



A GLIMPSE OF THE BOHEMIAN CLUB'S BIG TREE GROVE.

BOHEMIAN HIGH JINKS.

Novel Entertainment of a San Francisco Club.

The Bohemian Club, of San Francisco, whose fame is world-wide among authors, artists and actors, is remarkable in several respects, but the feature that proves most attractive to those who live beyond the bounds of California is the club's ownership of a grove of giant redwood trees near San Francisco, which enables it once a year to hold its midsummer "high jinks" in a great natural amphitheatre whose walls are the huge shaggy trunks of the primeval forest. This tract of fine timber is in Sonoma County, only half a mile from the Russian River and about ninety miles from San Francisco. Six years ago a big lumber company, which owned the grove, decided to cut the timber, but the Bohemians, who had used the grove for several years, raised \$27,500 and bought the splendid forest, having a special legislative act formed to permit the club to own more than forty acres of land. The place has been greatly improved in the last six years. The underbrush has been cleared away, a swimming place established on the Russian River and a rustic hunting lodge built on a high bluff of the river, which provides accommodations for many members when the "jinks" festival is in progress, and may be used at other seasons by members who desire to escape to the woods for an outing.

Thirty-two years ago the Bohemian Club was organized by a dozen San Francisco newspaper men and lawyers. It grew rapidly, the number of members being increased from two hundred to four hundred, then to five hundred, and finally to six hundred. There is now a long waiting list of applicants whose only chance of admission to Bohemia lies in the deaths or resignations of present members. The club has changed its quarters several times, and last February it decided to buy the property at Port and Taylor sts. for \$125,000, on which a fine club building will be erected in about five years. In all these years the Bohemians have gathered one of the best club libraries in the country, as nearly every book is a presentation copy, with valuable autograph dedication, and nearly every painting on the walls is the gift of some artist who has shared in the comforts and the hospitalities of Bohemia.

For a quarter of a century every visitor to San Francisco famous in literature or art or on the stage has been the guest at a dinner of the Bohemian Club, and most of these men have enriched the club with some souvenir that has historical or literary interest. These visitors who have been privileged to attend the "high and low jinks" have recorded their appreciation of the favor. Notable among these was Sir Henry Irving, who declared no other club in the world could present such an entertainment by its own members, and Sir Edwin Arnold, who wittily declared that he had at last found that Shakespeare was right when he gave Bohemia a seacoast.

But the "jinks" that take place in the club-rooms are not comparable to the elaborate ceremonies that are held in the Sonoma County grove during the full moon in August. Not al-

ways does the moon lend its mild radiance to this open air festival, as high fogs and clouds from the sea occasionally obscure its light; but never is there any fear of rain to mar the festivities, for rain never falls in California between June and September. The "high jinks," which began in an appropriate entertainment in the forest, now consist of a masque, or play, written by some member of the club and staged and presented by others. All the work is done by members, and some of the spectacles have been noteworthy for their artistic effects. Among these may be mentioned the Buddha Jinks organized by Fred W. Somers, when a giant representation of the great Japanese idol formed the centre of weird Theosophic rites; the Druid Jinks, designed by Joseph D. Redding, now of New-York, to which the great grove lent additional impressiveness; the Indian Jinks, the book written by Charles K. Field, a cousin of Eugene Field, with music by J. D. Redding; the Montezuma Jinks of last year, written by Louis A. Robertson, with music by H. J. Stewart, which will be brought out this winter on the



