

Mme. Pasquali Gives a Gracious Encore

GREAT SINGER GRIPS THROG ON FOUNTAIN PLAZA

Every Time Diva Pauses for Rest Audience in Loud Acclaim Demands More Music

SAN FRANCISCO WON BY PERFORMANCE

Would She Sing "Last Rose of Summer?" Certainly, and Crowd Rejoices

critic, in short, is destined in advance to tell you something that isn't true and prove it.

That makes my task difficult. I don't think it can be done, because you were there and know about The Call's scheme. Nearly everybody in town was there last night where the streets converge, as though the universe were thrifty, at Lotta's fountain.

NOTHING TO FIND FAULT WITH

With a shouting, gleeful crowd for an audience, a responsive band of artist singers and instrumentalists on the stage, the critic had to retire, as gracefully as the police would permit, and admit that there wasn't anything to find fault with. I couldn't even complain of the ushers when The Call's production of "The Hammer" or "Knockery Burned Away," was staged. Its positively true that the blue coated gentlemen who found places for the throng gave everybody a reservation on the aisle. There were no inside seats. And everybody remained until Madame de Pasquali took her final curtain call and sang "The Last Rose of Summer," most anachronistically, in the middle of winter.

LOWERING SKY BRINGS SUSPENSE

There's but one element of the performance that I can lay hold of as a subject for criticism, and that is precisely the element that gave the performance its disturbing touch of suspense, without which no dramatic presentation is complete, believe me. The skies seemed anxious to lay the ashes of the burned hammer. In fact, a threatened precipitation of warm and gentle showers showed that Jupiter, who according to the Greek drama of Sophocles and Euripides, is supposed to control such affairs, had not been properly rehearsed, and like an amateur was overanxious to get on the stage.

Once I saw, far out on the margin of the throng, an umbrella spread. It was soon folded, however, and I imagined that it must have been inflated by a feminine zeal to protect several hundred dollars' worth of feathers. But the hammer left no ashes to be laid by showers, soft or ardent, and so Jupiter, like the good actor that he is, moved his storm machinery from the theater and after providing the production with the "element of suspense" withdrew without so much as disturbing a single curl.

MAYOR INTRODUCES DE PASQUALI

Would it seem like a resurrection of the hammer if I say that even the mayor made a short speech? You know what mayors' speeches usually are. They are usually long, at least. Mayor Rolph's wasn't. It was short, concise and full of things to think about. He introduced Madame de Pasquali at the conclusion of his address and after he had reminded the world of the miracle of an unovercoated throng listening to a night concert in the middle of winter.

What did Madame de Pasquali sing? She sang the song that borrowed from France has become international and inter-racial at the Christmas season. She sang Adolph Adam's "Cantique di Noel," and enforcing the mayor's introductory remarks, wherein he referred to her as a diva born in Boston, she sang the song in English. Her tones, however, were in the universal language of pure music. "Truly He Taught Us to Love One Another," she sang, and the audience of tens of thousands learned the pupils' first lesson—to love the teacher, which affection was borne to adoration when the prima donna let loose a ringing B flat (which, my dears is a very high note) at the final cadence of the broad and invigorating melody.

CROWD DEMANDS ENCORE

After her voice had rocketed downward in a blaze of beauty that flashed, packed with humanity, she sang again. The last of that sentence is hardly necessary. Of course, she sang again. That crowd would have become unruly if she hadn't, and The Call's reputation as a public entertainer would have been irrevocably ruined. Her second song did not "go," as smoothly. For this the audience was to blame. Every time she paused at a rest the crowd cheered.

Sometimes Paul Steindorff, who was at the keyboard of the big Steinway, had to let David's musical intentions alone while the throng testified its exuberant delight at the singer's purity and fullness or voice. Walter Osterreicher, who played the flute obligato beside the singer—her number was "Thou Charming Bird," from David's "Pearl of Brazil"—was matched in the nightgale passages by an echoing flute from a neighboring building, and the trio of two flutes and voice pro-

Mayor Rolph introducing Miss Mae Josephine Bennett, winner of The Call's beauty contest, prior to her setting fire to the Hammer of Knockery. The portraits are those of the mayor; Captain Patrick Shea (at left) commanding detail of police to handle the crowd, and Captain H. H. Mitchell of "The Nationals."



duced an ensemble of tone for which Madame de Pasquali herself is responsible, she having conceived the lyrical idea.

