

PALACE ORGAN RITES TO BE HELD SUNDAY

Ceremonial Program Will Mark Dedication of Instrument in Spreckels Memorial Hall

Dedication of the hundred thousand dollar organ in the California Palace of the Legion of Honor...

Humphrey J. Stewart, composer of the Bohemian Club, will lead a symphony orchestra of sixty pieces...

Stewart has written the music of a cantata to Lord Byron's immortal poem, "The Star of the Legion of Honor"...

The dedication will take on the aspect of an international affair due to the presence of prominent French citizens...

William F. Humphrey of the park commission will preside and the ceremonies will be attended by the other members of the commission...

The program for the day follows: The "Star Spangled Banner" by the orchestra led by Supervisor Eugene E. Schmitz...

'Cross-Word' Booze Dealer Still Sought

Prohibition agents continued their search yesterday for H. Cummings, 4029 Polson street, alleged to be the "cross-word" bootlegger...

After the raid one of the agents erroneously reported that Mrs. M. St. Clair was taken into custody with Cummings...

Coast 'Y' Delegate Attends Eastern Meet

Representing the Y. M. C. A. branches of the Pacific Coast, Lyman L. Pierce of San Francisco reached New York yesterday...

Before returning to San Francisco he will visit the associations of the large Eastern cities.

Mate Never Home, Wife Avers in Suit

Mrs. Jeannette Fletcher, 1515 Divisadero street, obtained a divorce in Judge Thomas F. Graham's court yesterday when she testified that she never had a husband.

At least, she might as well not have had one, she said, because he was never at home...

Medical Lecture to Be Given Tomorrow

The first of this year's series of medical lectures open to the public, under the auspices of the Stanford University Medical School, will be delivered by Dr. A. W. Hewlett...

Why Fans Get Cross-eyed



Miss Gertrude Nolan, above, appearing at the Orpheum Theater this week, is the first actress to use the new crossword hosiery. The insert is an exact duplicate of the design on the stockings. Here are the definitions:

- HORIZONTAL: 2-Boy's name (abbr.), 4-Part of verb "to be", 5-Time father comes home, 7-A person, 9-Present. VERTICAL: 1-A number, 3-An animal, 6-A month of the year (abbr.), 8-What father says when you ask for money.

Don't crowd, please. The crossword puzzle is the same on both stockings. The young lady has agreed to hold the pose until you all have been able to solve the problem.

BIGGER TRAFFIC FORCE URGED

Lack of sufficient officers to enforce the laws was offered yesterday by Traffic Commissioner Al Katschinski as the reason for the recent marked increase in traffic violations.

GEYSER SPOUTS IN S. F. STREETS

Though the California climate has long been boasted to "raise anything," not until yesterday did it produce a spouting geyser out of a city sidewalk.

This new marvel, located at Market and Kearney streets at 11 a. m. yesterday, and known to scientists as a De-Hydrated-Fire-Hydrant, emitted a 15-foot stream of water into the air...

Los Angeles, Detroit and other cities of approximately the same size and traffic rating as San Francisco have on duty as many motorcycle officers alone as there are members of our entire traffic squad.

Prompt and certain punishment of every traffic offender would be a decisive step in the right direction, however. This condition is not to be blamed on the courts, nor on the Police Department.

Escaped Convict Returned. POLSON PRISON, Jan. 7.—(By International News Service.)—Natividad Cordero, who escaped from Polson prison late Sunday night, was returned today to the prison, following his capture at a railroad section house near Shingle Springs.

Motelist Rushes Victim to Hospital. John Stalich, 1552 Ellis street, was injured yesterday when he was struck by an automobile on Market street, near Ninth. O. J. Kavanaugh, 3018 Twenty-sixth street, driver, took Stalich to the Central Emergency Hospital.

COLLEGE WOMAN SHOT BY SUITOR

MADISON (Wis.), Jan. 7.—(Universal Service.)—F. X. Bernard, a young Corsican chemist, chose as his motto:

"Never trifle with a man's love." This was the key to the tragedy of unrequited love which was enacted today in the French house of the University of Wisconsin, where Bernard shot Miss Lora Palmer, French instructor at the University, and then took his own life.

In Bernard's pockets was found a note which read: "Moral: Never trifle with a man's love."

Miss Palmer, the pretty 28-year-old teacher of romance languages, before lapsing into a coma, gave the key to the tragedy, saying: "After I helped him to get an education, he fell in love with me. I never could make up my mind to marry him."

Oaklander Fined \$600 as Bootlegger

Oscar Klapp, 3934 San Pablo avenue, Oakland, was fined \$600 by Federal Judge Partridge yesterday upon a charge of violating the prohibition act.

