

Editorial Section

Special Features

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HUSH! HUSH! JEWEL GARTERS AT THE WINSHIP BALL

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—The ball given at the Fairmont by Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, like the recent one of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon at the Palace, was a most lavish affair in all of its many appointments. Expense was given full play at both of the affairs and they have done much along the same distinctive line to make this winter's social gayeties in San Francisco ever memorable.

The jewels displayed by the ladies constituted a dazzling feature of both dances. There was a buzz of admiration as many a beautiful woman passed by with ornaments sufficient for a king's ransom.

And—speak it softly—there are those who say there were jeweled tassels worn on garters, flashing brilliantly against the background of shapely limbs in stockings of black silk. One of the morning papers last month thought it worth while to print a dispatch from New York about one of these jeweled tassels being worn by Mrs. Herman Oelrichs at the Horse Show at Madison Square Garden. According to the telegram, it was said to have been seen "as it were" daintily lifted over her skirts to mount the broad stairway.

This reason may explain why some are saying that at both the Winship and Sharpe dancing parties there were some who set the same new fashion high mark. Some costly and dainty jewel anklets are also said to have been worn. According to the same interesting and subdued gossip that when in woman's hoisery, the spiral stocking is still both a thing of beauty and utility. As the name hints, according to an authority, the spiral stocking proves a tortuous course. It starts at the foot, as all stockings do, but, unlike other hoisery, it goes winding, winding. The— isn't it a garment?—is made of two materials. One a web of heavy silk, constitutes the body of the spiral. The lighter stuff—mere gauze—fills the spaces between the coils of the other. As the materials are in contrasting colors, the effect is said to be hair-raising.

Cliff House Pays a Dividend

For the first time in its history, the Cliff House has just paid a dividend. This speaks volumes for the business management of Roy Carruthers and his plan of conducting the place along liberal and yet proper lines. Carruthers took charge of the place about a year ago for a company in which he is also a member. Some of his associates in the leasing company consist of "Big Bill" Lange, Sam Rucker and James Wood of the St. Francis. They took the old, romantic seaboard resort over from John Farley, the former saloon proprietor, who is said to have a \$100,000 bank account and one or two others. They were glad to get out just about even. Under the direct charge of its owner, Seftoy, years ago the place never paid for some reason. Nor did this several times following his death. It is now well off financially. Carruthers has greatly improved the cuisine. He has also added a dancing floor. Then, he and his general manager have a large following among men about town and in business who have money and like to spend it. All of these things have been factors in the present success of the place. The greatest factor, however, has been the dancing floor. San Franciscans love to dance at the beach resorts. When they found they could do so at the Cliff, they began to flock there nightly in large numbers at the expense of the other places down along the great ocean boulevard. So it can in all truth be said that dancing at the Cliff and its first goody dividend under Carruthers have the very close relation of cause and effect.

Success as an Art Critic

I saw Matt Thierney on the street the other day. Before the fire he was quite a factor in the night life of the town. His associate in a big saloon and dance hall on Mason street, near Eddy, was Billy Pratt. Pratt & Thierney, as a firm in those times, were all the vogue with a certain class and with many slumming parties. They had an art gallery in their dance hall and an exhibition. From an art point of view most of the pictures were fierce, but now and then they would get the loan of some very good ones. Thierney, who in his day had been a policeman, posed as quite a critic of art and at times used words in the wrong place. One slumming party, consisting of a man and woman, greatly admired a framed picture that was really good.

"Marvelous" was the admiring adjective the woman used as she gazed at it.

Thierney, who was conducting them about the place and appreciating their enthusiastic praise and incidentally the bumper of wine they were buying, wanted to be honest with them that the picture was not his property. He sought to convey the idea that so far as his dancing hall was concerned that particular art creation was simply a transient guest for a month.

So when the lady again said "marvelous," he replied:

"Yes, but I am sorry to say it is merely permanent."

