

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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OFFICIAL PROCEDURE.

THE country need not be startled to learn that bluff and grizzled Uncle Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House, has declined an invitation to the Supreme Court dinner at the White House, because his seat at the table would be below the official salt, and he would not have precedence over the Chief Justice.

Just how narrow an escape we had from being compelled to address the executive as "Your High Mightiness" is not generally known. Jefferson was Secretary of State and many of these questions of form, ceremony and title went to his department for decision.

There are set and formal official receptions and dinners. Last year, at the reception of the Supreme Court, the members of the diplomatic corps were given precedence and took the right of the line.

Precedence is the bete noire of every President. In Cleveland's time the storm center was the place and position of the Vice President. It went unsettled, and passed over as a heritage of affliction for McKinley.

The Senate claims social preference because its members are elected for six years. Then the members of the Supreme Court light the torch of contention at that flame of tenure, and claim everything because they are appointed for life.

It is strange that none of the pestered Presidents has ever thought of a round table in the state dining-room to settle a lot of these questions of who shall sit below whom.

MORTALITY IN JAPAN'S ARMIES.

NOT the least notable manifestation of strength which has been exhibited by the Japanese armies operating in the field is that developed by their commissary and hospital service.

In the six weeks' fighting that marked the land operations of United States troops against Spain the relation of mortality by disease to death by bullets was as fourteen to one.

REVIVING OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

IN reporting to the House the bill agreed upon by the Merchant Marine Commission and recommended favorably by the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, Chairman Grosvenor called the attention of the House to the lamentable condition of the American merchant marine as set forth in the extended report of the commission.

In the matter of South American trade, for example, manufacturers testified before the commission that they found it hard work to get into South American markets and harder work to stand there, for the reason that, being dependent entirely upon British and German freight tramps for the transportation of their goods, they were subject to delays, the miscarriage of their goods and general con-

CARTON'S FIRST FARE

BY JAMES ANDERSON.

FOR the third time a coachman called to Carton to move along, that others might drive up to the curb, and with a muttered expression of disgust at the length of time it took Fred Howell to select a cigar, Hugh Carton ran his automobile across the street and fell in behind his two other cars drawn up beside the square.

"I shall wait you about three hours," she said simply, and waited while he sprang down and opened the door in the back of the tonneau. In another moment they were speeding up the street.

From the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Fred Howell standing on the hotel stairs and his conscience smote him. He had promised Howell a run, but still it was not his fault that it took his friend so long to pick out cigars while he remained outside to be tempted by the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

He could take Howell out at any time. This was his one chance with the pretty girl. Perhaps after a while she would tell her that she was not a professional chauffeur. Before they had gone half a mile he had built an air castle in which his first fare was established as chatelaine, and then suddenly his fare wrecked his castle.

"Turn down the next street to 274," she ordered, and obediently Carton drew up. "I want to send my mother out for a drive," she said sweetly. "Give her a good view of the city and keep the rest for yourself."

She ran up the steps, while Carton stared blankly at the five dollar bill she had thrust into his hand. For a moment he was tempted to take it up the steps, give the money to a servant and drive off. Then came the comforting reflection that perhaps it might be easier to establish himself with the mother than with the daughter, and he waited.

A few moments later he was sorry he had not done so, for down the steps came one of the most eccentric figures he had ever seen. Her clothes bore the stamp of seasons gone before, and a hideous blue veil screened a face sharp and angular.

She fixed herself comfortably in the seat, and with a querulous "Don't go too fast, you're talking to me, young man, I'm deaf, and I wish you would not turn round; you make me nervous; you can't see where you are going."

He heaved a sigh of relief when at last he deposited her before her own door and was free to escape. He did not even catch a glimpse of the girl who had lured him to his fate.

It was late when he entered the Howell drawing-room that evening. The butler was just finishing dinner, and there was barely time to make hurried greeting to his hostess and offer his arm to his companion for the dinner.

Before each plate on the long table stood a characteristic favor, and the laughter was long and loud when he picked up the tiny silver and gilt cigarette holder fashioned in the form of an automobile that stood at his plate.

The laughter became a shriek when, on lifting the lid, he discovered a five-dollar bill in stage money.

As bravely as he could he faced the sister and joining remarks which followed, but not until he caught sight of Howell at the other end of the table, fairly convulsed with mirth, did

he discover the secret of his undoing, for beside the joker, red and unsmiling, was his fare of the morning.

When they had all returned to the drawing-room balm was poured upon his wounded feelings, for the girl came up to him.

"I want to apologize to you, Mr. Carton," she said bravely, "for my innocent complicity in the joke my cousin has played upon you."

"I am Mabel Norton, Fred's cousin, and it was he who pointed you out to



"Dollar an hour," he said gruffly.

me and recommended you as the most careful of the public drivers. I assure you that I had no idea that he was playing a joke upon you."

"It is all right," said Carton. "I was playing a joke upon you, you see? I had no business to do it, but—well, it went on lamely. I thought that maybe—after a while—I might be able to tell you that you were my guest and not my fare, anyway—perhaps—well, I hope your mother enjoyed the ride."

