

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

THE labor strike in St. Petersburg is less an industrial than a political movement. Circumstances have long been leading up to it. An autocracy, especially that of Russia, which is a case of one family absorbing to itself all the increment of the empire, finally makes itself impossible, and is destroyed.

Richelieu, by repression, had a hand in the revolution that waited until he had been dead a hundred and fifty-seven years. His successor, Mazarin, was supplying the revolution with a reason when he advised his pupil, Louis XIV, that the proper policy was always to be false to national treaties, and implored the Prince to cultivate his natural gift of dissimulation.

In Russia we have all of these familiar features. One family absorbs all of the resources of the empire, and pockets the proceeds of all its industries. That family keeps up an army and navy, not for national defense, but for family defense.

But now there is a change. This present disturbance may not complete the reaction. But it is one of the symptoms of it. The ignorant and besotted people are led by Gopon, priest of the Greek church, which comforts their superstitious souls.

Russia has never had a real popular uprising. There have been Polish insurrections and strife over succession to the throne, but the Russian people have never yet made an upheaving motion to get for themselves larger life and liberty.

We have seen how other people revolutionize. Record is made of the steps by which the English, French, Italians, Germans and Spanish peoples went forward to representative government.

The incidents of Sunday and following seem to make any accommodation impossible. Force met with force must work out the bloody problem. The dull Russian population is at last fired for vengeance by the sight of its own blood.

THE ABUSE OF STREET ADVERTISING.

THE recent very vigorous action of Oakland's city fathers in the matter of street signs and the reports of similar crusades against unsightly billboards in the East makes timely the reading of an article in the current Atlantic Monthly upon "The Ethics of the Street."

To this writer the presence of flaunting panegyrics upon the merits of certain whiskies, the delights of cheap smokes and the blissful pleasures that must come from the wearing of certain perfected garments, offered to the public at a philanthropic reduction, not only blunts the artistic sense of every individual but has a positive demoralizing effect upon each and every one of us.

"How vital an impression does it produce upon a girl," says this voice of protest, "to tell her that tight lacing is injurious when misshapen forms are presented as objects of fashionable elegance for her emulation during recreation hours?"

THE PRESS OF THE NATION.

A mistake was made when the taxes imposed for war purposes during the little spat with Spain were abolished. No one felt those taxes. Had they been retained we should be having an income something like seventy-five millions more than at present, and that would be sufficient for everything.

It would hardly be fair to him to put Dr. Chadwick in the same cell with his wife. Lacking opportunity to practice on anybody else, she is likely to borrow money from the doctor.—St. Paul Globe.
An English Earl is charged with bigamy. It must be that a single American heiress wasn't quite enough to lift the ancestral mortgage.—Detroit Journal.

IN THE HALL OF FAME AND FUN



WHITELAW REID, EDITOR AND DIPLOMAT, AND JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, WHO TRUSTS IN—NEW JERSEY.

THE GIFT OF HER DAUGHTER

BY INA WRIGHT HANSON

"I SUSPECT that she will cause me to end my days in a madhouse."

Mrs. Pemberton's words were tragical, but her voice was calm, even colorless, and her head rested comfortably against the back of a scarlet cushioned easy chair.

"What is Florence's latest?" I queried, sitting down on the top step and gazing up admiringly at Florence's youthful mother.

"Then why don't you marry her?" I looked inquiringly at my interlocutor. Her coloring was quite vivid, after all.

"You do me honor," I said dryly, "but I fear I'm too old for kindergarten work."

Mrs. Pemberton sighed. "She is 17 to-day. I was only a year older when she was born."

"Of course I cannot coerce any one into marrying the child—I couldn't even mention it to any one but a tried friend like you—but I somehow fancied that you were fond of her. I do think that marriage might take these thousand and one foolish fancies out of her head."

"You haven't told me yet what—"

"I'm coming to it. As I said, to-day is her birthday. A year ago I promised her a string of pearls for her next gift. This morning I asked her what she wished, thinking, of course, that she would answer, 'that beautiful string of pearls, mamma.' Any other girl would, but not she!"

"Well?" I ventured, shifting my position a little that I might the better observe a pair of handsome eyes.

