

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor
ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager
PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO
SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905

OUR PHILIPPINE TRADE.

THE statistical pamphlet issued by the Pacific Commercial Museum in this city should stir our merchants to an active effort to turn the trade of the islands from Europe to this coast.

Commerce follows commercial enterprise and energy. It is a mistake to suppose that because our flag is in the Philippines it will automatically locate our trade there.

The sarong, the long cotton garment worn in Asia from the Gulf of Oman to the Irawaddy, is made in the mills of Lancashire. The British manufacturers could undoubtedly make a different fashioned garment, better adapted to the purpose, but their Indian customers would not buy it nor wear it.

In Europe, and especially in the British isles, the market demands bacon cut in a certain way, and has also a special taste in hams and shoulders, and the rise of our meat trade there came only when a Scotchman started cutting and packing in this country to suit the taste of that market.

The product of rubber and gutta percha is especially important. The latter gum is the only substance that will protect submarine cables. Not an ocean telegraph cable can be laid without its use, and its cost is the principal expense in such construction.

The rubber trade is next in importance, and it is believed that the islands can be made large producers of that important material, and that they offer unusual facilities for the putting out of rubber plantations that will contribute to the future supply of an article that yearly increases in price and importance.

There are about 10,000,000 people there, tropical people it is true, but still a people whose wants are not completely supplied by their own soil and climate. Other nations exert themselves to get the trade. We cannot expect it to come to us without exertion.

WEATHER STATION AT SAN JOSE.

THE location of a meteorological station at San Jose is of great practical importance to the Santa Clara Valley, in which a very important part of our fruit industry is planted.

The prune crop of the Santa Clara Valley dominates the prune market of the United States and controls prices in Europe. When the French prune crop fails, Santa Clara prunes are exported to Bordeaux, and after being processed in the French method of packing are marketed as French prunes in order not to lose the market for Bordeaux fruit.

There is room in the State for other extensions of the weather service. There is no station between Fresno and Los Angeles. Bakersfield commands a very important agricultural and horticultural region, so far from Fresno and Los Angeles as to have a meteorology of its own.

As is well known the meteorology of Los Angeles is entirely without relation to that of the San Joaquin Valley, so that record is without value this side of the Tehachapi.

The Sultan of Turkey is trying to negotiate a loan of \$15,000,000. He has probably been reading the Chadwick literature.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There is a shortage of \$27,000 in the Koloa (Hawaii) postoffice. Who said the islands wouldn't become Americanized?—Chattanooga Times.

We shall never have rapid transit until we are all under ground—that is to say, in a subway.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE CALL AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

ONLY a novice in advertising will declare that advertising is a simple proposition. There is probably no department of business which requires a clearer insight into local or general conditions and a finer perception of the methods of feeling the public pulse than the department of publicity.

In the morning field The Call does not claim to have the largest distribution, but does claim, without fear of controversy, that it has the largest circulation where circulation does the most good to the advertiser—that is, in the class of homes where there is money to meet the necessary requirements, and tastes and tendencies which call for the expenditure of considerable sums.

So far as known, The Call is the only San Francisco newspaper for which advertisers have been willing to make and have made affidavits that in the conduct of their advertising campaigns their announcements in its columns have brought larger returns than advertisements placed in any other San Francisco paper.

For the month of February, 1905, the total distribution of The Call reached 1,846,159 copies; of this great total 1,493,465 copies were of the Daily and 252,594 copies of the Sunday editions. The average daily distribution was 62,231 and the Sunday distribution 88,148 copies.

I. A news service of indisputable superiority.
II. A large circulation.
III. An unquestioned distribution in the homes of the buying element of the community, to which the merchant must necessarily appeal if he hopes to meet with success in business.

The Call's circulation books are always open to advertisers and advertising contracts are entered into on the basis of its monthly sworn statements of circulation.

IN HALL OF FAME AND FUN. SPEAKER CANNON, A BIG GUN. Likewise known to fame as "Uncle Joe."—New York Herald.

SHE KNEW HE WAS GOING TO BE SHOT.

Spiritualists were exchanging experiences last night at the Tuxedo, says the New York Sun. Several well-known mediums were there, a preacher, two or three Christian Scientists and a few business men. Some of the stories told were first-class ghost tales.

FRIENDSHIP! Bore and I are good friends. "Do you like his jokes?" "No, but I like his cigars."