A SCENE FROM THE

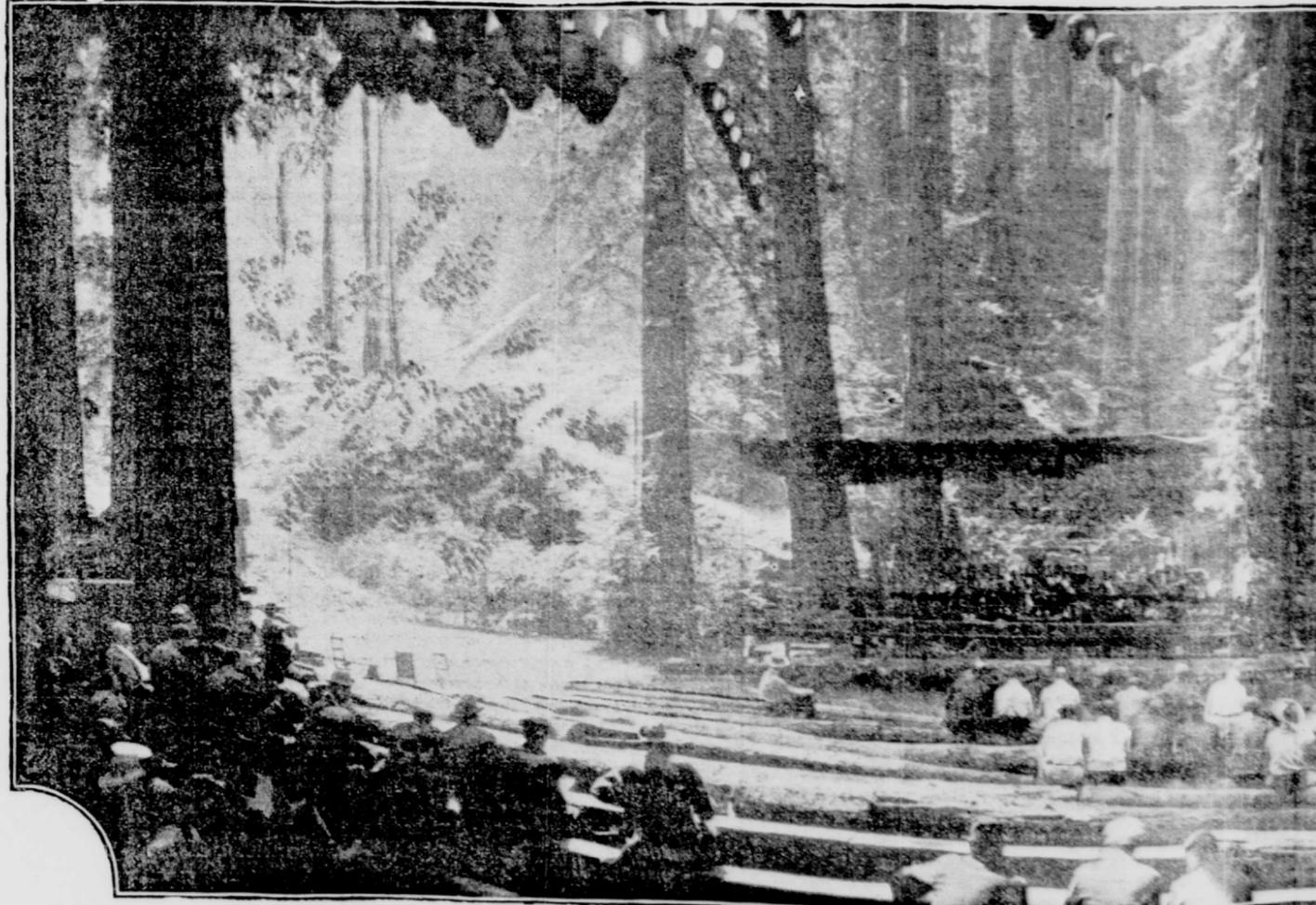
stage in New-York, and the Hamadryad Jinks of last summer, written by Will Irwin, the author of "The Reign of Queen Isyl" and "The Picaroons," who has recently joined the California colony in New-York.

For two weeks before the "jinks" are presented members are on the ground, preparing for the celebration. An open air kitchen is established, and arrangements are made for serving meals al fresco to the club members and guests. On the evening of the "jinks," after a leisurely dinner, spiced by some good speeches, all adjourn to the jinks amphitheatre. Colored lanterns are strung from the trees, and electric lights, globed in green to match the color of the redwood foliage, throw a soft light upon the stage. All about the inclosure stand the giant redwoods, their rich red columnar shafts rising for 150 to 200 feet without a branch. Then the feathery, brandlike foliage of the upper branches, seen against the sapphire blue of the cloudless sky, give an indescribable effect of lightness and grace. In fact, with the sombre red coloring of the tree trunks and the tracery of green overhead, the whole place impresses one like the interior of a dimly lighted Gothic cathedral, only no church built with hands could ever be so awe inspiring as this great cathedral of the woods, which has stood here in the quiet forest since before Caesar invaded Britain or Christ founded the greatest kingdom the world has ever known. The ground is carpeted with the dead foliage that resembles pine needles; the tree trunks are so tall that it makes one's neck ache to look at their tops; the whole atmosphere is saturated with that balsamic odor which is the sign of the pine or the cedar. At one side of the natural amphitheatre a stage has been erected, with a place for the orchestra in front. It is brilliantly lighted by rows of electric bulbs strung from the trees. Below are ranged great logs, with aisles between, for the Bohemian audience.

As for the "jinks," it is quite impossible to convey by description any idea of the effect. Here is, for instance, the legend of "The Hamadryads" as fashioned by Will Irwin, the subject of this summer's show, as told in the synopsis:



A BIT OF THE "T



THE STAGE AND THE NATURAL A

(All photographs by R. J.