"Of all things in the world, dear mamma, I do want a planchette!"

"I chuckled. Mrs. Pemberton frowned entrancedly at me.

"Now, don't pretend that you know what a planchette is," she reproved, "for I don't believe you do. I didn't, but you may be sure I didn't let my daughter know the ignorance of her mother. I told her to choose one herself, and send the bill to me."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed. "And then?"

"As soon as she was gone, I ran to the dictionary, just as you would have done." Her remark was pointed.

"What is a planchette?" I asked diplomatically. I even hesitated a little over the pronunciation.

"Honest little boy," she commended. Then she settled her cushions again, closed her beautiful eyes and recited: "A small board fitted with a pencil and two casters, made to move easily over a sheet of paper when hands rest upon it; once believed by some to write independently of the volition of the person or persons touching it, but generally explained by the dominant idea."

"Ye gods! The memory of her!" I exclaimed.

Mrs. Pemberton regarded me complacently.

"Then, of course, I turned to dominant idea. It means an idea fixed in the mind of its subject by the power of habit or otherwise."

"Stay!" I interrupted hastily. "Is that the little beast in there on the table?"

Mrs. Pemberton turned her shapely head in the direction of my pointing finger.

"It is," she affirmed.

"Let's see if we can make it write," I wheedled, springing up and looking down into her brown eyes. Dear heart! Did she think I wanted Florence?

"I verily believe you would abet the child in her folly," she murmured, but she rose quickly and went into the parlor.

"First, a piece of paper," I said gaily. I found several leaves on the window seat. I put one under the planchette, and we seated ourselves at the table.

"That's not the way," she said hastily.

"It's the latest improved," I declared boldly. "I know more about these little animals than you think."

"Now I was certainly possessed of a dominant idea, and I was very much excited in finding out whether the planchette would apprise Mrs. Pemberton of it. So excited, in fact, that I deliriously passed my free arm around her pretty shoulders, and laid my face against hers. We both closed our eyes. She moved ever so slightly.

"Sh!" I warned. "It's writing!"

Sure enough it was moving spookily over the paper. We held our breaths. Finally it gave two small jerks and stopped. Mrs. Pemberton threw off my arm and sat up ungracefully straight. I took out the paper and read:

"I am sure dear mamma loves Mr. Paul, and he—"

"Nonsense!" cried my lady. "See for yourself." I protested, handing her the paper. "It is not your writing, and it is not mine. Something uncanny about it, isn't there? It ought to be true, dear," I went on, as she studied the writing. "For Mr. Paul loves dear mamma with all of his unworthy heart. I don't want to be Florence's husband, sweetheart; I want to be her father."

"The paper slipped from her hands. She turned toward me, her lustrous eyes tearful. I took her in my arms, and was bending my head, when we heard a voice singing in the hall. Mrs. Pemberton ran to the piano, and I sat down on the sofa.

"Hello, folks," greeted Florence cheerfully, running into the room. "Please don't detain me. I just came for my letter. I want to get it out on this mail. Why, where's the rest of it?"

Mrs. Pemberton's nervous fingers were jerking out the chord of D. I sat speechless. Presently Florence's sharp eyes spied the missing sheet. She picked it up. She looked from her mother to me and laughed.

"I wouldn't try the planchette without sharpening the pencil," she suggested mockingly. "It won't work without graphite."

She ran out and I went over to the piano. "It did work, didn't it, best beloved?" I whispered, resuming where Florence's entrance had interrupted. (Copyright, 1905, by Ina Wright Hanson.)

THE SMART SET

BY SALLY SHARP.

Amid the gaiety of an o'erbusy winter, the wall for distress is heard and harkened unto. But 'tis ever thus in our big generous West, where every man "is his brother's keeper."

The true nature of these "turns" is still in the dark, but it is sufficient to know that our clever—and oft-times darling—maids and matrons will take a hand in some of the delineations.

The auxiliary is composed of a score of society women, who are lying awake nights to generate new "features."

Miss Alice May is the next young hostess who will do honor to the favored fancies, Miss Paula Wolf.

An elaborate tea will be given at the St. Francis Hotel by Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper on Friday afternoon from 2 to 5.

