the strength and prestige of the present administration more than anything else in certain important quarters, and what has also tended to hurt the country at large and the taxpayer in particular, is the apparent inability of the administration or its head to realize that the laws of Nature, including those of supply and demand, are superior to those of the United States, and will continue to operate along their traditional lines no matter what political or judicial pressure may be exerted against them, or what devices for evading them may be contrived by a presidentially appointed board or commission.

The Messiah enunciated what is virtually a law of Nature when he warned Judas Iscariot that, "The poor always ye have with you." Mr. Hoover overlooked this warning when in a pre-election address he piously declared that: "With the help of God, we shall soon be in sight of the day when poverty will be banished from this land." And, *absit omen!* it was in the same address he promised us that a Farm Board would be created to protect the agricultural interests of the country from demoralizations, gluts and periodical surpluses.

This Farm Board has since been created. Under its benign auspices the price of wheat has fallen from \$1.00 a bushel in August, 1930, to 50 cents a bushel in August, 1931, and our warehouses are carrying three hundred million bushels of wheat that we cannot even give away to the unemployed. Under the same auspices we have accumulated nearly five million bales of cotton. No doubt some five hundred million people in China and thereabouts are starving for that wheat and perishing for that cotton; but it would cost too much to carry it to them. Wherefore, under the same beneficent administration we have re-

THEY were sitting on top of the world—to be more specific—on top of Russian Hill. He had heard it rumored that 1931 sponsored "true individuality" in furnishings. His new abode proved that he had followed this edict to the nth degree. No two objects were alike—except in the matter of taste. They were all atrocities.

A Louis XV chair for which he had paid a handsome price—but, prices were minor details to him—a black and white, three-legged, modernistic table—brand new, and fresh from the painter's, and a seductive looking day-port, much bedecked with plush and satin pillows, formed an incoherent setting at one end of the room.

He was very much elated with this new regalia, this glamorous display of wealth and importance. He was particularly proud of his success from his North Beach enterprises. For years he had promised his wife that she would have "nice things" some day. Now, he could make good his promises.

"Mama," he announced one day. "I'm gonna give you two wonderful birthday presents—a Rembrandt and a Hispano Suiza."

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

The next day, the wife, greatly distressed, telephoned his office and interrupted his piling up of millions.

"Papa, one of them things you were talking about just came. I have it here in the room with me, but I don't know which it is."

WE recently dropped into a movie and were very much startled to see the caption "The Governor of California has never worn shoes" emblazoned across the silvery screen. It turned out to be a fake—he wears boots, which we knew all along. But they showed us a good picture of Sunny Jim sitting at his desk while somebody told us a bit of

his political history. Then he turned our way and told us why he wore boots—because his Dad wore them all of his life, not a very progressive idea, in our opinion. At his side was a battery of boots that he seems to keep around as spares. As a climax he demonstrated the ease with which his boots are taken off and put on. He had a little difficulty sliding his foot back into the boot, and he mumbled under his breath something about that it would have to stick just at this time. In the meantime, we had a very good peek at the gubernatorial underwear.

"PARDON me." A member of the Board of Directors, who was visiting Napa Asylum at the time, looked up when the young man interrupted.

"What can I do for you?" she inquired disinterestedly.

"I've been sent here for kicking people," he replied candidly.

"What? Kicking people? Why, you look perfectly normal. Let's talk the matter over." The offender, apparently at ease, sat down, smoked nonchalantly with the finesse advertised on billboards, and displayed none of the characteristics associated with the abnormal person.

After talking with the young man for an hour, the director decided that he was perfectly sane. She promised him that she would take up the matter on the following Tuesday at a meeting of the Board of Directors.

The young man thanked her graciously, and, on the way out, delivered a terrific kick, saying blithely, "Don't forget next Tuesday."

CROWDS, drawn by the music, gathered at the curbs of Market Street to view the impressive parade of the Christian Endeavor Convention.

The police escort formed an unforeseen element of comedy. They were twelve of the most Roman Catholic Irish of the force. Their irregular gaits and fidgeting of hands, holding powerful clubs, disclosed nervousness, as they were spurred on to greater embarrassment and self-consciousness.

We were at a loss to explain the lack of poise of our city "braves." Suddenly, it dawned. They were leading a parade to the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers," "the battle hymn of Protestantism."

THE great decorator, a contemporary of Elsie de Wolf and Circie Maughm, internationally known for her exquisite taste and unique creations, had consented to visit a gift "shoppe."

The aggressive saleslady, showing the great decorator around the



"Hold that line hold that line!—oh, if I were only a man."

"shoppe," stopped at a table elaborately covered with artificial flowers. Picking up an atrocious spray of wax, glass and cotton, she turned to the great decorator and exclaimed exuberantly, "Dearie, can't you just see these spread on a banquet table?"

"Yes," replied the great decorator, "but I would rather see them spread on a corpse."

TWO San Franciscans, the gentleman clad in the most correct of evening garb, the woman gowned in a creation from Chanel, sought entrance to one of Reno's smartest night clubs. The place, it is reputed, is notable for the variety and costliness of its liquor, and the variety and high stakes of its gambling. The two visitors, since they were unknown to the house, rightly supposed that they could be admitted only after they had made themselves known to the manager.

They called for this functionary. He eyed them coldly and asked many questions. The gentleman produced personal cards, business cards, club cards, a bank book, and old envelopes. He mentioned the names of several powers in the business and financial worlds.

The manager was not the least impressed by any of these references. Finally, the gentleman extracted from his wallet a dozen cards. "These," he announced impressively, "are the cards and phone numbers of the best bootleggers in San Francisco."

"Sir," replied the manager just as impressively, "we have nothing in common with bootleggers."

HATLESS, breathless, but not speechless, the cub reporter dashed into the editorial office and made a bee-line for the city desk.

A blonde and attractive defendant had been tearing at the heart strings of a jury made up of fair and upright citizens. The "land of the free and the home of the brave" was trying its best to be brave enough to set this charming woman free. A prominent man, whose relationship to her was questionable, had been shot, while accompanied by her, in a cab. The evidence was against her, but the jury wasn't.

The cub reporter blurted out the story to the city editor. "Yes, the bag found in the cab was hers; yes, she did scream—," he recounted the disclosures of the afternoon's grilling. Finally, the city editor, keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, demanded her answer when the district attorney asked, "Did you, or did you not, fire the fatal shot?"

"Oh," the reporter replied, blinking his candid blue eyes, "I could not catch the answer, as just then a trolley car went by in the street below."



"—But why didn't the man feed you too, Aunty?"

A NEGRO troupe of actors was playing "Othello" before a packed house in Oakland. The climax had come; muffled murmurings and subdued whispers ran through the negro audience.

The clue to the tragedy was about to be disclosed. Othello was demanding the handkerchief from Desdemona.

"Fetch me that handkerchief!" Othello, "tall, dark, and handsome," bellowed at Desdemona. There was an excited tension as the audience waited for her answer. Once again, "Fetch me that handkerchief!" he repeated with intense ferociousness, and the whites of his eyes gleamed lustfully from their black background, as he glared at Desdemona.

Finally, an old darkie in the gallery leaned down and shouted, "Foh heav'n sakes, can't yoh use yoh sleeve so de pefomance can go on in peace?"

YOUR kidney—well, you're not the only one! For the last few months—" the speaker leaned forward eagerly and went on to explain his "untold" suffering. His two companions, seated next to him in "tired business men's chairs" at the Pacific Union, wore sympathetic expressions and shook their heads sadly as the tale of woe unfolded.

"Speaking of kidneys, has either of you ever been troubled by liver—" one of the speaker's companions interrupted to discuss his own ailment, which he considered more drastic and annoying than that of the first speaker's, "—well, you see, my heart—" more wrinkling of brows and shaking of heads ensued as the conversation grew morbid.

A fourth man joined the threesome in time to hear the dramatic end of one of the complaints. "Come on," he ven-

Continued on page 26



Mouline

The New Queen of The Pacific Entering Her Home Port

The new Dollar liner President Hoover, entering into San Francisco Harbor after completing her maiden voyage from New York to San Francisco.

The Hoover with her sister ship the President Coolidge are the largest, most modern, and palatial merchant marine vessels ever turned out in American yards and are the forerunners of a fleet of four queens of the sea contemplated in the Dollar Steamship Lines' building program. They will be the last word in American ship construction planned with the idea of providing the maximum luxury, comfort, speed and safety.

Two very very short Short Stories

Portrait of a Lady

ANTONIA lounged upon a day bed in a room made mellow and golden with the sun of late spring. The room was her own, her kingdom, shut away and detached from the rest of the house. It was decorated and furnished after a manner Antonia called "modernistic." That is to say, its furniture and hangings had been chosen and assembled in a spirit of experimentation, and variously interpreted the cult of colors, of angles, of planes. Upon a slender-legged standard, there was one high spot of glory in the room, a crystal bowl filled with iris, of a rare variety, tawny in shade and streaked with orange.

Antonia herself was a richly blessed young goddess—a goddess with copper-glinted hair, and with the vital body of a healthy and well fed cat. She was dressed simply—in a sleeveless frock of white silk. In the choice of clothing, Antonia had learned the dignity and perfection of Grecian simplicity. But the dress fitted just a trifle too tightly under the armholes and around the hips. Only true genius

achieves simplicity, without the shadow of flaw, and true genius is exceedingly rare.

The girl was reading from a small volume. It was the latest work of Edna St. Vincent Millay, "Fatal Interview." One wondered why Antonia should be reading, why her reading struck one as a little strange and incongruous. Was it because the materiality of so much paper and print, produced by noisy, mechanical processes, was a harsh note in the cool, voluptuous loveliness of Antonia and her surroundings? Or was it because the words of Millay, charged with exquisitely subtle emotion and sensuousness, must be to Antonia an echo, a second-hand version, of things she had known? Was not this girl the living reality of Millay's singing? Could she not look in her own mirror and see songs of romance and life more exotic and satisfying than Millay's lovely word pictures?

She soon tired of reading, and lowered her eyes to regard one hand, resting white and slim upon her book. The inspection completed, Antonia

rose, stretched; she daintily fingered the Iris. They caused her to smile—expectantly. The smile gave you the clue of Antonia's whole being. Perpetually, she expected something; waited aloofly and confidently for certain things she considered her own and her right.

Suddenly the door bell buzzed impatiently. Living in a constant state of expectation, Antonia did not have to re-arrange her clothing, hair or make-up, hurriedly, nervously, and perhaps imperfectly, before moving to answer the door. She was ready to proceed, calmly and leisurely, to the door, and radiantly receive what fate might bring.

This time a boy had brought a telegram for which Antonia signed. It was addressed to her mother, a small detail to Antonia, who opened the envelope, took out the slip of yellow paper, and read the typewritten lines.

She finished reading and slowly folded the paper in its original creases. "Maw," she finally yelled, "Uncle Hank's kicked the bucket."

Stock Salesmen Must Live

WHEN the big, black bear died, there was a sad gap in the attractions of the Mammoth Circus menagerie. A new bear would cost a lot of money—more money than the circus felt like spending just then, for even big outfits like the Mammoth feel hard times.

That's why Joe Scott was traveling around as a circus bear, but you never in the world would have known that he wasn't a real bear. Mammoth bought fakes, but they were always good fakes. Joe's costume looked so much like the real thing that none of the other animals in the menagerie doubted him.

