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THE REASONS WHY.

THERE are many reasons why California will give more than a usual off-year Republican majority next month. No careful observer bases that conclusion on the desertion of Lane by Budd, who has quit in the middle of the campaign to carry his oratorical coals to Newcastle in the tenderloin of New York, where his candidate, Mr. Hearst, could not fail to win, as the character of the district and the characteristics of its voters are so at one with his that when Devery gave him the nomination he passed to him the certainty of election. Budd might have shown his fidelity to his party in misfortune by remaining here and fighting it out to sure defeat, but his appetite for failure has become jaded and his digestion of misfortune is a bit off.

Mr. Lane need not ascribe his overthrow to the absence of Budd, but to the absence of reasons why he should win. There are superstitions in politics, which are resorted to by those who have no better capital. Mr. Lane is the victim of the superstition that Californians have shown a tendency to ride and tie in the election of Governor by alternating terms in that office between the two parties. Coincidence and accident are the support of all superstition, and they stand for this one upon which Mr. Lane depends for the satisfaction of his ambition. Conditions now are unfavorable to coincidence and accident. The people of the State have too many vital interests at stake to imperil them by permitting any such accident as a Democratic Governor.

After long disuse the energies of California, called into profitable play in 1897, have urged the development of the State to a point where they cannot afford to let it rest. The feeling of the people is shown in the many and strong improved associations which are pulling and planning to put the capacities of California before the world's eye in fuller form than ever before. In this period of widespread prosperity and general thrift this State bestirs herself to get a share of the wealth that is being won everywhere through the nourishing and progressive policy of the Republican party.

Mr. Lane jocosely declares that the Republican party does not make the sun shine nor the rain to fall. That is true. But the sun shone and the rain fell and kept their appointments between 1893 and 1897. Seedtime and harvest came then as now. The needs of the people were the same. They craved food and shelter and work and wages and a profit on their products. But they craved in vain. Something was needed to supplement rain and sun and seedtime and harvest. That something came when McKinley was inaugurated in 1897. It came in the beneficent policies for which he stood, and which his party at once put into action. Around us is every evidence that no State in the Union has had a greater proportional share in the results of the prosperity that ensued than California. The increase in the last year of nearly \$50,000,000 in our bank deposits is a partial measure of the profit that has come to us in the restoration of prices and the renewal of the consuming power of the American people.

Now, inasmuch as the Democratic party proposes to undo and remove every particle of legislation that has put nerve and energy and profit into the industries and business of this country, and frankly declares its purpose to reverse the country's headway by killing the motive power that has given us such impressive advance, its claim for support strikes upon deaf ears. It wants to go back to reliance upon sun and rain solely, without making any provision to supplement the spontaneous contribution of nature. Californians have had enough of that. They know that production is profitless without a market and that a return to the starvation prices and decreased consumption and crippled demand of the years when men were idle and starved or fed on charity will make seedtime and harvest useless. This is not superstition; it is not reliance on accident and coincidence. It is a definite conclusion from certainties of which the people have no doubt. This State will add no makeweight to the dangerous policy of reaction and reversal. It will make no change in its political control until the party in opposition repents of its purpose to smite prosperity by smiting its cause.

Mascagni is having a really strenuous time in New York, and some novel experiences. A few days ago the owner of some American copyrights of his music served an injunction on him and would not let him put it in his programme. It is now up to Mascagni to compose some new music or take to the lecture platform.

A NEW JEFFERSON.

THE Examiner is an exponent of the new legal theory that when the owner of property affected by public use is prevented the use thereof by an unlawful physical force too strong for his resistance jurisdiction arises for the expropriation of his property, its confiscation to public ownership and administration. As all property that produces fuel, food or clothing is affected by public use, and comes within the sweep of this new theory of law, the issue becomes important to all owners of property.

Mr. Hearst is making his tenderloin campaign on this new issue of expropriation, and his hired writers are under instructions to advocate it and give it such respectability and backing as they can by an appeal to authority. One of them has filled his order by tracing the doctrine to Jefferson. This creates a new Jefferson, different from the man who wrote the Democratic platform in his first inaugural. In that document he said the people required "a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another; shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread that it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities."

