

SUPPRESSION OF WILD NEW YEAR'S ORGIES URGED BY SAN FRANCISCANS

Saloon Men and Cafe Owners Oppose Movement Started by Puritans to Adopt Sane Celebration—Anna Held and Company Entertained at Gay Party at Press Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 6.—(Special.)—Will the wild spirit with which San Francisco celebrated its Sunday night New Year's eve be curtailed in the future, or will the Bohemians be allowed to ramble about at will on this night in the year? It is a question that came up for consideration this year and although the protest was based on the ground that New Year's eve happened to fall on a Sunday night, it is known there is much more back of the objections that have been raised.

Generally speaking, there is a protest from a certain class of residents who argue that the clamor of San Francisco is to be found in just such celebrations that are peculiar to the city. Naturally, also, the cafe owners and saloon men object to any curtailment of their privileges, because it would mean the loss of thousands of dollars to them. No one in the cafes makes much of a pretense of eating on New Year's eve, and to have anything in front of you save a bottle of wine is to invite ridicule.

It is just for this reason and also because of the roughness of some of the people on the street that the move has come about for a sane New Year's celebration. For instance, Manager James Wood, of the St. Francis Hotel, estimated that they would take in \$20,000 between 9 o'clock in the evening and 5 a. m. the morning. The same thing can be said for the Palace Hotel. It was estimated that Tall's & Techau's Tavern and other of the high-class restaurants would average around the \$10,000 mark from the standpoint of receipts. Going further down the line, tenderloin resorts such as Spider Kelly's, the Black Cat and others with alluring names, the wine bill will run up to something like \$2500 of an evening. The beach resorts also spend their money freely for the laughing song, as some have characterized it; so altogether, there is a world of money spent that might possibly be spent better in other channels. The merchants feel the difference, and so it is quite possible they are behind the movement to put on the lid.

Los Angeles, by the way, started the ball rolling this year. Of course, there are no saloons open in the South on a Sunday, and particularly on this Sunday night. The police were further instructed that they were to be any gathering of crowds on the streets and from all accounts the celebration was no celebration at all.

I don't believe there was a spot in San Francisco where the women did not invade. Up on Powell street there is a restaurant and hotel sacred to men. Women have never been granted the privilege of frequenting the place, but an exception was made last Sunday night to the general rule. Women were granted the right of going to the dining-room, much to the disgust of some

of the night workers who figured on a nice, quiet place in which to take their meals. One of the San Francisco morning papers stirred up quite a bit of interest this last week by interviewing the girls of the Anna Held Company on the stage door Johnnie. Some of the girls turned over to the newspaper men notes that they had received and while names were not used in the paper, still for all that, it made some interesting reading. The fair Anna Held herself permitted an interview to escape from her ruby lips in which she told of the trials and tribulations of the woman in the theatrical game, and how the girls are continually annoyed by men who want to meet them.

Some of the girls said the same thing, but there were others who disagreed with this theory and said that they got along on the road without annoyances. Miss Held was the center of marked attention from friends, Charles Hanlon, a prominent and wealthy attorney, gave a party at the Press Club at which Miss Held and all of the members of her company were guests. This was a take-off shot on Miss Held and plenty of music and the affair wound up with a rag dance. Even Anna Held joined in the merriment and permitted herself to be given a lesson in dancing the Texas Tommy by an expert from the Barbary Coast, who was on hand to do his dance for the victors.

It was all hours when the party broke up and everybody seemed to have had a great time. Later the French Club gave a party to the Parisian actresses and members of the troupe and there were innumerable private stunts. When the show broke up last Saturday night, it is said there were many with broken hearts left behind. At all events, any number of machines escorted the girls and their erstwhile admirers to the special train that was in waiting to take them to Los Angeles.

The Rev. Dr. Aked, of the First Congregational Church, has started an Amalians club of his own. A couple of Sundays ago, he delivered a sermon on the McNamara case, the laborer, and reading the morning paper reports of the sermon, the San Francisco Labor Council sent the reverend gentleman a hot reply. He answered its letter of protest by denying he had said what two of the papers had printed. The men who reported his sermon have people in the congregation to support them, and they are giving a fair and truthful summary of his address.

