

IS SINGING IN COMIC OPERA

DAPHNE POLLARD WILL HAVE THE TITLE ROLE

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW STAR IS STILL A CHILD

She Has Had, However, Remarkable Experience and Has Met With Success on Three Continents

LITTLE MISS DAPHNE POLLARD, who will sing "Dolly Varden" at the Los Angeles theater tonight with the San Francisco opera company, is a young woman who has traveled more thousands of miles than she is years old.

She is still young enough to be somewhat reluctant to confess her youth, and her chief ambition is to "grow up."

Here has been a unique experience. At the age when the normal girl is thinking of entering the high school, little Miss Pollard is a figure of importance in the operatic world.

Arriving in Seattle only three weeks ago, this child-principal of one of the most successful comic opera organizations in the country, at once jumped into the spotlight.

At the theater last night the diminutive star of "Dolly Varden" explained that this time she has come to the United States to stay.

"I am here much better than in Australia," she said. "That doesn't speak for all of my own country, does it? It's just the same. My sister, Ivy Pollard, accompanied me here from Australia."

Pollard her stage name. In explanation of that statement it may be well to say that "Pollard" is the woman's stage name, and that she really is not related to the manager of the juvenile opera company under whom she made her stage debut and received her stage training.

The woman-child has picked up a large amount of information on her travels. She declares uninteresting and exceedingly dirty. Japan, on the other hand, meets with her entire approval.

"Down Mobile," from the play foundry of Lincoln J. Carter, is this week's bill at the Grand. Despite its Carter imprimatur, it is less sensational than the ordinary run of Grand plays.

"Down Mobile" was written a decade or more ago. At the time it was regarded as a thriller, but we have had so many thrills since that the old piece no longer excites our emotions.

"The melodrama has been given a strong production recently, and it affords Miss Lillian Hayward abundant opportunities to demonstrate her ability in the role of an old voodoo woman.

SAY CALIFORNIANS ARE PIRATING "ROBIN HOOD"

The Californian opera company, organized in Los Angeles last spring and which played an engagement of several weeks at the Auditorium, is confronting a charge of piracy which may yet lead into the courts.

The company is now in Portland and played "Robin Hood" in that city. It is said, in defiance of the prohibition of

Quinette of Principals from the San Francisco Opera Co. at the Los Angeles



DAPHNE POLLARD MAUDE BEATTY AIDA HEMMI LILLIAN RAYMOND ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

Witmark Brothers of New York, who control the opera. Frank W. Healy, manager of the San Francisco opera company, now at the Los Angeles theater, holds the coast rights for the De Koven & Smith work and it was only through his courtesy that the Californians were able to present it here.

SON OF B. FAY MILLS TAKES UP HIS DUTIES

Youngest of Family Preaches Inaugural Sermon as Assistant Minister of Los Angeles Fellowship

"The Message of a Young Man's Life" was the topic of Charles Howard Mills, son of Rev. and Mrs. B. Fay Mills, yesterday morning in his inaugural sermon as assistant minister of the Los Angeles Fellowship, of which his father and mother are permanent minister and assistant minister, respectively.

The younger Mr. Mills, the third son of the family, is a recent graduate of the Los Angeles high school, where he took the oratorical honors. His inaugural sermon was delivered with great earnestness and oratorical effect. He said in part:

"This whole world is a message of God and every man a word that cannot be omitted. We are surrounded by the glorious works of nature, which constantly pour into our ears and souls the great lessons of their purpose. All are written to us and we must get what the writing means."

All Necessary "When the great Corliss engine was to be run for the first time at the Centennial exhibition of 1876, efforts were made several times to start the massive wheels in vain. Finally, after the master mechanic had crawled on his back down under the machinery and replaced in its proper place a tiny piece of steel which had fallen to the floor, the wheels turned with ease and perfection."

Outgrow Creeds "We outgrow methods of thinking just as we outgrow methods of doing. We outgrow religions just as we outgrow creeds. There are things that form at any time an integral part of our life. Mark you, I did not say that we outgrow the religious instinct—that something like God within the soul, but I do assert that over and over again the world has exploited itself for a season, and the world will outgrow the forms in which religion now utters itself. Any other conception does violence to the law of progress."