Writers on government have regarded that as a plain statement of police government, and other writers who believe that government should be paternal and not police have always condemned Jefferson for what they denounce as his laissez faire view of public authority. The Examiner has discovered that Jefferson was a paternalist! In 1811 he said this in a letter written to vindicate the light pressure of our Federal Government upon the poor: "The poor man in this country who uses nothing but what is made within his own farm or family, or within the United States, pays not a farthing of tax to the General Government but on his salt; and should we go into that manufacture, as we ought to do, he will not pay one cent."

Commenting on this the Examiner says: "Here you learn that Jefferson did not consider the Government of the United States incapable of owning rational properties vitally important to the public. If he felt that government could properly control the salt manufacture in order to save people from taxes and extortion, how much more earnestly would he have advocated government ownership of those anthracite coal mines, which under private ownership and trust management now threaten the people with absolute disaster?"

Of course it is plain to any reader that Jefferson in the letter quoted never expressed any such thought as government ownership and manufacture of salt. That necessary of life was not manufactured in this country at that date. It was imported, and under the tariff of 1789 paid an import tax to the General Government. He was writing about Federal taxation, and said "should we," meaning any of the people of the United States and not the Government, "go into that manufacture, as we ought to do," salt need not be imported and the consumer would not pay any salt tax. That was all he said and all he meant, and meant to say. He had no thought of the Government going into the salt business, for he believed that the Government had no business to be in business. He regarded government as a political concern only, bound to use its police powers to prevent one man injuring another, but otherwise leaving all men free to pursue individual enterprises and use their labor and capital as seemed to them best.

Extending its discovery of a new Jefferson, the Examiner proceeds to argue that it is right for the Government to provide the people with "sugar, shoes, or hats or iron," and adds as a clincher that "the people know that they have a right to do just exactly what they want to do."

That obsoletes the constitution and sweeps up the body of the law as if it were rubbish. Against such a proposition Jefferson said in his first inaugural: "All, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal law must protect, and to violate would be oppression."

Since his tenderloin campaign began Mr. Hearst seems to have adopted as his platform the words put by Burns into the mouth of a strolling vagabond: "A fig for those by law protected, Liberty's a glorious feast, Courts for cowards were erected, Churches built to please the priest."

Some of the rural papers in the Mississippi Valley States are reported to have formed an agreement not to give a big obituary notice to any prominent citizen who during his life did not subscribe for his local paper, and it is now believed that every man who deems himself prominent will subscribe at once.

CARNEGIE AT ST. ANDREW'S.

CARNEGIE'S address on his installation as rector of St. Andrew's University is a striking illustration of the extent to which the business man has dominated the English-speaking world. Far more significant than anything in the speech itself was the fact that it was made in such a place under such circumstances and by such a man. St. Andrew's is a venerable institution. It has come down to us from the dark ages. Its career has been marked by the splendid services of many a scholar. It has lived for philosophy and for truth. Now it welcomes and bows before the man of action, whose philosophy goes not beyond the dogma, "The hope of the world is commercialism, and in commercialism it is magnitude that wins."

Old John Knox told the people of Scotland that learning should be the chief object of desire and that "every scholar is an addition to the wealth of a nation." Under that conception of life and of scholarship there developed among the Scottish people "a feeling" which led them, as Ian MacLaren told us, to believe "that 'professor' is a sacred word and means a heavenly body." With the new age there comes the new idea. The cultivation of philosophy on a little oatmeal no longer suits the ardent youth of Caledonia's hills. Their eyes look out to the busy world of commerce, and they call in as a philosopher, guide and friend to give them counsel the successful business man, the great captain of industry, the lord of many millions of dollars and the teacher of the doctrine that the world is but a market, man is but a trader, and the biggest combination wins.

It was a strange philosophy to be pronounced at St. Andrew's, and yet there is an element of hard truth in it. We may be sure it will give rise to an immense deal of discussion. The appeal to Kaiser Wilhelm to come forward and save European nations from American conquest was in itself enough to cause a sensation. Unless the Kaiser or some one else brings the nations of Western Europe into an alliance at least, if not a federation, they will in the

future, says Mr. Carnegie, "revolve like so many lilliputians around the giant Gulliver, the American Union, soon to embrace 100,000,000 of the English-speaking race and capable of supplying most of the world's wants."

After making such a speech it is to be hoped Mr. Carnegie was considerate enough to the repute of the university to ask the faculty on the quiet, "Will you have a library on me?" Surely he owed something to the venerable memories of dead scholars and philosophers, and the least he could do would be to offer them a bunch of books as a proof that commercialism does not wholly ignore the worth of those who have worked for other things than coin.

