

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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THE EXPANSION STILL GOES ON.

THE end of the year is at hand and the usual lull in trade has not yet appeared. Instead, we have continued reports of business expanding everywhere.

Normally there are two periods of dullness every year—in mid-summer and at the close of the year. If there is no lull then business is abnormally active, and this seems to be the condition at present.

All returns show remarkable activity all along the line. The railroads cannot handle all the freight offered them, and their earnings continue to increase over corresponding periods last year, the gain in November being 7.1 per cent.

The bank clearings continue to affirm the better condition of business. For several months they have been showing steady gains over corresponding periods in 1903, and the gains have lately been remarkable.

The clearings of San Francisco, as printed in The Call on Thursday, tell the story of trade in this city during the current year. We started out last January behind the corresponding month in 1903 and lost steadily until in May we were a long way behind the preceding year in the volume of business.

And why not? Our population has been growing with abnormal rapidity during the last year, our crops are selling for high prices, our real estate operations are very extensive, as attested by the large number of new buildings going up all over town, our banks are loaded with coin to such a degree that lately there has been a large daily investment in good, interest-paying bonds on the Stock and Bond Exchange for the sake of the interest, and our different mining interests are in better condition than for a number of years.

OILED ROADS.

THE State Board of Roads and Highways reports that there are 2223 miles of oiled roads in California. The board is of the opinion that oiling can be so managed as finally to produce a solid bitumen surface on country roads, that will answer all the purposes served by bituminized streets in the cities.

To effect this is the purpose of the board. Its report on the subject suggests the same attention to foundation that city streets require. The bituminous rock, which is found only in California, is a natural product. It was made by the crude oil flowing upon ancient sand beaches or beds, just as it is now flowing out upon the bottom sand of the ocean from Santa Barbara channel southward.

The subject is of such interest as to justify all the care given to it by the Board of Roads and Highways. In the first place, our long dry season causes dusty roads that detract from the comfort of those who use or live near them. The deep dust also increases the pull in hauling loads over them, which is an economic loss.

THE PRESS OF THE NATION.

The ultimate disposition of Santo Domingo is a bridge which it may be difficult to cross, but which we need not cross until we come to it. Meantime nothing could give that island a better chance and a stronger impulse for self-redemption than the influence and example of its two next neighbors, Cuba on the one side, prospering in insular self-government, and Porto Rico on the other, also prospering under American sovereignty.—New York Tribune.

The intelligence of New York juries must be either exceptionally keen or exceptionally dull, judging by the diagram and lay figures deemed necessary to enable them to arrive at a verdict.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Some folks are fond of prime roast beef. Some other folks like ham, but Wall street, when a boom is on, wants 'lamb! lamb! lamb!'—New York Herald.

The numerous footpads of Chicago are extensively employing carbolic acid to render their victims defenseless. Is Chicago civilized?—Atlanta Constitution.

Governor Pennypacker smiles at the idea he was wrong in advocating the press muzzle. And the press smiles, too.—Philadelphia North American.

The Hague continues to be known as headquarters of peace, although the plant has not been completed to supply the demand.—Washington Star.

Away down in her heart every woman is proud of her son when he whips her neighbor's boy.—Kansas City Times.

WOMAN'S BEAUTY AND MAN'S POWER MAKE FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

SOME one—I am not quite sure who it was—had the courage to declare that, though it is safe to trust a dog who falls in love with you at first sight, the same is not true about man.

One cannot justly discount the power of first impressions. They are the best letters of introduction in our social world. But how far one may dare to trust first impressions in love affairs is a different proposition. You do not present your purse to a stranger because you like his looks.

Yet people are doing this every day. Adults who could be safely trusted to the uncertain mercies of a great and unfamiliar city are always ready to be taken in by a confidence game in love. Of course, in love, as in other social relations, the first impression is an important element. Were it taken away, there would be a loss of both beauty and that mystery which is the secret of fascination.

As a rule, it is beauty in a woman which attracts men. For this reason some women are better calculated than others to inspire love at first sight. No

further description of Grecian Helen's power over hearts is really necessary after the lines:

And Helen came forth from her fragrant bower The fairest lady of immortal line, Like morning when the rosy dawn doth flower.

It is quite a different quality in a man which sends an arrow through a woman's fancy. It is power.