Since the crash, Joe had tried a lot of things, even selling stocks that had slid below the zero point. Then there were clothing sales. When they gave out, there were an hundred and one other sales rackets—all of them lousy. Joe had been reduced to dish washing when the circus hit town. He applied for a job cleaning up and running errands and made good.

The bear act was a promotion, an increase in pay, and in some ways not so bad. All Joe had to do was to pace around in a cage, making basso noises, and working himself to drooling, snarling fury. At the end of the cage was a loose bar. When the crowd in the tent got large enough, but had its attention focused on other attractions, Joe worked through the bars and panicked the crowd. The keepers would then rush up, maul him, fight him and lead him back to his cage subdued. That was the act, and it often got to be pretty exciting.

Still, Joe had some pride left. This was as low as he had ever sunk. Nightly, when the show closed, he hurried away from the grounds and kept to himself. About the only person with whom he exchanged words was the paymaster. He talked to him because it could not be avoided.

So the summer wore on. Nothing much out of the way happened until the show played Shreveport, Louisiana. Here, one night, Joe, as he

by Leroy Rumsey

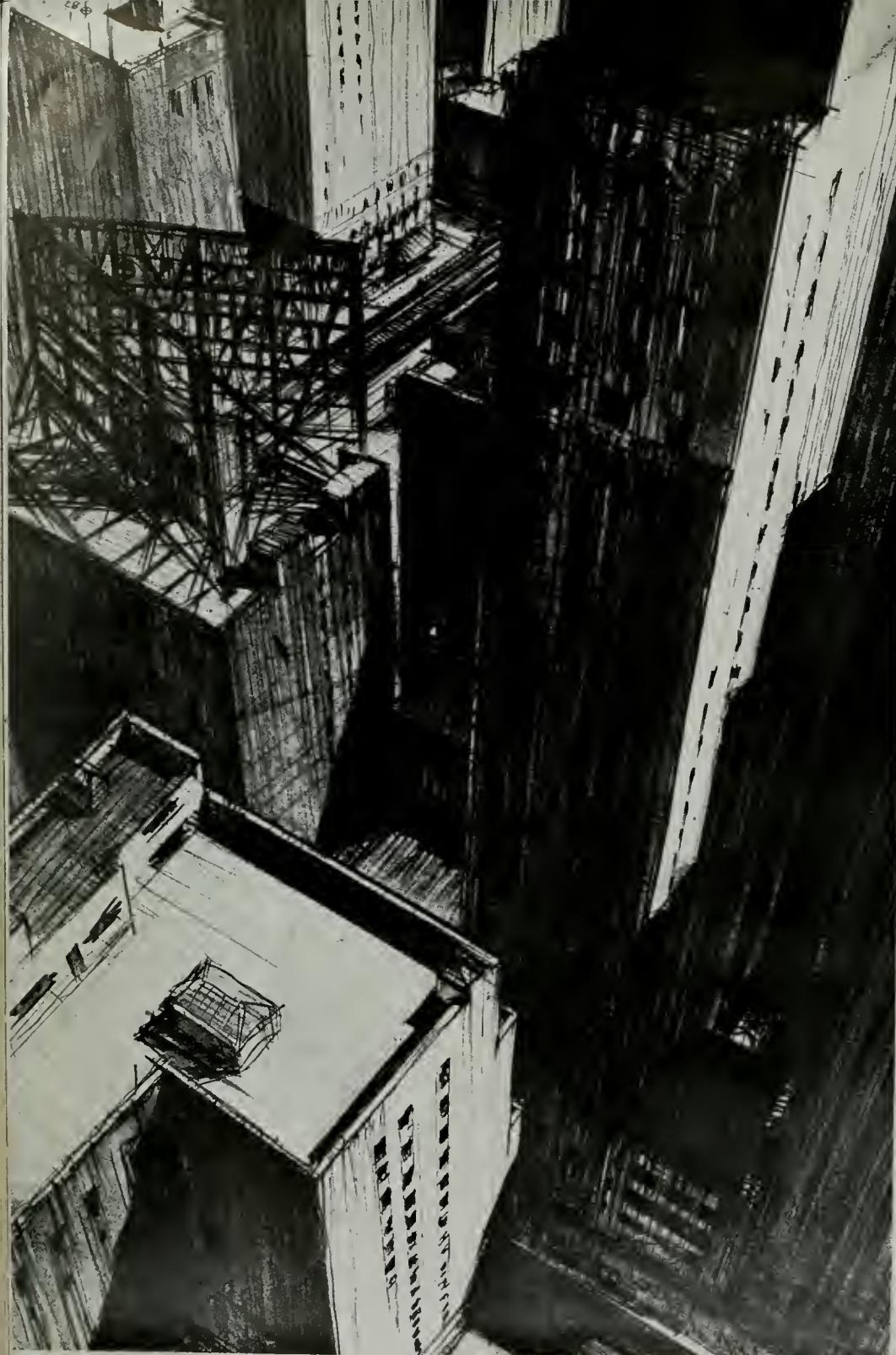
slipped into his cage before the show opened, had a feeling that something dreadful was about to happen. For some unknown reason the rest of the animals were nervous and excited. Monkeys jittered and jabbered hysterically. A Bengal tiger bared his fangs and roared ominously. A jackal ran in circles, moaning and frothing.

The crowd sensed the unrest. The long dormant fears and instincts of the jungle rose in it, and made it jumpy. Joe forgot his own premonition, and inside his hide, smiled to himself. He lashed himself into his usual frenzy. At the proper moment, he wiggled out of his cage. Snarling, snapping, and rumbling, he charged toward the seats.

Terror swept the crowd. It let out an agonized cry. A second cry died in its throat. It turned to run. Fear paralyzed and rooted it in its tracks.

Keepers, armed with prongs, swooped upon the bear. It sidestepped, parried, lunged and struck at

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**TWO
LITHOGRAPHS
BY
ERNEST BORN**

"One feels that his hand went where his imagination directed," says Rayne Adams in describing the work of Ernest Born, the young San Francisco artist who graduated in architecture at the University of California.

A scholarship enabled him to study in Europe. Upon returning to California, he was engaged as a draftsman by the late John Galen Howard. Once again he studied in Europe, this time at the American School of Fontainebleau. It was in Europe that he developed a vital interest in lithography and produced some of his finest work.

Forceful in design, simple in line, and startlingly expressive, his drawings have been proclaimed the results of a vivid imagination. They are not representative of a certain type of art, but are unique and individual, typifying the personality of their creator.

After his second return from Europe, Born entered the firm of Gehron and Ross in New York, where his skill and craftsmanship has been employed to great advantage and benefit.

In October Vickery, Atkins, & Torrey will exhibit twenty of his best known drawings of Europe and New York. Among the most commendable of his New York work are "6th Avenue L" at the left, and "125th Street" on the opposite page.

Suggestion For The Opera

"Forcista Da Spiorezzl"

by John Rothschild Jr.

FANNI SCRATCHI, a beautiful young peasant girl, attracts the eye of the dissolute Count di Manholi, while the pocketbook of the Count di Manholi attracts the eye of Fanni Scratchi, a beautiful young peasant girl. Her betrothed, Luigi Turkeltarb, is informed of this liaison by the treacherous Violetta, a dancing girl. During this scene, Luigi sings the famous aria, "L'Amore e Caro" (Let Me Kiss Your Blues Away). He then breaks his sword over his mother's knee, thus renouncing his fate, and catches the milk train for Paris.

Act II opens with the well-known quintette, "L'Amore e Caro" (I'm That Way About You, Baby), sung by Fanni, Violetta, the Count, Luigi, and Otto Kahn. A courier, full of dust and vermin, dashes into the courtyard and thrusts a note into the Count's hand. "All is lost," the latter cries, and bursts into the stirring

strains of the universally popular marching song, "L'Amore e Caro" (Reach for a Hatchett Instead). With a wild gesture of hopelessness he waves his farewell. Violetta implores him to stay, but he gallops out into the street, accompanied by a good one-third of the audience. Stricken with remorse, Violetta tells Luigi that he is her son and that the Count is his father. Senseless with horror, Luigi tells Fanni that she is his daughter and that Violetta is her mother. Terrified with anguish, Fanni tells the courier that he is her son and that the Count is his father. Amid flashes of lightning they are seen drawing diagrams and graphs. No solution is reached, and they sing their despair in the thrilling quartette, "L'Amore e Caro" (Whose Baby Am I, Mamma?).

The third act takes place in Chamonix. Luigi is seen riding a bicycle along a lovely sylvan trail singing

"L'Amore e Caro." Suddenly Fanni appears from behind a tree and informs him that she is in trouble. Luigi swears a terrible oath of vengeance against the Count. A storm breaks over the forest, drenching the unhappy lovers. A flash of lightning discloses the Count caught in a bear trap a few yards away. He sees Luigi and pleads with him, but in vain. Luigi sneers, and, turning away, steps into a weasel trap. The stage becomes dark. A wild scream, and the dawn's first rays disclose Fanni struggling in an ermine wrap. The three unfortunates sing their despair in the famous trio "Vo Bist Du Heinrich" (L'Amore e Caro). One by one they die. Their troubles past, their future filled with happiness, Mateo and Sylvia, together again, stroll along in the twilight, to the gentle rustling of three thousand ladies and gentlemen putting on their costly hats and coats.

CURTAIN





JANE COWL

Jane Cowl, who makes her first appearance in the role of Alexandre Dumas' celebrated heroine "Camille," at the Curran Theatre. The American stage owes much to Miss Cowl for her splendid presentation of the classic drama. Her "Romeo and Juliet" at the Henry Miller Theatre in New York, was the finest production of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy the Metropolis had ever seen and she was classed among the great Juliets of history. Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra" and "Twelfth Night", Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" and the more modern and lighter plays have all been productions of which she can be proud of sponsoring.

Spotlight

The Traditional Stage Once Again Comes Into Its Own

by Charles Caldwell Dobie

SOMEBODY in New York said the other day that the way to get the public back in the legitimate theatre was to play up the stars again. America, the gentleman insisted, went to see personalities. Which makes us wonder whether or not this is what crowded the Curran to capacity for "The Vinegar Tree," made Miss Barrymore do on her final Wednesday afternoon the biggest mid-week matinee in the history of the Geary, and filled the Columbia with a fair crowd, at the start, for "As Husbands Go."

All three show houses had stars—old stars, we might add, if the headliners were anything but the charming ladies that they are. What we mean, of course, is that Billie Burke, Ethel Barrymore and Laura Hope Crews are not of the untrained vintage of these theatrical dog-days. They know their stuff and the public know them. They are all old friends. They date back to a time when the spoken stage was in its glory. But, right there we bring ourselves up with a round turn. The stage always was in its glory—in retrospect. And well do we remember the day when Billie and Ethel and Laura were ingenues, hearing our parents tell how much better Rose Coghlan and Mrs. Gilbert and Ada Rehan were to any of these callow aspirants to foot-light honors.

We correct ourselves to say that if the three shows running at one and the same time in this city by the Golden Gate are any criterion, the stage is in full glory this very minute. "School for Scandal" is, of course, a classic and so may be dismissed in a measuring of contemporary drama. But, the quality that gives a play the handicapping title of classic is a quality of perpetual youth. A classic in any art is always modern, always ageless, always piquant. A classic always adjusts itself to the times—particularly if it be of the stage. For here the changing standards of acting infuse old thoughts with new life and shed a fresh glamour over what old methods have dulled.

