

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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GOVERNOR FOLK ON CIVICS.

THE reception to Governor Folk of Missouri furnished the opportunity for saying many things of apt application to local conditions. One great truth ran through it all. The majority of the people in cities want them to be well governed, and they will be well governed when this majority gets together for that purpose alone.

Now who is to blame? At first we say, "the united grafters." They ought not to be grafters. They ought to be good citizens. They ought to use their power for good government. But they are grafters. They are not good citizens. They will not use their power for good government.

All that was clearly put by Governor Folk, as it has been put time and again by The Call. The Governor said, truly: "He who lives for his country may be as true a patriot as he who dies for it. Patriotism does not abide alone in the roar of cannon and in the din and clash of arms, but in the everyday duties of civic life."

The Mayor sought to place himself on the Governor's platform by intimating that he is a martyr to the enmity of "corrupt editors." But the Grand Jury was not made up of editors. It and not the newspapers indicted his followers for ballot-box stuffing.

The reception had in it two distinct features. It was official and it was personal. The Governor of California was there, known to stand for pure civics. The Mayor was there, and where he stands is known. Mr. Gavin McNab was there, speaking for the union of the majority on the single plank of decent government.

These utterances tell the whole story. There is needed a revival of the civic conscience and of civic patriotism. So wide is the difference between municipal and general government that the politics of one cannot be the politics of the other. Party organizations are useful in municipal government as organizations only, and not because of their special opinions upon national issues.

It was noticed that at the reception the names of stout warriors for good government, Roosevelt, Folk, Weaver and Jerome, were cheered impartially, regardless of their views on national politics. We seem to be at the dawn of a time in which city politics shall be for cities, and when States and the nation will have politics of an entirely different kind.

ENCOURAGE LOCAL ENTERPRISE.

THERE is no logical reason why the Street Committee of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors should hesitate to report favorably on the Ocean Shore Electric Railway Company's application for right of way and terminal privileges in this city. No public protest has been entered against the granting of the proposed franchise, nor, as far as is known by the projectors of the enterprise, has any private interest filed objection.

California capital to the amount of \$5,000,000 is invested in the construction and development of a trolley line extending from San Francisco to Santa Cruz and traversing a territory rich in undeveloped natural resources. Every dollar of this money is to be spent and earned by Californians in the upbuilding of a portion of California whose material advancement has been delayed by want of proper facilities for the transportation of its products.

Looking still farther forward it is easy to perceive how this city would be benefited by the opening up of a country that is naturally tributary to it. By establishing faster speed and cheaper fares than now exist between San Francisco and Santa Cruz the Ocean Shore Company aims to populate the intervening country, at present sparsely settled, with desirable home-builders, and to be a means of instituting new and important industries.

Occidental Accidentals

By A. J. Waterhouse.

CIRCUMSTANCES DISCOURAGING. MY business has its drawbacks in the Cannibal Islands," said the missionary who had temporarily returned, at the same time sighing heavily. "It must have," his sympathetic friend replied. "It certainly has. I wrote you that, after much expenditure of time and labor, I succeeded in converting Kiyi, the King of the main island, and his thirteen wives. In this connection I told him that thirteen was an unlucky number and urged him to put away all but one, but when he generously offered to kill off all but his favorite I did not encourage his new-born zeal. Someway, I felt that I could not."

"Indeed you do," said his sympathetic friend. "It is strange how soon the name of earth's truly great cease to be heard upon our lips."

"It is indeed. You are thinking of Admiral Dewey, perhaps?" "No, I did not happen to be." "Of whom, then?" "Of Mr. Dooley."

THE FINAL LOG. A sail to the north, or a sail to the south. Or a sail to the east or west; And what does it matter where you may sail.

My craft swings in, and my craft swings out. And my reckoning seems astray; And it is the same with you, no doubt, Who sail o'er a dubious way.

A TALK WITH WILLIAM. You say that you are an inventor, William, and you suggest that you are going to do great things in that line. Well, here is a suggestion for you.

COMPRESSION. The final chapter of the serial novel was two columns long, but the editor had only one inch of space for it. Accordingly he compressed the hero's tragic end into the following paragraph: "Arthur took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides, no notice of his pursuers; meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly, his own life."

