

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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THE CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

THE selection of Mr. Partridge as the standard bearer of the forces of purification and reform was made after due and ample deliberation and consideration. When The Call began this campaign for the disinfection of the city government we cited the example of Oakland, where the Municipal League has become a fixture, as a genuine clearing-house for the examination and indorsement of candidates.

It is worth remembering that as a result of the work of the Municipal League in Oakland there has come about a substantial union of the people upon the platform of municipal and not national politics. In the last two campaigns the Republican candidate for Mayor has been made the nominee of all parties, and the other places on the ticket necessary to municipal integrity have been indorsed in the same way, regardless of their national political affiliations.

This is as it should be, and San Francisco proposes to follow this near and inspiring example. To that end the caucus of the delegates to the Republican convention has indorsed men for office whom every citizen should be happy to support. Most of them have been tried. They are no experiment. Auditor Baehr narrowly escaped being the nominee for Mayor, but will bide his time in the important office of Auditor, which he has filled with conspicuous ability and honor.

It is confidently expected that the Democratic convention, with equal painstaking patriotism, will meet its share of the emergency by indorsing for common support the unusually excellent members of the Board of Supervisors for which that party is responsible. There is only one banner to march under this year. It is the standard of anti-graft, anti-dirt, anti-vice, and the body of candidates who will bear it will be found equal to the emergency which, for the first time in their political lives, brings them shoulder to shoulder to keep step in a common cause.

To lead them a fit man is chosen. Mr. Partridge is a native Californian, reared in the country, getting his mental and physical and moral energy in contact with the soil and the plain people who look to it for their bread. Taking the responsibility of manhood upon a boy's shoulders he was dutiful to the members of his family dependent upon him, and while discharging it, by his own toil worked his way through school, through the university, through his law course and through a post-graduate college course.

The accidents of life put upon him what the world calls burdens. Fortune was not ready made to be his by inheritance, but was won by his own head and hand. His is a creditable American career. It is the kind that makes strong men and good men. Out of the variety of his experiences such a man is kept in touch with the sorrows and joys, the failures and successes of his brother man. He is not a partial development of humanity, but is whole-sided, and made wise by what he has himself lived out. Great cities get the best men from the country, whence he came in quest of self-support. Born and reared in the rugged mountains, he has their strength, and the city may well look, in this time of stress and strain, to the hills whence cometh her help.

Under the lead of this energetic citizen the ticket will go forward to victory. His enemies are already crying that he is young. He is older than Jefferson when he wrote the Declaration; older than Washington when he gave Braddock advice that would have saved the massacre of Fort Duquesne; older than Pitt when he became Prime Minister, and nearly the age of Roosevelt when elected to the Vice Presidency.

His enemies say he lacks experience. Let us tell them that his experience in boyhood and manhood, his devotion to filial duty and the courage of his discharge, his support of himself and others while getting an education, is the best experience that a man can have. There is none other that equally ripens and prepares a man for hard and high responsibility. It may be noticed that these criticisms are made by men who present Mayor Schmitz as the fittest man in the city for Mayor. Let them give us the kind of experience that made him fit for the office, or deserving of the florid praise that they bestow upon him.

THE SPRINGS DECLINE.

IT is reported that many springs in the western foothills of the Sierras that have been immemorially affluent at all seasons and have been a reliable dependence for potable water and for irrigation have ceased to flow since this midsummer. The creeks fed by them are dry in their beds and there is keen apprehension as to future supply. While new here, these unpleasant things are old elsewhere. They are caused by stripping the mountains of their copse and forest by fire and ax.

For a quarter of a century the press of this State has sounded the warning in vain. What it foretold is now coming to pass. The tree is the mother of the fountain, and the mother has been slain, so the fountain ceases to flow. We must now face the reforestation of denuded tracts as the price of water in the future. Restore the foliage and the springs will flow again. One of the charms of hundreds of miles of our foothills has been the fine water of the springs. It is going. Next the steady flow of the large streams will be impaired, decline and cease. The bosky dells and green banks that have made our mountains beautiful will disappear and the irrigator in the valley will open his headgates in vain at the season when his thirsty crops and withering orchards need water.

An enlightened public opinion was needed to prevent the cause of these appalling effects. The press and many volunteer organizations sought to produce such opinion, but sought in vain. A dollar in the hand seemed more than a spring in the bush. The dollar, multiplied into millions, has been taken from the forests. The careless hunter or herder, by the recklessness of a moment, has followed the lumberman by fire, and now the distressing and prolonged results of both greed and wantonness are upon the foothills and will go up the mountains.

It is enough to make one despair, but there is a chance left. The National Forestry Bureau is willing to replant and reforest the bare slopes. May we not help? May we not turn public opinion to reparation of the damage already done? It is worth trying.

"We are overrun by fads," says Professor Ross of the Nebraska University. Some of these universities ought to use insect powder.—Baltimore Sun.