GREAT BAND ON HAND
Louis Neubauer, who, with Osterreicher, divides solo honors in this city as flutist, was happy to lend the enchantment of his art to the ensemble of tone in which Madame de Pasquali's voice was the luminous center.

The Musicians' union promised to have a monster band on the platform. There was, and it was a band of quality as well as quantity. If a regular ticket buyer of symphony seats took the pains to notice, the band was the backbone of the greatest orchestral organization of the west.

If you wonder why these musicians took the trouble to appear in a "free show," I'll tell you. They were with The Call, heart and soul, in burying the hammer. As harmony experts, none were so well equipped to be present at the cremation of discord. If you didn't feel a thrill up and down your backbone when the trombonist rose in an imposing line for the "coda" of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" march, then I pity you.

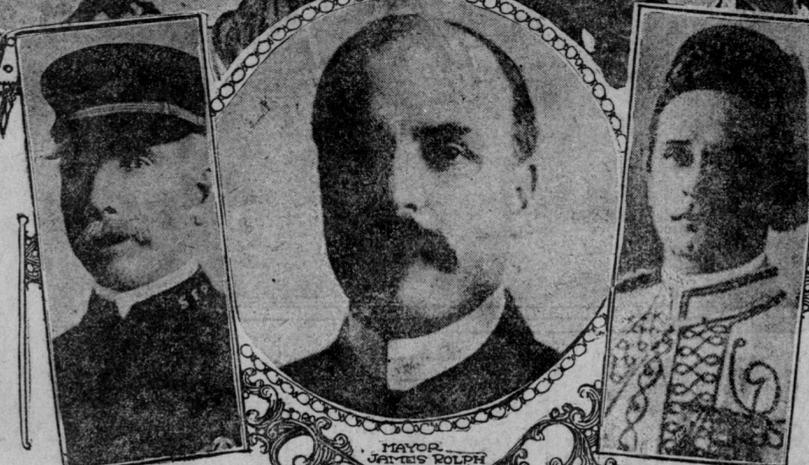
Such a volume of clarion tone rose from that brassy choir as will ring rhythmically in my ears for months to the honor of the Musicians' union and their director, Paul Steindorff, who, I think, can lead instrumental forces further into music than any leader that waves a baton in this community.

CROWD CHEERS LUSTILY

The crowd, or I should say the audience, in view of its urbanity and quietude, cheered the instrumentalists with as much zest as though everybody had paid a fancy price to "get in," and that is a final test of enjoyment—the approval of something you get for nothing.

Somebody in the crowd set up a shout for "The Last Rose of Summer" when Madame de Pasquali had finished singing "The Star Spangled Banner." Could Steindorff play the accompaniment? Certainly he could. Would the diva consent to sing it? Certainly she would, and the vast throng stood silently, almost reverently, as her voice carried upward from the floor of that canyon which looms at Third and Market street over the busiest spot in all San Francisco.

A hush fell over the multitude. It was not the hush of memories but the silence that waits on beauty's revelation. Madame de Pasquali suffered no stings of outrageous comparison. She kept her own way into San Francisco's heart over the pathway of her own golden voice, and completed the production of the most spectacular performance that San Francisco has ever witnessed—the burning of the Hammer, which, I am tempted to say, seemed almost to have been a needless conflagration in view of the harmony that was sent a vibrant and Christmas gift to the citizens of San Francisco by the singer and the great band that loosened its "concord of sweet sounds" on the listening ear of our concordant city.



Santa Claus Has Some Able Aids at Festival of Good Will

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sputtering, flaming, sizzling—ah, those fireworks enjoyed their task. From the crowd arose a shout of derision for the hammer of knockery that was flung on its funeral pyre and a shout of triumph for San Francisco's new glory. Mayor Rolph smiled stoically on the blazing frame of a city's impediment and wished it well burned.