Newspaper men will hereafter Jordan Dr. Aked along with David Starr Jordan and some of the members of the University of California faculty and treat him accordingly. Most newspaper men will not take a statement from the college professor unless a witness is present, for they have a habit of retorting that they were not

quoted correctly when called to account for their interviews. The "house" revolution, as some one has happily styled them, the boys who attend the revolving doors in the big hotels, are the first to feel seriously the effects of the crusade against tipping. Two of them were complaining the other day that since the chief of the National Association of Commercial Travelers landed his scheme against tips, commercial men, together with the general public, passing in or out of the smooth-turning circular doors are not handing out their 10-cent pieces as of old.

"They talk about the waitress in Denver who recently bought a \$100 coat with tips of 1890 dimes she had been able to save up in three years," said one of these boys. "Why, I have got as high as \$385 in five and ten-cent tips in one year at this door. But they are scarce these days. Formerly I could depend upon at least \$1 a day in tips, which with my \$25 a month salary and board made a good wage. The blocks who talked against tips should attend to his own business and let us boys make something decent."

Quite a scandal came up this last week in local society circles when Captain H. H. Norwood, known to his friends as "Skipper" Norwood, was forced to resign from the Cosmos Club due to a scandal about winning money with cards that were marked. The Skipper was exceedingly lucky in his play, and finally one of the losers, bearing suspicious, took one of the decks home with him. He had the cards examined by an expert and discovered that they had been marked. Of course, Captain Norwood was innocent and all that, but he resigned when his resignation was insisted upon and said that he did so in order to avoid embarrassment.

Men who returned from Sacramento recently say that if United States Senator Perkins were to die tomorrow, there is no doubt that Governor Johnson would send Francis J. Heney to Washington in his stead. But if there had been a vacancy while the Legislature was in session, the Governor wouldn't have had a chance. His name was hardly mentioned.

Among the Progressives, the name of Curtis H. Lindsey is being a good deal discussed as a Senatorial possibility. He is widely known among the lawyers of the state, having been president of the Bar Association and he has built up a competence in practicing mining law, on which he is a recognized authority. Like Heney, he was formerly a Democrat, but his activities were not pronounced. The standpatters take a great deal about Samuel H. Shortridge, who is a recognized candidate for the high office, and of former Governor James N. Gillett, who is working into a good law practice in this city.

time to time in the role of philanthropist, has donated a valuable tract of land at Ravenna as a site for a home for destitute women and children. The gift is contingent upon the raising of \$10,000 toward the construction. The volunteers of America already had more than half this amount pledged and it is said the gift will make it easy to secure the remainder. The announcement of the donation was made at a dinner given by Mr. Jones at the Washington Annex to 50 workers connected with the various charities of the city.

RECITAL PROVES PLEASING

Miss Hildreth Humason Is Heard in Elocutionary Programme.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Humason, of 29 North Twentieth street, their daughter, Miss Hildreth Humason, was presented in an oratory and recitation recital by Edna Will-Bush, a hundred guests were in attendance, and a programme consisting of readings by Miss Humason and Mrs. Bush, together with musical contributions by guests, was given.

Miss Humason has taken up a career as a reader, and her progress in her chosen work has been particularly rapid. She was heard in several recitations, the best liked of which, perhaps, was a selection from "Ben Hur," which she interpreted with charming simplicity and naturalness. In explanation, Mrs. Will-Bush gave Van Dyke's "Last Word," bringing out the sweetness and real beauty of the story.

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS

EDITED BY LEON CASS BAER.

SOME refreshing news has just been received concerning Iselta Jewel, whom everybody in Portland regards as personal property, hence anything about her movements, hopes and wishes will be hailed with delight by hosts of her local admirers. Horace Stevens, at whose mining camp in Northern California, the charming young actress and her mother spent a long vacation last summer, has just returned from a trip East, bringing back with him some glad tidings on the subject of the great success of Iselta Jewel in meeting wherever she has appeared as leading woman in James K. Hackett's company.

