

INSTRUCTIVE STUDIES BY MIND AND WOMEN



Household Economy.

BY DORA MAY MORRELL. (Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

So far as can be inferred from what is known of humankind in former ages, and of primitive peoples to-day, there were no business methods either to men's or women's work in the beginning nor for many centuries afterward.

Has woman made like evolution in her half of the partnership? Has she been alert to adopt new methods to simplify her work or to produce the finished result with less cost?

Running a house, even of the humblest kind, admits of as much business sense and as much system as is demanded for the increase of the merchant's trade.

The carrying on of a house with the many divisions of labor arising from it may well be likened to the carrying on of a large store, and woman may study the methods in the one and find herself benefited thereby in the other.

How many women know what proportion of the sum allowed them by the men of the family goes to these various calls? Yet every business man has like expenses figured to a fine point, and so he knows whether he is conducting his store or factory on the best basis or not.

How many women know what is the cheapest fuel to be used in the home for cooking and heating? Upon the cost of fuel often depends the answer to the question whether to make for one's self or to buy ready-made.

How many women know what is the best economy for the woman living in a flat and using gas or electricity for her kitchen range to buy her bread and all foods requiring long cooking, while it would be an extravagant chance for her sister to do the same, since her range burns coal all day for heating the room quite as much as for cooking.

These may seem small things to a woman, but it is on the attention given to trifles that prosperity rests in the home, and there is much more waste in many a kitchen than would be tolerated by the head of a large concern.

In business men eagerly avail themselves of the saving of half-cent, but in the home apparently untrifling trifles too often are regarded as a virtue akin to a miser's, or the housewife has too little interest in her business to find small leaks and stop them. She forgets that a chip may sink because of a very small leak. She does not dignify her "Joe" so that she has pride in her share of the enterprise.

Brain Power and Life. The question is asked by Science Siftings, which says that on a superficial examination much could, no doubt, be adduced in support of the contention that thinkers, as a rule, live long; or, to put the proposition into more general terms, exercise of the mind tends to longevity.

A TARIFF CAMPAIGN. THE favor with which the candidacy of Olney has been received by the conservative wing of the Democratic party, and the animosity with which it has been assailed by the socialist wing, go far to confirm the expectation that he will receive the nomination of his party, and lead the Democratic campaign this fall.

William Jennings Bryan says that the dignity, prestige and prospects of the United States demand that we erect, maintain and own in the various capitals of the world legation buildings commensurate with our standing in the family of nations.

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SOCIALISM IN THE PULPIT.

ONE Oakland clergyman recently preached upon the effect of excessive organization, in labor and finance, and made an able plea for the fostering of individual qualities of self-respect, self-confidence and independence, and for enforcement of the laws which protect personal rights.

This is the pessimistic view of present conditions presented by the socialist propaganda, and uttered by Laurence Gronlund and Morrison I. Swift. It is an impeachment of the existing industrial and social scheme, as inimical to the welfare of man. It omits the personal equation entirely. It is the antithesis of Dr. Jordan's declaration that government, civil institutions and society can only guarantee equality of opportunity, while no conceivable system can guarantee equality of achievement.

Hoping not to be misunderstood, we affirm that at that point what is usually called selfishness becomes the conservator of the gains and benefits of well-meant activity. That kind of selfishness is entrenched in the scriptural saying that "he who provideth not for his own house is worse than the heathen."

Any artificial plan which substitutes collective dependence for individual independence takes out of man his capacity for entire self-support. The law is universal and applies to man and bird and beast. The bird of boldest wing, that has sought its subsistence by its power of wing and beak and claw, if fed and pampered without its own exertion finally loses its initiative and becomes a helpless thing.

The advancement and civilization of man have been led by the individuals who had the greatest individual power over the resources of nature, and used it to their own advantage. This excited the emulation of their fellows to go and do likewise; but socialism would have demanded that the leader divide the avails of his enterprise equally with those who had not put forth exertion to imitate him, and progress and civilization would have been arrested right there, and would have ceased.

The preacher declared that the form of selfishness we are considering is against the command of the founder of Christianity. This we doubt. If every industrious man adopt the policy of dividing with his neighbor every night the gains of his day's labor, will he have any industrious neighbors? But if he, by his gains, increase the comforts of his own house and the plenty of his own table and the warmth of his own hearth, will he not be teaching his neighbors that they can get these things which he has by earning them as he does?

We do not cast out the obligation to care for those who are disinherited of fortune, who with equality of opportunity have been incapable of equality of achievement. But before we make their presence in the problem the reason for destroying our industrial and social structure, let us inquire into the cause of their condition. Have they gained by industry and lost by deceit of others? Their judgment was bad; it misled them into speculative ventures, relying on promises of the crafty, to increase their possessions. No reorganization of society can artificially create soundness of judgment, or eliminate the speculative instinct, or destroy the craft of the tempter.