Information alleging similar violations were filed yesterday against Peter L. Hopkins, Michael Ryan and Henry Bowman, accused of operating the Crest Club, 124 Ellis street, which was raided on December 24, and Gottlieb Carlson, 58 Jackson street.

Oh, for Good Old Times at Cliff House!

Coffee and doughnuts at the Cliff House—coffee and doughnuts and waffles and mustard sandwiches—dear me, what do you suppose the seals think about it?

Coffee and doughnuts, quite so, but how about frog's legs and mush rooms under glass and the escarrot and mus-sels marion-ere, and breast of chicken with truffles, and the omelet with fine herbs, and onion soup with the nice square pieces of toast floating in it, and the sand dabs muntere.

The salad, mixed on the table in the bowl—not handed around in little dabs like the salads at a church party—a noble, big bowl of wood or of old heavy crockery, plenty of oil, the very best, mind you; plenty of paprika, a pinch of garlic—oh, yes, you can pinch garlic—if you want to—two or three spring onions, sliced lengthwise, a dash of tarragon vinegar.

And you mixing and beating and mixing and beating, and the blue sea and the white breakers outside the window and the seals barking and the sun shining to beat the band, and the sand as white as sugar or as yellow as gold or as softly tan as the bark of a young madrone in February, and the air sharp with salt.

And out on the horizon a tall ship homeward bound, and the little fishing boats scurrying along close to the shore, heavy with their catch, and the fishermen singing Eule Mio or Toreador—and you laughing and young and light-hearted, and the Cliff House drive stretching before you, and the children chasing each other along the beach, and down at the end a horseman or two reflected in the gleaming sand, like a French picture.

And the old green parrot with the ruby eyes cackling and whistling and every once in a while whispering something softly to himself—he said it was your name, but you never quite believed it. And all the world there for breakfast, the real world, the world of gaiety and brains and wit and light heart.

Why, how grave they look, the reverend signors—with their whiskers and their queer collars—but, dear me, they knew how to give a breakfast, those gentlemen, and they gave them, too, and drove out behind a spanking team in the very latest sort of equipage, and you had to watch the horses all the way out and appreciate them, and speak of the gait of them, and the smooth way of them.

And if you really wanted to be popular, you rode a mile or so and looked straight between the horses' ears and never spoke a word.

And Little Kate Castleton, with the wicked eyes and the crooked teeth, and the dimple in the cheek of her, was singing "For Goodness Sake, Don't Say I Told You" at one theater and Rozina Vokee

was telling us that her heart was true to Poll at another.

And little French Atmees, too plump, not quite young enough, but heavens, the dash of her, how she did do "Pretty As a Picture."

And "Molly Newell Don't Be Cruel, My Little Jewel Be," 'twas you could sing it, Lydia Yeamans Titus, and the whole town stretching an eager ear to hear you, and Little Annie Rooney, what a sweetheart she was, the little rogue, she and poor McGinty were the rage of the hour.

Some dancing tune, McGinty, and not a bad waltz, Little Annie Rooney. Half the new jazz is stolen from the old tunes, after all.

AND THEN DINNER. And a day at the beach and a step around the park and dinner at 7 at the old Poodle Dog, maybe, with Camille cooking your flet of sole in a paper bag for you yourself, or maybe 'twas the Mal-son Riche you preferred, or sometimes you might care to run down to one of the old markets and have a thick steak and some corn bread, and the waiter asking you confidential-like, "Coffee, t's a, wine or beer?" while you were twisting the jackets off your shrimps.

And after dinner—the town, wide awake and glittering—the whole town from the Barbary Coast to Market and from the Ferry out to Tenth, and Johnny O'Brien and Mary Mooney out for a Sunday night's stroll up and down Market, and hardly room for them to step, what with the crowd and the friends and the greetings and all.

CRACKED CRABS AND BEER. And Sausadito on a fine Sunday and the cracked crabs and

the glass of beer on the wharf over there. Do you remember the little southern woman with the ringlets and how she always tried to make you have fried chicken instead of crabs, and whatever has happened to the chicken liver—en brochette?

Faith a dinner wasn't a dinner without them in the old days, and a laurel leaf bursting with flavor set between tidbit and tidbit—

Ab, well, it's all right, the coffee and the doughnuts and the waffles, too, no doubt—but I'm glad I knew San Francisco in the days when we'd never heard of a weenie and when doughnuts were considered some kind of down east fruit never grown on the Pacific Coast.

Old days, old friends, old memories, how they do smile at us down through the mist of years.

"no bother at all" Bluhill spreads like butter

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