"My trip East related to some land business at the National Capital," said Mr. Stevens last night, "the return ticket calling for a route over the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound road, which traverses Minnesota. Much to my delight the Hackett company was playing in Minneapolis when I got there, so I decided to stop over and take my Thanksgiving dinner with Miss Jewel and her mother, and incidentally, attend a performance of 'The Grain of Dust' at the Metropolitan Opera-house there. They were both tickled to death to see me and I plied them with all sorts of inquiries about Portland in general and mutual friends in particular, and as I have been more or less connected with newspapers, I found that I came in handy as a source of information. Anyhow, I found it impossible under the circumstances, to shake any grains of dust or any other kind of dust from my kinks in the short time I had allotted for my stay, so I had to get an extension of time, as the lawyers say. No matter what the moment Miss Jewel casts her lamps on anybody from Oregon, he is a dead-gone 'Injun,' because she looks upon everybody from this state as her long-lost brother, and I firmly believe, would display the same spirit of sisterly interest were she to face him on the Desert of Sahara."

"You know she took me out during down at my mining camp last summer just before her appearance at the Orpheum, and, naturally, whenever two old mining pals like me and her meet in distant lands, we have to gather around some campfire and hold a long pow-wow. For that reason I did not break away quite as soon as expected, and am mighty glad of it, because it not only afforded me the opportunity for having a nice visit with them, but also taking the first sleigh ride of my life."

You see, it was zero weather at Minneapolis, and just about enough snow on the ground to remind me of my little log cabin down in the Sierras, so we celebrated the event by getting a good cutter and all hands—that is, "Queen Pete," "Buff" and myself—hitting the high places around the country until further orders; so late, in fact, that we were all much concerned lest the curtain should arise at the Hackett performance minus its kernel to "The Grain of Dust." We must have gone fully 30 miles, circling Lake Harriet in the course of our dandy ride, where Miss Jewel and myself had our initial view of ice-bergs sailing. You may just bet it was grand, too, watching these fragile crafts, with their tremendous crews of canvas on runners, skimming over the glassy surface like apparitions at a speed that baffles description.

"The Hackett company has been doing an enormous business all this season, and I understand is about the only company that has made much money thus far. It is small wonder, too, for it is certainly a high-grade organization. The latest includes James K. Hackett, who takes the leading male part of Frederick Norman; Ben Johnson, as William Tallow; Charles Steadman, as James Galloway; Frank Burbeck, as Edw. Lockyer; Fraser Coulter, as Isaac Burroughs; Vaughan Trevor, as Clayton Fitzhugh; Fred A. Sullivan, as Timson; Olive Harper, as Mrs. Clayton Fitzhugh; Pauline L. Neff, as Josephine Burroughs, and Miss Jewel, as Dorothea Halliwell, the fascinating young stenographer, who operates a "grain of dust" in the eyes that mirror the soul of the lawyer's affections."

"The house was crowded to the doors the night I attended, and from what I learned, this condition has prevailed all the way through."

The denunciation of "The Merchant of Venice" by Rabbi Mayer of the Jewish race, brings Mr. Southern briskly to the defense of Shakespeare. "Shylock," writes Mr. Southern, "is no more typical of the Jews than Macbeth is of the Scottish or Richard III of the English peoples. He was a Jew—not the Jew." Mr. Southern discovers that Shylock was "a vile, horrible wretch," and was so pictured by Shakespeare to show that persecution is not to be endured even to the most lowly." In his article, Mr. Southern, of course, refers

SEATTLE MUNICIPAL PLAN MEETS COLD RECEPTION

Politicians Declare Citizens Are Not in Favor of Heavy Expenditure at This Time—Tax Scheme Promoted.

SEATTLE, Jan. 6.—(Special.)—If the maneuvering of political candidates furnishes any criterion of public sentiment, it is fair to say that the plans recently drawn up at a cost of some \$50,000 and intended to guide the city in its material development for decades to come, do not stand high in popular favor. Candidates' declarations of policy vary from platonic admiration for the scheme and their safekeeping in an unofficial pigeonhole, where they can be consulted if needed, to active opposition.