A STUDY OF "REFORM"



WITHIN THE LAW.

Miss Paula Edwards, who is almost ready to begin rehearsals of her new comic opera, spent the summer traveling in the Far East. Miss Edwards permits that the Mohammedan religion says of more evasions than does the Raines law. "The faithful are forbidden to paint any live object," Miss Edwards relates, "and yet I frequently saw in Constantinople pictures of birds and animals. One day I commented on this fact. The guide and I had stopped before a canvas showing two doves. 'Here is an artist,' I remarked, 'who has allowed his enthusiasm to get away with his scruples. His picture represents something alive.'"

GRADUAL REDUCTION.

A Brooklyn Sunday-school teacher once had occasion to catechize a new pupil whose ignorance of his Testament would have been amusing had it not been so appalling. One Sunday she asked the little fellow how many commandments there were.

KANSAS NECKTIE NEWS.

John Klopfer, who has been going without one for fifty-five years, has begun wearing a necktie. Art Hodgkins is wearing the skin of a garter snake for a Sunday necktie.—The Topeka Capital.

MIRROR OF FASHION



SQUARE NECK SHIRT WAIST FOR THE DEMOISELLE.

IN this instance the shirt waist is fastened in the back. Tucks that are spaced across both back and front tapering to the waist line with a very smart effect, this line producing an effect of slenderness that is vastly becoming. The original is in a white mohair, but any of the ordinary shirt waist materials will answer. The neck is cut out square back and front, the décolletage defined with a fancy embroidery, and the open space filled in with a lace chemisette, the high collar supported with the usual feather-bone rods. The sleeve is a full puff below to the elbow, where a fitted cuff with two straps of fancy embroidery meets it. The belt is a stitched strap of the waist material, and accords well with the present style that calls for a lengthening of the waistline.

About Human Blotters.

By Dorothy Fenimore.

HAVE you ever taken note of that type of individual who likes to use his friends as blotters; whose mind, whenever it comes in contact with other minds, thereby makes its own writing clear, but leaves a blurred and unsightly impression on the other? There are innumerable varieties and modifications of the type. You distinguish in what class they belong by the fact that so often you find yourself changed for the worse when they are through with you.

There is the woman who shops with you all the forenoon in order to come finally to a decision to buy the first piece of dress goods she looked at. There is the man who establishes his own first judgment in a business deal by gaining your advice to follow exactly the opposite course to the one which suits him.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a sympathetic person to become a blotter. A little overstrain, excess of fatigue, a nervous jar, will take the sizing out of a man's mental constitution in the twinkling of an eye. It doesn't matter so much until he accumulates so many impressions of other people's woes that the ink of them is ready to rub off on all it touches.

The world is made up, I have observed, of health-givers and health-takers. If you are the former you attract troubles as a magnet draws needles. Probably it is part of the Big Plan that this should be so. But it is appallingly easy to become demoralized—to degenerate into that other species, the health-taker.

Remember this—you can't help the world except out of your reserve. Deplete your own vital force of personality, and you rob the social life of which you are a member. You may share your material poverty with a beggar, and in so doing perform a worthy act; if you have the stamina to make your loss good and save yourself from pauperism. But it helps no man, no matter how poor he is spiritually, to give him out of your soul's poverty; you must give to him of his riches.

And don't forget this: When a man is warbling about his woes he doesn't need you to comfort him; he has the sound of his own voice to cheer him. Nor do tears express the heart's deep agony. But save your handclasp of genuine sympathy, and your word of encouragement, for him who fights his way through the night with forehead high and colors flying, asking no mercy where mercy is not, protesting not where protest is futile, but simply fighting and hoping. To make it really count to him, however, you have got to be somewhere near his level. You can't be a poor, ill-used, defaced human blotter.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

In a Northern California town a supposed murder had been committed. "The halfbreed wife of an Indian had died, as the husband said, from natural causes, and was buried without the usual formalities being first complied with. After a lapse of two weeks the body was disinterred by the authorities at the instance of a particular enemy of the accused, and marks of violence, as the informer stated, were found upon the deceased.

NEEDLESS—The Good Fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box. "Take this box," she said, "and look it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice."

NATURE'S HEART.—"Is it lively out here?" "Sure; the old residents won't associate with the summer-bottagers; the cottagers detest the campers; the campers loathe the excursionists."

