

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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PEACE?

THE changes of the situation at Kittery Navy Yard are so sudden and acute that no one may say certainly that the issue will be war or peace. The Japanese envoys are now, as in the beginning, calm and inscrutable. They have indulged in no vain demonstration nor idle talk, but have abided by their first position in all important details, except in the modification suggested by President Roosevelt.

The German is not doing this openly, but covertly. The President has toiled in the open as far as Japan and Russia are concerned. The Kaiser has played his part secretly with one party alone, the Czar. We had occasion to say recently in connection with Germany's entrance upon the question of the status of Morocco that that empire has ulterior motives that require a Continental disturbance and shifting of alliances.

Germany stands to win in the event of further war. Russia has been financed by France. Not only does France hold her public securities to a vast amount, but has extended to her enormous commercial credits. Peace would make these claims good. War to a financial breakdown would impair or destroy them, to the vast injury of France.

That Russia feels keenly her failure to put her enemy in fault is shown by the veiled criticism of President Roosevelt. His word goes among the nations. He believes in facts as they are. He sees through the Russian attempt to put Japan in the attitude of suing for peace. Like the rest of the world, he knows that Japan is the victor, and the world knows that her terms to the vanquished are moderate and reasonable.

There are reasons of course why Russia finds it desirable to fight on. With these De Witte, the reformer, is probably not in sympathy. The Grand Army of Russia, the selected legions that took part in the stated military reviews, is exhausted. Further war depends upon conscripts. These come from the classes in Russia that disturb the autocracy.

It has been the hard task of President Roosevelt to find in the Czar motives that arise in a genuine interest in humanity, in a genuine regard for his people. The President is not one to give up in the face even of weighty opposition. If the Kaiser could reach the Czar so can he. He intends that if negotiations fail the blame shall not be misplaced and that it shall rest upon him.

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS.

WHEN it was necessary to call the attention of the country to the need and the possibilities of irrigation in the arid and semi-arid regions, it was done by the meeting of the first irrigation congress in Salt Lake City. That body stuck to its text. It considered only irrigation and subjects naturally impinged upon it. It was composed largely of practical irrigators, who had no axes to grind.

Since then the utility of the congress is questionable. Its name has been plagiarized by a private organization, which is little less than a graft, and its discussions have strayed far afield from irrigation. During its present meeting in Portland the members have said that this and the last meeting at El Paso have been fizzes. This means that the natural cause which made the congress necessary no longer exists.

Irrigation is no longer to be promoted by mass meeting, nor by the oratory of non-irrigators. It has become a dreadfully practical matter, worked out by the man and shovel, by the side ditches and checks, over the growing crops on land that once was desert. This man with his hip boots and shovel is watching flowing water and gopher holes, and sumps and breaks in the ditch, and is not in Portland listening to orations.

THE PRESS OF THE NATION.

If the Agricultural Department made the weather there would doubtless be grafters to hold up the farmers until they secured a satisfactory price for good weather.—Elmira Gazette.

Secretary Shaw will be unable to take a rest. What time he can spare from chasing his Presidential boom is spent in trying to outrun those rumors of his resignation.—Washington Post.

It was also a satisfaction to note that our accomplished President was able to talk to his diplomatic guests in any language that seemed convenient to them.—Washington Times.

If France changes its New Year to March 21, Parisians will have an opportunity to swear off twice in one year.—Washington Star.

Neither Secretary Taft nor Secretary Shaw has yet screened himself in to keep off the Presidential mosquito.—Birmingham News.

One theory is that the boilers on the gunboat Bennington were inspected by a national bank examiner.—Kansas City Times.

TEACHER STARR OF CHICAGO MAN OF SENSATIONS.

WHEN Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, declared to his class in anthropology that women are responsible for more barbarism in the world than are men, he added another to his unique collection of theories.

Professor Starr is a bachelor. According to his own statement he never has been in love, and never expects to be. With complacency he declares he does not understand the divine passion. He does, however, believe in congeniality of souls, and not long ago devised a "matrimonial party" to demonstrate some theories regarding the attraction which one person has for another.