When Four Aces Did Not Win

Mr. ——— has moved over from Nevada, where he has mining interests, and taken offices in the

Monadnock building on Market street from which place he will hereafter handle his affairs. Jim, as his friends call him, is a most likable chap, popular with both sexes. He has not joined a club here yet but can do as he wants to. The reason he hesitates taking a plunge into San Francisco clubdom is because he is "down" on poker games, that is he thinks he is, and he is afraid if he goes into a club he may be tempted to break his oath, taken personally with himself, never to play the alluring game again. Some time ago over in his own State, he belonged to the Washoe Club with a lot of other fine fellows. Poker was a great pastime with them. In those days he bet big, and he begins his pleasure life was to play poker and win. The second greatest pleasure was to play the game and lose. He had been enjoying the second greatest pleasure for some months. One evening, however, when there was plenty of money on the table, he was dealt four aces. In the midst of fast and furious betting, there being several big hands out against him, and as the money was piling up in the center of the table, one side of the old frame club building fell out with a great noise. There was a mad scramble for the money as the players started for the stairs. Such was the sad outcome of his four aces in a big pot, and he has been sore and sensitive on the subject of a poker game ever since.

The Nevada Divorce Law

Talking to a leading lawyer from Nevada last night, he says there is hardly any doubt but what the State's new legislation, which begins its session next month, will change the present divorce law so as to lengthen the time for acquiring a residence for the purpose of commencing a divorce action from six months to one year. If such a law is adopted, it is probable the legislature will provide that it shall not become effective until January 1, 1914. Pressure of public opinion both in and out of the State, he says, makes it almost certain the law will be changed. The eight or ten causes for divorce in Nevada are not to be changed, for they practically correspond to the causes for divorce recently recommended for adoption by all the States by a special committee of the American Bar Association. My informant estimates that there are fully 1000 Easterners, mostly women, at present in Nevada seeking a severance of the marriage tie. Of this number, 500 are living in Reno and about 200 in Carson. Reno is strongly opposed to any change in the six months' residence provision, especially the merchants, hotel men and many lawyers. They all have found this business very lucrative, running as it has, up into the millions yearly. The agricultural way is bringing many new settlers into Nevada. It is better to encourage these and other outside investments, he says, than to continue to have the State pointed at in an undesirable way because of six months' residence feature of its divorce law.

He is in Love With Alaska

Bishop Rowe, who has for years been in charge of the diocese of Alaska for the Episcopal Church, is visiting the city. The good bishop, who is a most interesting and democratic character, thinks Alaska is the only spot on earth. A couple of years ago, when he and his general convention of the Episcopal Church was in session in the East, it elected him bishop of Wyoming and telegraphed him to that effect at Sitka. He immediately wired back:

"I cannot leave Alaska."

When his message was read to the solemn gathering one who was there says it completely left itself in wondering and tumultuous applause.

It is said that on one occasion in some Alaskan spot, the bishop preached to a lot of old miners about Noah and the flood. At the conclusion of the discourse, one old man frankly remarked to Bishop Rowe that while he had enjoyed the sermon he did not believe in the flood story. The minister insisted that the Bible story was true and wanted to know of the man why he questioned its truth. The fellow replied that he could not see how it could have happened.

"The Bible, you say, bishop," he continued, "says it rained forty days and forty nights and everybody was drowned except Noah and a few others. Why, up here I've seen it rain 200 days and 200 nights and not a god darn person has a mis-hap 'cept to get a little dazp."

Hot Flat Iron as Weapon

Chief of Police White and several of his lieutenants were talking the other evening about the infrequency of robberies of Chinese washhouses. All present seemed to agree that such robberies were rare, or at least if they did take place they were seldom reported to the authorities. One of the group said he once heard an ex-convict talk on that subject, saying that while he always believed the Chinese kept money in their washhouses, those places would be about the last he would want to sneak into.

"Drawing him out so as to try and find the reason why he never sought to steal from those places, he said to me:

"The Chinaman who has a washhouse has as his handiest weapon a hot iron, and his aim is dead-ly. I'd rather be shot with a pistol, chased by a bulldog and batted with sandbags than a target for a hot iron. A cold iron is bad enough, but a hot one is awful. It not only stings, but burns, and sturns deep. Most Chinks know that crooks are afraid of their hot irons, and I have known wise old heathens who had done the house to keep an iron

on the fire all night in case anybody should show up to fire it at."