It is to be noted, finally, that in addition to the rectorship conferred on him by the vote of the students Mr. Carnegie obtained from the faculty the degree of Doctor of Laws. Thus we have a proof that Knox's rule works both ways; for not only is every scholar an addition to the wealth of a nation, but every man who makes a million may be accounted an addition to its scholarship.

London is babbling over the discovery of an old romance which some authorities assert was written by John Milton. There is still a chance, however, for the Baconites to get in and say Bacon wrote it as a key to Shakespeare's plays.

VICTOR WOODS.

FOR the office of Surveyor General of the State the Republican party has nominated Victor Woods of San Luis Obispo. The nomination was carefully made, for the office is an important one. Upon its incumbent rest complex and often perplexing duties. Both public and private interests are involved in the rightful solution of questions which go up to the Surveyor General for determination, and accordingly it is imperative that the occupant of the office be at once a skillful surveyor and a man of thorough reliability in every respect.

Mr. Woods is an experienced and competent surveyor. He has had long practice in his profession and is held in high esteem by all who know him. His work is accurate and can be counted on. He is thus eminently fitted for the office to which he aspires and for which he has been nominated by the Republican convention. He enters State politics with a record of which any man might be proud, and the success of his work in private life affords an unmistakable guarantee of skill and fidelity in the service of the State.

The Republican party enters this contest with an assurance of success all along the line. The members of the convention of the party were certain they had assembled to virtually name the coming State administration. They knew they had only to name a strong, earnest, popular man for each position to practically make sure a clean sweep in the election for the whole ticket. They took no chances in any case. Not a single weak or unfit man appears on the ticket from top to bottom. In the list are many of State-wide reputation, while some are comparatively new to State politics. The latter, however, are in every case men of approved worth whose fitness for office has been demonstrated in private life or in the service of counties and cities.

Among these is Mr. Woods. No man on the ticket better deserves the votes of all Republicans and independents than he. His election will assure a faithful and competent administration of the affairs of the Surveyor General's office. He is making a straightforward, manly canvass, and merits the support of all who understand the importance of the office and the need of having the right man to fill it.

It may be true that David Bennett Hill never drinks, never smokes and never loved a woman, but just the same his coal plank shows that he is so capable enough to be a socialist if he thought it would help him in politics.

FROM THE TOMBS.

ONCE upon a time there was in this country a mighty organization known as "the Populist party." It nominated county tickets, State tickets and national tickets. It controlled the Legislatures of several States and elected quite a number of members of the United States Senate. For a time it seemed to have a great future before it, but in 1896 it dropped into the quagmire of Bryanism, and after a few short struggles became quiet and ceased even to clamor.

In the years that have passed since the famous Bryan fusion so little has been heard from the Populists or of them that the general public has almost forgotten their existence. Those who have thought of them at all have deemed them no more than a memory. The opinion has prevailed that they were all submerged in the quagmire and that not one remains with his head out of the mud and his voice free to shout calamity. Those opinions are erroneous. Some stragglers from the old guard remain. In one or two States a few forlorn men have held what they called "conventions" and have nominated Populist tickets. The public has given no heed to such performances, but none the less the men who went through with them were doing something more than a political "stunt." It appears they were actually in earnest and are fixing things for the coming Presidential election.

One of the survivors of the Bryan catastrophe is Marion C. Butler of North Carolina, and he vows there is a future for Populism. He says: "In 1904 the Populist party will have a ticket in the field for the Presidency independent of any other party. We will poll more votes for a Populist candidate than we did when we put up Weaver and got over two million votes for him. Since then we have twice fused with the Democratic party and given it our votes. In all that time the Democratic party has taught its voters to despise Clevelandism, and those teachings will be remembered. The result will be that in 1904 we will not only get all the votes we got for Weaver, but we will get a large part of the Democratic vote also, as I have no doubt that by that time the Democratic party will be in the hands of the Cleveland Democrats and will be endeavoring to foster Clevelandism. I cannot undertake to say what vote we will then poll, but it will be a large one and the largest we have ever had."

Perhaps Mr. Butler's voice is but a voice from the tomb, but there may be something of ghostly prophecy in it even if it be no more than that. At any rate it has a doleful sound for Democracy. The reorganizers are warned: Stay with Bryan or take the consequences.