"Oh, that is what they are laughing at. You see, my mother was not at home when I got back and I sent my old nurse for a ride. It was the fact that you had been trapped into taking her that made them think it so funny."

From an inner recess of his card-case Carton drew forth a five dollar bill, wrapped in tissue paper. "At any rate," he said gravely, "I hope you will let me return this."

"You have surely earned it," she said, flushing slightly as she saw the care he had taken of it. "Do—do not want it."

"Won't you exchange it," he said boldly, "for that rose?" She unfastened the blossom she was wearing in her hair. With infinite care he folded it in the tissue paper and placed it where the bill had been. "I feel like an extortioner," he said simply, but there was that in the tone which spoke volumes.

After that things progressed famously. Following the first trip, Carton's automobile was at the door of 274 every pleasant afternoon. It was in the automobile, indeed, that she promised to become Mrs. Carton, and they have decided upon an automobile trip for the honeymoon. Fred Howell has already ordered a new twenty-four horse power machine as a wedding present, but Mabel declares that she prefers the one in which her lover earned his first fare. Carton agrees with her, but he spells it f-a-r.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL BILL.

THE Senate has passed the appropriation of \$150,000 for the San Francisco Normal School, and it is on the calendar for action in the Assembly. It is to be hoped that it will soon pass the lower branch and go to the Governor.

The Governor of California is a very busy official. His chief duty, which Governor Pardee never neglects even under pressure, is to guard the State's finances and the money of the people by seeing that it is appropriated only to worthy objects of public concern.

In the discussion of the measure in the Senate there were some signs of opposition from the vicinity of the other normal schools. This should not be. These schools should be so distributed over the State as to facilitate economical access to them.

A GLARING ERROR THAT NOBODY CAUGHT.

Here is a remarkable instance of how a blunder—one of the most obvious and glaring blunders possible—may escape the notice of a whole army of proof-readers and editors:

A. B. wrote a certain paper for a popular journal. This paper went through certain successive stages during the process of production. At each stage it received a new reading from beginning to end. Thus:

- 1. It was written in MS. Then it was read through and in great part rewritten.
2. It was read through again when completed, and sent to be typewritten.
3. The typewriter read it through before sending it back.
4. The author corrected the typewritten MS. carefully and sent it in a second MS. It was then set up in type.
5. The author received a proof, which he read and corrected, sending it back for press.
6. The editor or the sub-editor read it finally and passed it for the magazine.

The paper thus had at least seven readings. Yet a blunder was passed, if the author made it—or committed, if he did not make it—of a most elementary description; one that leaps to the eyes; one that stands out of the page calling on everybody to spot it, correct it, put an end to it.

The blunder was simply this. A certain strike of workmen was spoken of as undertaken for "lower" wages—instead of "higher." How the word "lower" got there—whether the author wrote it in the first instance, or the typewriter, or the compositor—it is impossible to say. Probably it was an author's mistake. A long succession of readings of the passage followed. Not one of the readers discovered the mistake.—Tit-Bits.

DISHES OF THE FAMOUS.

Napoleon's favorite dish was a bean salad.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of roast goose.

Andrew Jackson surrendered to ice cream at first taste.

Stonewall Jackson delighted in buckwheat cakes—in season and out of season.

Henry VIII was extremely fond of beans and imported a Dutch gardener to raise them.

Charles Sumner's private secretary tells of the statesman's sweet tooth for chocolate creams.

Washington was noted for his fondness for hickory nuts and the amount he could consume.

Louis XV was extravagantly fond of a dish made of the eggs of various birds, which cost \$100.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was fond of pie, especially that made of plums, which he called the fruit of Paradise.

Lincoln in the days when he did his own marketing often stopped at a certain shop for his favorite—gingerbread. He used to say "It swells up and makes me feel as if I had had something."—What to Eat.

BANQUET FOR HORSES.

At Acton, near London, there is a Home of Rest for Horses. When a horse gets to be old or worn out it may be sent to Acton and cared for on a farm set aside for the purpose.

On New Year's day just past a treat was given to the sixty horses in the home. Each was fed with biscuits, apples, carrots, bread and lumps of sugar.

Some of the horses are "old favorites" whose masters and mistresses frequently visit them. One is a charger of the Scots Guards.

HOW SHE WON OUT.

Gladys—Papa says you're a loafer, Jack. Jack—What reason has he for entertaining such an opinion of me as that? Gladys—He says you spend three or four evenings here every week without having any apparent purpose in coming.

PETER PIPER AGAIN.

Peter Piper had just picked the peck of pickled peppers. "Reminds me, somehow," he said, "of Pennsylvania preparing to punish the perverse Pennsylvania papers for printing pert and provoking pictures."

DELICACY.

"Is Mr. Cumrox going to have his portrait done in oil?" "No," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "we feared it might not be in good taste. You see, oil is where Mr. C made most of his money."—Washington Star.

OUCH!

The teacher who taught him jim-ji-tsu. Said, "Now, my young man, that just fits you." To paddle your own canoe all alone. When any big ruffian hits you. —New York Press.

