

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO JOHN McNAUGHT, Manager

PUBLICATION OFFICE, THIRD AND MARKET STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905

SUBURBAN ELECTRIC ROADS.

THE extensive system of suburban roads in Alameda County has proved such a profitable convenience to the trade of Oakland that the use of such ready transportation is being considered throughout Northern California.

Already an electric road is under construction to terminate near the Yosemite Valley along the line of the Merced River. This line will furnish transportation to a valuable mining country in Mariposa County, and will shorten the trip to the Yosemite.

It will soon be possible to take an electric car to any point in Northern California that is not already served by a steam road. At the railroad station, instead of the stage coach, an electric car will be waiting for passengers and mail for interior points.

The country press everywhere appreciates the importance of these projects. There are naturally rich regions all over the State that can never hope for steam railroad facilities.

In the East electric power generated by steam costs more than it does here generated by water power. Yet the East is gridironed by suburban electric roads.

In California there is great need of speedy access to steam transportation for such perishable property as fruit. It is not improved by a long wagon haul and will be saved much deterioration by electric transportation.

The steam roads have never had much faith in the outshipment of fresh fruit, and their policy has not encouraged it. One reason alleged is the slowness in collecting car loads and train loads of fruit at shipping points.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

THERE is complete freedom of the press in France. If proof of this were wanted it is found in the French Review of Reviews. The editor discusses the relations of the French republic and the Russian autocracy with a freedom that must be painful to both governments.

France has been the recruiting ground for Russian finances. The French are a thrifty people. They went into their stocking hoard for the money to pay the German indemnity at the close of the Franco-Prussian war.

The editor declares that the loans made to Russia far exceed any financial risk ever before undertaken by the French people. He predicts a fall in Russian bonds that will be a national catastrophe to France.

His views are not expressed in the language of an alarmist, but seem to be a calm analysis of known facts, with justifiable speculation as to results. He lectures the French Government, declaring that under present conditions it has only one duty to perform in the interest of self-preservation.

In Europe it is believed that this remarkable publication was inspired by the French Government as a "feeler" of public sentiment in France and Russia. Supplementing this is the opinion that Oyama's inactivity and Rojstvensky's backing and filling at sea with his fleet imply that secret negotiations are pending between the two nations looking to peace.

There can be no doubt that the serious financial risk of France, with appalling political consequences in sight, make it to the interest of that Government to promote peace. It is probable that the conferences between King Edward and President Loubet have more to do with this subject than with the teapot tempest raised by the Kaiser in Morocco.

Social Functions in Flats.

It was all on a rainy Sunday—and largely on account of a rainy Sunday. After working all the week within doors it is a serious deprivation for any sort of human being not to have a chance to get out into the open air on the one day granted for recreation and leisure, and an unpopular contest between a Sunday with rain and a Monday with blues would bring out a close vote.

Kathleen lived in a building dedicated to apartments. It held no fewer than twenty different families. After the city fashion, hardly one of them knew any of the others. If there was even a speaking acquaintance between neighbors it was seldom permitted to go any further.

There is hardly a housekeeper in America who does not earn at least a day laborer's wages; yet there is many a one who works for her board and keep and for whatever new clothes she can do without.

Why is it that so often a man is unwilling when living to trust his wife in money matters, yet is so confident of her ability—absolutely untried though it is—when his hour of death draws near that he wills to her, unconditionally, all that he has? If he can leave to her judgment the training of his children and oversight of their education, should he not give her some knowledge of the business life for which she does so much toward fitting his sons?

Assuredly husband and wife should be business partners as well as sharers in life's dose of joy and sorrow. They should work together toward some well-defined purpose, should save together intelligently and should decide together how the money saved should be invested.

Just one word more. Every family in the land can well afford to keep two hobbies—one, romance, a Pegasus steed; the other, common sense, a good old family plug.

Romance is meant by nature to be a pet, and not a beast of burden. He is a thoroughbred, a high-stepper, more for show than for genuine work—better for use in the saddle than for pulling the family phaeton.

But you can't afford to keep him unless you have also common sense, the truck horse, born for harness and heavy loads and capable through hard work of paying for two—himself and Pegasus.

The Family Cash

It is not belittling romance and true love and the high ideals of wedded affection to declare that if a home does not stand firm on a business basis it is not long before its owners have to jack up to level one side of the edifice.