In 'The Iceland Fisherman' Pierre Loti uses this fact of feminine psychology with artistic effect in his account of the meeting between the heroine Gaud and the Iceland fisherman.

"Although Gaud asked quite naturally the names of a number of others, she did not dare ask his. That beautiful profile which she could just see, that proud and haughty glance, those brilliant, quick eyes of his, with their tawny gleam, had deeply impressed, had almost frightened her."

This same susceptibility of the more emotional sex to power was worked into the plot of one of the most conspicuous of recent novels, 'The Queen's Quair.'

As Irving says, 'Men are always wooing goddesses and marrying mere mortals.' And when a masterful man comes in sight maids had better look the other way. What's the use of taking chances on love at first sight.

MIRROR OF DAME FASHION



LITTLE buttonholed pastilles of the white soledaine are cleverly used to supplement the trimming design in this Forsythe waist, the round pieces being cut, edged with a featherbone piping cord and the buttonholing worked over this in a brilliant burnt orange twist.

Facts About Food.

A company with a large capitalization was recently incorporated in New York to manufacture and sell cornmeal mush. It is problematic whether it will ever become a staple of diet, though its cheapness would recommend it as such in a large city where the prices of food are usually high.

Are Soldiers Great Smokers?

If recent statistics are to be relied upon, the number of men—high placed officers in both services who do not smoke—would bear out the theory that smoking is going out of fashion in the British army and navy. It appears that the majority of naval officers are content, like the French and Russians, with an occasional cigarette. Of course, there are exceptions.

white sugar there are 4 1/2 pounds of nutriment, and in 5 pounds of beans there are 4 pounds of nutriment.

Widow Worth \$15,000,000 Takes Husband



MRS. CHARLES SPRAGUE.

MRS. CHARLES SPRAGUE, widow of former Congressman Sprague, was married at Boston a few days ago to E. D. Brandegee, a merchant of Utica, N. Y. The ceremony was the important society event of the season.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT

A MAIDEN walked down a long aisle All dressed in the height of the style.

But sad to relate Her hat wasn't strate, Which caused all the people to stare.

Another one sailed in a barque, Alone with her beau after darque.

When asked why two so She simply said: 'Oh, We find it a nice way to sparque.'

But sad was the fate of this belle, For into the water she felle.

Her beau couldn't swim— She perked from him— And all he could do was to yell.

He started to row for the shore, But found he was minus an oar.

So out on the sea, In danger was he, Where wildly the big billows rore.

And no one would rescue the beau, For fear of the ocean, you kneau.

And so, it is said, He'll stay till he's daid, And down to the bottom he'll gau.

And down in the depths of the sea The maiden he lost, it may be.

He'll find and they'll ride Away on the tide.

From mothers-in-law wholly free. —Chicago Chronicle.

A WORTHY PROJECT.

The San Francisco Call, always a power for good in the State, has enlisted itself in the project of securing for the rivers of California, especially the Sacramento and San Joaquin, governmental aid to free the lands along those waterways from annual overflow and consequent damage and loss of crops.

The Call's project is a most commendable one. The Standard is heartily in accord with the efforts of The Call in behalf of the great work it has undertaken.—Eureka (Cal.) Standard.

"SEND FORTH THE ROSES"

We want to congratulate The Call on its proposition to distribute roses among its subscribers and inserters of small ads. They will gratify a craving that is natural in a great many and cultivate an esthetic sense in some others. In this land of flowers no present is more appropriate than a flower plant. Send forth the roses so that they may bloom!—Alameda Argus.

ANTHONY'S TEMPTATION

BY CHANNING POLLOCK.

"WHAT is it?" inquired Stella Matthew, stopping in the middle of her dishwashing and 'The Good Old Summer Time.'

"What is it? A check?" Anthony, who had come to be known in publishing circles as 'Stella Matthew's husband,' did not answer at once.

His face turned a shade redder and he crammed the envelope which the postman had given him into the recesses of his inside pocket. Stella flung down the dishrag and thrust herself into the doorway between the kitchen and the combination dining-room and library.

"Do I ever get checks?" Anthony returned savagely, yet with a note in his voice that inspired pity. "Returned with thanks. Rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit; that's the sort of thing they send me. I wish I knew what it is they like about your stories."