College students love Professor Starr for his eccentricities. He is one of the interesting figures on the campus. Pedestrians who meet the professor must take care of themselves. He assumes that part of the sidewalk is his to walk upon and that those going in the opposite direction intrude on his domain at their own risk.

Professor Starr disappears from the haunts of the white man every little while and spends his time among Indian tribes, into several of which he has been initiated.

It was Professor Starr who brought the Alnus from their native islands to the St. Louis Fair, after learning their language and habits. He studied them carefully and then announced that the heathen races are in many respects superior to the civilized people.

The American people, he declares, are gradually taking on the characteristics of the Indian. Professor Starr has examined thousands of whites and found that their cheek bones were becoming higher and their hair was becoming straighter and blacker.

Two or three months ago he introduced what the students were pleased to call the "Mexican dope party." The word marihuana, which is alleged to produce strange visions and feelings not catalogued in the books on physiology, was passed around among willing subjects.

DEFENDS CANNIBALISM.

Defending cannibalism, he says it is all right to eat a healthy companion to save oneself from starvation. He draws the line, however, on killing the companion for that purpose. He thinks the support of foreign missions is a waste of money, because much of the funds contributed thereto are injudiciously spent, or not spent at all.

Remembering these theories of Professor Starr, Chicago was not greatly surprised when he said that woman's guidance of the young tends to promote barbarism.

When man alone wields an influence over the child, he says, the result is more in the direction of refinement of character and the development of manhood.

Professor Starr cited himself as a living example to demonstrate the truth of what he said. There was a buzz of interest and a smile that narrowly missed being audible when the professor reached this point. The student thought there might be no room for argument, unless it was to call attention to the logical fallacy of arguing from an individual case to a general conclusion.

"I was brought up by my mother, but if I had been brought up by my father I would not have been so barbarous."

Professor Starr used the words "barbarism" and "barbarity" in a scientific sense. He did not intend, according to those who heard him talk, to convey the idea that the animal instinct or the impulse of brutality is stronger in woman than in man, but simply that the personality, intellect and force of the man, broadly speaking, have a more powerful, uplifting and developing influence than the same attributes of woman.

Mrs. Laura Dainty Pelham, an enthusiastic champion of woman, listened to what the professor had to say and remarked: "I cannot agree with Professor Starr's views on this subject. While it is traditional with us that we get the best guidance from our mothers, I believe the result is better where the direction of children is equally divided between the father and the mother. There are influences a mother can exert over a child which the father cannot, and in turn there are influences which the father can bring to bear which the mother does not possess. I think an 'all-mother' child or an 'all-father' child is wanting in something."

A VOCABULARY TEST.

The number of obsolete words that are to be found in Webster's Dictionary is considerably larger than people have any idea of. The following letter, written by an alleged poet to an editor who had treated his poetry with derision, furnishes some idea of them.

"Sir: You have behaved like an impetuous scroggle. Like those who, envious of any moral celsitude, carry their ungility to the height of creating synonymically the fecund words which my pollymatic genius uses with umberity to abrogate the tongues of the witless! Sir, you have crassly parodied my own pet words as though they were trigrams. I will not condescend reproaches—I will oduce a vell over the atramental in-gratitude which has chattered even my indiscrutable name. I am silent on the foction which my coadjuvancy must have given you when I offered to become your fantor and admicible. I will not speak of the lippitude, the oblespy, you have shown in exacerbating me, one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So, I tell you, without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I would villicate your nose if I thought that any moral diarrhosis thereby could be performed. I should not implognate my reputation. Go, tachygraphic scroggle, band with your class iniquitate. I am silent on the draw objections from the thought, if you can, of having synchronically lost the extimation of the greatest poet since Milton."

And yet all these words are to be found in the dictionary.—Chicago Journal.

CONDUCTOR THERIEN TELLS ABOUT THAT OSCULATORY ACT OF THE RUSSIAN ENVOY.

His Wife Says She Doesn't Care How Many Men Kiss Her Husband.



RAILROAD MEN HONORED BY M. DE WITTE.