Next Thursday is the day set for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis and Miss Dorothy Ellis for the East, thence to Europe for a prolonged trip over the Continent.

A luncheon was given at the Colonial yesterday by Mrs. William Gruenhagen in honor of Mrs. Clark F. Goddard.

Mrs. Felix B. Galindo will give a silver tea at 1304 Leavenworth street, top day, from 2 to 6 p. m., for the benefit of All Saints' Mission.

Ruggles, Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Mrs. J. H. Mallett, Mrs. G. B. Armstrong, Mrs. T. E. Smith, Mrs. Burr Weedon, Mrs. Horace Bruce, Mrs. E. S. Wilkens, Mrs. F. C. Young, Miss Daisy Sabin, Miss Evelyn Stocker, Miss Bessie Houghton, Miss Emily Chamberlain, Miss Lyon, Miss Mesick, Miss Holcomb, Miss Hoyt, and others.

Mrs. M. H. Miall was the hostess at a charming studio tea on Sunday afternoon. Located in the Lionhead studio building, surrounded by artists, Mrs. Miall has beautiful apartments.

Receiving with Mrs. Miall was Mrs. George H. Carr and among the callers were: Mr. and Mrs. Jules Merfeld, Maren Froelich, Mrs. Sarah de Wolf, Theodore Wores, Charles H. Lombard, Nathan Landsberger, and a number of officers and ladies from the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill will entertain at dinner on the evening of February 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin left yesterday for New York en route to Europe.

Miss Constance Crimmins and Miss Katherine McCann, two stunning Gotham visitors, will be entertained by Miss Elizabeth Cole and Miss Florence Cole on January 30 at a tea to which all the younger members of society have been asked.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow are at home again from their visit to Washington, D. C. Judge Morrow, a trustee to the Carnegie National Institute, secured funds for a Carnegie Library and a life appropriation for Luther Burbank, the horticulturist.

The Episcopal clergy of San Francisco will tender a large reception to Bishop Nichols on Thursday evening at the St. Francis.

Mrs. F. M. Angelotti and Miss Marion Angelotti of San Rafael are greatly enjoying their life abroad. During their absence the Angelotti home is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies.

Mrs. Mary Austin, the author, is convalescent after a month's illness in this city. She will return to Bakersfield before going to her home in Independence, Inyo County. "Her Neighbor's Field" is evidently calling.

Among the busy hostesses of yesterday was Miss Edith Mau, who entertained at luncheon.

FASHION'S MIRROR.



A modish costume of dark green cloth, trimmed simply with shirring, and shoulder collar of green panne, bordered with black braid in pointed design. A silver buckle clasps the collar beneath the butter lace chemisette. Butter lace falls at the wrist.

ANSWERS TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

CHANCERY—B., Upper Lake, Cal. This department does not recommend "one or more" lawyers who would handle a case in chancery.

SPEAKER—Subscriber, City. Schuyler Colfax was Speaker of the House for three successive terms, that is for the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses.

ANNAPOLIS—G. E. M., City. For positive information relative to examinations for admission to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, communicate with the Representative from the Congressional district in which you live.

TEACHERS—A Reader, City. The school law of the State of California says: "No person is eligible to teach in any public school in this State or

to receive a certificate to teach who has not attained the age of 18 years."

A JURY—C. B., City. If a man during an altercation was killed by one of three men who were subsequently arrested and tried for murder, but neither declaring which fired the fatal shot, the jury trying the case would be guided by the instructions of the court as to whether it could find a verdict against the accused. This department is not in a position to declare what the jury would do under the circumstances.

Townsend's California Glace fruits in artistic fire-etched boxes, 715 Market St.*

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 25 California street. Telephone Main 1642.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE



HE'D BEEN WHALED.

Caller—I understand that whaling in the Arctic regi is not as good as it used to be.
Johnnie—Well, I guess the kids up there are mighty glad.



ALL SWAMPS.

Hix—How did you buy your place in Lonlyville? By the foot or acre?
Dix—Neither. By the quart.



TOO BAD.

Doctor Pillsbury—I don't like that cough of yours.
Mr. Kidder—I'm sorry, doc, but it's the best one I've got.