The municipal plans, as they are known, are the work of a commission of 21 men elected under the city charter from various public and semi-public organizations in such a way that it was supposed to represent all interests. The commission employed Virgil Rogers, an engineer, and went at the work with great enthusiasm. The result is embodied in a beautifully printed book as big as a college annual, accompanied by numerous maps and plans in colors, describing a city of over 1,000,000 population, covering several times the present area of the city.

Heavy Expenditure Opposed.

Most of the commissioners are sufficiently impressed with the validity of the ideas embodied in the plan to draw into active advocacy of the plans, and political meetings where this question is taken up frequently develop into joint debates. Opposition arises from numerous causes, but the underlying feeling seems to be that this is not the time to commit the city to heavy expenditures.

It is felt that pressure for the immediate realization of parts of the plans would be applied by property owners who would be clamoring for future condemnation and that there would be justice in their contention that the city ought not to mark out their property for public use at the same time as it is being sold.

The plans are to be submitted to the voters at the city election early in March. If adopted they acquire the standing of a part of the city charter. There is some sentiment to the effect that they ought to be simply advisory, even if they are to be used in a general way as a municipal guide. What the voters will do only the election can tell, but the politicians with their ears to the ground seem to have sized up the situation as indicated.

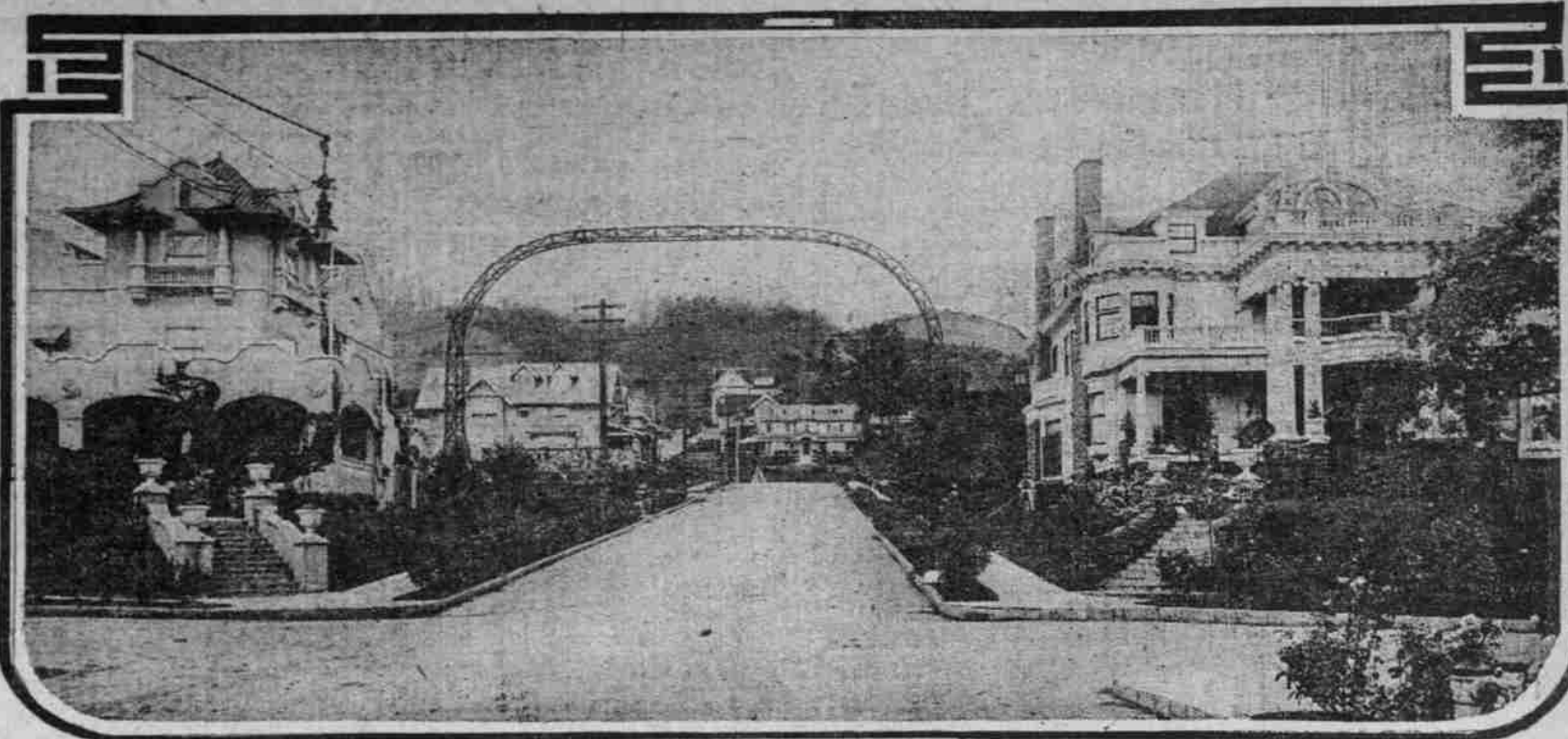
Single Tax Plan Up.