AT last the information is given to the world at large! The conductor who was manhandled by M. de Witte has consented to enlighten a palpitating public as to how it feels to undergo the osculations of a Russian plenipotentiary, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Oh, joy!

Says Mr. Therien, the maltreated railroader, who himself is a European, a dapper little Frenchman:

"I did not know what to do for a moment. The situation embarrassed me. I have been among Americans so long that I have almost forgotten European customs. When I realized, however, the sincerity with which the salutation had been given by the Russian nobleman I felt greatly honored. You see, it all happened this way:

"When we stopped at Back Bay M. de Witte did not follow the other members of the party to the elevator, but strode off in the direction of the engine. When he reached the cab he motioned to Engineer J. E. Magoun and put out his hand for a handshake.

"Magoun leaned out of his cab and the two men shook hands. The fireman was honored the same way.

"As M. de Witte turned to join his party I touched him on the elbow to direct him to the elevator, and spoke to him in French. It was then that he threw open his arms, and, with a hearty embrace, kissed me on the cheek."

Conductor Therien is very popular on the Newport line. He has a wife, who says she does not care how many men kiss her husband.

A BIRD OF PEACE.



NEW YORK PRESS.

NON-COMBUSTIBLE CAR IN NEW YORK.



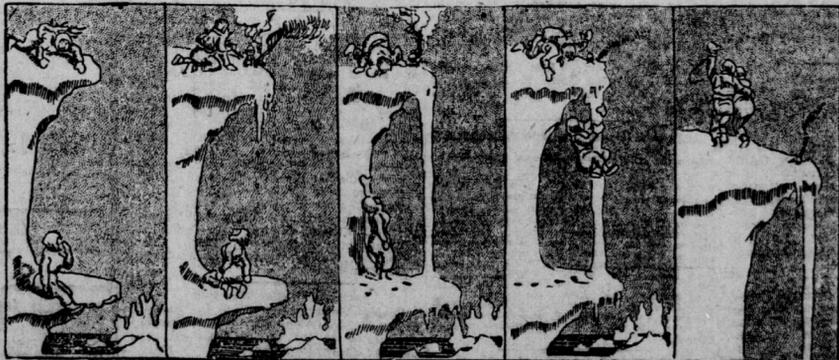
FIRST STEEL CAR USED ON STREET RAILWAY.

A NON-COMBUSTIBLE trolley car made of pressed steel, in successful operation on Broadway, New York, is said to be the first of its kind.

It is modeled very closely on the lines of the standard double-truck wooden car. There is no wood used in the construction of this car, except a portion of the window sash, roof and floor matting strips, and these have been thoroughly treated with fire-proofing compound, which makes them non-combustible.

The picture is from the Street Railway Journal.

LOVE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



MEGGENDORFER BLEATTER.

OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS.

By A. J. Waterhouse.

THEY is some," said Uncle Bijah, "that insists that heaven's found

On the other side the river when the mists has rolled away. An' that lucky ones that git there 'll mos' likely set around

On the lovely marble benches, with the harps they'll love ter play; For I ain't so fond of music but I reckon I would git

Some tired of playin' anthems, an' I skurely feel a doubt That the blessed ones in heaven whom my music changed to hit

Would prob'ly heave some painful sighs an' frequently move out. My heaven won't be music or At least I reckon so.

But if another feller's is I guess he'll have a show. "There's Ezry Bills," said Uncle Bi, "he says he thinks he'll be As happy as the other saints in makin' flats an' sharps.

But I reely don't believe it, unless he seems ter see A chance fer makin' chattel loans upon the golden harps;

An' Silas Sorgrum says he feels that happiness he'll know While tinkle-tinkle-tinklin' in the country of the blest,

But I'm pretty middlin' certain that it never will be so Unless they give to him a harp some bigger than the rest. I may be some mistaken, but To me it's plainly showed

That in that 'terral realm' we Will reap the crop we sowed. "There's Sister Bellus says she knows she'll dearly love that spear,

An' feelin' that the heavenly door is 'gainst the sinful shet. But, maddin' Sister Bellus, unto me it's middlin' clear

An' that she won't be very happy 'less the glorified she'll see. An' so it goes clear down the line, or so it seems ter me;

We are talkin' of the heaven that the prophets used ter sing. An' we're yellin' 'alleluia!' fer the glories that we'll see. When all the time we're buildin' fer a different sort o' thing.