Did it ever occur to you that about nine-tenths of the stories printed concerning Mr. Rockefeller might possibly be untrue?—Chicago Tribune.

Occidental Accidentals By A. J. Waterhouse.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. QUESTION—If Jane has seven children and Henrietta has one, which has the more trouble in rearing her "little flock"? ANSWER—It depends somewhat on the kids, but if you have to bet on either respect Henrietta on general principles. The hen with one chicken almost always does the most "cucking."

BRIEF CHAT WITH ADOLPHUS. You may never have thought of it, Adolphus, but if you really are bright, as you sometimes have suspected, it is your poor old, plodding pa and your often perplexed ma to whom you are indebted for the dowry. You may pretty safely bet that you have no characteristic which did not descend to you through your ancestry. The figs that thistles bear are not very much of a success as yet, and I do not believe they are going to be for some time to come. If you are a fig, it is a rather safe speculation that you grew on a fig tree; if you merely are a thistle that thinks itself a fig, that is another matter.

SUNLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT. SUNSHINE, sunshine! And all the world's a shine, And the breeze is thrilling, filling like a draught of ancient wine, And the birds are all a-twitter with the gladness of the day, And it seems a shame to fritter priceless hours in toil away; And the brook a song is lisping that I never interpret, And the earth is like a maiden in a robe of silvery white, And the summits flash a message to the ripples o'er the sea— Oh, it's sunshine, sunshine! It is good enough for me!

A PEACHY CAROL. BOUGHT some peaches in a box, And here's what pains, I wis: Why were the ones on top this size, O O O O O O O O O O, The bottom ones like this, O O O O O O O O O O, And yet I fear, I greatly fear, He'd in a madhouse stay Who thus should pack the ones on top, O O O O O O O O O O, The lower ones this way, O O O O O O O O O O.

THE LAND OF USED TO BE. BY James Whitcomb Riley. BEYOND the purple, hazy trees Of summer's utmost boundaries; Beyond the sands, beyond the seas, Beyond the range of eyes like these, And only in the reach of the Enraptured gaze of memory There lies the land long lost to me. The Land of Used to Be.

THE LAND OF USED TO BE. BY James Whitcomb Riley. LAND where music ever girds The air with bells of singing birds, And sows all sounds with such sweet words That even in the lowing herds A meaning lives so sweet to me; Lost laughter ripples limpidly From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee Of rare old Used to Be.

THE LAND OF USED TO BE. BY James Whitcomb Riley. LAND of love and dreamy thoughts, And shining fields and shady spots, Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots Embossed with wild forget-me-nots, And all the blooms that cunningly Lift their faces up to me Out of the past; I kiss in thee The lips of Used to Be.

HE WAS "LOADED." MR. BOOZE—I was filled with wonder last night. Mrs. BOOZE—That's the first time I ever heard whisky called wonder.



FETCHING LITTLE SHORT COAT. THOSE little short and loose jackets are sure of an enthusiastic reception for the cool days that autumn brings. The model is in white henrietta, since a white coat will harmonize well with almost any color gown, and be likewise in accordance with the popular craze for spotless coloring that is still a feature of current fashions.

FRUITVALE ORGANIZATION THANKS THE CALL. Space Devoted to News of the District Pleases the Board of Trade.

FRUITVALE, Cal., Sept. 12, 1905. To the Editor of the Call: At a meeting of the Fruitvale Board of Trade, held this day, the following resolution proposed by Mr. J. A. Sanborn and seconded by Mr. E. H. Marwedel was adopted by unanimous vote of the board.

Resolved—That a vote of thanks of the Fruitvale Board of Trade be extended to The San Francisco Call for liberal space devoted in its columns to news of Fruitvale regarding those matters that assist in the upbuilding of the district.

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

CIVIL SERVICE.—V. O. C., City. Any person desiring information relative to United States civil service examinations should write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., or make application to the secretary of the local board in which the applicant desires to secure a position. THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—Subscriber, City. The St. Gothard Tunnel in Europe was opened for railroad traffic in 1881. It was commenced in January, 1871, and in February, 1890, the borings from the Swiss and the Italian sides met. The tunnel is nine and a quarter miles long, and twenty-one and a quarter feet wide. TUG OF WAR.—F. M., Oakland, Cal. The following are the rules for conducting a tug of war, where the men stand up and tug on the rope: Teams shall be of equal number of competitors; the rope to be of sufficient length to allow for a pull of twelve feet and for twelve feet slack at each end, to-

Give Thanks. By Angela Morgan. Smart Set. By Sally Sharp.

GIVE thanks! There is nothing you can do that will so speedily set you right with your best self and square with the universe as the attitude of thanksgiving. There is nothing that will more surely put you in the current of good and awaken you to the knowledge of your unsuspected powers than lifting up your heart in gratitude and praise. Give thanks! There is no better way to get in touch with the mighty joy forces and health forces that surround you, awaiting your right attitude.