From the windows of The Call office, over the plateau of heads and faces, flared red lights triumphant in the scarlet obsequies of the hammer of knockery. Alas for the hammer; good for San Francisco. But it had a fine funeral, had this hammer, even though its fate was bitter. It was a supreme event for San Francisco. The annual Christmas eve celebration, of which last evening's event was the third, will go on as a San Francisco tradition with which the weather is in league. It was a cheerful night for folk to be out. The afternoon papers devoted their most impressive type to a blizzard which was devastating the Atlantic coast. Because the sun and the stars were barred from the earthly celebration of Christmas eve in the east they could, with the finer energy devote themselves to the celebration in the Pacific metropolis. There were some clouds overhead—the clouds had heard about this San Francisco Christmas eve and wanted to see what it was like, so they had edged their way over the horizon and shut out a few stars from the spectacle. But they were contented to stay well aloft and not to drop any fog or rain upon the San Franciscans who gathered to do honor to the night.

Then the windows in the office buildings surrounding the concourse began to fill with loyal San Franciscans who wanted to see that hammer consumed in a blaze of rejoicing and to hear the splendid art of the singer and the pianist and the fine chorus.

CELEBRATIONS FOLLOW YEARLY
Three years ago on Christmas eve the magnificent celebration was inaugurated with Mme. Tetrazzini, the world's beloved coloratura soprano, as the central figure of the celebration. Last year it was the good fortune of San Francisco to have in its midst a number of famous artists, including David Bispham, the singer, Jan Kubelik, the violinist, the Walsh singers of the Mountain Ash quartet, and members of a popular French opera company. These people graciously contributed a delightful program to San Franciscans. Last night San Francisco was doubly fortunate in having in its confines two such distinguished and delightful artists as Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, the American prima donna of the Metropolitan opera house, and Gottfried Galston, the Viennese pianist whose wizardry of the keys is one of the musical trophies of this generation. Furthermore, San Francisco has discovered, through The Call, its most beautiful and gracious wage earning girl, Miss Mae Josephine Bennett, and last evening there was for San Francisco to enjoy and be enthralled with the magic of Mme de Pasquali's voice, the magic of Galston's technique and the magic of Miss Bennett's beauty. San Francisco was surely being served by Santa Claus' conductors.

Early in the day the stand at Lotta's fountain assumed shape. It was a commodious stand, for it had to hold more than 100 singers and musicians, in addition to the soloists and the beauty and the mayor.

As the sun set out of a clear sky somewhere beyond the end of Market street the crowd began to gather about the stand. When darkness had come the streets were filled and the police, under Captain Shea, was beset to keep traffic moving. Then the windows in the office buildings surrounding the concourse began to fill with loyal San Franciscans who wanted to see that hammer consumed in a blaze of rejoicing and to hear the splendid art of the singer and the pianist and the fine chorus.

Canadians Laugh At Frank Healy's Christmas Story

By FRANK HEALY, Director General of the Celebration. This time last year I was way up in Port Arthur, Ontario, where the thermometer registered 40 degrees below zero. In the office of the Canadian Northern railroad I found a poster telling of the outdoor festival in San Francisco at which Madame Tetrazzini sang. I called the attention of some of the residents to the facts proclaimed by the poster. They ridiculed it; and it was bosh, perfectly impossible and every one insisted I was telling what they called "an American swank yarn." When I looked out over that vast crowd tonight as Galston was playing the "Blue Danube" I thought of those people and their doubts. It is hard to believe that San Francisco is one of a very few places where any sort of an open air festival in midwinter would be practicable and the only place in the world where they are held at Christmas on such a magnificent scale.

"GENERAL" JONES BRAVES BLIZZARD

Makes Forced March In Dark Rather Than Delay Albany Arrival

HUDSON, N. Y., Dec. 24.—With heads bent to a cold, biting wind and a stinging snow, "General" Rosalla Jones and her little band of followers, who are walking to Albany, to bear a secret message to Governor elect Sulzer, plodded their way into Hudson in the dark tonight. The courage of the marching suffragettes was put to its severest test today in the 15 miles walk from Upper Red Hook to this city. Facing a driving snowstorm, the little army started off on the Old Post road early this morning. Their first stop was in Blue Store, where Miss Lillian De Bols Rockefeller of Germantown, N. Y., entertained the marchers at luncheon.