He Left an Honored Name

Judge John Curry, who has just died, was one of the ablest jurists and practicing lawyers this city and State ever produced. He was an ornament to the superior Court in learning and fairness. In private practice he amassed a fortune and his record was spotless. Dying at 98, both Curry's mental and physical vigor were remarkable. A year before his death he could walk up the steep Powell street hill to the Fairmont hotel, where he was a guest. After the 90s he made a trip to his old home in New York State without in any way being fatigued. He returned about two years ago in the same good condition. For years, Judge Curry was the first three guests to be invited to the apartment house at that famous hotel. He lived there until his death. A store-pipe hit and Prince Albert coat were part of the apparel worn for years. He dearly enjoyed a good cigar and smoked many of them, they never in any way affecting his health. He was fond of planting trees and shrubbery, liked to live in the open and do much walking. Plenty of sleep, much walking as an exercise, together with the strong constitution nature had endowed him with, accounted for his long years of life, he recently told some friends. He kept a diary of men and events during his many years on this coast. It, together with the many letters he wrote to prominent men—and he is a fine letter-writer—should form the basis of a splendid biography of him one of these days. He was an ardent champion of woman suffrage and liked to watch the successful progress of young members of the bar.

"Above all else he honest and fair," he has told many of them in the years ago.

Gave Aid to Budding Talent

Local friends confirm the London cablegram of last Saturday to the effect that Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, widow of the late Ambassador Reid, will soon come to her country home at Millbrae, just south of this city, for an indefinite visit in order to have a good long rest after her great bereavement. It is one of the oldest and finest country homes in California, having been bought by her father, D. O. Mills, many years ago. Recently, or the last time she was on the coast, she purchased an additional 100 acres for it.

Mrs. Reid has the reputation of having financially aided many young men and women of talent to attain their end in life and become successful. She has given such aid during the past fifteen years a number of such in this bay shore region. The same thing has been done by the William H. Crocker, Collins Huntington used to be equally unostentatious and effective with his money both here and in the East. His widow continues the same practice in New York and here. Many young men and women prosperous and leading worthy lives in this country owe all to the timely assistance of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. But the case of girls who did possess talent and who, having an assured future, were then able to continue their studies made an irremediable error to this charitable and far-sighted woman while living in Paris when her husband was the American minister to France. It was at that time that she started to give them money the home for American students, where they had a comfortable place at a small price, adequate protection and good associations. The home is still maintained. Many wealthy and public-spirited women have taken up the work which Mrs. Reid inspired. The home is now a four-story building.

Sen's Divorce Was Costly

From all accounts it cost Grant, pere, a large sum of money to secure for Douglas Grant, his son, a divorce from the pretty Ruth Goodrich Grant. But Joseph D. Grant was determined that his son should be divorced from the fetching Goodrich girl, and he played the legal game, with his lawyers, as adroitly as he could, and in spite of considerable expense. It was the end he sought, although he by no means flung away his coin in reaching it.

Those who were in a position to know something about what was paid for all the maneuverings since the announcement of the marriage first rashly shocked the father say it cost the latter about \$100,000, including lawyers' fees. There were letters in the case, correspondence between the young couple, which the wife and her lawyer had, which it was absolutely necessary for the father and son to get back and destroy. The contents of some of these letters, it is alleged, made it imperative for the young man to live in London as long as he did and was Grant, senior, was negotiating for them along with a divorce. As long as the messianic idea has been broken by a peaceful compromise, it is not necessary to him, in the contents of some of these epistles. Some other rich papas have paid large sums during the past twenty years to free their sons from undesirable marriages. It probably remains for young Grant to make the peculiar distinction of being the highest-priced progeny in this respect in many a long day.

Enjoyed Their Fine Mansions

They were talking about the forthcoming transfer of the city of Sacramento of the old Judge E. B. Crocker mansion in that town as an addition to the Crocker Art Gallery, which was originally given the city by the family, a daughter of the house, Mrs.

