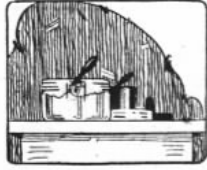


SUNDAY MORNING

Oakland Tribune

JULY 21, 1918.



FROM CALIFORNIA WEEKLIES

Sarah Bernhardt Talks to Seals

For the celebrities of the stage all roads lead to the Cliff House, now as fifty years ago. All roads led three years ago, when there were no motor cars, only hacks from the old Plaza, and only an occasional French actor, like Coquelin, who made acquaintance with his mobile face at the seals. It was natural therefore that Sarah Bernhardt should return to one of the scenes of her early conquests, for she adored the Cliff House in the long ago almost as much as Adolph Hirtz himself and for the same reason—that it presented a rare marine view. Sarah Bernhardt has never changed much in her likes and dislikes. When she was a young and pretty and talented Jewess, just arrived in Paris, she loved bizarre effects. She had peculiar ways that made her talked about, though she had no publicity agent. She scorned the way of the actress to win publicity, but having captured the just indulged her ways and people could not help talking about her. So it was when dramatic critics were afraid of the young lion who played in her apartment. She dotes on wild animals. The same critics were shocked that she should like a coffin for a bed, but a love of the macabre was a passion. It was as natural as that she should cultivate a thimbleless many years before it was fashionable to avoid a well-mourished appearance. She was merely ahead of her time. She knew it was beautiful to be slender, and now women everywhere are consulting doctors to tell them how many meals they can safely go without. Probably after a time this wonderful woman who has survived all the heroines of Harlow and the great and famous Jewish tragedienne of her day whom Matthew Arnold so fondly described and for whom Oscar Wilde wrote "Salome" in the French tongue—perhaps she will teach her sex that there is more in the charm in a sea lion. A seal that she obtained in Africa in her latest pet, and the seal was in her enclosure when she visited the Cliff for lunch last Saturday and made the acquaintance of our authority on seals.

At the close of her luncheon she was paid a tribute by the whole house standing while she was taking her departure.—Town Talk.

A New Fish Story

While Judge Thomas F. Graham was at the springs early in the season he did considerable fishing in Bartlett creek. He established the record of the season for the largest trout. This big trout, as the story comes to me, measured as long as the a man's forearm. Judge Graham sentenced it to incarceration in a spring near the hotel. The guests named the trout Jumbo. Jumbo got so he would eat his dinner out of a silver spoon held in the unwavering hand of his master and trainer. The meal consisted of raw liver cut into six-inch strips, well seasoned, and a couple of thin slices of coffee. When Judge Graham would lift the lid of the spring, Jumbo, who always kept his mouth shut through fear of being quoted in the newspapers in pronunciation impressed on him by the Judge, would rise to the surface, keep his elbows off the bank, and wait for action. When the meat was lowered on the silver spoon, Jumbo would give three "treem-mas." Then he would swim in the water of Judge Graham's initials, back fire once, and sink from sight like a German submarine trying to escape from a United States destroyer. When Eddie Graney, also a guest at the springs, was told the story of Jumbo, he said it sounded twice as raw as the liver. But Graney was soon convinced that Jumbo could do all that the Judge claimed. Graney, as soon as he can get his fountain pen to looking normally, intends to write a serial account of Jumbo.—Town Talk.

MILLION DOLLAR NECKLACE BEGGING

The pearl necklace contributed to the Red Cross by the women of England has been valued at over \$1,000,000, and now the question arises what to do with it. Some enthusiastic loyalists have suggested that it be given to the queen, but the queen has resolutely vetoed this proposal on the ground that she does not wish to wear any jewels at all at this particular time, although she is sometimes compelled to wear the crown jewels. It will be observed that there are other ladies who have no such scruples. In any case it seems to be a rather stupid suggestion. If the necklace were given to the queen there would be no profit whatever for the Red Cross, seeing that the queen could not possibly afford to buy it. It is now proposed that the necklace be sold by auction, which of course is the right thing to do and the only thing to do. Possibly it would be bought by some unoppressed pork butchering millionaire and worn by his wife, but what would that mean?

We must find some use for our millionaires, and if they can be separated from their money in such ways as this it will be good for every one concerned.

One wonder what has become of all the jewels of antiquity. There must have been enormous numbers in the possession of the Roman aristocrats, for example. In fact, there was never a time in human history when jewels were not being amassed, and the output of precious stones must have been nearly continuous. Where are they all now? Doubtless some of the ancient jewels are still being worn, but there must be a large number unaccounted for. For instance, where is the diamond necklace that brought woe upon Marie Antoinette? Maybe its whereabouts is known to those who have made a study of such things, but there must be more of other historic gems that have disappeared. One wonder if they have found their way to India.—The Argument.

Mrs. Ray Baker Entertained

Mrs. Ray Baker (Margaret Emerson McKim Vanderbilt), has of course been kept busy at many delightful and informal affairs during her visit here with her husband, who has devoted much of his time to his affairs as director of the mint, thus leaving his bride free to play around in the day-time as she wished. Almost every day there has been a luncheon at one of the hotels with Mrs. Baker as the motif. The other day Mrs. Peter Martin (who changed her mind about abiding the San Francisco fog from her well) presided over a luncheon for Mrs. Baker and shared the attention of the throng with her, these two women naturally being the cynosure of all eyes.

On Tuesday night Harry Scott gave a supper party at the St. Francis for the Bakers and the party, of course, attracted much attention, including as it did, besides the bride, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Willard Brown and Mrs. Richard McCree. The Bakers have gone on their way, but will return again in September and plan to spend that month in these parts.—News Letter.