VALLEJO ATTORNEY TO MARRY

(Special Dispatch to The Call) VALLEJO, Dec. 24.—The engagement of Attorney Harlow V. Greenwood of this city and Miss Jennie Santos, formerly of Napa, but now residing with her parents between here and that city, was made public tonight. No date for the marriage has been set.

CROWDS COME EARLY TO ENJOY HAMMER AFFAIR

Urchins and Bankers, Great Dames and Common Folk Join in Immense Throng

JOYFUL AT END OF UNIVERSAL ENEMY

Sightseers, in Gala Frame of Mind, Stay for Hours in Plaza

Long before the symbolical hammer was consumed on the funeral pyre and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven San Francisco, juveniles and adult, arrived on the scene of the festivities.

They came afoot and in magnificent limousines and ordinary automobiles. In the great holiday crowd class distinction was a minor quality. Handsomely dressed matrons and debutantes from the exclusive residential sector of the city crowded arm and arm with the denizens of the less fashionable districts.

Young and old, the citizens of the metropolis by the Golden Gate turned out to welcome the wonderful De Pasquali and the burial ceremonies of the hammer of knockery, and the attendant ceremonial.

The rich and the poor, the affluent and the "down and outers" greeted each other under the spell of the beautiful music and the sacredness of the occasion. Newsboys pulled bankers by the arm and hoarsely inquired as to the identity of the performers. San Francisco—great and wonderful San Francisco—came and saw and marveled. The smallest urchin, he of the dirty face and unkempt hair, was as welcome as the grand dame in lace and furs.

They found a common brotherhood of worship. Was not the hammer—the hammer of knockery—about to be given over to the flames? Henceforth was he not as green and as noble in spirit as his more fortunate brothers and sisters? Their common divider, the malignant deceiver, was to be but a memory when the flames consumed its vitals. Never again would brother "knock" brother in San Francisco.

East and west and north and south, filling the thoroughfares and overrunning the sidewalks, came the crowds in gala attire and light of heart. Some there were who whistled and shuffled their feet, as the best way to express their exuberance; others hummed popular tunes and did a semi-cakewalk on the pavement; others stood still and by hisses warned their compatriots that the performance, destined to go down in the annals of western progressiveness, was about to begin.

Long after the musicians had played the first piece and De Pasquali was about to begin her enchanting songs, dozens of persons, whose work or pleasure had made the celebration a standing room around near the big platform. Elbows met elbows. Men six footers elbowed six footers to obtain a place for their sweaters or gloves or sisters. Market street, Kearny street and Geary street in the vicinity of the ceremonies were packed as only a great aggregation of men and women and children could be.

No amount of expert estimation could give the exact number of the persons who bent their energies toward the goal of solemn mockery's playful spirit. The police made an aggregation of San Franciscans at least, basing their estimates on the number of persons who assembled at past performances of a like nature. Friends of the Call say 75,000 persons were assembled in the four streets and around Lotta's fountain. All who attended will best be able to form their own opinion. Certainly it was a magnificent aggregation of San Francisco's energetic and whole souled citizens.

After the hammer had been properly assigned to the grave and its influence forever abolished the municipal band played popular music to an ever moving crowd. Christmas eve shopping was not forgotten, and those who vacated places and standing room were quickly supplanted by others.

FINAL FOR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP SUNDAY

Management of Coliseum Rink Also Has Decided to Offer Cup for Professional Mile Race

There will be holiday music and elaborate decorations at the Coliseum during the Christmas season. On Sunday the final for the amateur championship of the Pacific coast will be held and it is expected that the record for the half mile, established last Sunday, will be surpassed.

The management of the Coliseum has decided to offer a handsome cup for a professional mile race on some Sunday at the big rink. Each entrant will have to deposit \$10 as a guarantee of good faith, which will be returned to him if he fulfills his side of the agreement. This condition has been made because on some occasions the professional skaters have failed to put in an appearance after a race has been advertised.

JURY RECOMMENDS LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR BOY

Leopold Foxen, Who Killed Sweetheart, Found Guilty of Murder in the First Degree

SANTA BARBARA, Dec. 24.—Leopold Foxen, the 19 year old school boy who killed his 16 year old sweetheart because she had refused to dance with him, was found guilty today of murder in the first degree. The jury, which was out thirty minutes, recommended life imprisonment. Judge Crowe announced he would impose Lentene Monday.