"Why, nothing specially, dear," replied the harder for her arms on her apron that she might put them about his neck without soiling his shirt. "You write ever so much better than I, only I've been at it longer. You mustn't get discouraged. You'll strike it in time."

"Time! I've been at it two years. No, Stella, I guess it's a city desk and twenty-five a week for mine for the rest of my life. What's the odds, anyway?"

In the face of such hopelessness as this Stella felt her presence worse than useless. She put up her rosy lips to be kissed, and went back to continue her struggle with the coffee cups. She had seen Anthony 'down' very often of late, and she had recognized in this heartiness the one malady of which she might not even try to cure him. Her attempts, indeed, seemed only to irritate and annoy the big, square-chinned fellow whose defeat was so much the harder for him to bear because of her success.

Anthony loved his wife, as a great many every-day men still do, in spite of the quips and jests of the comic papers. He had thought her the daintiest and brightest of little women when he married her, and his greatest delight had come with the contemplation of the things he would do for her when he 'got there.' That he would ultimately 'get there' he had never doubted. The newspaper on which he worked had printed three or four of his romances, and scores of his friends had complimented him on their cleverness. Surely, the magazines ought not to be difficult after this.

As a matter of fact, they had proved not only difficult, but impregnable. Manuscript after manuscript was returned to him, always 'with thanks' and a printed slip, Stella, on the other hand, had received five dollars for her very first story, a fable intended for children, and had sold nearly everything that had come from her pen since. This had not been so humiliating, for Anthony naturally looked upon fairy tales with some contempt, but lately Stella had found a steady market for humorous verse, and humorous verse her husband considered his forte. The fact that he was fond of her and wanted her to be proud of him made her progress merely the more a reproach. It was he who must be proud of her now—he, Anthony Matthew, six feet one in his stockings. Someday, those six feet were the crowning aggravation.

There was no denying that, notwithstanding his superior height, Anthony did not write half as well as Stella. His work lacked the grace and point of her's, and he conceded it. A burlesque sonnet, which she had finished the night before lay on the desk beside a long envelope addressed to the 'Editor of The Decade.' Anthony had read the verse twice, and he knew that it was better than anything he had ever done. The Decade would print it and the boys at the office would say: 'Saw a poem of your wife's this morning. I should think you'd go in for magazine work some yourself, old man.'

Stella's fresh young voice made itself heard above the clatter of plates in the room adjoining. 'The Good Old Summer Time' had given way to 'Bedalia.' Anthony paused, holding the manuscript, to listen.

Oh, Bedalia, 'Dalia, 'Dalia, I've made up my mind to staid ye; Oh, Bedalia, Bedalia, dear.

Mere association of words shot a sudden impulse into his brain. The sonnet was in his hands, the addressed envelope before him, and he didn't think this contribution go to The Decade over his signature? Its appearance as his composition would be in the nature of a triumph, and Anthony felt that he had earned a triumph of one kind or another. 'I saw a poem of yours,' they would be compelled to remark at the office. And Stella? Why, Stella could gain nothing by the use of her name with the verse—nothing but a few dollars, which he could easily make up to her in allowance. Anyhow, Stella was his wife, and what belonged to her belonged to him. If she knew what he was going to do she wouldn't care. She would be glad that he had found a way to be happy.

Anthony seized the pen at his elbow and signed the poem in a firm, round hand. Then he folded the paper, placed it in the envelope and sealed it. Stella heard him open the door of the apartment and came out to ask where he was going. 'To mail your stuff to The Decade,' he told her. 'I'll be right back.' But he didn't come 'right back.'

and signed the poem in a firm, round hand. Then he folded the paper, placed it in the envelope and sealed it. Stella heard him open the door of the apartment and came out to ask where he was going.



"Why, Kiddie," she said, "was it a check?"

Once the envelope had been dropped in the box his guilt threw away its mask and rose to face him. He realized as suddenly as the temptation had come to him that he was a thief. The paltry excuses that came to his mind had looked at his act melted under the glaring eyes of an accusing conscience, and he dared not return to the tender gaze of his wife. 'Great heavens, what have I done?' he asked himself as he stood at the corner, and 'What have I done?' he kept repeating as the elevated hurried him along to his work.