Cost of Coal Hauling. Last year coal constituted about 40 per cent of the total tonnage of the American railroads. To carry a ton in England from the Yorkshire coal fields to London, a distance of 158 miles, costs \$1.87, while coal is carried from the Carbonade coal region in Illinois to Chicago, 276 miles, for 75 cents a ton.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

BY DOROTHY FENIMORE.

THE man who would a-woulding go had better think over what Lorado Taft, Chicago's celebrated sculptor, has just intimated, that the expression of a woman's lips, even when she keeps them discreetly closed, tells to observers the story of her character and disposition. "Beautiful eyes," says he, "a woman may have by way of inheritance, but the mouth she makes herself."

In declaring that the mouth is the most delicate register of human emotion and of character Mr. Taft agrees with Paolo Mantegazza, the Florentine professor, who is the greatest living authority on love. "The soul," declares the latter, "dwells in the expression of the mouth. Here converge, as their natural center, the yearnings of love and of desire. As the eye expresses thought, so the mouth reveals feeling."

Compare, suggests this expert, the emotion which is awakened in you by a pair of beautiful eyes with that which a beautiful mouth inspires. The first may strike you dumb with admiration, but at sight of the second you fall dead in love. The eye is the azure heavens, the mouth is the earth with its perfumes.

The mouth interprets both mind and heart, he says. In its silence even it is eloquent. Its upper lip carries a message. Its lower lip has a story to tell. Its delicate curves in repose speak as effectively as do its rounded curves in laughter.

And now for specific instructions: The best way to study a woman's mouth, it seems, is to get a view of it in profile in a dim light, where a slight shadow will be thrown upon the upper lip. The mouth whose upper lip projects over the lower one shows a good heart and a tendency toward sentiment. The loyal girl has lips which advance equally. When the lower lip projects beyond the upper one its owner has an irritable disposition.

There are, you see, now go ahead, you who had your salary raised at New Year's, and think that you can afford the luxury of a wife. Whatever other attractions a maiden fair may have—soulful eyes, soft hair, bewitching girlishness—disregard all these inviting charms, and as you walk beside her in the moonlight on some warmer night than this concentrate your attention upon the expression of her mouth.

And you, pretty girl, who likes to be liked, who desires to be beautiful, you had better keep in mind that your lips are tell-tale, indeed, that they "give you

away" every time if you are not really what you are pretending to be. Your mouth, in spite of its beauty of youth and health and the good shape that nature gave it, is not as sweet as it might be if its corners do not curve upward. If you are discontented or vain or selfish or habitually cross to your mother, your own lips proclaim it, and a thousand words of denial would prove less convincing.

For the expression of your mouth



Dorothy Fenimore.

tells what your soul is. If you are womanly, the fact will be written there for every man who looks at you to see. And men like womanly girls—at least those men do who are worth your loving.

Men are attracted by women. Mantegazza says, whose mouths fascinate them. Your mouth will never be fascinating unless your personality has that quality; and fascination is largely a matter of reserve force, of self-control, a suggestion of something desirable withheld.

LOVE'S AWAKING

THE first time that my lover said my name, It seemed as if the earth broke into flame And put on majesty; and in my heart Grew music, when my lover said my name.

The second time my lover said my name The earth seemed changed, but still I knew the same. The birds all sang for me, and every flower Was mine, because my lover said my name.

The third time that my lover said my name, A sudden silence on the earth there came, And, in the hush of it, my listening heart Heard his heart beating as he said my name.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE FIGURE SEVEN.

The figure 7 has always played an important part in history. It may be interesting for boys and girls to read a few of the traditions in which it figures. It is said in ancient history that on the 7th day of the 7th month there was a holy observance ordered to the children of Israel. They fasted 7 days and stayed 7 days in their tents. The 7th year was a year of rest. At the end of 7 times 7 years began a year of jubilee. Every 7th year the land lay fallow. Every 7 years there was a grand release from debt and bondsmen were set free.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

PORT ARTHUR—Constant Reader, City. After the surrender the Japanese took possession of Port Arthur January 4, 1905.

DIVORCE—Reader, City. The courts in California upon the finding of facts grant an interlocutory decree of divorce and a year must elapse before the final decree is granted. That is the only procedure. To ascertain if a judgment has been granted in New York City, address to the County Clerk, Courthouse, New York City.

BOWLING ALLEY.—Subscriber, City. This department is unable to discover any report of the opening of the first bowling alley in San Francisco. One of the largest bowling places in the early days was the one placed in the northwest corner of Third and Howard, which was opened in 1854 by John George Stock. There were four alleys.

TRADES—P. A. S., Palo Alto, Cal. In San Francisco there are the Lick School of Mechanical Arts, corner of Sixteenth and Utah streets, and the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, Seventeenth and Utah streets, in which trades are taught. By addressing a letter of inquiry to the director of each you will receive a circular of information that will give all you desire to know about course and cost.

INDIANS—S., City. The law of 1887, February 8, relative to Indians and citizenship in the United States, says: "All Indians born within the territorial limits of the United States to whom allotments of lands in severalty have been made, and all Indians born within said limits who have voluntarily taken up their residence in the United States, separately and apart from any tribe of Indians therein, and have adopted the habits of civilized life, are made citizens of the United States."