It is the fashion for old timers to wail about the loss of tradition whenever they see the revival of an old play. They say: "Mrs. Siddons played it this way!" Or "McKee Ramkin did thus and so!" Or "Sothern and Marlow read the scene in such fashion!" They delve into old prompt books

and interview doddering first nighters to re-inforce their contentions. They even go so far as to try and discover what the author's conception of a part was and how he wished it played. As if an author were God and knew every twist and turn of the people he creates! They forget, if they really ever knew, that the author is merely a collaborator along with every actor and actress who plays his roles as well as every audience who sees them. The play is his only up to the moment that it leaves his workshop, just as children belong to their parents until the moment that they set out upon the road of life to seek their fortunes. How dull people would be if they never bore anything but the marks of parental intention. And how dull plays would be if they suffered like evidences of arrested development.

All of which brings us to the more specific matter of Miss Barrymore's conception of Sheridan's "School for Scandal." We had seen "School for Scandal" done, many a time and oft, and so we went to the performance with a composite picture of what was considered the traditional manner in which it should be played. Showing that we are not so young as we once were. But we were flexible enough to reserve judgment until we questioned several youngsters who were seeing it for the first time. Their unqualified approval showed us that Miss Barrymore's way was right. She had taken an old play and translated it in terms that the present generation could understand—or, perhaps we should say, placed it in a modern key and at a modern tempo. So much for her stage direction and her stage sets. Her "Lady Teazle" was, likewise, her very own creation. She assured us at a tea one afternoon that she had never seen a performance of "School for Scandal." So she had no handicaps in building

up the part of Lady Teazle to suit her own inclinations. She gave us a lady of sly humor, quietly exasperating and very much the thoroughbred in spite of her transient yearnings to shine in a shallow world. She had none of the robust humors of the countryside she had quitted and when she quarrelled with Sir Peter she did it so charmingly that even he was not constrained to raise his voice unduly. The young people who were initiated into Sheridan on Miss Barrymore's opening night doubtless will take her portrait and build a tradition on it. Twenty years hence they will say of a newer star giving emphasis to other values: "This woman is all wrong. Now, when Ethel Barrymore played Lady Teazle—" All of which proves that classics are classics because they may be played by a thousand different actors a thousand different ways.

"The Vinegar Tree" was to many in the audience a farce comedy. But, if one knows anything at all about the mainsprings of human conduct it was an infinitely more subtle thing than that. The confirmation for those who insist that it is farce comes in the final scene when the lady discovers that she has been barking up the wrong tree. We think that the author made this gesture to compromise with those in the audience who have literal minds. No woman, not even one as flighty as Laura Merrick, forgets the name or habits of the one flaming passion of her life. But there are plenty of Laura Merricks who are capable of inventing a flaming passion and possessing it to the point of believing that it is true. Nobody with even a modicum of brains, on thinking the matter over, could be deluded into deciding that Laura Merrick was doing anything but make believe during the entire three acts. Of course she never had a past. If she had she would not have been at such pains to revive it. But she desperately wanted a past and quite suddenly it popped into her rattle brain that if she didn't do something about it pretty quick she never could have one. Or perhaps she wanted a future, poor dear. Which is much the same thing because pasts and futures

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ALTERNATIVE

by Constance Ferris

Astonished eyes behold a world grown strange,
Our love, you say, has run its tortuous course.
Thus readily does man his fancy change,
Nor yet perceive occasion for remorse.

I'll go in silence; bow to meet your will.
We shall be friends, inalienably kind.
This passion was a bother, still—
You have my number, if you change your mind.



THE LAST WORD

by Frederick O'Brien

- O. O. McIntyre, the columyist hick, a very amiable farm boy, who made good in the big city, is one of the most popular of New Yorkers. He says Fanny Hurst looks like a Broadway modiste, Sinclair Lewis like a third baseman in a bush league, Peter Kyne like a contractor's foreman, Irving Cobb like a British barman, Charles Norris like a hotelkeeper. He might have added: Dreiser like a sad hotel porter bewildered by revolving doors, Sherwood Anderson like an Irish-Italian barber-poet, Konrad Ber-covici like a Yiddish-Armenian courier. Paul Whiteman like a floury *chef de cuisine*, Einstein like a merry boy, made up as a man, needing a haircut; and Hoover like a sour mask cut from an old, drying punkin.

- Ohio grade schools students answered examination queries, as follows: A grass widow is the wife of a vegetarian. In Christianity a man may have only one wife; it is called monotony. A man who marries twice commits bigotry. SOS is a music sign for Same Only Softer.

- Dancing masters of America, in solemn convention, denounce gigolos. They demand that, only, union dance teachers be allowed; that sex appeal by professional men prancers, except the legitimate grace of masters, be barred from hotels. And that pure American women be spared the indignity and temptation of the gigolo sort of male. Despite all the professors can do, the well-to-do wife of a golfer, the widow of a man who perished making money for her, will seek out personable gigs who offer honorable love on the floor, poetry of motion, youth and soft voices in honeyed words. The gigs make no bones of it—the masters are decrepit, have halitosis, flat feet, and baldness.

- Boosting, which is boasting, telling lies to sell something, even climate, brings sad reaction when forced to face failure. In Pasadena, one of the chief rookeries of the Pollyana birds, a lofty bridge over a dry arroyo—as dry as the heart of the church in Southern California—serves as a launching place for souls into eternity. More than thirty-five humans have made the swift descent to the hard ground—hundreds of feet—to escape Pasadena; risking heaven or hell. Anywhere, away from rotarianism, pulpitry, chambers of commonness.

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Editor's Note: With this issue Frederick O'Brien begins a series of monthly articles for THE SAN FRANCISCAN. In signing the contract with Mr. O'Brien the Editor has agreed that the articles will not be subject to editorial censorship, but assumes that Mr. O'Brien will not completely violate the editorial policy of the magazine.

- If we are saved, it will not be by the men, now, in their early twenties. They come to me by the dozen, whining, moping, ego-crushed; infected, apparently, by a Dreiserian poison. Not that Theodore is to blame for his black mulligrubs: it's his bile secretions. I don't know the younger generation, say, from ten to nineteen. These two-decade-and-more youngsters have cars, gin, petting-mates, indulgent mothers, golfing fathers. But, they complain: the girls are bum, they pay. I think the girls are much superior. Maybe, they'll save us, now, they've shed their fears, morals and manners.

- In England, birth control will be compulsory within a few years; sanctioned by a panicky church, enforced by law. It will be a disgrace to have more than the two or three children, legally allowed. There will be government institutions for birth prevention after conception; as in Russia, now. England must shrink to a population a third less than today's, through fewer births, pestilence, civil wars, or voluntary restraint. In history, under the danger of famine, the aristocracy of a nation have killed all their own offspring at birth to set example. Jewish-Christian religious tenets will fade before hunger, as manna before the appetite of the Jews in the desert. Already, the English church endorses birth control, "when necessary."

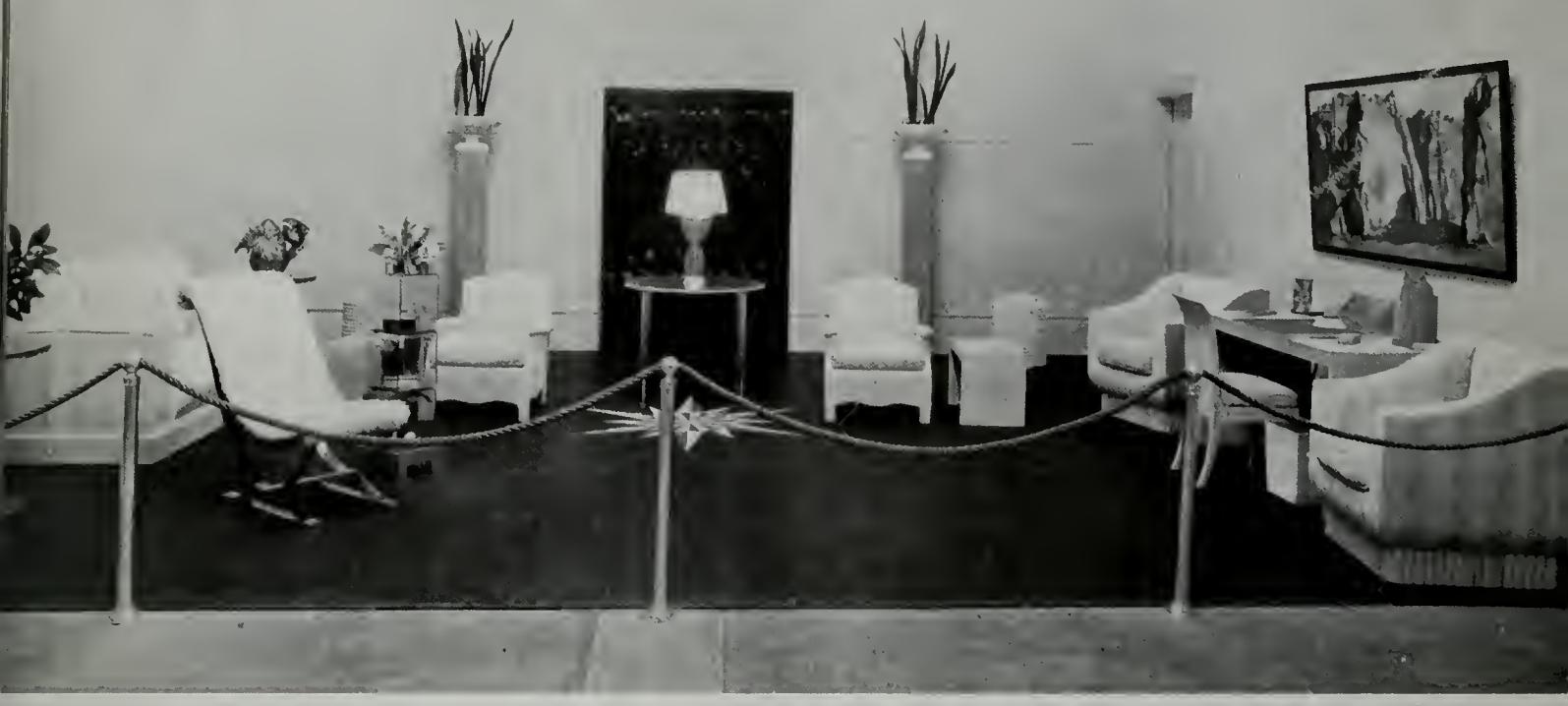
- Never before in the history of the Catholic Church, in a thousand years, have rites been celebrated with the pomp, wealth, crowds, and prestige, as now, in America. The Popes of Rome, since Peter, the Middle Ages, all are as dross compared to gold and diamonds, in the grandeur, immensity, and skilful control of the huge gatherings of the faithful all over the continent. The Church is the one continuing, historical, monarchical (dictatorial) group on the globe. It grows in common sense, adaptability, Americanization.

- In New York lives and writes a highly-paid wisecracker, named Walter Winchell, whose daily smutterings are read, supposedly, by millions, in many cities. Not to know and repeat what he says, is to count oneself lost as to speakizzies, Broadway, movie-dumb, and the minked minxes of the night whirl. A Carmelan, unflavored by the sour-saccharine fumes of N'Yawk, could not tell Winchell's stuff from bad tripe. Magazines give pages to effort to convey the marvel of his charm, to solving the mystery of his magic smell. Certainly, his pores are wide open for the effluvia of commonness.