Are they who have not the table of plenty the victims of the incidents of mortality, of weakness and accident? If so, they are the defective children of the family of man, and as such in the present social order they are the heirs of our affection and the free sharers of our plenty. It is one of the fine elements of humanity that a defective member of a family enjoys the richest parental and fraternal love and care. The strong brother and sister count it no sacrifice to watch and care for the pitiful weakling.

Society in the same sense is the father and mother, the sister and brother of the mental or physical weakling and of the victim of misfortune. What is done for them is not charity at all. It is a duty enforced by all that ennobles those who take it upon them. No reorganization of industry and society can increase or diminish the affluence of this sweet fountain of humanity. If judgment cannot be given to all in the use of equal opportunity, and if pity's fountain will get no access of flow and force by reorganizing industry and society, why should they be reorganized?

The war spirit is pulsating once more through the Balkans and Macedonian mischief-makers are seeking the assistance of foreigners to aid them in gaining their independence of Turkey. The Macedonians come with unclean hands to ask assistance of the world. However evil their dependence may be, they have shown in their diversified outlawry that they can exercise no responsibility that would not be fearful to strangers among them.

THE recent overwhelming defeat of Tom Johnson in Ohio leaves them without a successful leader of any reputation whatever. The leadership of Olney means of course a tariff campaign. We shall have to fight over again the obstinate free-traders who persistently desire to "smash tariffs," no matter how beneficial may be their effects upon the country, or what degree of prosperity is enjoyed by all classes of workmen under their operation.

In the course of the tariff fight in Great Britain many things are being said that are of value to us, and it will be well to heed them now before the excitements of the approaching campaign distort the public mind into a condition of such partisanship that comparatively few voters will be able to impartially weigh the arguments of the opposing parties. The free-traders in Great Britain call themselves "Free Fooders," and assert that the workmen of the kingdom would be worse off under protection than under the present system. They also assert that many millions of the British people are now so near the verge of starvation that the lightest tax that could be placed on imported foodstuffs would be felt by them as the most distressful of burdens.

Such statements of course carry their own answer with them, for it is self-evident that if free trade has brought so large a percentage of the British people to the verge of starvation it is high time to make a change. However, the protectionists have not relied wholly upon that obvious truth to refute the argument of the opposition. They have sought information from Charles Booth, who certainly knows as much about the condition of workers of the great cities of England as any man living, and they have found in him a staunch advocate of protection, on the ground that even if it should somewhat increase the cost of food, it would nevertheless help the masses by providing them with better wages with which to buy food.

In his address at Leeds Chamberlain quoted Booth as saying: "You ask for my answer to the question—will the fiscal proposals you have laid before the country add to the cost of living of the poorest of the population? My reply is that I do not think they would do so at all. But if to some extent they should have that result, it would not affect my opinion of the merits of your proposals, since the well being of the poorer classes, not less than that of the more regularly employed, and well-to-do, depends much more on the general conditions of prosperity and the fluctuations of employment than on changes in the level of prices; and your proposals, if carried out with reasonable prudence, seem to me likely to add to national and imperial prosperity."

It is along such lines the movement toward protection is advancing in Great Britain, while the unteachable tariff smashers in the Democratic councils are preparing a retrograde movement toward free trade in this country. The situation is interesting and merits the careful study of the American people, for it is likely to develop the dominant issue of the coming Presidential campaign.

German newspapers, of anti-American tendency, are deriding their Government and abusing us because we have not accepted with what they deem becoming alacrity the statue of Frederick the Great given to the United States by Emperor William. It is in such incidents as this that our experience with yellow journalism teaches us to be patient with our misguided friends. We know that the yellow pest has invaded their dominion as well as ours and we understand.

A WORD OF WARNING. BY the British Consul General in this city, notice has been sent to the Call of a warning from Cape Colony against the migration to South Africa of any persons who are not amply provided with means for maintaining themselves when they arrive. The warning comes as a confirmation of the reports of the labor troubles of the country, and should be carefully heeded by all who have had any thought of leaving their present homes in the vague hope of profiting by great opportunities that are expected to arise in the development of South Africa in the immediate future.

In his notice the Consul General says: "The government of Cape Colony desire, owing to the present condition of trade in the colony and throughout South Africa, that immediate steps should be taken to discourage the going to South Africa of persons without ample means, or prospects of immediate employment. Numbers of skilled artisans and others have been thrown out of work, and fresh arrivals accentuate the difficulties of the labor market."