An amendment of decided interest which will be submitted at the same time is that which proposes to exempt from taxation for municipal purposes personal property and real estate, following within this limited scope the single tax principles of Henry George. Councilman Austin E. Griffiths, who is as plainly as its frame could put it that "all" property should be equally taxed in proportion to its value. Even the slight exemption allowed in this state, \$100 worth of personal property to the head of a family, was introduced as an amendment to the constitution.

The neighboring City of Everett recently authorized such an amendment to its charter, which has been entirely ignored by the County Assessor in Snohomish County. Neither the City Attorney nor Prosecuting Attorney has taken any steps toward its enforcement, and the charter commission which has just completed framing a new charter for that city refused to incorporate the single tax in its report, but has submitted the question to the voters again as a separate proposition.

Fire Fighter Retires.

The retirement of Gardner Kellogg as fire marshal, at the age of 73, marks the end of a career of unusual interest. Mr. Kellogg entered the village fire



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to Shakespeare as "The Bard." He favors Shakespeare further in the current Munsey's by entering the noisy madhouse of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy and bidding the Baconians be still.

Mrs. Jackson Gouraud (Amy Crocker, of San Francisco) patron of the first of Mrs. Shakespear further in the current Munsey's by entering the noisy madhouse of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy and bidding the Baconians be still.

Mikail Mordkin, the Russian apollo, recently "discovered" the "future hope" of the white race in a 3-year-old baby, whom he declared to be physical perfection. Mikail Mordkin got him to back it up with photographs of himself and the little one to illustrate the points on which he based his judgment.

Rehearsals are now under way of the special all-Scottish company, which is to present "Bunt's Pulls the Strings" on a tour which will embrace the Pacific Coast. The cast was selected in London by Graham Moffat, the author of "Bunt's." This little-known play, by an unknown author, jumped into immediate favor when it was first presented at the Haymarket in London early last summer, and is still on the boards there. Also it caught the popular taste in blue New York, and every-

body has a good word for both play and players. Cyril Maud is the London producer and the Shuberts are sponsors for "Bunt's" in America.

Jane Laurel, whose last name is Malcolm, but who discards it for stage purposes, will soon retire forever from the footlights by marrying Robert Jordan, a healthy Bostonian. Miss Laurel was in Portland last season with John Drew, in "Smith," playing the role of Mrs. Rosenberg, whose baby dies while she is attending a bridge party. She has been under the management of Charles Frohman for several years.

The engagement has just been announced and the wedding is to be a smart event at Grace Church in Boston, where Mr. Jordan, the son of Eben D. Jordan, a dry-goods merchant, is prominent socially. Miss Laurel has had no professional engagements this season since the death of Kylie Bel- lew, with whom she was playing in "The Mollusc."

Marguerite Clark, the captivating little actress, last seen here with De Wolf Hopper in "Happyland" and who last season appeared in the Eastern "Baby Mine" company, is to be a real star next year, in a new play entitled "When All the World Was Young." This is to be a William A. Brady enterprise.

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