- In San Francisco, empty stores, former restaurants, abound. A dozen notable places have closed this year, failed. Taits, on the Beach, a delightful café and garden, is shut after a dozen years, as is his downtown place, a large building, after twenty years. Prohibition has almost ended good food and service. Fine cooking slowly passes. America, in cuisine, returns slowly to the pioneer era of hard liquor and commonplace dishes. The pale Nazarene, of the Methodist brand, conquers, for the time.

- Hair on the face is coming back. The commonplace, nude visage, is an innovation of civilization; designed for classic phizzes, only. A vulgar fashion of barefacedness for a decade or so is, slowly, being shrouded in lambrequins, Galways, spatchcocks, moustachios, Hitlers, whiskers, Napoleons, eyebrow upperlippers, and other furry adornments. Sideburns peep from many cheekbones. The movies have done it, with their period pieces. The average stupid, illshaped face is bettered by capillament. A naked jib may be carried jauntily, only, by Apollos.

- Chester Rowell, the millionaire, dry, conservative columnist of the Chronicle, thoroughly informed, and constitutionally a puritan and plutocrat, says Uncle Sam will give no relief to the unemployed this winter. Rowell is an ardent Hooverite, honest like Hoover, cold, and realistic. He holds office under Hoover, serves with rare intelligence. In a word, he is the finest type of what the Russian reds called boorjuice. Will Rogers, with a tenth of Rowell's education, travel, senses American life, needs, probable demands, much more clearly.



MODERN

A striking contrast between the Modern Room, designed by Walter F. Lamb of Lee Eleanor Graham, Interior Decorators, and the Victorian Room, assembled by Lloyd L. Rollins, has been achieved at the de Young Museum. Conservative treatment of modern interior decorating has been brilliantly executed, showing the trend of present day styles in which a period piece would not be out of place in a modern room. The Victorian Room, one of a series of room ensembles, displays a unique collection of the rare and distinctive Victorian modes that are now being revived.

VICTORIAN



As To Books

Some Notes and Comment on the Autumn List

by Ned Hilton

Two Symphonies

By Andre Gide

Translated by Dorothy Bussy
(Alfred A. Knopf)

THESE short stories, *Isabelle* and *The Pastoral Symphony*, published in French in 1911 and 1919, and now for the first time made available in translation, will be of especial interest to those familiar with Gide's later novels. The course of Gide's work, the gradual development of his powers, seem to be strangely analogous with his style—or, more properly, with his mechanics of story construction. For just as he first introduces a character superficially and only after a complex series of involutions finally reveals that character in a reality often paradoxical and but vaguely predictable, so is this earlier Gide in outer semblance a writer whose development would have been difficult to forecast, but for the slight forebodings, the very vague hints which are nevertheless enough to set these stories apart from all others.

For though he borrows the conventional frameworks, the stories are

yet strange with his personal magic; and above and beyond the strong Puritanism which has made the story of Isabelle as cruel and as bitter as an epistle of Paul, there is in every line a suggestion of a distraught man writing in mortal fear of a non-existent horror nearby. That may seem a meaningless phrase; but I can think of no better way in which to express the never-defined supernatural and paradoxical quality of these *Two Symphonies*.

You will not lightly forget them—*Isabelle* the more dramatic, *The Pastoral Symphony* the more tender, each filled with what is somewhat loosely called beauty and—as I have perhaps hinted—a strong odor of terrible things which are not there. For these are but the first chapters of the prose creation which is Andre Gide—the chapters in which the character is introduced—in the main—only superficially.

The Man Who Died

By D. H. Lawrence
(Alfred A. Knopf)

LAWRENCE, in attempting to escape the Puritan who harried him, chose a road other than Gide's. Whither that road took him may be read in *The Man Who Died*.

The Man, in this short novel—originally published in Paris in 1929 under the title of *The Escaped Cock*—is Jesus of Nazareth. Reviving in the tomb and departing, he decides that he has been wrong in his messianic attempts. "The teacher and the saviour are dead in me; now I can go about my business, into my own single life." From asceticism his mind swings to the other extreme of sexual sublimation. Some humans, he thinks, must show the virtues of the clod; others wait to feel within them that superior godhead sometimes hymned in other of Lawrence's works.

The Man, thus moved in another way to cheat his body, sets forth into the world as a physician, and finally meets a priestess of Isis, to whom he appears as the embodiment of Osiris. The hyper-longing of each is consummated, and the Man departs, promising to return—in his character, as Christ-Osiris, of the resurrected male.

Now I do not think that, in spite of the parable of the escaped cock with which the story starts, Lawrence meant the book ironically. This man who came weak from a tomb and walked the earth libidinously can be interpreted as the Christian religion, so-called. If satire was meant, it is very fine satire. Certainly his Isis has much more in common with a modern frustrated clubwoman than with the great old female principle of the Egyptians. But I think the humor is unconscious, and therefore disturbing to those of us who know the Lawrence of *Sons and Lovers* and *Aaron's Rod*.

But though he would seem to have lost his mental balance, he did not lose his phenomenal powers as an artist. There is no weakening, in this book, of the deep and rich and never-banal voice of that prose which transcends such matters as theology and the gilded lily of tumescence.

Sin and Sex

By Robert Briffault
(Macaulay)

The Mothers

By Robert Briffault—1 volume
(Macmillan)

SIN AND SEX is an unfortunate title. It suggests a combination of *What Every Wee Laddie Should Know* and *Get Washed in the Blood of the Lamb*. And it is nothing of the sort. Briffault is an anthropologist and biologist of a considerable reputation in the less stuffy and sentimental academic circles. And he is also that most rare bird, a scientific writer with a genuine (not professional) sense of humor.

In *Sin and Sex* he contrasts the moral tradition of our civilization, derived through Christianity from Judaism, with the ethical principles of the ancient Greeks. Arguing from his anthropological knowledge, he shows through what stages modern coercive morality has developed from "the primitive savage notion that pleasurable experience is prone to excite the envy of jealous ghosts, goblins, or gods."

The attention of all of us has been called, before this, to the unreasonableness of the assumption of police duty by the occupiers of pulpits. Concerning the obvious evils of our inherited system of morals we have been shouted at. Jahu is assumed to know, often enough. It is refreshing to find someone so well-informed and reasonable that he need not shout.

For Briffault is not ranting against the existence of Puritan psychology so much as explaining it—tracing the

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Oofy-Gooft and Big Bertha

Highlights on Two Stars of the Barbary Coast

by Zoe A. Battu

FOR years there made his way along Barbary Coast an unfortunate, battered little man, known by the name of Oofy-Gooft. In Barbary Coast, Oofy-Gooft had found a world and refuge in which he could sustain himself after a fashion. To Oofy-Gooft the world outside the Coast was a puzzling place. He could find no niche in it, and for the problems of such as he, its Gods and rulers had only charity.

Barbary Coast, on the other hand, understood Oofy-Gooft and he understood it. The Coast took Oofy-Gooft as it found him. It did not see him as a "social problem," and it did not try to change him. In its way, indeed, the Coast loved Oofy-Gooft. In proof thereof its saloons and resorts were always open to him, and in them Oofy-Gooft was free to practice his strange trade with no questions asked.

His trade consisted of being kicked. For ten cents Oofy-Gooft would allow anyone, who so desired, to forcibly plant his foot on the seat of his pants. For a quarter he could be smartly smacked with a cane. For fifty cents or more a base ball bat could be applied to the nether part of Oofy-Gooft's anatomy. Customers were quite plentiful, because the Coast abounded in inebriates and the kicking idea always struck these gentlemen as tremendously funny and well worth the price.

Besides his kicking business, Oofy-Gooft had, in the course of his career, two steady jobs with steady pay. Both jobs, unfortunately, came to sudden and sad ends. One of these jobs was in a freak show on Market Street, and Oofy-Gooft was the Wild Man from Borneo.

In this capacity, he sat in a big cage, hung between floor and ceiling by heavy chains. His body was covered with sticky black stuff into which hair and feathers were stuck. A spieler explained how the Wild Man had been captured in the jungles after terrific struggles. He interpreted the jumbled sounds made by the Wild Man as the words Oofy-Gooft, the sole extent of his vocabulary and explanation of his name.

At the end of a long stick the spieler offered the Wild Man raw meat and fruit, which he snatched and devoured greedily. Occasionally, the

Wild Man shook the bars of his cage, made horrible faces, and growled savagely. Little girls whimpered and hid their faces, and little boys drew closer to their elders. The crowds gaped and dimes overflowed the freak show's coffers.

But presently the Wild Man drooped and languished, and at last fell downright ill. He was taken to the Emergency Hospital. The problem of how to get the accumulated sticky stuff off Oofy-Gooft's body without peeling off his skin was one without precedence in medical annals. Finally it was partially accomplished by soaking the patient in oil. A series of sun baths on the roof completed the denuding process. Then Oofy-Gooft was read a lecture that impressed, even upon his poor wits, the dangers in a diet of raw meat, no exercise and inability of the body to perspire. He returned to the business of being kicked until he was hailed to the limelight by the advent of Big Bertha.

Big Bertha, a lady of impressive proportions, came upon the San Francisco scene early in the '80s. Her means of support were invisible but seemingly ample. Her large person was decked with diamonds. Her wardrobe was expensive and extensive, and she added to it almost daily, to the joy and profit of the keepers of exclusive shops. She engaged quarters in an expensive hotel and entertained lavishly.

IN GOOD TIME. Big Bertha discreetly let it be known that she was a widow—a wealthy Jewish widow

—that she planned to make San Francisco her home, that she was lonesome and had hopes of finding a new husband. Naturally she was besieged by gentlemen with matrimonial yearnings. To every suitor, regardless of age, race or religion, Big Bertha gave the same audience and attention, for she was a woman of the world and entirely free of petty prejudices.

She had, in fact, only one hard and fast standard to which a husband must conform. As a woman of wealth, she had interests in certain profitable enterprises. A husband with sufficient capital and energy could make these holdings even more profitable, and the additional profits would, of course, be shared mutually. Thus to every suitor was put the question as to whether he was financially able and willing to acquire an interest in her business enterprises and proposed undertakings. A surprising number of gentlemen, it seems, were not only able but also entirely willing to contract matrimony on this basis. Some of them even went so far as to back up their good intentions with substantial sums in cash. For their cash they failed to receive so much as a fake stock certificate.

Inevitably, rumors of these machinations reached the ears of the police. Investigation in the East and Europe revealed that Big Bertha had been husband hunting for a good many years, always in the *haute monde*. That was enough for the police. They found a technical charge upon which to arrest the lady and hold her for someone to make definite and major charges against her. For days she reposed in the City Prison, while the police ran around town interviewing butter and egg men, bankers, brokers and contractors, who had been her erstwhile playmates. But no one could be found to admit that his relations

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BEATRICE GREENOUGH

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Greenough of Newport and grand daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren was a recent visitor to California this summer. While here Miss Greenough was the guest of her uncle Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dabney of Santa Barbara.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE Reno elopement of Miss Mabel Morgan to Louis Antoine Bovet, Jr., is the culmination of a boy and girl romance begun when both were attending High School in San Mateo, in which city Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan, parents of Miss Mabel, made their home for many years before moving to Clear Lake, their present home.

The announcement of their marriage brings back vividly to early Californians memories of bygone days when young Bovet's grandparents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, lived in the magnificent mansion at the corner of Washington and Franklin Streets, during their occupancy the scene of almost royal splendor and lavish entertainment. The late Mr. Borel, a banker, was a member of a prominent and aristocratic family of France. He owned a beautiful chateau and spent his summers there with his large and interesting family.