J. Stout Hasset, was here recently, arranging for the transfer of the old mansion.

One of the coteries made the observation that the public has for years had a wrong impression about the mansions that were built by the men who got fabulously rich in a few years from the Central and Southern Pacific roads. According to this man, the public has all along believed they found no pleasure in their palaces after they did erect them. This is a very erroneous impression, he insisted. The Colton, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker mansions on Nob Hill were long the scenes of pleasant times by their builders. Huntington also had enjoyable times in the Colton home, which he bought it for \$200,000 in cash in 1885, the same as he had in his New York mansion. Then he pointed out to what good uses they have all been put to since they served their day and purpose. He made one exception. The Colton mansion was destroyed in the fire of 1906, like the others on Nob Hill. The vacant ground is still in the name of Mrs. C. P. Huntington, who does not want to do anything with it but sell it. The Crocker block of ground has been given to the Episcopal church for cathedral purposes by all of Charles Crocker's heirs. The Hopkins place is the college of art of the University of California. The Stanford mansion was turned over to Stanford University and would have been used by it for some purpose had it not been destroyed in the fire. Since then it has been sold for the purpose of a modern apartment house that will represent a million investment.

Tangled Matrimonial Affairs

A friend calls my attention to a recent cablegram dealing with the tangled matrimonial affairs of Prince and Princess Rospigliosi in Rome. It says this princess must not be confounded with the Princess Giuseppe Rospigliosi, who visited San Francisco some months ago and has relatives by the name of Reid living in Oakland. She was born a Reid in New Orleans, of Kentucky parents. Her first husband was a New England millionaire by the name of Parkhurst. They were divorced, and later she married Prince Giuseppe Rospigliosi, of an old noble Italian family. The latter frowning on the marriage, she has for years been seeking from the Vatican a sanction of her marriage. While here the charming and vivacious Italian princess was the guest of the George Whitehall and other families. At Catalina she proved herself an ardent disciple of old Joe Wallon. The princess was one of the most beautiful devotes at the shrine of My Lady Nice-tine in this city in many a long day. Probably her only artistic superior with the fragrant little cigarette in this city is the wife of the Russian consul-general, Countess Rojstevensky, who has long been the despair of all the society women who like to smoke.

The other Prince Rospigliosi is said to be the nephew of the husband of the princess who was here, and his wife, from whom he has separated, is the daughter of a Philadelphia aristocrat by the name of Haseltine.

Capital City of Australia

Walter Burley Griffin, a Chicago architect, will shortly arrive here on route to Australia, and will be given a dinner by the local chapter of architects. Griffin has the distinction of having recently won the international competition for the design of the site for the new federal capital city of the commonwealth of Australia, comprising an area of twenty-five square miles. In what was a wilderness a year ago, the new city is to be called Canberra, and is in New South Wales, a little over a hundred miles from Sydney and about eighty miles from the east coast. The value of the prize won by Griffin was about \$10,000. The plan of the new city is of the radical or gyratory type. There is a principal center, from which streets and boulevards radiate to other centers, from which in turn thoroughfares radiate to subordinate centers. The plan is complete in every detail, covering every thing the city will need, including street and steam railroads. The selection of a site for the new capital was a compromise, a vital one, for the success of the Australian federation was closely imperiled on the question. Just like the Panama-Pacific exposition directors are beginning with a clean stretch of land for their work, only on a much larger and permanent scale, is the work Griffin has cut out for him in making a modern capital site in the antipodes.

Devoted to Promoting Peace

It has been a matter of surprise to some of the friends of Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, that he should have recently seen fit to resign the important post as vice-president of the board of trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace. It was a surprise to some of them, as William F. Slocum, of Colorado College, Colo., succeeds him. Gins, the Boston millionaire publisher, has a necessary to him, in the contents of some of these epistles. Some other rich papas have paid large sums during the past twenty years to free their sons from undesirable marriages. It probably remains for young Grant to make the peculiar distinction of being the highest-priced progeny in this respect in many a long day.