SBARBORO AND THE STATE SENATE

To the Editor of The Call: I have just learned that the Senate has refused to confirm my appointment as "State Normal Trustee," which had voluntarily been made by the Governor without any solicitation.

ANSWERS TO VARIOUS QUERIES

SULLIVAN-DEMPESEY—Subscriber, San Pablo, Cal. The record falls to show that John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey ever met in the ring.
REVENUE—P. Chinese Camp, Cal. The revenue of the United States Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, was \$530,641,749.

foolish girl, and a very extraordinary sort of shoe clerk. "Next day I read at breakfast that the man had been killed by his wife, shot through the head as he lay in bed, with a Derringer she had under her pillow. She had no motive for killing him as far as could be learned, but did it on sudden impulse. It was that experience which had a good deal to do toward making me a medium."

THE VIOLETS BY A. M. D. OGDEN



"Ethel," she gasped, "it's you he means—not me."

MISS ANSTRUTHER touched the purple blossoms at her breast with caressing fingers. "So fresh and fragrant," she said; "the only flower for a man to send a woman."

THE AUDIENCE LEFT



The Actor—Do you think her voice is loud enough to fill this theater? The Manager—Don't know about filling it, but she's emptying it all right.

IMMENSE PROFITS OF STANDARD OIL.

In the twenty-three years of its existence the Standard Oil Company has paid \$496,065,000 in dividends on its \$100,000,000 of stock. This \$496,065,000 is considerably more than one fifth of all the money—gold, silver and paper—in the United States, says the New York Press.

Table with 3 columns: Year, Dividends, Total. Rows from 1882 to 1904.

such a case," he answered with conviction. "And—and if she wears them?" anxiously.

"I think the man would be justified in construing it as a hopeful sign, don't you?"

Miss Anstruther flushed painfully and dropped her eyes.

"Why, I—I," she stammered. "Duck, sir," interposed the butler at Carrollton's shoulder.

she was talking gaily with her left-hand neighbor, Carrollton, free to let his eye wander, fell to watching the eager, beautiful face of a girl across the table—a face that sparkled and changed with every varying thought.

"And if she doesn't wear them," he mused a bit ruefully.

Miss Anstruther finished her dinner with the consciousness of having, in all probability, answered the greater part of her companion's remarks with utter irrelevance.

After dinner, however, the house party scattered. Miss Anstruther felt herself borne along to the billiard-room, while Carrollton sat down for a rubber of bridge.

"Forgive me for stopping you," she said. "But—but I wanted to tell you something," avoiding his glance as she spoke.

"It isn't announced yet. But I—I am going to marry Joe Wright. I—I felt that I must tell you," she ended half beseechingly.

"It's awfully good for you to let me know," he answered. "I congratulate you both most heartily. Joe's a bully chap, and mighty lucky, too."

"You—you and Joe are such friends that I was sure you knew," she struggled. Why was he making it so hard for her. "It was only at dinner that I began to suspect—when you spoke about the meaning of violets"—her voice was unsteady—"I—I never dreamed that you cared; I thought you had sent me them because..."

"I—I sent you," he stammered, staring. Miss Anstruther stared in turn. "But—but didn't you?" she demanded. "I found them in my room. Your card was in the box. To be sure, it was not addressed. Tell me, with a quick inspiration, 'there was some mistake, then?'"

Carrollton, taken aback, was striving to regain his wits. "I—I sent them to the blue room," he muttered stupidly, then bit his lip. What a brutal speech! A sudden flash of comprehension lighted the girl's face.

"To the blue room," she repeated in undisguised relief. "Why—oh!" Darting impulsively into the hall, Miss Anstruther seized a girl standing by the billiard-room door, and before either she or Carrollton could realize what was intended, had whirled her behind the curtain.

"Ethel," she gasped, "here's Mr. Carrollton proposing to the wrong girl; it's you he means—not me," breathlessly. The next moment she had vanished down the hall. Miss Wheatley, startled and a little indignant, turned to follow, but Carrollton caught her by the hand.

"It's true," he murmured incoherently. "I've been trying all the evening to tell you, only you wouldn't let me."

"What made Patricia think you were making love to her then?" demanded the girl, still resentful. Carrollton shook his head.

"I don't know," he groaned bewilderedly. "She—she began talking about some rot that I had said at dinner, and then burst out that she was engaged to Joe and said I had sent her violets. You are in the blue room, aren't you? Mrs. Mortimer said you were to be," doggedly. "I—I brought them down from the city myself." But Miss Wheatley's soft laugh had rippled out.