"Per'aps I am mistaken some," Said Uncle Bi, "and yet I reckon that I'm buildin' Fer exactly what I'll git."

WHAT THE PHILOSOPHER ERASED.

THIS is what the philosopher wrote on his tablet, and then he rubbed out the words:

Talk universal peace, and believe in it, regardless of what men may say. The world always has termed its prophets cranks—but mankind advances.

If you have a better than average brain, do not take pride unto yourself therefor. You did not make the brain.

Rejoice that you and Folly have walked together. If you never had done so you would not have known how to avoid the path that she treads.

As the wise man said, know thyself—but pray without ceasing that nobody else may. Judge not by beginnings. Man is born the wisest of all terrestrial creatures.

Thus did the philosopher write. But he erased the words, for he said to himself, "Those who know these things do not need them, and those who do not know never will pay any heed to them."

"Mrs. Billets said that her Bobbie is for all the world precisely like his father."

"That must please her." "It does. I was talking with Bobbie's teacher the other day, and she told me that Bobbie was a regular young mutthead."

"Evidently Mrs. Billets is right." "How did you come out after the races, Sportleigh?"

"Like most of the rest, I noticed." "How was that?" "Walked out."

HOW HE WALKED. HE received a tip on a favorite horse. So he went to the races, and rode in a hack.

Oh, the rest of this tale is bitter or worse; He rode to the races, but he walked back!

He went for an evening at the club, And the line he trod was straight, I wis, But when he returned, and there's the rub, The way he walked was much like that!

YOU look at a peacock, Ephraim, and you are delighted by its beauty; you hear it "sing," and you are not so delighted—the ardor of your admiration is damped. That is the way it is with some of us human beings, my boy. We look fairly well; our clothing fits us; we are quite presentable; but just as we are congratulating ourselves on these facts some one of our actions does its singing for us and there we are! The peacock is betrayed and its song is not admirable. If you don't believe me look about you a little.

A FEW DEFINITIONS. NOT according to the dictionaries, but as confirmed by popular usage.

Trust magnate—One whom the most of us loathe, abhor, condemn and would like to be.

Justice—Something that will be neither bribed, bought nor owned—by a poor man.

Love—A painful tickling sensation felt only in the presence of a person of the opposite sex. It frequently terminates in marriage

—or very shortly thereafter. Woman—The great conundrum.

Man—The guesser who never gives it up. Frenzied financier—All multimillionaires, except Thomas W. Lawson.

Noble financier—Mr. Lawson's well-known modesty prevents the publication of his name in this connection.

Graft—The fruit that falls when the other fellow shakes the tree.

Honorable perquisite—That which falls when we shake.

Remorse—The feeling that is noticed the morning after.

The prodigal's return—For full particulars address all letters of inquiry to George D. Collins.

THE SMART SET

By Sally Sharp.

In Trinity's little chapel the wedding of Miss Ednah Robinson and Charles Sedgwick Aiken was celebrated yesterday. The bride and groom approached the altar together, and in the presence of only the immediate families, the scriptural words were spoken by Rev. Hulme.

There were no attendants and the bride wore her going away gown of café au lait cloth with hat to match.

The chancel, adorned in strings of smilax, bore out the note of simplicity which marked the event.

Mr. and Mrs. Aiken left soon after for Del Monte and will be at home after November 1 on Chestnut street. Preceding the Aiken-Robinson nuptials was a breakfast at the Bohemian Club, and it seems that the intent secretive was carried further than merely to the general public.

A wedding in Portland took place last Tuesday, the principals being Miss Irene Burton of Los Angeles and William Aiken, a brother of yesterday's benedict.