Theology No Test "You cannot get a fair estimate of any religion from its creed or theology. The point where its value emerges is not there, but in the character it creates. The worth of any religion lies in its moral dynamic. In its ethical efficiency, in its power to mold men, in its lifting capacity. Not by its spirituality or by the lack of it, but by its righteousness is a faith tested. The best test, the only test of truth, is life. A thing may be true, but it does not become truth until it issues in some man's act, till it beds itself in human conduct. So we must measure religions by the practical product of them."

Health in the Canal Zone "The high wages paid make it a mighty temptation to our young artisans to join the force of skilled workmen needed to construct the Panama canal. Many are restrained, however, by the fear of fevers and malaria. It is the knowing ones—those who have used Electric Bitters, who know that malaria is a disease of the blood, that are safe from malarious influence."

SUNSET BOULEVARD CLUB TO DISCUSS IMPROVEMENTS At tonight's meeting of the Sunset Boulevard Improvement association matters pertaining to the widening and paving of that thoroughfare will be discussed. All property owners, whether members or not, having land in this district, are invited by the organization to attend. The meeting will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, on the boulevard opposite Custer street.

'RELIGION IS RACIAL'

DR. B. E. HOWARD IS AGAIN IN HIS PULPIT

'SINCERITY, NOT FORM, MAKES TRUE FAITH'

'No Creed is the Only True One,' He Declares—'Progress Changes Our Beliefs'

"What is the True Religion?" was the topic of Rev. Dr. Burt Estes Howard yesterday morning at the Church of the Unity. Dr. Howard has returned from a two months' vacation which he spent in the library at Stanford university, of which he is a well known authority.

Dr. Howard said yesterday: "We are set squarely before the question of religion and religious values. The world has known many religions, each of which has made ardent claims for superiority over the others, and very strenuous efforts for its dominance over the thought and belief of man. The fires have died out on many an altar in the long past, and the gods that once flourished as rulers over human fate have vanished with the religions that gave them birth and a place in the world's pantheon."

Motive Paramount "The main question is not one of creed, but of character and motive. If the dull-eyed Hottentot, worshipping his rude fetish, develops those qualities of soul that make for better things, if he lives up to the best he knows, if he is clean and honest, the simple, credulous superstition which he calls his religion has done for him what the most superb ritual and the most gorgeous ceremonial could add nothing to. For him it is the true religion. If the Hebrew, who bows in reverence before the awful throne of his Jehovah, finds in this act that which helps him to live in conformity to his form of faith which can assume that it, and it alone, is the only true faith which men everywhere must hold for their soul's good?"

"Which is Perfect?" "Is it the religion of Buddha with its millions of adherents, or the religion of Confucius, or of Brahma, or of Islam, or of Judaism, or of Christianity? Which of them can lay claim to possessing the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? What if all religions possess truth we must concede if we are honest in our judgments; that no religion possesses the whole truth we must admit if we believe in a growing world; that every religion is made up of truth and error is an axiom, when we consider that every religion comes into the world through human agencies and must therefore partake of the liabilities of those agents. The discussion is mightily simplified, however, when we begin to comprehend that all religions contain truth, but that no religion that was ever framed, or that ever will be framed, is the true religion. It will help us to get the mist out of our eyes if we will appreciate the fact that the value of the religion, like the value of everything else in the world, is purely relative. It is absurd to talk of final values in a growing world. It is foolish to speak of absolute qualities in a world that is in a state of flux. It is to you as a servant that I might aid somewhat in your giving yourself to the universe as its servant."

Must Make Men "And so, all down the long list of faiths and forms, any religion is true for those whom it lifts into a finer, cleaner, more self-reliant manhood and womanhood. Any religion is true that makes men. No religion is worth anything, whether true or not, that fails to do this thing. It strikes me that this is the spirit question, not to breed in us a spirit of toleration for differences of viewpoint among men respecting matters of faith. It ought to beget a spirit of gentle consideration which looks past the forms of any working hypothesis of life that a man's beliefs to the results of them, and which will not assume the value of any working hypothesis of life that makes the holder of it clean and true-hearted and loving."