Until a woman learns the proper use of money and has the responsibility of taking care of it she is still a child, and as liable as a child to extravagant moods and general lack of judgment in expenditure. Furthermore, she meets her husband on no common ground except that of affection, and if things are going wrong with him he doesn't care to play on that.

There is many a thing for a man than merely being rich—there are few better things for a woman than happy wifehood. The happiest men in the world are not the rich; but the

And the woman who receives from her husband an unnecessarily large allowance without giving any economic return is not in a position any more dignified.

Why is it that so often a man is unwilling when living to trust his wife in money matters, yet is so confident of her ability—absolutely untried though it is—when his hour of death draws near that he wills to her, unconditionally, all that he has? If he can leave to her judgment the training of his children and oversight of their education, should he not give her some knowledge of the business life for which she does so much toward fitting his sons?

Assuredly husband and wife should be business partners as well as sharers in life's dose of joy and sorrow. They should work together toward some well-defined purpose, should save together intelligently and should decide together how the money saved should be invested.

Just one word more. Every family in the land can well afford to keep two hobbies—one, romance, a Pegasus steed; the other, common sense, a good old family plug.

Romance is meant by nature to be a pet, and not a beast of burden. He is a thoroughbred, a high-stepper, more for show than for genuine work—better for use in the saddle than for pulling the family phaeton.

But you can't afford to keep him unless you have also common sense, the truck horse, born for harness and heavy loads and capable through hard work of paying for two—himself and Pegasus.

HER LAST WORD.

The family gathered round her bed, And many a teardrop fell; The while she struggled hard for breath To bid them all farewell.

Or in business take delight, And never those fast glazing eyes Will glow with joy intense O'er the capture of a dollar prize Reduced to sixty cents!

She strove to speak, with halting breath Her last instructions gave, Then turned with a beseeching look To her husband, sad and grave.

Curious advertisements are occasionally found in foreign newspapers. Here is one from the Karlsruhe Tageblatt:

"I have some sorrowful news for my friends and especially for those who were acquainted with my dog Carlo. A heavy wagon ran over this brave and faithful animal a few days ago and injured him so badly that he died almost immediately. Signed, Reille, Master Baker."

tea every rainy Sunday, and you will come and bring your cups and saucers and teaspoons. That will be the best way to prove that you have really enjoyed us one another."

This was a year ago, and the Jerrold rainy Sunday in the Kant apartments is still observed punctiliously and joyfully.

A FEW SMILES WITH THE BREAKFAST FOOD

MA DIDN'T KNOW. First Kid—Your mudder said she didn't think dere was anything good in you. Second Kid—She's wrong. I swiped a whole jar of Jam this mornin' an' at it.

What Sort of Ideals Have You?

By Dorothy Fenimore.

EVERYBODY in the world has probably those who have made good marriages. Men and women alike have a fair notion of who the really great men and women of the world are and have been. Which one of them would you most like to resemble? If there is no single one of all of them you care to identify your own career with, what part or parts of their lives make the strongest appeal to you for emulation or imitation? And why?

Desire is the beginning of possession, says the wise Japanese proverb, and there is nothing of more real value in the world than having definite ideals. Having been reached, it is not necessary to hold to them throughout life—indeed, the sort of life that appeals strongly to a child ought to be left behind when childish things are put off.

But there is one essential thing to be borne in mind. Never be satisfied with poor or cheap or tawdry ideals. Never select for following a cheap or tawdry career. Life is too short.

There are many better things for a man than merely being rich—there are few better things for a woman than happy wifehood. The happiest men in the world are not the rich; but the

MIRROR OF DAME FASHION



DRAPED BOLERO GIVES CHARMING LINES TO THE FIGURE.

The slim woman who considered the closer fitting coats and bodices with something of anxiety has quite changed her opinion since trying the draped bolero styles. In these the little coat is built on thoroughly feather-boned lining most carefully cut and molded to shape. The material is fitted somewhat smoothly on the shoulders, but draped in crosswise shirtings over the bust and under the arms in a manner that gives most fascinating curves.

The Clerical Hat.

It is argued that the common soft felt headgear of the clergy is unnecessarily hideous, and is whisked off by playful breezes at this time of year. It loses this defect, however, by the time it is about seven years old, when it acquires also a pleasing shade of green. But just as it becomes really comfortable one's relatives insist on impounding it for the base purpose of a rummage sale.—Rev. A. Deane in The Treasury.

Fear of the Bath.