Young Bovet's mother was Grace Borel and the family includes the parents and Louis Antoine, Jr., Grace and Chonita Raymond, Antoine and Eric. Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton (Alice Borel) is an aunt of Miss Morgan's fiance. Mrs. John Mellgreen Lewis (widow of J. M. Lewis), who was Sophie Borel, is another aunt. Aylett Cotton, Jr., is a cousin. Miss Chonita Borel and Antoine Borel, Jr., who married Miss Maizie McMahon, are his aunt and uncle.

NATHANIEL MESSER, JR., who gave testimony in the trial of the Flood case in Redwood City, is the son of the late "Nat" Messer, who was one of the handsomest men of his day, tall and commanding of figure, and with prematurely gray hair. He was one of the favorite beaux of early days and married Miss Lizzie Giffen, prominent in society in the seventies and eighties.

Messer, Sr., was the typical man about town, knew everybody and was liked by them all. And his wife knew full well all there was to know about her Nat's foibles and follies. They did not bother her at all.

It was during a celebration of the British Society at old Woodward's Gardens. The Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria was being celebrated by all sorts and conditions of men and women at the Gardens in the Mission. There were seen High Society, Shy Society and Near Society. Along came handsome Nat Messer escorting a party of gay blondes (for even then gentlemen seemed to prefer 'em).

An old friend of the family, a conservative and starched dame, passing along the board walk with her husband, spied gay Nat and his crowd of fascinating blondes.

No recognition on either side . . . but the Old Lady registered shock, horror!

Of course she thought it her duty to tell it all to Mrs. Messer.

The beautiful wife of gay Nat was at the breakfast table when the Conservative Dame came in, and in a voice audible to most of the breakfasters remarked . . . "Oh, Mrs. Messer, I consider it my duty to tell you where I saw Mr. Messer last evening. He was treating a bevy of Gay Women to beer!"

Whereupon Mrs. Messer, looking her prettiest, gently replied: "My husband treating to beer? He should be ashamed. He can well afford *champagne*."

SURROUNDED by members of his family, including his grandsons, Evans Searles Pillsbury celebrated his 92nd birthday in Santa Barbara last month, at his home in Hot Springs Road. Mrs. Walter Bliss (Edith Pillsbury) and her husband went from San Francisco to be present at the luncheon celebration. Mr. and Mrs. Evans Pillsbury II of Carpinteria joined the family circle. The latter was formerly Catherine Wheeler of New York. She married the wealthy club and society man, Fall Gardner, subsequently divorcing him and receiving one hundred thousand dollars alimony. Clifford Wheeler, connected with the moving picture industry in Hollywood, is her brother.

THE visit of those charming young matrons, Mrs. Hans Woolmann (Edith Lowe) and Mrs. Horace Martin (Evelyn Selfridge), from Los Angeles was the motif of the large tea given by Mrs. Thomas Menzies (Blanche Russell) at her home in Sausalito when former schoolmates and chums were bidden to meet the visitors from the South. Mrs. Woolmann spent her girlhood in Sausalito when her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Lowe, were closely identified with early day society there, one of the most interesting groups of people one remembers J. B. Lowe, Jr., and family, Sausalito.

Mrs. Martin is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Selfridge, member of one of the most prominent families here, is a niece of Mrs. Russell Selfridge and granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Selfridge of San Francisco.

The marriage of Moseley Taylor recently, in Fitzwilliam, New York, and his bride, Miss Lorna Doone Barnes, brings to mind the beautiful wedding at which he was the bridegroom and Miss Emily Pope, daughter of the George Popes, Sr., was the bride. Also recalls their subsequent divorce when the young wife's father testified in the Superior Court that he had supported his daughter and his six-year-old granddaughter Emily at an expense of \$18,000 a year.

WHEN the news came from Chicago a few months ago that Charles S. Stanton had married Mrs. Helen Bassett in that city it was no surprise to the bride's many friends here. Better known to her old friends as Helen Dickens, her girlhood name, she is the second daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. E. F. Dickens of this city. She was a debutante when she married Harvey F. Bassett, Stanford graduate of '03, popular member of the Family Club. It was

considered one of those ideal love affairs but ended in the divorce court. The one child of the union died in infancy.

Charles S. Stanton, to whom and his bride James Woods turned over a whole floor of the William Taylor Hotel for their San Francisco stay, has been connected with the Hearst newspapers for many years.

Mrs. Stanton has many relatives about here who will delight to entertain for her. Miss Lelia Dickens, her aunt, among them.

FOllowing their usual custom of spending the summer in California, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Pool arrived a short time ago and opened their house in Menlo Park. During the San Mateo National Horse Show their beautiful home was the scene of much hospitality.

Mrs. Pool is a native San Franciscan and on both sides of the family comes of people prominent in early California history. Her father was the late James Mervyn Donohue and her grandfather, the late Peter A. Donohue. Her mother, the former Isabel Wallace, is a daughter of the late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, William T. Wallace. The second husband, Richard H. Sprague, is from New Orleans. Mrs. Donohue's daughter took her stepfather's name and was always known as Isabelle D. Sprague. The Spragues had three sons of whom but one is living, William Wallace Sprague. He makes his home in New Orleans where the Spragues are prominently placed in the social and financial world.

THE arrival recently of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Jr., from New York on a visit to the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bancroft, Sr., at their apartments in the Mark Hopkins Hotel, has been made the incentive of much entertaining. Mrs. Bancroft, Jr., is the former Rita Manning, attractive New York debutante.

The lately announced engagement of Miss Martha Barker Alexander.

MARGARET GAFFEY MEL

With the translation of Paul Achard's "Un Oeil Neuf sur l'Amérique", appearing as "A New Slant on America", we have a new slant on both Paul Achard and his translator, Margaret Gaffey Mel, daughter of a distinguished California family. Miss Mel's brilliant translation has received praise not only from American critics but from French. Her intimate knowledge of the French language has made possible a charming interpretation that does not smack of stilted word substitution but of the familiar genuineness of Achard's own style.

only child of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McKinney Alexander of Piedmont, to Frank L. Gerbode, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gerbode, formerly of Sacramento but now of Piedmont, was no surprise to their many friends. The engagement was known to their intimate associates for some time. The beautiful home of the Alexanders, Brown Gables, Sea View Avenue, Piedmont, is one of the showplaces across the Bay.

Miss Alexander is a graduate of Miss Ransome's School, of Mt. Vernon Academy in Washington, D. C.; she attended U. C. in Berkeley, but is now at Stanford. She and her fiance will both graduate from Stanford next year.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM J. LEET and their daughters, Misses Adelia and Winifred, who have been occupying their country house at Carmel during August, have returned to their lovely home on The Alameda in San Jose. Mrs. Leet is one of the daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLaughlin of San Jose. In early days Mr. McLaughlin established a bank with the late C. T. Ryland, this old landmark of the Garden City being known as the Ryland & McLaughlin Bank and situated at the corner of Santa Clara and First Streets.

Mrs. John F. Brooke, Sr., of San Francisco, is Mrs. Leet's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin were devout Roman Catholics, about the first to establish a private chapel in their home, where mass was often celebrated.

Continued on page 29



Hans Hofmann

Concerning a Great Painter » Teacher, Philosopher

by Hammond Dennett

"I WOULD paint as Schubert sings—as Beethoven creates his cosmos of sound: through artistic discipline to beget within the self that harmonious inner world which breathes and becomes intelligible to others through the medium of the art . . ."

Hans Hofmann of Munich: expansively German, naive as a Parisian, living an enthusiasm almost American!

A beautiful youth's voice first precipitated him into the way and dream of art. His song and the musical training which its charm demanded brought his life to parallel with young composers, musicians, who, now his friends, loom in the vanguard of modern German music nearly as significantly as Hofmann stands at the apex of contemporary German painting.

He remembers himself as a traditionally bad student in the scholastic sense. However, his early love of physics confirmed the truth that the creative mind is, fundamentally, a bipolarity of artistic and scientific.

Nichaelow, the Bulgar, first brought Hofmann to painting. Interest in the Balkan artist's personality and knowledge projected itself upon Hofmann's first glimpse of art through music.

The new painting impulse drew him to Paris—guided him from the conventional morass of art schools, academies.

He slept in daytime in Paris, rising only to view exhibitions. For his first half year, traditionally, he listened to the succubi of the city, and, traditionally, he understood on one early morning walk across the Pont Neuf from Montmartre, watching the morning sun evolve behind Notre Dame; that here shimmered a Paris of another flavor, more austere, but, certainly, lovelier and more momentous than the city which theretofore had described itself to him in the whorls of smoke shrouding his new friends of late evening and early morning at the Cafe du Dome. And the candid morning sun presented, as it had to others, less wise, the tragic arc of Montmartre, Montparnasse, the Seine.

A fruitful reaction in Belgium, beside the North Sea, was safe alternative. Then he began painting again—conscientiously, consistently. The fresh mood, surer and mature, returned him to Paris, to ten years of hard work, breasting the critics with

Picasso, Derasis and the other great modernists.

This was Hofmann's most productive period. This was the hour of his *becoming*—the time of struggle with the bases which were to support a young art, an art contemporary and valid in the exacting terms and for the wishful hunger of the modern world.

Unhappily, many of his best compositions, painted during that strong period, were destroyed during the World War.

The *Hans Hofmann Schule für Bildende Kunst*, the artist conceived in 1915. Turbulent, anxious Germany pressed against his desire to make the school a means of his artistic expression. The strain of founding and maintaining the school during the war period exacted an heavy toll from his painting. He insists that the sacrifice was needed, worthwhile. How well he founded, sacrificed, we know—Hofmann's school today is the chief nucleus of European art study.

Until 1930-1931 Hofmann held his summer schools at Ragoussa in Dalmatia on the Adriatic; Capri; St. Tropez in Southern France; throughout Germany. These last two years have brought him to California, to the State University at Berkeley.

Basically, the teaching device which attracts students to Hofmann in such enthusiastic masses, is its thorough humanity. He is not satisfied with a conventional motive for his art school. He demands a rigorous congruency with essential philosophic rhythms. The tempo of his teaching is that of life. He could not be a pedant—I do not think he could even disguise himself as one.

NEW YORK. Fifth Avenue, Fifty-seventh Street. Hofmann, eyes skyward, on the corner. "Wunderbar, wunderschön . . .!" We might distrust this rapture in another, in Hofmann we understand it is real, founded.

This naivete is a protecting veil for the true artist. Hofmann sees America as America. He had no preconceived notions of the actual artistic resource of our cities' sky contours. He discovers Chicago's silhouette from the lakeshore, the graph outline of New York, hill-perched San Francisco, Los Angeles spreading like a robe—feels

them, understands, likes them. He pleads for organization in their beauty.

There is an economy in his speech, a necessary one, perhaps, because of his unfamiliarity with English; but, happily, this only pleases with its terse, curt, oracular quality.

Into a page foreword to his August exhibition of pen and pencil drawings at the Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, is packed a full text. Surely, he maintains:

"Formal elements of painting are: line, plane, volume and the resulting formal complexes. These are the elements of construction. The aim of art is to vitalize form."

"The medium of expression is the picture plane, the means for its vitalization are color and light integrated into planes. Form develops its power through the creation of space unity."

"Color develops its power through the creation of light unity. The creation of space and light unity is, in a certain sense, synonymous. Light and space unity are identical with the purpose of the picture plane. The essence of the picture plane is its two-dimensionality. It is possible, through the development of space and light unity, to create three-dimensionality on this plane without destroying its two-dimensionality. The two-dimensionality of the picture plane is synonymous with the created space and light unity."