FAIRBANKS WELCOMED (Continued from Page One) and endorsed many of the statements of Mr. Newell. He claims the call for a convention by the so-called "kickers" signed by only fifteen of the twenty-eight members, and that only seven of these are land owners.

Would Have a Cinch "Now, I conceived the idea that if I could get one of these and train him properly I would have a cinch on all the big fellows in the fish line. After a great deal of trouble I got hold of a fairly good sized jacculator and I took him out to the Bimini baths early in the morning and put him through a course of training about what would wear the stamina out of a Joffrey. The little fish stood for it though, and got so he liked it, and used to wag his tail in an affectionate manner every time I whistled for him to come to hand and get the nice big juicy fly or sand crab which I always gave him after I had put him through a hard bit of work. Kind of reward, you know, for well done, good and faithful servant stunts."

DR. BURT ESTES HOWARD

ideals of the people which holds it. It is absolutely impossible to set forth any one form of faith as the form of faith for the world. Radical differences between the races cannot be so lightly set aside.

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MEDALS FOR ANANIASSES

DOCTOR AND JAILER STARS AT CATCHING FISH

TRAINED JACULATOR AND HIS PILOT DID WORK

Mayor Peevish at Being Unable to Compete with Star Narrators and Tries to Bust Up Meetings

The meeting of the Ananias club in the assembly room of the police station was interrupted on the evening of August 24 by direction of the mayor and board of police commissioners.

In an obscure corner of another newspaper the mayor read that the board of police commissioners had prohibited the holding of political meetings in fire engine houses.

Now for a long time the mayor has been jealous of the achievements of the various members of the police department in the piscatorial line. There was once upon a time, after he had become firmly seated in the chair of the high Burgess of the community, that he aspired to such honors himself and his achievement was really a remarkable one and will be remembered as long as this column is in the near future.

However, the mayor got a little peeved at the honors that were being reaped by Chief Kern and Capt. Broadhead and Sargeants White and Haupt, and a few of the lesser lights in the Municipal hall. In that moment he issued the order, "no more of these fish story telling meetings to be held in the assembly room."

Of course, being the high commissioner of the department of public safety of the city of Angeles, the order of the mayor was obeyed, but the police bodies didn't like it a little bit. They didn't get peevish about it, however, but simply took up a subscription of \$346.12 and hired an attorney, who in very short order got out a writ of certiorari in Judge H. H. Rose's court, and in a few minutes the honorable board of police commissioners were instructed that the assembly room of the police station was open to all reputable fish story telling meetings at all hours of the day and night, subject only to the convenience of the janitor of the building and the mayor and his peevish board were at once properly squelched.

This explains why a week ago the exploit of Dr. Burt Estes Howard of the receiving hospital and Chief Jailer John McCauley were not properly recorded in these columns.

Remarkable Adventures This explanation being given, it is now the proper thing to tell all the remarkable adventures of this little doctor and this big jailer.

They both went to Catalina together, and they fished together, and when they came back they told their stories together before the Ananias club, and they both got a lot of beautiful medals together.

Dr. Bonyng told his remarkable tale only under the sacred promise of Lyle Pendegast that not one word of it would get into the print.

"You know," said the doctor, reflectively, "I've been getting too much of this publicity business here lately. I haven't quite recovered from that street car story down at Santa Monica yet and I don't want any more of this newspaper business in mine."

"I'm only a modest, unassuming atom in this body politic that exists around this station, and I don't want myself thrust too prominently before the public or the attention of the people."

Now, for this fish story of mine. I read with a great deal of interest several stories which were related here by the chief jailer, and I was very much interested in the story about the trained apout, and being of a scientific mind I determined to enter into the field of research along the same lines. I was struck by a happy thought in seeing in the Avalon aquarium a very small jacculator, or shooting fish.