Upon their arrival in this city they were greatly surprised to find that Charles S. Aiken was also about to enter upon matrimony and that the motif of the breakfast was of double intent—complimentary to the recent wedding and a precursor of the wedding so soon to follow.

It is needless to say that this was indeed a festive occasion, the air ringing with messages and wishes congratulatory.

Probably the wittiest of recent impromptu verse was heard in these lines of Charles K. Field, a guest of the breakfast, and called "The Aiken Epidemic":

Let others sing with vibrant string Of each world-famed infection, Bubonic plague is but a vague and simple predilection— For record-breaking wave systemic Behold the Aiken epidemic!

New Orleans knows the fever throes, But they are only yellow, Each Aiken shows a cooler rose, Becoming to the fellow: Such gentle properties alchemic Lie in the Aiken epidemic!

They long have been in quarantine, But now they meet the microbe sweet, And sudden comes disclosure, For I've no longer launch polemic Against this charming epidemic.

'Twas an occasion of much happiness and mirth, those freely entering into the spirit of the hour being Mr. and Mrs. William C. Aiken, Miss Helen Robinson, Miss Florence C. Aiken, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, Mrs. Mabel Howe, John McNaught, C. Preston Robinson, Charles K. Field and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick Aiken.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow were at home on Tuesday evening, receiving a large number of guests. The affair was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook Binn, although Mr. Binn was obliged to leave for New York sooner than he intended and Mrs. Binn bade many adieus, for her Eastern departure lies in the near future.

The evening was devoted to music and conversation mainly, with a very enlightening pantomime by Mr. Belknap, whose artistic cleverness in that line of achievement is arousing much enthusiasm.

Miss Ruth Powers sang three dainty numbers, accompanying herself with a finished skill that might be envied by the professional.

Mr. Loomis, the composer, graciously added to the programme, giving a characteristic intonation of the Indian's melody.

Two readings, delightfully acceptable, though in strong contrast, were given respectively by John McNaught and Clarence Mark Smith, the former a poet, the latter strong in humor.

With song and piano by Alfred Cogswell and Theodor Salmon, the evening was rounded and adieus bade.

Mrs. Lehman Blum announces the engagement of her daughter, Mabel, to Meyer Blum of Germantown, Colusa County. The bride has a wide connection among well-known families of this city and is a graduate of the University of California, having completed the course with the class of 1904.

Mr. Blum is a prosperous and well-known business man of Colusa County.

Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies announces that the first assembly will take place on November 5, and before many days there will be a scurrying back to town to prepare for all these lively affairs.

Mrs. Inez Shorb White's Friday Night Dancing Club will give four dances during the winter. Beginning in November, each month following will bear a date for this happy assemblage.

The good news, and the coteries of merry-makers are already preparing for a brilliant season.

The annual charity ball given for the Hospital of Confederate Soldiers will take place this year on October 5. This is furthered each year by the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of which Mrs. A. H. Voorhies is president, and is arranged to take place during the national convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy in this city.

Joseph D. Rouding is departing again for the East, and the uncertainty of his return is arousing many regrets.

Mrs. Walter Scott left on Wednesday for the East, taking her two little daughters. They will be away some months in Baltimore as guests of Mr. Scott's relatives.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin left yesterday for Los Angeles. Accompanying were Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey.

Their stay is not defined, and probably several weeks will ensue before this happy party retraces its steps.

Many attractions will be forthcoming, and for the two bright maids there will be much feting and merriment.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

NAME OF A STREET—S. S. H. B. C. City. The proper way to spell the name of the street asked about is Kearny.

INVESTMENTS—A. O. S. Geyserville, Cal. The purpose of the Department of Answers to Queries is to answer questions of general interest, not to advise people how to invest their money.

NAVY YARD—E. D. T. and others, Tracy and elsewhere. The naval officer in command of the navy yard at Mare Island is Captain F. J. Tracy, U. S. N.

FOR THE PRETTY MAID. "And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?" "Milk Chocolate Creams, kind sir, she said."

Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan building and James Flood building.

Townsend's California Grace Fruits, in artistic fire-etched boxes. New store now open, 767 Market street.

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