It appears the boom in the way of South African development that was expected to follow British exploitation of the country has not come. The country is rich in many ways, but it will be a long time before it will be a "white man's country" so far as workmen are concerned. It is an act of genuine humanity on the part of the Cape government to give this warning in time to prevent many adventurous workers from making a blunder that would cost them dear, and the notice deserves general circulation by the press of the Pacific Coast, for we have here a large number of men of the pioneer type who, from an instinctive longing for the exploiting of new lands, might go to South Africa and there in a short time find themselves friendless and penniless in a land where there is no chance for employment at living wages, and where even at the best the white man can hardly compete with native labor.

The Supervisors have instituted proceedings which are designed to reform conditions in reference to local theaters and to insure to the public absolute protection against fire or the dread disaster of panic. In this vitally important matter the public should be an eager, enthusiastic, active co-operator. It should withdraw its patronage from any theater that seems even to be unsafe. No amusement that may be conceived can compensate for a repetition of the Chicago horror.

William Jennings Bryan says that the dignity, prestige and prospects of the United States demand that we erect, maintain and own in the various capitals of the world legation buildings commensurate with our standing in the family of nations. It might be wise, too, in connection with this excellent suggestion, to provide ways and means to secure representatives who are neither out of place in such buildings nor out of proportion to such prospective dignity.

A Murderer's Heart. Murderer Portalla, who is now serving a life sentence in Folsom prison, found it one of his greatest griefs that he could not take his rats to the penitentiary with him. For the sum of \$3 he had in cold blood waylaid a man on Clay street in the dark of the night, bent his victim's head over his knee and cut his throat from ear to ear. Then he had thrown the knife away and sat him down to a hearty supper in a Broadway sailors' retreat when the sudden arm of the law reached out and seized him.

While this stoical murderer was confined in the county jail, pending the hearing of an appeal to his conviction it happened one day that his cell companion killed a large rat which had made her way out of a hole in the flooring. Portalla whittled away the edges of the hole with the edge of an old can and there, snuggled in a pile of chewed newspapers he discovered four tiny, motionless mice. Then he began the remarkable affection of this brutal murderer for these squeaking bits of animals.

Day by day Portalla nourished them with scraps saved from his own food. At night he would keep them warm by stowing them away next his own body. As they grew older the rats came to make this friend their only playmate; hours at a time they would spend running in and out of the folds of the man's clothing, he looking on meanwhile with a face which was almost gentle.

At last it came time for him to go where the prison doors would close upon him forever. The rats went with him in a little hand satchel, but at the door of the prison they, like all the rest of the world's prisoners, were taken from him and consigned to the tender mercies of Warden Aull's terrier.

Keen Memory. The remarkable gift possessed by Detective Sergeant Bainbridge, head of the identification bureau of the Police Department, of remembering faces, no matter what period of time has elapsed, is a source of wonder to those who have occasion to see it illustrated. Notwithstanding the thousands of criminals who have come under his observation he rarely if ever is at fault.

He was walking along Kearny street on New Year's day and passed a man near the corner of Fremont street. It struck him that the man was an ex-convict and he turned back, touched the man on the shoulder and said: "Where have you been for all these years?" The man looked at him and said meekly: "I guess you've made a mistake; I don't know you."

"Oh yes you do," replied Bainbridge. "You have done time under the names of Robertson and Langley. The last time I saw you was in 1876, when you were sent to San Quentin."

The man tried to carry out his bluff, but finally admitted his identity. After serving his sentence which Bainbridge referred to he had committed a felony in Nevada and had been sentenced to serve fourteen years. He told Bainbridge he was trying to lead an honest life, but the old sleuth shook his head and remarked as he left him that he would soon see him in custody again if he remained in the city.

Fighting an Octopus. That vampire of the ocean, the octopus, appears from time to time in real-life narratives as fascinating as fiction. Such is the story told in the Royal Magazine by Captain S. F. Scott of British Columbia. He was yachting off Victoria with a party of friends, and while alone one evening in a row-boat a mile from the yacht got into a school of blackfish, one of which struck the little boat with such force that its occupant was sent spinning into the water. Captain Scott continues: "It seemed a joke to be upset like

TALK OF THE TOWN AND TOPICS OF THE TIMES



The Lucky Card. Ten years ago the Addie Gilmore murder case, with its mystery of the woman's decapitated head found at Lime Point and the recovery of the remaining portions of the body in Oakland Creek, gave the police detectives and the metropolitan newspaper men weeks of incessant labor. To the reporters the searching for the many ends to the story was work that called for severest taxing of mental ability and physical exertion.

At one stage of the hunt a certain young medical student was the object of pursuit. His testimony was the all-important missing link, for it carried the murdered woman straight to the house out of which she never appeared alive. The detectives had been particularly anxious to hold this evidence from the public.