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WOMAN WANDERS; THOUGHT DRUGGED

MYSTERIOUS 'FRIENDS' INQUIRE BY TELEPHONE

Miss Blanche Tolman, Musician, Found Walking Aimlessly and Mummously Gone

Miss Blanche Tolman, a musician who is employed in a local music house as a piano player and demonstrator, was found wandering around the streets at Fifth street and Maple avenue last night and placed in the detention ward at the receiving hospital.

When found she was wandering aimlessly along the streets talking to herself at times and at other intervals bitterly sobbing. She attracted the attention of all the passersby and finally the police were notified.

She was in an extremely nervous and hysterical condition, but the cause could not be determined. An hour after she was taken to the receiving hospital several telephone messages were received inquiring after her condition. The messages were sent by both men and women and while they pressed to be friends of the young woman they refused to give their names.

When asked about the messages Miss Tolman stated that she had no friends in this city except her employers, and as they could not possibly know her situation they would not be telephoning about her. Detectives were detailed on the case to make an investigation.

Mrs. Thresher Buried The funeral of Mrs. Alice Thresher, wife of A. W. Thresher, was held yesterday afternoon at the chapel of Oberholzer & Mills. Mr. Thresher is press foreman on an evening paper.

Many beautiful floral pieces were sent. The following acted as pallbearers: Messrs. Bagby, Coker, Bryant, Combs, Mally and Lee. The interment was in Evergreen cemetery.

Caught Two Tons "To sum it all up, Me and McCauley caught nearly two tons of the finest fish that ever happened over there. We got tuna that weighed 276 pounds 11 ounces and two other fish which weighed 127 pounds 12 ounces. The tuna fellows wouldn't give it to us because they said we weren't using light tackle. If a copper line that weighs only one ounce to the hundred yards isn't light tackle I don't know what light tackle is, but that is neither here nor there. We got the fish and I am satisfied."

McCaughey then took his turn at the completion of the double-headed narrative begun by Bonyng.

"It is all just as the doctor says," remarked the big jailer. "We had the most remarkable success of any of the party that visited the island this year. He is entirely too modest, however, in telling the story, and I want to say right now that I am not going to let any such feelings control the telling of my narrative. I'm going to speak right out in meeting and tell the truth."

"We caught tuna over there till you couldn't rest, and anything under 100 pounds we threw away. We caught, and took 122 tuna that weighed from 27 pounds up, mostly up, and some of them were monsters."

"If it hadn't been for Bonyng's shooting fish we would not have got them, and if it hadn't been for my pilot fish the jacculator would not have found half as many as it did."

"You know the pilot fish is a very small mackerel—so small, in fact, that he can hardly be seen with the naked eye a few feet away. They always guide sharks and such monsters of the deep to their prey."

"Now, when doc suggested to me that he was training a jacculator with which to shoot big game fish I immediately conceived the idea of securing and training a pilot fish to hunt up the game and show the jacculator where to find it. I got one from Harry White, who caught it one day in a net, and I took the little thing and trained it in a basin of water at home. It soon got to know and love me and would do anything I wanted it to. Then when Charlie got his jacculator in

and yellowtail and bonita and albicore and Jewfish, etc., and shoot the dart into them, and then John and I would drag them in. There never was a one of them that got away and we caught more fish in the few days that we were over there than Captain Broadhead and his bunch did in the two weeks they spent on the water.

good shape out at the baths I took the pilot fish out there and introduced them.

"They got to be fast friends at once, and say! maybe they didn't make a team! That little pilot fish just hustled out in the basin, and when he spotted a tuna or other big fish which we wanted, back he would come like a flash of light and beckon with his fin to the jacculator, and away the jacculator would go with the little pilot fish in front to show him about it. Then when the game was spotted the jacculator would shoot his barbed dart into them and me and Charlie would do the rest."

"That's how we came to get so many fish. I didn't tell the boys anything about it before, but now we want to let them know that me and Charlie is the only combination in the club to get the goods."

The award committee evidently thought as well for all the medals in the world were brought out and handed over without any formality of taking a vote.

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