KULJUV

- It advocates war as a thing that is good in itself.
It claims a divine mission to rule the world.
It advocates plunder as the chief end of nations.
It claims a partnership with God.
It declares that morals are a delusion.
It advocates murder, robbery, deceit and deception.
It proclaims double-dealing as a national virtue.
It murders the wounded and bombs hospitals.
It poisons nurses and violates nuns.
It poisons wells and spreads disease everywhere.
It pins medals on baby murderers.
It shells unfortified towns.
It endures enemy civilians.
It advocates the death of weak people.
It scoffs at international law.
It openly proclaims the law of the jungle.
It places might before right.
Speaking of play titles and war, we often wonder what will happen when "The Man Who Comes Back" meets "The Man Who Stayed at Home."

Secretary McAdoo says: "Half-soled shoes and half-soled breeches are badges of honor. I wear them, and gladly recommend them."

Wonder if he thinks he has got any patent on that?

It is said Jess Willard gained eight pounds during his long training period for the Fulton (?) fight. Probably he overexercised himself.

Community Singing of U. C.

If you want to participate in a pleasant evening at the Greek theater where everyone is welcome, come along on any Wednesday evening during the summer season and see and hear a good program and also participate in the community sing.

Also on Thursday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock meetings for instruction in community singing are being held under the direction of Mildred White. Our people are all cordially invited to attend and no tickets of admission are required.—Rockley Courier.

About two months ago we read the warning: "Save your old overcoats, because they will be scarce next year." We didn't actually believe that there would ever be a scarcity of old overcoats.

Old overcoats are the most plentiful thing in the world. However, we took the advice home with us and began saving our old overcoats. We had two of them to save. Yesterday we hauled them out to take a squint at them and found that the moths didn't take the advice as we did.

Maths don't believe what they see in the papers. If we hadn't tried to save our old overcoats we would have had them yet, but, as it is, each of them has been submerged in several important places.

What's the use of trying to play the game according to the experts?

The London Times accepts Japan's statement that she will stand by the allies to the end.

Of course they will. The Japs are not quite halms. They can see which way the cat is going to jump.

A consular report says weather conditions are so fine in the Canary Islands that three or four crops are produced every year. Judging by the number of emarries in our apartment house, three or four crops a year are plenty.

The Germans are now straffing Columbus. He discovered America. So far as we are concerned, we don't see how he could have missed it if he was sailing this way.

One well-known commercial traveler says the only way he can get any orders is to have his wife travel with him. She gives him some every day.

Who ever thought it would come to this, when we are the world's champion throwers of the ball, too? Spanish baseball team, with seven bullfighters in it, beat an American nine at Washington by a score of 22 to 12.

Fish and Filet and Ash Can

Here is the most amusing patriotic food story that I have heard yet. It was told at luncheon at the Burlingame Club the other day by a beautiful young matron—who is more famed for her charm, her cheer and her politeness than her housewifely interests. However, she is a good little patriot and so she did not pass the word on to the chef via the waiter via the maid or by any other domestic channel when the proverb came that meat must be saved. Instead, she went straight to the chef herself and told him that the food would win the war and that they must eat fish, though she loathed every denizen of the water and looked askance upon finny creatures served in any fashion. The order registered, fish was served twice a week in that household as regularly as though the ritual were imposed by some religious order. The chef's wife of the household was delighted, for the meals told her that the chef was in it if that no one in the house was eating meat on those days.

After several weeks of this regime she decided to get into the kitchen in person to congratulate the Filipino upon his fishy exploits and to and behold she chanced to enter that precinct upon the immortal moment when he was confining to the ash can the latter part of a huge fillet of roast beef left over from the day before! In order that fish should be eaten he threw away the meat! "Can you beat it?" inquired the Blingum lady—and no one tried to beat it.—News Letter.

Charley Schwab and Joe Tynan

In Charley Schwab we've been entertaining a Man. Though perhaps not completely correct to say that a Man has been entertaining us. Or, better still, the entertainment was "fifty-fifty." We gave Charley Schwab the best time we know how to give, and he reciprocated. His spirits were irreplaceable. He enjoyed every moment because he was happy all the time, happy with an infectious happiness. At the Union Iron Works he danced a jig to relieve his overcharged feelings as a ship slid down the ways.

"I've seen hundreds of 'em launched," he exclaimed, "but they always give me the same old thrill."

That's the worker snuffing in achievement. Charley Schwab represents the dignity of labor and he reminded us by his actions that true dignity is not afraid to look undignified, or rather to look what show pokes and solemn stone call undignified.

Did we ever have a more inspiring spectacle of the dignity of labor than Charley Schwab, muntering up Market street the day he arrived behind the Union Iron Works band—men and boys in dingy overalls and jumpers, showing and drumming a musical welcome to the boss? That must have been Joe Tynan's idea. If you'd, no doubt, have been Charley Schwab's idea if Joe Tynan were being welcomed to Philadelphia. The two men are of the same flesh and blood, warmly human to the marrow. They affect you the same way; make you wish you were helping to win the war in the sweat of your face by working at the Union Iron Works.—Town Talk.

Bad Man, This Familiar One

They were discussing the reported assassination of the Chief.

"I don't get much time to read the papers," said the woman to the man. "But my opinion is that if they ever catch this fellow by the name of Iolobevski they ought to kill him, too."—Town Talk.

Now that everybody is thinking up war slogans, here is this one: To-be-or-not-to-be-helmit.