One forenoon the student's name and his relation to the mystery leaked out at police headquarters. In an instant half a dozen newspaper men were out in hot chase. One of them found the young man at his office. Then commenced a siege. The interviewed student refused point blank. The interviewer pleaded, cajoled, coaxed, begged and threatened. For an hour the men's words of measured forces and at last the student succumbed, cast aside police fiction, and told his story. It was the great chapter in the mystery from a newspaper point of view. The story was golden to the successful reporter.

After it was all over the reporter one day asked the student why he surrendered the story. "You were toying with one of my professional cards," explained the young man, "and I thought that it had been given to you by Detective Bohem. I thought, too, that he must have sent you to me after all and that it would be all right."

The reporter remembered the card. He had picked it up from a table in the waiting-room of the student's office to be sure that he would have the name correctly. During the interview the reporter did nervously twist the pasteboard. To this day he has the little bit of cardboard, the memento of a stern chase that ended in a victory.

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that, and I laughed. But this was to be my last laugh for a long time, for just as I had swum back to the boat and laid my hands on the upturned keel I felt myself seized around the legs half-way below the knees—seized with such strength and suddenness with such tremendous force that the boat was jerked clean over, and came down on the top of my head.

Like lightning came the truth. I was in the arms of a devil-fish. I knew that the water swarmed with the deadly octopus. I knew that one had got me. There was no mistaking the grasp. Every one 'the devil-fish's' eight powerful arms closes upon his prey, and he pulls down—down, until he drags it to the bottom. With a desperate kick I freed myself from the creature below me. Seizing the boat, I had my arm under one of the thwart's when the devil-fish caught me again. I felt his grasp tighten. The pain was excruciating. With every movement that I made my flesh was lacerated. I began to grow weak from loss of blood. But I never relaxed my hold on the boat. The agony must have lasted for only a few minutes in reality, but it seemed an eternity before I felt the clutch on my legs loosen. I kicked with all my strength, struggled, twisted, and then felt myself free. I think my cold boots must have injured the arms of the octopus and compelled him to let go. It was not until an hour and a half later that my friends noticed that my boat was motionless on the water and came out to see what was the matter. They found me more dead than alive. The skin was nearly all gone from my feet to my knees, and above that it remained for weeks as black as a man's hat. For two months afterward I lived only on milk. Altogether I was laid up for seven months as the result of my encounter.—Youths' Companion.

Calve at Home. In the Delineator for February Percy Mitchell writes interestingly of the home girls of Calve, who is perhaps the most interesting personality among the favorites of grand opera. The Calve of Paris and the other great cities where the singer is heard is a different being from the Calve of Cabrières, her home in Southern France. There, Mr. Mitchell tells—and the illustrations confirm his words—the great prima donna lives the life for which nature intended her, a free life in the open air. She rises at dawn and goes to bed at sunset. She walks for miles over the country, fishes, shoots, lends a hand in the harvest, takes an interest in gardening, rides and even automobiles. But there is another and more serious side to her summer sojourning at Cabrières. She maintains there a sanatorium, or home for young girls in ill-health, and is a great power for good throughout the region. Needless to say, the name of Calve is revered there even more than in the outer world.

Poor Austin. A London paper takes the following sharp rap at Austin, the Poet Laureate of England. Says the satirist: "A gentleman, who modestly describes himself as Mr. —, has written some remarkable verses on 'Her Majesty the Queen's Bedroom at Sandringham in Fines.' We are struck by some of the most felicitous rhymes that we remember to have seen. The third verse begins: 'Miss Knollys by the smoke awakened, To the Queen's bed-chamber hastened. 'The mispronunciation of the lady's name is a mere trifle! Again: 'A minute scarcely did elapse Before the ceiling down did crash. 'There are many other similar beauties in this poem, the whole of which can be obtained for 1 penny at 139 London road, Dover. Proceeds devoted to supplying hospitals and orphanages with books.' 'We have tried by every cipher we know to learn the name of the author, but without success. Has the Poet Laureate sent out his poem yet?'"

Christian Japanese. In view of the probability of war between Japan and Russia, it will doubtless interest a number of people in this country to know that Vice Admiral Count Togo, the commander of the Japanese fleet, as well as the captains of three of the principal battleships of the Mikado's navy, are converts to Christianity. Native Christians are, indeed, beginning to occupy many high and honorable positions in the state. Quite a long row of members of the lower and of the upper houses of Parliament are Christians, and a number of the latter occupy seats on the judicial bench. Moreover, three of the biggest daily newspapers of Tokio, the capital of Japan, are in the hands of Christians, and under the circumstances it cannot be denied that Christianity, with all that the latter involves in the way of civilization and enlightenment, is making its way quietly but surely in Japan.

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