It is announced that the Sultan has written a book of reminiscences, and now we shall know all about ultimatum and how to deal with them—how to preserve them, how to pickle them and how to use them for iam.

HIS POETIC INSIGHT INTO NATURE GIVES M'COMAS' WORK ITS CHARM



A WORK BY ARTIST M'COMAS, WHOSE COLLECTION, ON EXHIBITION IN THE ROOMS OF A POST-STREET DEALER, IS ATTRACTING CONSIDERABLE ATTENTION.

I FANCY that it will have been the experience of almost every one who has ever attempted to write about music that when it comes to the describing of a composition—that is, the saying of anything that shall convey to the reader any coherent idea of the thing talked about—one has well-nigh arrived at the impossible. This certainly was the view of Robert Schumann, who, once in his editorial days, after struggling through a column of vain effort to describe a new symphony (by Onslow, I believe), gave up the task as fruitless with the remark: "After all, there is no telling you anything about the symphony that will be of the least value; the only way to do that would be to send a score to each of my readers—who can read it. The others would have to hear the piece." I think it is much the same with any attempt to talk about pictures. One may catalogue the subjects, which means nothing at all, since the subject is the least important part of a picture—or should be. One may dilate on the technique or methods of the painter and have said nothing at all, since no description of them can be made to convey any real thing to the reader. Ruskin exhausted volumes of his superb descriptive analysis over Turner. I doubt whether it ever helped any one to know anything about Turner until they had seen his work. There is no printed word that will describe the beauty of a line, no cunningly contrived phrase that will convey the charm of a tint. You may, indeed, say of a painter that he is or is not a fine colorist, or that he draws well or does not draw well; but it seems to me that one has in such case to be pretty sure of one's judgment as to whether the painter's coloring or drawing is after all not precisely that that he requires for his purpose—for the best expression of himself. One heard constantly in the New York picture shows of some twenty odd years ago—from some of the painters as well as the dilettante—that Homer Martin couldn't draw, and I have heard that, also—that he had no feeling for color! I believe these people really thought so—then! Very few of them would venture to "think so to-day, now that Martin is ranked by the world as one of the few great painters our country has produced, and has his honored place among the best of men of our time. The fact of it is, that while he could draw, in the sense that would have satisfied the critics, if he saw it, and while he understood the resources of the palette with the most brilliant ecologist of them all, to Martin the display of his technical skill in these matters was as nothing, or less than nothing. He had something of his own to say, and he found for himself the technique with which he could most adequately say it, and this seems to me to be the only right way to paint—or in fact, to do anything. As to the value of the thing said, that is entirely a question of the man who says it.

As a matter of fact in calling attention to the work of Francis McComas, which is at present to be seen at Vickery's art rooms on Post street, I am going to attempt no description of the pictures themselves, no parade of technical terms or the set phrases that generally go to make—and muddle up—picture no-likes; no art writing, in fact. Mr. McComas' pictures impress me as quite above that sort of thing. They are either that or there is nothing at all to be said about them. It is work in which there is—and can be no question of mere technique; it bears on its face the conviction that the aim—the constant aim—has been to say something nobly, beautifully; that

the struggle with method—and it is always a struggle, and a hard one, for the artist—has never once deluded the painter into an impression that the trick of technique was worthy of a place on his canvas alongside the poetic intention. With Mr. McComas it is what he has to say that is of the first value, and it seems to me, of a very high value; when he is at his best—which, of course, no man can be always—his means of expression are absolutely adequate. Where he has not been entirely successful it will be found, I think, that the struggle is still with himself rather than with his medium, that it is the idea, rather than the work in which it is to be clothed, that has not yet shaped itself fully to his satisfaction—that is not as yet entirely crystallized. But it is precisely in this idea, this poetic insight with the charm of nature, that his far and deep seeing artist eye that finds in everything around it that higher beauty that the rest of us would all so gladly find there, but can find only through the guidance of the true artist, that the work of Mr. McComas' work lies. The twenty-four little pictures which he has hung at Vickery's are just so many little poems—quatrains and lyrics—that will linger forever in the memory, with here and there among them one that rises to the dignity of a full-fledged sonnet and has a majesty and symphonic breadth of form and subject that reminds one of the best things of Keats. One would not willingly miss having seen and studied this little volume of poems; they are in themselves an education in a direction in which we all for we are all Philistines in the main—have everything to learn from men like Mr. McComas. OSCAR WELLS.