All through the day new phases of his plight persistently crowded into his mind. What if the editor of the Decade recognized Stella's style in the sonnet and wrote to ask questions? What if he failed to keep her from seeing the special number of the magazine in which the poem was published? In either of these events what would she think of him? Would he lose her respect and her confidence altogether? Anthony wiped the perspiration from his brow at the thought. She might even cease to love him.

It was a hard eight hours for the city editor of the afternoon paper which paid for the Matthews' livelihood. It was a harder evening which brought Stella's welcoming kiss and her half-hurt inquiry, 'What took you away so suddenly this morning?' The week that ensued was the hardest of all. He had become so morbid on the subject of the sonnet that he was afraid to take the one backward course that suggested itself to him, that of writing the editor of the Decade a mistake had been made in the signature, lest that astute gentleman should suspect the truth. His eyes, formerly so frank and honest, rarely met those of his wife, who soon discovered that something was wrong.

On the Elevated station one afternoon when he was going home Anthony saw the August number of The Decade. Only nine days had elapsed since he had posted Stella's poem, yet he looked through the magazine with agonizing apprehension. Suppose it happened to have been used in that issue? His hands were shaking when he turned the last leaf and he felt a hysterical longing to laugh or cry. 'This thing is playing the very devil with me,' he confessed to himself. 'I can't stand it much longer. I'm going to tell Stella all about it.'

He fully intended to do so when he opened his door and saw the love and solicitude in the face of the little woman who met him. 'There's a letter in the dining-room for you,' she said. 'It's from The Decade. I didn't know you sent them anything. You won't let it make you blue, will you, dear?' 'No,' said Anthony, shortly. He strode into the dining-room and shut the door behind him. It had come at last. 'What about it, dear? Has it any money? Nothing in the world could induce him to touch it. He wasn't that kind of a thief.'

A few minutes later Stella finally resolved not to be angry at anything Anthony did when he was so plainly despondent, opened the door, and stared at him. 'Why, Kiddie,' she said, 'you look so happy. Was it a check?' 'No,' he replied exultantly, dropping on the floor the bits of paper he had held in his hand. 'No! A returned manuscript—thank God!' (Copyright, 1904, by Channing Pollock.)

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

WEIGHT OF RUBBER—A. S., City. One cubic foot of indiarubber weighs fifty-six pounds.

WATER FOR A BOILER—Subscriber, City. To ascertain how much water is required for a boiler 'add 15 to the pressure per square inch in pounds on the boiler. Divide the sum by 18, and multiply the quotient by .24. The resulting product will be the number of gallons of water required by the boiler per horsepower per minute.'

A HAIR TO CURE—W. F., Alameda, Cal. The expression, 'Take a hair from the dog that bit you, dry it, put it into the wound and it will heal it, be it never so sore,' has been traced to a 'Receipt Book' published in England in 1670. When used figuratively it means: 'Take a glass on rising of that which the night before produced such a headache in the morning.'

CASTLE GARDEN—R. D. W., Vacaville, Cal. 'Castle Garden,' New York, was originally a fort which was afterward transferred into a summer garden and from that it derives its name. It then became a place for civic and military displays. In 1824, when Lafayette revisited America, he was tendered a grand ball in Castle

Garden. President Jackson was publicly received there in 1822, and President Tyler was given a like reception there in 1842. After that it was converted into a concert hall, and it was there that Jenny Lind made her first appearance. In 1855 it was converted into an immigrant depot, and in 1876 the original building was partially destroyed by fire. The present building was erected shortly after that.

THE PRESIDENT—E. W. F., Annapolis, Cal. When the Electoral College meets for the purpose of declaring the vote cast for President and Vice President of the United States the exact number of votes will be announced in The Call. About that time it is possible that the exact majority of the popular vote for Theodore Roosevelt will be announced. The number of electoral votes required by Roosevelt to declare him elected is 239 out of 476.

Townsend's California Glac fruits in artistic fire-checked boxes. 715 Market St.

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THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



A CALL DOWN.

Mr. Newriche—Every man has his price.

Mr. Dedriche—Yes; I had heard your daughter was to marry Lord Get-theoeyne.



WHY, OF COURSE.

Joeker—He says he can't stand up and he can't sit down. Kidder—If he tells the truth he lies.



HIS JOKE.

First comedian—You say you are studying two new parts. Ain't you afraid of overstudy? Second comedian—Sure not; you see, I'm an understudy?