"We perceive this in the movement and tension relation of the form and in the movement and tension relation of the color, which is expressed in intervals, complimentary relations and contrasts."

"For this the life of the composition becomes a spiritual unity."

There is a sharp and instructive precision in these phrases. Their determinant is knowledge tintured by decisiveness.

Someone suggested that this catalogue preface be a biographical "squib." Hofmann was furious. "Nonsense!"

SUMMER'S END

by Sydney King Russell

Do not look on me in pity
Nor with what might pass for tact
Grope for phrases wise and witty;
Words can never conquer fact.
If you've had enough of me
Speak the word and wander free.

Autumn's stealing on once more;
Let's forget those April days
That will never, as before,
Lead us down forgotten ways . . .
Darling, if you only knew,
I am quite fed up with you!

Nob hill topics

FIVE years of glorious success—and what jubilant celebrating there will be when the Mark Hopkins holds its "wooden" anniversary this fall! Landmarks of the Pacific Coast, the Fairmont and Mark Hopkins hotels have surpassed San Francisco's boast of fine hotels. European travelers are drawn to Nob Hill by the magnetism of these establishments. "Where to live" has never been a problem to be decided haphazardly. Today one caters to the epicurean taste in food; with care and precision one selects antiques. But none of these questions can compare with one's fastidiousness in choosing a permanent HOME.

The jagged "ups and downs" of San Francisco's typography! These necessitate living in the Bay Region or on the Peninsula, but think of the DISadvantages! Life is too short to waste in commuting. There IS an alternative and an inviting one at that. Why not hibernate on Nob Hill? There you may have the privacy of your own home OR the comradeship that you seek when you LEAVE your home.

Quiet and serene, a center of social atmosphere, a moment's time from the heart of the business district, Nob Hill stands in glory on the heights of San Francisco. The Fairmont and Mark Hopkins hotels have a twofold advantage—grandeur and elegance, coupled with ideal surroundings, a view over San Francisco, over the bay, and even "beyond the blue horizon". That is why San Franciscans who really "know" live in a setting such as this, an environment fit for the gods who also chose high places whereon they could dwell in comfort and gaze upon the rest of the world.

The multiple dwelling—this is the result of the increased demand for economic luxury. It sprang from the hotel which in turn hit upon the apartment-hotel idea. Household facilities complete the equation. No longer must "house-keeping burdens" be whispered. Service, cuisine, and entertainment are assured. You may entertain at "home", OR in the private and main dining rooms of the Aristocrats of Nob Hill. The choice rests with you. Life in a Fairmont or Mark Hopkins hotel suite is a life of freedom and luxury.

The opera season will formally usher in the fall social events. September 3rd will fire the opening salvo. At a Junior League tea, opera costumes and prevailing modes, shown by San Francisco's leading stores, will be modeled. There will be special entertainment at the Hotel Mark Hopkins on the opening night of the opera. All of San Francisco will throng in Peacock Court to dance to the strains of Anson Weeks' captivating music, and receipts of the evening will go to the Junior League which will "live happily ever-after."

Everybody will get a "kick" out of the football season. The ultimate goal will be found in Peacock Court. What with winners celebrating and losers dancing away disappointment, there will be

much hilarious whoopee encouraged by Anson Weeks. Fall promises many gay festivities; with vacationers returning and opera striking the first note in the social life, social events and celebrations are underway.



● THE HOTEL FAIRMONT
AND MARK HOPKINS
FROM THE ETCHING
BY JOHN STOLL

A. D. V.

As To Books

Continued from page 18

sea of slime back to its natural and undefiled source, showing at what places along the clear stream it was deliberately muddied lest passing nonexistent anthropomorphic spirits should drink it up. (I have referred purposely to the paradox of Gide. It has been only in recent times that the Puritans have taken to eulogizing the sea of slime as water purer than the original source; that is the phenomenon which at some times angered Lawrence and at others fooled him.)

Much of the material in *Sin and Sex* derives from Briffault's larger work, *The Mothers*, published originally in three volumes and now re-issued in a revised one-volume edition, similar to the one-volume *Golden Bough* in that the extensive documentation is omitted.

The Mothers is an extensive presentation of the matriarchal theory of social origins, and is a book of great importance. Puritanism is but one of many results of the gradual development of the arbitrary and biologically absurd patriarchal system; *Sin and Sex* stands therefore in relation to *The Mothers* as a chapter to the whole. I urge you to read them both.

Love Children, A Book of Illustrious Illegitimate

By Miriam Allen deFord
(Lincoln Macveagh, the Dial Press)

TO CONTINUE, for a second or two, with Briffault: Matriarchal society was very nearly on the level of guinea-pig society; the development of communally interdependent cultures of even the crudest sort seems always to have been coincident with the shift to the more primitive forms of the property-holding patriarchal system. It is difficult to imagine what western civilization might have been without the influence of the great god What-a-Man. For without the Essenes, the Nazorim, Paul, Origen and Augustine we should not have had Shakespeare, Rembrandt or Beethoven. And without the arbitrary rules of "legal" paternity, it is barely possible we might not have had Leonardo da Vinci.

One of the most ingenious inventions of the patriarchs is the illegitimate child. He comes into a society which must inevitably make him its prize scapegoat, and often, thus banished, he re-establishes his self-esteem by performing feats superior to those of the common run of mortals.

Miss deFord's book deals with the

stories, psychological, physical and social, of many such superlative by-blows, including William the Conqueror, Erasmus, Leonardo, Alexander Hamilton, Strindberg, Dumas fils, Cosima Wagner and Mary Godwin Shelley. As well as showing in what way their illegitimacy motivated these chosen examples, the book is a scientific and concise study of the status of illegitimate in historical times and at the present. It is an unusual book on an unusual subject—without propaganda, authoritative, colorful and dramatic.

New Russia's Primer

By M. Ilin
(Houghton Mifflin)

PRACTICAL PURITANISM, as we now know it, arose with the growth to power of the bourgeoisie. The once-downtrodden merchants overwhelmed the aristocracy whose splendors and whose pleasures they had envied and abominated. And we are now witnessing an extension of that impulse, in the rise of the proletariat against the now-aristocratic gentry of commerce. So, though the proletarians of Russia have with elaborate gestures destroyed the ikons, they are nevertheless in the direct line



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from the superstitious savage who abjured ostentation lest the spooks clamp down on him.

Well, we may say, what of it? Politics never made bigger apples. But bad politics in this country quite recently made many more apple-sellers. The great American virtue of unquestioning optimism has undoubtedly led us into a hell of a fix. It may perhaps be a splendid thing that that optimism has enabled us to look with equanimity upon the starvation of not a few fellow citizens; but it might not be unwise if the smile of bland assurance were replaced with the furrowed brow of thought. I regret to state that for all the evils to which humanity is heir I have not, at the present moment, a universal panacea to offer. But certainly it should hurt no one (excepting the D. A. R. and the Boy Scouts) to read *New Russia's Primer*.

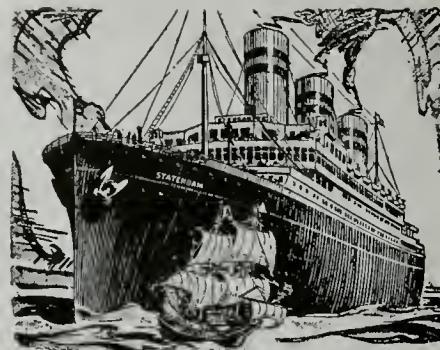
This is a text-book for use in Russia's elementary schools. It is an explanation of the five year plan, and it makes surprisingly dramatic reading. The five year plan is perhaps the most extensive and most minutely planned communal undertaking in human history, and it cannot be reasonably laughed off by bashing a few people over the head. With hundreds of thousands of square miles of virgin territory at its disposal, the soviet government is able, as no other government has ever been able, to erect a society whose functions are carefully predetermined. That government's projects are on the whole so reasonable and sensible as to be disquieting to the great American oligarchy of waste.

When we consider some of those projects as they apply to the human being as a free agent, we may be somewhat dubious. At the spectacle of practical socialism being put to the test after a century of theoretical debate, we may remind ourselves that democracy, also, seemed a good idea a hundred years ago.

At any rate, no good can come of the fearful disregard of history in the making, and this book should be of great value to those who care to know what's going on.

The Good Earth
By Pearl S. Buck
(John Day)

THIS is a very good and entirely satisfying novel, which should be especially enjoyed by all who prefer authors content to create simple narratives. The neuroses, the private philosophies, the animosities and the personal preferences of Miss Buck are unguessable. And it is a relief, a rest from much travail, sometimes to read



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a book which is just a story.

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China is changing around him, but he knows little of that and cares less. There are always wars, somewhere off in the distance; he hears that there has been a revolution; the sons in whose scholarship he, who is to the end illiterate, has taken pride, are filled with foolish political talk. But he is serene in the confidence that the great house will endure on the good land.

It is a beautiful and tender book, a perfect work of art; and, in spite of its being a further commentary on the tragic implications of the patriarchate—in spite of the evil approaching the great house and all it means as the book ends, it is somehow a fine restorer of faith in humanity.

Oofty-Goofty and Big Bertha

Continued from page 19

with the lady had been anything more than casual.

The police were wondering just what to do with Big Bertha, when Ned Foster of the Bella Union, opposite Portsmouth Square, and Jack Hallinan, proprietor of a Market street cafe, offered to put up bail for the prisoner. Foster and Hallinan planned to exhibit Big Bertha on Market street, admission ten cents, and a share in the profits to Big Bertha. The police had no objections to this and neither did Big Bertha, so her release was readily arranged. Thereafter, for several months, Big Bertha was ballyhooed to crowds as the Queen of Confidence Women, who took San Francisco's nabobs for a buggy ride.

As the novelty and profit of this were wearing thin, Foster was inspired with a brilliant idea. He secured exclusive management of Big Bertha and rounded up Oofty-Goofty. He put the two of them on at the Bella Union as Romeo and Juliet, having first hired a wit to rewrite Shakespeare's work to fit Oofty-Goofty as Romeo and Big Bertha as Juliet.

The act, obviously, in terms of the moving picture world, was a smash-

ing success. San Francisco, as a whole, customarily paid small attention to Barbary Coast and its buffooneries. But to see Oofty-Goofty and Big Bertha, people visited the Coast from all over the city, and nightly the crowds roared and rocked with laughter.

The act would have gone on indefinitely but for Oofty-Goofty. Success intoxicated him and went to his head. His stage loving became too ardent and realistic for Big Bertha, and finally she refused to appear with him. Without effect, Foster exhausted reason upon her, and in the end was forced to part with Oofty-Goofty.

Foster, however, was a resourceful fellow, and shortly had the crowds again storming the Bella Union; this time to see Big Bertha as Mazepa. In this role, she was strapped to the back of a small jackass, which staggered an uncertain path across the stage. Misfortune overtook this act, for one night, the animal went too near the foot lights, lost its balance and rolled into the orchestra pit. Big Bertha managed to gain her feet first, and to free herself from the biting, kicking and squealing jackass. This done, she assembled the ragged remains of her dignity and announced she was through with drama forever, a resolve which she kept.

Spotlight

Continued from page 15

are so tied up together.