A simple expedient for overcoming the fear of the bath which afflicts some nervous children is to cover the bath with a sheet and then lower the little one into the bath, sheet and all. As he does not see the bath he does not realize what it is and, coming gradually into the pleasantly warm water, he rather enjoys it, as a rule. In a very short time this precaution will be found unnecessary, even with the most nervous of babies.

The Smart Set

By Sally Sharp.

To-day will see the Marguerites gathered at the home of Miss Edna Davis, corner Scott street and Pacific avenue. There will be no end to the means for personal enjoyment nor to the attractive methods for alluring dimes and dollars into the coffers of the Children's Hospital. Little people and the grown folk will find many diversions, among them the never-failing one of palmistry, which will be divulged by Mme. Bushnell. A handsome painting by Willis Davis will be raffled with one or two other enviable articles. It's to be a very jolly affair, with sweet charity the instigator.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall are opening their yachting season to-day and several friends of the household's two young daughters are to be included among the guests.

Many guests from town will attend the celebration of founders' day at Mills College this afternoon. A garden fete, embracing music, floral dances, with a "procession of garlands," will be a beautiful sight.

Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton will entertain to-day from 4 to 6 in honor of Miss Mabel Dodge.

Miss Kelvin, a new arrival into society's realm from Salt Lake City, will be the guest of honor next Wednesday afternoon at a tea to be given by Miss Christine Judah.

Miss Mary Kohl and E. S. Pillsbury, whose engagement was recently announced, will be the guests of honor at a dinner next Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins will entertain elaborately in the Empire room of the Palace.

The home of Mrs. C. H. Hamilton in Sausalito will soon be the scene of another wedding. Miss Linda Hamilton, a sister of Mrs. Winslow Beedy, will be married to Charles A. Wright on June 8.

Mrs. William Willis will assist Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann in receiving her guests to-morrow to meet Miss Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern.

Miss Norma Castle entertained at an informal bridge party yesterday.

Miss Geneva Febiger was hostess at an attractive bridge party yesterday at her home on Van Ness avenue.

The matinee given yesterday by the students of the Jenne Morrow Long College of Voice and Dramatic Action was a creditable affair in every way, the participants showing much of grace and ease. Miss Margot Merriam was the graduate and her lines were given with freedom and much emotional ability.

Ex-Governor Gage is a guest at the Palace.

Mrs. Frederick Funston will be at home on first Fridays all through the summer. Yesterday the Funston quarters near Fort Point were filled with callers throughout the afternoon.

A contingent of Oakland's pretty maids were guests recently at a luncheon given by Miss Charlotte Lally, who has just announced her engagement to Arthur Kelly of Piedmont.

WOULD DRIVE MR. THUG TO PASTURES NEW

To the Editor of The Call: Could not there be a law enacted, something like this?

To allow a reputable citizen, adjudged so by a competent commission, to carry a concealed weapon, Section 1. That he deposit a cash guarantee of \$— against any improper use of the arm. Section 2. At the expiration of (period of time) if him has been no infraction of law by him that a portion of the sum be returned to him. Section 3. All banks or other fiscal institutions to bond a specified number of their employes to carry arms under the above statute.

On the day and ever after such a law is in force there will be no hold-ups, for the thug will suspect every one, and a stage on its way up Mount Hamilton or elsewhere, full of passengers, may have its driver threatened by the concealed gun man, yet the fusillade from all the passengers may be too much for him. A. V. SMITH. City, May 5.

Vaccination Lottery. The Alcalde of Madrid has hit upon an ingenious device for diffusing the practice of vaccination among the people. This is a lottery, tickets for which are distributed to all persons who allow themselves to be vaccinated at the municipal stations.

\$1. Fourth (nr. barber): best gold eye-glasses, specs. 20-50c (sold stores 33.50).\*

Townsend's Cala. Glace Fruits, in artistic fire-etched boxes. 10 Kearny st. and new store now open, 787 Market st.\*

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 30 California street. Telephone Main 1042.\*

DOWN AND OUT. Joe—Wuz yo' ebber turned down by a pretty girl, Sam? Sam—No; but I wuz frowed down by her ole man.

HE WAS RIGHT. Papa—Now, Tommy, what is meant by "a crying need"? Tommy—A handkerchief.

HAD IT IN FOR PAPA. Tommy—Say, mam, were all the bad men destroyed by the flood? Mama—Yes, dear. Tommy (who has just been licked by his father)—Say, mam, do you think there is ever going to be another flood?