Prunes stuffed with apricots. Townsend's. Many women can make their own clothes, but only those who get the Standard Patterns from J. W. Evans, 1021 Market street, can make them so that the others will not know it. Winter styles now ready. Townsend's California Grace fruit and candies, 26c a pound, in artistic fire-etched boxes. A nice present for Eastern friends. 139 Market st., Palace Hotel building. Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 23 California street. Telephone Main 1042.

"Alice of Old Vincennes." Free—Best Fiction of To-Day—Free "The Leopard's Spots."

THAT heading is in no wise misleading. It is indeed an altogether too simple statement of an extraordinary fact and whether you have a chronic dislike of advertising or not you will read on to the end if you are at all interested in reading—the latest and best fiction by the most notable writers in the world.

It is only a month or two since the Sunday Call began its new literary policy of giving to its readers the standard \$1.50 books of the day complete in two or at the most three editions of the Magazine Section, but the idea has gained amazing vogue. It has done more. It has revolutionized the whole scheme of Western journalism. That may sound far-fetched, but just think it over.

You must read a newspaper. The Sunday Call gives you all the news. It gives you as many up-to-date features as any magazine in America, and it gives you a complete novel—Free. You don't have to pay \$1.50 at the book stores. You don't have to wait at the library. There are no interminable "continued in our next" serials. You get the whole novel superbly illustrated in two or three numbers. And you get the best.

Take "Alice of Old Vincennes" for instance. That book alone speaks volumes for the Sunday Call's new literary policy. On October 19 the first installment was printed. Next Sunday the second installment will follow, and on Sunday, November 2, the last will appear. Get all three papers and you can read Maurice Thompson's last and greatest book at your leisure.

Moreover you can delight your fancy with the best scenes from Virginia Harned's great play shown in a series of photographic masterpieces which were made especially to illustrate this story for the Sunday Call by Byron, the famous theatrical photographer. There you have it in a nutshell—a whole book and play as well—free.

But read what is to follow. "The Leopard's Spots," the first installment of which will be printed November 9, is a story of the white man's burden—a tale of the South—about the dramatic events of destruction, reconstruction and upbuilding, the period of negro rule, the attitude of the Southern white man to the negro, and the reassertion of white supremacy. And men who and women are won in strenuous times as well as in times of quiet.

Then come "The Gospel of Judas Iscariot," the sensation of both the East and Europe; "The Gentleman From Indiana"; "When Knighthood Was in Flower"; "Tainted Gold"; "The Turnpike House," etc., etc. That offer was never before equaled anywhere.

BENEFIT TO BE TENDERED AN AFFLICTED PHISICIAN

Friends of Dr. C. A. Perry Will Give Entertainment at Steinway Hall.

A benefit is to be tendered to Dr. C. A. Perry, who is afflicted with blindness, on Tuesday evening, October 23, at Steinway Hall, 223 Sutter street. The programme will consist of piano recitals, vocal solos, specialties, violin solos, recitations, orchestral selections and comedietta. Among those who will appear will be Marie Selmann, Lillian Dettmar, Lila Newman, Vera Randsall, Miss Montaine, Mrs. Churchill Sims, Franz Adelmann, D. R. Marks, Alfred A. Chamberlain, William Fenstermacher and M. Rossette. After the music and reading there will be a dance.

Petitions in Insolvency. Petitions in insolvency were filed yesterday in the United States District Court as follows: James S. Fuller, miner, \$616.67; liabilities \$114.60; assets, W. A. Fotheringham, stock raiser, Byron, liabilities \$3800, no assets.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

A Clinical Preparation That Positively Kills the Dandruff Germ. A most important discovery has been made after a year's patient laboratory work aimed in a certain direction—it is Newbro's Herpicide, a preparation that cures baldness, prevents falling hair and speeds, and permanently eradicates dandruff. These evils are caused by a germ, or parasite, that burrows into the scalp, throwing up dandruff, as it seeks to sap the life of the hair at the root. There's no baldness without falling or thin hair, no thin hair without dandruff, and no dandruff if the germ is destroyed. Newbro's Herpicide is the only preparation that will do the work. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."