"Why, I was to have had the blue room," she explained. "But it had no fireplace and Patricia, who doesn't mind the cold, insisted on changing with me. And then, when she came in wearing those flowers and saying that you had sent them—" with a delicious pout, Carrollton, whose face had cleared, joined in her laughter.

"There seems to have been a mix up all around," he declared. "Now see here, Ethel, that was a pretty narrow escape, and the next time the girl might not be engaged. Don't you think that you could do something toward claiming your own property? It isn't much good, perhaps, but still—hadn't I better tell Patricia that we have been engaged for some time, too? That would remove, finally, from her mind any lingering idea that I was in love with her, and besides, I'd hate to have her think you second choice," artfully. "What do you say, dear?" There was a pause—a long pause—then Carrollton thrust his head from between the curtains. "Patricia," he called.

"Copyright, 1905, by A. M. Davies (Ogden)."

Townsend's Cal. Glace Fruit, in artistic fire-etched boxes. 10 Kearny st.

This week's best gold eyeglasses, specs. 20c-50c (sold in store \$2-\$4), at 75 4th, front of celebrated Water Restaurant.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 20 California street, Telephone Main 314.

THE SMART SET BY SALLY SHARP

The California Polo and Pony Racing Association meets at Ingleside today and if the climatic conditions are favorable there will be an interesting day. Burlingame will send a delegation of residents and auto cars.

The engagement has been announced of Mrs. Leslie E. de Ruyter and William Denman. The news was unlooked for, but has caused a very pleasant flutter among the friends of both. Mrs. de Ruyter was formerly Miss Leslie Van Ness.

Mrs. A. D. Tourtilotte was hostess at a charming informal reception on Thursday evening at her home on Union street. Mrs. Josephine Gro of New York was the honored guest and among those asked to meet her were: Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow, Miss Helen du Boise of New York, Miss Gertrude Gates, Mme. Corona, Charles H. Lombard, Arthur Street, Clarkson Dye.

The Scottish prima donna, Miss Jessie Machlachan, with John McLinden, cellist; R. Buchanan, pianist and conductor, is to appear at Lyric Hall on March 24 under the auspices of Clan Fraser No. 78, the Scottish benevolent society, which every year gives a series of concerts introducing Scottish artists. Miss Machlachan is now making a transcontinental tour. She has the most cordial indorsement of the New York, London, Boston and Canadian press and is the only Scottish singer who ever appeared at the request of Queen Victoria. After singing for the late Queen at Balmoral Castle she received from the Princess Louise a letter expressing her Majesty's admiration of her voice and method of singing and her delight with the Scottish and Gaelic songs. She received also a bracelet, inscribed from Queen Victoria, as a memento of her visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fickert (Ethel Wallace) have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, with Miss Elizabeth Mills, will occupy the Lefevre home at San Rafael for the summer, leaving town within the next few weeks.

Mrs. Frederick Knight will be hostess at a tea next Thursday at her home on Scott street.

Mrs. A. H. Vail and Mrs. Frank Vail held the last of their "at homes" yesterday.

Mrs. Lyle Fletcher entertained informally at bridge on Thursday.

Among the summer sojourners at San Rafael are Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holland, who will leave town in May.

The Sorosis Club rooms will be an animated scene of charity to-day, when many fair maids and matrons will lend a hand at the attractive bazaar that has been arranged. The Little Sisters' Infant Shelter is the beneficiary and will materially realize from the efforts of these society people.

Mrs. Malcolm Graham, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Kent, will sail from Portland, shortly, with the Nineteenth Infantry, which is to be stationed in the Philippines.

Miss Sadie A. Wafer will give a piano recital in Century Hall this evening.

Miss L. Eaton and Harry J. Griffith were married on March 1 at the home of the bride, 1481 Sacramento street. The bride formerly lived in Eureka. Mr. Griffith occupies the position of private secretary to Hon. Tiley L. Ford.

Mrs. Arthur W. Cornwall has returned from an extended trip through Southern California.

The recent tragic death of Miss McCredy in Italy aroused much consternation and anguish in this city, for thought immediately turned to Miss McCredy of San Francisco. Great relief is experienced in knowing that the identity is established, the victim being the sister of Mrs. Frederick Couderd of New York.

WHAT IT WAS FOR. When asked by her teacher to describe the backbone, a Norborne, N. Y., schoolgirl said: "The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps one from having legs clear up to the neck."

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