It was a droll play capitally done and it seemed to have shocked quite a few people, which probably accounted somewhat for the capacity audiences. But, for the life of us, we couldn't see what was so shocking about it. Folk who had suffered "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" without a murmur had cold chills at the frankness of some of the dialogue in "The Vinegar Tree." It must have been because the word "virgin" was used so freely. Every time the young daughter referred to herself as a virgin a shiver went through the house. Why, we leave it to Mr. Freud to determine.

EMMIE SYKES in "As Husbands Go" is certainly first cousin if not sister to Laura Merrick of "The Vinegar Tree." But, being a widow, she doesn't have to try and evolve a future out of a past, fictitious or otherwise. All she wants is another husband and her skiddings upon the slippery pavements of Paris are too deliberately achieved to make us fear that she ever lets herself out of hand. Even in her tipsy moments in the prologue she knows just what she is about.

But, Emmy, however delightfully

played by Laura Hope Crews, is not the problem in "As Husbands Go." Lucile Lingard is the problem although she persuades herself that friend husband is cast for that role. Usually, domestic tragedies on the stage are thwarted by intuitive wives. Husbands, especially of the American variety, are never given credit for any intuition whatever. They are usually drawn like the husband in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"—self sufficient dolts who have neither eyes, ears nor noses. They do not see or hear and a skunk could run through the house without giving them the slightest suspicion of intrusion.

But Charles Lingard was a refreshing novelty as stage husbands go. He was a little too perfect but he got drunk before the play ended and squared matters on that score. We knew just as soon as he invited his wife's lover on a fishing trip that Lucile's romance was over. Dorothy Dix will now have a new plan to offer distraught husbands who write in to inquire what to do about the man in the case: Take him fishing and fill him up with good Scotch afterwards.

"As Husbands Go" is the best play that Rachel Crothers has written. It was played almost flawlessly by a cast more than competent. It deserves bet-

Continued on page 33

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Now It Can Be Told

Continued from page 9

tured cheerily, "let's have a drink now that the organ recital is over."

A certain young lady of our acquaintance recently took the wrong elevator in the Russ Building and was deposited at the twenty-first floor instead of the nineteenth, her destination. She is one of those timid souls that does not like to ride in elevators, so she thought that it would be no trouble to walk down the two floors. When she arrived at the nineteenth floor the door from the stairs was locked. She hated to do it, but it seemed necessary to walk back to the twenty-first. Back at the twenty-first floor she discovered that the doors worked on a spring lock and that one can enter from the lobby, but that once on the stairs, well—one was just on the stairs. She decided that the only thing to do was to walk down to the ground floor—surely the door there would not be locked. The door on the ground floor was locked. Then she started to walk up again, trying every door as she passed. She kept walking up until the stairs ended and a ladder went dizzily on up into darkness. After sitting down to think for a moment she descended to the twenty-first floor, took off her shoe and banged on the door until some kind gentleman released her.

Stock Salesmen Must Live

Continued from page 11

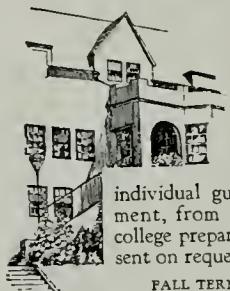
them. To avoid a too menacing prong, the bear ducked and backed quickly against the cage that held Mammoth's largest and fiercest lion. A loose bar gave way. The bear lost its balance and tumbled backward into the lion's cage.

The excitement of the last few moments had roused the lion to blazing, roaring anger. With a savage leap, it now landed upon the bear's belly. Its cruel, powerful claws were about to rake the victim's vitals. Its fangs snapped to tear the throat to bloody ribbons.

By a final supreme effort the giant bear gave voice to a muffled scream, "Help, for God's sake, help!"

Whereat, the lion's body sprawled itself over the bear's body, and the lion's voice hissed low but distinctly into the bear's ear, "Shut up, you damned fool. Do you think you are the only Goddamned stock salesman out of a job?"

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palace
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salon

Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 21

RIENDS and relatives had occasion in the past few weeks to extend welcome home to a former resident of San Francisco, in the person of Mrs. Maurice F. Lowenstein of Brookline, Massachusetts. Mrs. Lowenstein is the former Anna Sutro, sister of Gustav, Oscar and Alfred Sutro, and niece of the late Mayor Adolph Sutro, who owned and improved Sutro Heights, planted the magnificent trees of Sutro Forest, and did so much in other ways for the municipality and the State. The charming Miss Adelaide Sutro, whose engagement to Robert P. Bullard was announced on August 8th, is a niece of Mrs. Lowenstein. She's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Sutro. The latter was Rose Newmark of the prominent and wealthy Newmark family of Los Angeles.

Miss Sutro's fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Lauriston Bullard of Boston, is a graduate of Exeter and Harvard (Class 1924). At college was a member of the Hasty Pudding Club and the Owl. He has been living in this city for about a year and is established in business here.

Continued on page 33

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THE MADISON ^ ^

Madison Ave. at 58th St.
THEODORE TITZÉ ^ Mgr.



THREE is a racket going on at the beaches that I've been only subconscious of, until this past month. Here it is.

The male slicker comes forth from the bath house arrayed in his one piece, generously cut out in the back, and recklessly slashed under the arms. O.K. by me boys B-U-T when he emerges from the breakers his garment has dwindled to a fraction, and Lo! the poor Indian! sports only a very scant pair of trunks. Take it from me he knows a-plenty he is beautifully browned, but if I never see another sun-tanned body I've had my quota.

Sometimes, somewhere, in the water, he has taken time out, to hem roll everything above the waist line. Now right here is where the heart action should be strong. Suppose those same breakers get too rough? What have you?

Perhaps you don't feel the same, but when I see an emotion coming down the street I turn off into an alley. Sitting on a beach in the wide open spaces there is no alley available, so you just sort of have to get busy with your toe in the sand, and dig intently for an octopus when the boy friend wades out after a battle with the old Pacific. It's far better than sitting with nostrils morbidly alert waiting for the exquisite spasm you'd be slammed

into if the undertow had too much suction. I know this is an age of sophistication and I should use this opportunity to study anatomy or architecture. All kinds of lines from the stream line man to the one of misplaced tonnage. Pixies all, if you ask me, and created in a moment of abandon. M-E-O-W!

Hereafter I'll have the greatest respect for a good pint of clothes. What they conceal, and how little they reveal of what I've seen at the beaches is magic.

BULLOCK AND JONES modeled some of their swanky sport clothes for me, and the young man modeling has God's gift to women. One outfit in particular, that he showed to excellent advantage, was a pair of soft grey flannel trousers worn with a brown sport coat of exquisite Shetland wool. Patch pockets: rounded corners, and half belt made this a swagger garment. Jees! It was good. Wonder why there isn't more modeling done in men's shops?

You sort of carelessly fling your coat over a chair when the label reads Bullock and Jones, for you know it stands for quality and correctness.

I picked the Knox Shop for sweaters. They always have something just a little bit out of the ordinary. Some slip-ons of alpaca wool I had never seen before, and handling them, I found they were feather weight and as pliable as a glove. Almost fragile, they have just the right amount of warmth under a coat, or for a little added weight on the golf course. You have to have money, jingling in your pockets, to make a purchase of these for they are top-notch. Every man should have a couple in his wardrobe. They are de-lux.

Now that I had visited the two places for sport togs, I went into Hastings bent on finding out just what the man in San Francisco is to wear for business this fall. Hastings, of all places, should know, and they answer promptly, without hesitation. Unfinished worsted. Dark shades to hit a happy medium at business or small functions. Confessing a weakness for double-breasted coats, I asked if they were to be worn. Yes! very good style, and the gratifying information as to why they weren't worn more was because the man sitting at a desk all day finds it most inconvenient to unbutton a double-breasted coat often enough to get at all the gadgets—pen, pencils, notes, etc.—that go to make a big operator. If your particular job is one in which you stand by all means buy a double-breasted coat. For example, if you sell unemployed apples. W-E-L-L!!!

TO MY NOTION a man comes to full flower in a dress suit. You all look as if you are gentlemen and we girls have to have our illusions.

Our men west of the Rockies still adhere so closely to their he-man traditions they are unduly sensitive about getting into dressy togs. If one of them finds himself in a long tailed coat, and most of the rest at the function are in dinner coat, he immediately gets pink under the collar, and tries to hide down the drain pipe. Sap! He is the one correctly dressed and should be hit with a jimmy, he's unconscious anyway. Take it from me, gentlemen, the proper dress at functions after four o'clock is the long-tailed coat. I quote Robert Roos of Roos Brothers, Stockton and Market Streets. Worn with accessories of stiff bosomed shirt, tie and vest of waffle cloth, you are very proper. Shiny silk toppers for weddings and dull ones for opera. Beltless overcoats. These are correct in a nut-shell. And don't forget you can be dressed thusly "Nor lose the common touch." Roos Brothers have a marvelous line of evening clothes, complete in every detail.

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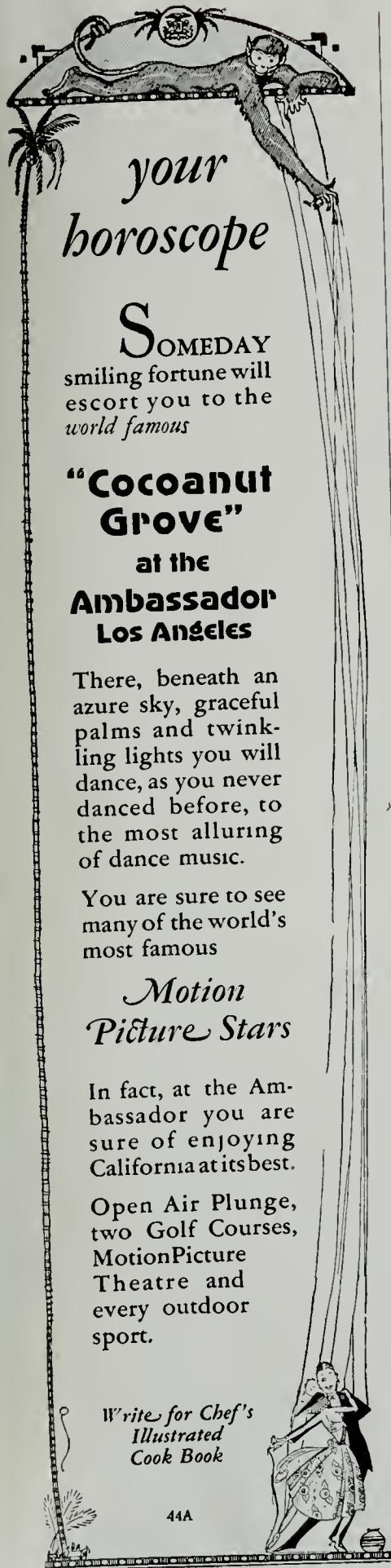
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44A

BEFORE donning any or all of this fine raiment, get a share on a facial at Franks in the Mark Hopkins Hotel Barber Shop.

Frank has the gentle art of dreamily relaxing you, while in the process of making you look like an Arrow Collar ad. Don't tell me you don't like to look like Julian in the poster. He's swell, and Frank knows how to work the metamorphosis—some word.

Across the way this week at the Fairmont Hotel Mrs. Pringle has a display of garden and patio furniture in George Hyde Studio. Made of wrought iron frames, originally designed, she has very cleverly used raw hide and woven reeds in unusually artistic combinations. Everything is weather proof and her reeds are the same that Italian fishermen use for their baskets. They are very lovely and a wheelbarrow of these same reeds became a vision of beauty, filled with big yellow and bronze mums. Gord! Heavens! Page John Held, Jr., I've an idea for a stunning poster and this barrow is the central object.