It is amazing how quickly a gray world will kindle into color when one practices praise. It is wonderful how a barren existence will blossom into beauty when one learns to give thanks. You have not much to be thankful for? How do you know? You cannot tell until you start the habit of thanksgiving. Just try it. Don't wait to enumerate the things you are not thankful for. Don't sum up slowly and doubtfully what you may please to term your meager blessings. No! Just begin to give thanks. For what?

First, give thanks because you are alive. If you form the habit of doing this daily, you will be amazed to see how rapidly you will find your reasons for loving existence multiplying. Then, give thanks for your work, whatever it is. Be glad of the discipline it offers you and of the opportunity it gives you to develop your resources. Tell yourself daily that you rejoice in it, that you glory in it. This is a splendid way to start the habit of rejoicing. After you are well in the current you will find so many things to be glad of that you won't be able to count them. A realization of the advantages of the advantages that are yours will pour in upon you overwhelmingly.

Because when you take the attitude of thankfulness you tune yourself to every created thing that is expressing praise. You are in harmony with the hills and meadows rejoicing in the sun; you are in touch with the spirit of mountains that lift their purple summits to an eternal attitude of praise. All creation does give thanks unceasingly. All nature rejoices in the mere fact of existence. Look out upon the world and see. Go into the country and witness the rejoicing of trees and the joyful music of that hidden orchestra in the grass. Everything gives thanks.

And how about mankind? Why should all nature be athrill and alive and gleam with thankfulness to the creator and man be heavy, indifferent, doubting, despondent, cynical? Why should any human being remain stolid and ungrateful, having eyes that see not, ears that hear not? Why is it that men do not adequately express their gratitude? They should fall to adequately express thanks to the creator? Until man, self-conscious and free of will, does learn to give thanks radiantly, fully, for the gift of life, he will fall to the gold out of existence. We fall to see the world in its finest, highest aspect. Will fall to discover himself. Give thanks. There is no surer way to find life splendidly worth living.

Moses' Home in Moon. A Brooklyn man, Constantine McKeever, has evolved a new theory of creation which he solemnly asserts, in lectures he is giving at Kensington, is the only correct one. Briefly put, says the Brooklyn correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean, this remarkable theory is as follows, or something like it: Away back in the dim past a hobo of a comet, shaped, according to McKeever, like a doughnut, with a hole in the middle, butted into the then existing world. Now comes the solution. It occurred the famous deluge. The earth shot up through the hole in the doughnut. All living things were annihilated except those near water. They were cooled off by the resulting vapors, but some got burned and became negroes.

Not satisfied with pushing his "nose" through the doughnut, the earth started on a record-breaking dash for the sun. Some earths that went through the process earlier have overtaken the fugitive, and are now flattening themselves out in vain endeavor to push right through. Those are the sun spots. When the earth got well past the doughnut on the pole, it began to scamper down to the south pole. Meanwhile the comet was creating a new world out of the "envelopes" of fire that shot off continually, and the living beings got aboard this earth from the other, which was halted in its mad sprint. World No. 1 went right on again, and, lo and behold! she now shines nightly as Luna, the moon.

What is the conclusion? Why, Moses lived on the moon. So did the rest of the bunch. It was not the moon then, but now it is. Mr. McKeever offers to pay \$100 to any one who can disprove his theory. Sunflower Philosophy. Man is disposed to believe that while he helps others no one ever helps him. A woman never wants to be a man so much as when she sees a crowd gathering in the street. If you want your kindness to be thoroughly appreciated extend it to a man in trouble. At least, it may be said to the credit of men that they never sue women for breach of promise. When a woman talks a great deal of the sins of men, it is a sign her husband does not behave himself. If a fortune teller tells a girl that she will marry a rich man, the girl is convinced that the fortune teller told her all about her past.

Lately it seems to us that the women are becoming shorter. Two or three years ago nearly all the women were tall, but lately they are smaller. We believe we like little women better than big ones. We don't believe we could love a woman able to lift more than we can.—Atchison (Kans.) Globe. Together with four feet for each competitor. The rope shall not be less than four inches in circumference, and shall be without knots or other holdups for the hands. A center tape shall be fixed to the center of the rope and a tape shall be tied at six feet distant from the center tape on either side of the rope. A center line must be marked on the ground and six feet on either side, two side lines parallel thereto. At the start the rope shall be taut, with the center tape over the center line. No spikes are allowed in shoes, and men at the start are not permitted to sink holes in the ground with their heels. In lay-down tugs, the cleats are six inches apart and an inch in height.

Mean. He—It must be very discouraging. She—What is it? He—It's nearly three months since you read your graduation essay and the Government has not taken, as yet, your advice regarding the trusts.