Mrs. Pringle is teeming with new ideas for garden furniture, and if you are interested that way, you will get an enormous interest out of a visit to her Burlingame shop.

The Unique Shop is a new store in our midst located at Stockton and O'Farrell. A visit yesterday through the building amazed me at the amount of business activity in this short time.

Semi-modernistic in its appointments, its lighting effects took the eye.

They show real genius, for every piece of merchandise is displayed to its best advantage without detracting a bit from the artistic effect. I got a kick out of the hum and bustle of real business. It looked good.

Coyly perched on the fifth floor of 256 Sutter Street is a find in a real tea room, "The Two Birds." Scrupulously clean, every effort is put into good food at most reasonable prices. It's a discovery of which I am unblushingly proud.

On the mezzanine floor in Gumps hanging on a wall is a Turkish rug that would cause a panic in Persia. It was my good fortune to have Robert Gump enlighten me as to its history. One must get saturated with art and necessarily history lining among the beautiful things at Gumps. My first impression of the rug was that it was very large, very, very old, and that the colors of pink, blue, and white somehow looked soft beige. Mr. Gump informed me that it originally was much larger; that it was woven in the sixteenth century, and that the blending of faded colors gave the beige effect or tone. This rug is really a museum piece and little old San Francisco should sit up and take notice, for having such a work of art among us even for a short time. Woven under Mahomet the Third of Turkey it would necessarily be exquisite, for rug meaning reached its crest during his reign. Mahomet himself was some lad. He took eight older brothers for a ride before he got his hands on the throne and everything was naturally on the up and up under his rule.

A peculiar motive of a knot shows the Chinese influence, and makes one think how interesting it must be to delve into the history of rug meaning and how very old the art is.

Take a look at this piece of magic carpet and go home and weep over your cottony Kirmishaw.



Aloysius

Sez:

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Grovelin over
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Golf School on the Ninth Floor—Roof

O'CONNOR, MOFFATT & COMPANY

Stockton at O'Farrell
SU tter 1800

The Last Word

Continued from page 16

• The late, great author, D. H. Lawrence, who wrote *Sons and Lovers*, *The Plumed Serpent*, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was married many years. His marriage was never consummated. He was always sexually impotent; his highly-sexed books were the raging of unsatisfied desire. So says J. Middleton Murry, widower of Katherine Mansfield, a confidant of Lawrence. Widow Lawrence expresses intense grief, exasperation, at Murry's disclosures. I believe Murry; I guessed the facts from observing Lawrence and his wife, and from reading Lawrence's obsessed books. Withal, Lawrence was an outstanding writer, with a remarkable gift of language and knowledge of human nature.

• Why do rental requirements differ so in cities? In San Francisco, you take an apartment by the month, are seldom asked to lease. In New York, to rent any good apartment you must lease it for a year. In Paris, Nice, any of the Riviera cities, you must pay half a year in advance. In San Francisco, today, are fifteen thousand vacant apartments, hundreds of empty store floors and buildings. Building

and business overplayed their hands. One good result is that ugly, old, uncomfortable apartments, flats, stores, must be torn down, as unrentable. So, in business, banking, brokerage, farming, the unfit for the struggle must go, are dropping out fast. Even in bootlegging, high finance, able bribers, wholesale importers and makers, supplant the small fry. With several billion dollars a year to take in, bootleggery is reorganizing its house, assisted by government officials, judges, police; all wanting big boys, regular guys, to deal with.

• Hundreds of hours I have wasted all over the world with empty people, pretenders, fakirs, vagabonds. Why? I was always seeking something individual, different, original; anything but the common mold of business, finance, diplomacy, society, sectarianism. And what disgust, after listening and looking so long, so many times, to find, usually, only a copy, pose, a sudden disclosure of ignorance; of credulousness about some prophet, book, hatred, class! Once, in Italy, I was spending a happy day on a sunny beach with a woman stranger. All went well, till she said, after a fiasco of *Chianti vecchio*, "Now, the Jews must be destroyed. They are plotting

the end of the white race. They brought on the war. Have you read the Seven—?" The heavens grew dark for me. I excused myself, as a man can in Italy, but never returned to the sands. Yet, Ford, the father of Lizzie, believed all that, once.

• Golf was invented by the Dutch; discarded, after many paintings of the game; the Scotch took it up, and, then, the English. I have played it, futilely, in Asia, Africa, and the Americas. I detest it, its associations, connotations; only, its potations I like, and without the lies, boasts and arguments, in the locker-room. For women, golf is fatal to beauty, grace, fascination.

• The Salvation Army, originating in London slums, has kept its cockney atmosphere. But, alas, it has become respectable. The great war, in which it fought with the devil (on his side), resouled it, and heeled it. If hard times continue, it may again be what Old Booth started it as.

• In Los Angeles, a priest, for not paying a taxi fare, was thrown into a drunk cell with two Indians. They beat him to death. They were, evidently, making him a good Indian, from the frontier standpoint.

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Just Around the Corner

Continued from page 7

cently heard suggestions to destroy this cotton—to get rid of these surpluses that are demoralizing the markets of all the world.

"Two wrongs never make a right." To destroy necessities that other people greatly need is criminal; and, China's miserable starvelings aside, we have at home some seven millions unemployed who may be needing wheat and cotton before the winter is out, if only these surpluses can be wrought into food and raiment for them.

Aside from these economic troubles that fret the coming winter of our administration's discontent, we have such movements afoot as that of the newly organized Federation of American Business Men, which complains that the Federal Farm Board, and the seventy-nine other governmental agencies now at work, are using the tax-payer's money, in this era of universal depression, to compete with the tax-payer's business. We have also the great and secret sorrow we nurse in our bosom, and cherish as the harvest of our Noble Experiment—the reign of the racketeer and the jails bursting with malefactors who have sinned against our precious Eighteenth Amendment.

Fortunately we are still able to find

money for the building of new penitentiaries to accommodate these increasing hordes, and for extensions to existing jail units.

There are people who ask whether this subject will be extended into the area of national politics at the presidential elections next year, or whether it will be stored away with our 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, and our 5,000,000 bales of cotton, and all the other little odds and ends that we have been laying by since 1928.

IN A great democracy like ours, the politicians who handle the affairs that were controlled by statesmen in the past rarely care to risk themselves in supporting or opposing any side of any controversial matter which involves the entire nation.

Our Noble Experiment is such a matter. About two-thirds of the nation writhe under its impositions, or used to writhe under them until bootlegging became our major industry and bootleg liquor became our major poison. Most of our practical politicians and office-holders are competent drinkers; but, in deference to the well organized and bellicose evangelical "drys" they profess adherence to the principles of the Noble Experiment. Therefore, even by the Democrats, it has been largely suppressed as a major political issue.

The traditional point of disagreement between the Republican and Democratic parties in recent times has been the tariff issue. It is widely conceded by adherents of both parties just now that the present tariff is unfortunate in its effects. It certainly has not helped the farmer. It seems to have strangled over international commerce. Therefore if matters progress along existing lines, the Democrats at next year's elections will be content to subjugate the Noble Experiment issue to a tariff reform issue, and will probably remain as remote from the plums of office as they now are. If, however, the administration reverses the existing torts in the tariff at the forthcoming session of Congress, and everybody is made as pleased with the revision process as everybody can ever expect to be, then the Noble Experiment and not the tariff, will be the issue of the presidential election in 1932.

If this issue, as between the Wets and Drys be made definite, and wetness—for political purposes—be specified to imply only light wines and beers, then whatever party supports the Noble Experiment will be defeated, our jails will cease being congested, a prosy and uniformed exciseman will usurp the place now tenanted by the picturesque racketeer.

Spotlight

Continued from page 27

ter support than was accorded it the night we attended. It has some artificialities but what play hasn't? However, we don't think the child added anything to the development of the drama. Child parts are always unconvincing and whatever twists the little nephew gave the situation could have been either dispensed with or put into another character's hands. A risque word or two in the dialogue might swing the public toward the Columbia. If Emmy's daughter only enlarged on the drawbacks of being a virgin it might help. But it happens to be a clean play about fundamentally clean people. *Helas!*

Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 29

LITTLE ALEXANDER POLITZER, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome M. Politzer, christened in the new chapel of Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill in August, will be well protected through life if his two godmothers, Miss Maye Colburn and Mrs. Duval Moore, and his godfather, Judge George Crothers, do their duty as it is laid down in the Prayer Book.

The California Club

presents

a series of hour length Morning Musicales to be held in the auditorium of the Club—including house at 1750 Clay Street.

Mme. Maud Fay Symington—Dramatic Soprano assisted by Frederick Schiller—Lecture-Recital (The Operas of Richard Strauss.) October 9, 1931, 11:00 a. m.

Mr. Allen Bier—Pianist. November 4, 1931, 11:00 a. m.

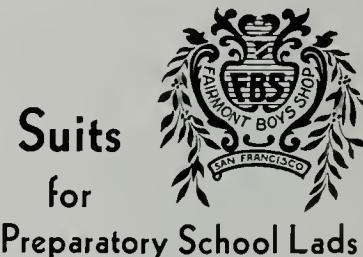
Mme. Ione Pastori-Rix—Soprano assisted by Edward Harris, December 2, 1931, 11:00 a. m.

Mr. Redfern Mason—Lecture (The Relation of Music to Literature). January 6, 1932.

Mr. Jascha Weissi—Violinist. February 3, 1932, 11:00 a. m.

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Merry-Go-Round

Continued from page 33

THE latest in New York's exclusive set during a fashionable dinner is to have a gypsy orchestra play during the service and later. This for those who can afford it. Mrs. Tiffany Saportas gave an elaborate dinner lately at her summer home, Fairhaven, in Newport, R. I., for Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Church and her fiance, Henry Delafield Phelps, when a Hungarian gypsy orchestra played throughout the repast. One is prone to agree with Emerson in regard to conversation during these musical repasts that "Conversation in society is

found to be on a platform so low as to exclude science, the saint and the poet." Many highbrows lately have asked the question if it were not better to do away with orchestras and bands during dinner in order that wit and repartee might save conversation from fast becoming a lost art.

THE lately organized Spinsters Club, whose list was carefully revised last year, is about to lose another prominent member (as the name indicates, only spinsters are eligible to membership). Reference is made to the announcement about a fortnight since of the engagement of Miss Francesca Deering to Thomas Carr Howe, Jr.

Miss Deering is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering. She made her debut at a large ball given at the Hotel St. Francis in 1923. She had been graduated from Miss Burke's private school and with her mother started off shortly after on a tour of the world. They spent the winter in Egypt, and the following winter in India, between whiles traveling extensively over Europe.

The little boy was christened before a gathering of his parents' friends in the chapel which was the gift of Mrs. William H. Crocker, and dedicated to her forebears, the Sperrys of

Stockton. The baptismal font was also a gift of Mrs. Crocker and dedicated to the memory of little Alexander Pulitzer's maternal grandfather, Rev. Robert Chester Foute, for years rector of Grace Cathedral when it was situated at the corner of California and Stockton Streets before the fire of April, 1906.

Old parishioners of Grace recall the little Titian-haired girl who toddled down the aisle after her mother when her father was rector. They called her "Gussie" then. She's the mother of four sturdy children now, three sons and a daughter. Her husband is one of our brilliant attorneys.

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