The Smart Set

By Sally Sharp.

Miss Carol Moore and Arthur Duncan Geissler yesterday pledged their marriage vows amid as beautiful surroundings as the heart of any bride might wish, the home of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Moore assuming almost the luxuriance of a conservatory in the number and arrangement of plants.

This was the chosen room for the service, its rich settings and commodiousness making it most desirable. Halls and drawing-rooms were filled with pink blossoms, mingled with green vines. Here and there a touch of yellow gave emphasis.

At 5 o'clock the bride, leaning on her father's arm, was met at the improvised altar by the groom and his best man, Du Val Moore, Rev. Bradford Leavitt pronounced the holy words. In her robe of white satin and rose point, the bride was exceedingly charming, for her coloring is that of the perfect brunette, to whom the bridal array is wonderfully becoming.

The maid of honor, Miss Julia Langhorne, was also in white, soft chiffon, the chosen gown, while the bridesmaids in pink completed an impressive picture. The bridesmaids were Miss Maudie Langhorne, Miss Eleanor Geissler, Miss Maudie Fayne and Miss Gertrude Allen.

Serving as ushers were Ernest McCormick, Orrin Wilson, William Huff and Joseph King. At the bride's table begonias reigned in the floral scheme, their masses being relieved only by the suggestion of yellow supplied by many little gold slippers, happily emblematical.

The entire event was characterized by the home atmosphere which could not be dissipated by the presence of so many guests, but continued through the evening of congratulation and until the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Geissler. They will reach Philadelphia within a few weeks, stopping at various points of interest en route.

Today will be eventful in the social annals of Grass Valley as the wedding day of Miss Beatrice Kidder and Howard Ridgley Ward of New York. The bride has many friends in this city and the beautiful home of her mother will be the scene of the nuptials.

Miss Ruth Adams will be the guest of honor to-day at a bridge party at which Mrs. William Fawcett Perkins will be hostess. A score or more of guests will be in attendance to bid Miss Adams bon voyage, her departure for New York to occur very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann will entertain at an elaborate dinner in their home on October 2, the occasion being a wedding anniversary.

Miss Marie Rose Deane entertained at a luncheon yesterday in honor of Miss Juliet Garber of Oakland. The affair took place in the apartments of Miss Deane at the Knickerbocker, twelve guests being invited.

Miss Daisy Van Ness left yesterday for New York, where she will be met within a brief period by Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and they will make a tour of Europe.

Frank Dekum of the Wilton Lackaye company is meeting many friends, both in this city and Portland, where he is a well known society man.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCabe (Edith Gas-kill) are in New York City and will visit many Eastern places before returning to California.

Mrs. Isadore Lowenberg and her son, A. J. Lowenberg, will make an Eastern trip shortly to be away a few weeks. During their absence they will visit in Washington, New York and Boston.

Among the several sojourners during the past week at Byron Springs were the following well known people of the bay cities: Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent of San Francisco, Miss Land of Syracuse, Mr. and Mrs. Welby of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schrock of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. McCutchen, Miss Delaney, F. P. Boone Jr. of Berkeley, Herman Oelrichs of San Francisco, Professor and Mrs. George E. Colby of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hansen, Rev. and Mrs. F. C. McFarlane, Rev. Mr. Philip Byrne, R. Velle.

Miss Katherine Martin is preparing to go East very soon with Mr. and Mrs. John Dahlgren. While away she will take a course at Barnard College and eschew society for a time. Miss Martin is the daughter of Mrs. Dahlgren and is known to be very clever and interesting.

Townsend's California Glass Fruits, in artistic glass-etched boxes. New store now open, 78, Market street.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 20 California street. Telephone Main 1042.

DON'T BE GRAVE, BE GAY AND DRIVE DULL CARE AWAY.



THEY'LL WRECK YOU, ALL RIGHT. Newcomer—Have you a wrecking station at this seaside resort? Coast Guard—Three of 'em, ma'am, and they are the swiftest hotels in this part of the country.



DESERVED IT. Policeman—Why did you throw that joke writer out of the window? Magazine Editor—He came in here and asked me if duck pants were made out of feathers.



THESE COPPER MINES. The Artist—I should like to paint your portrait. Were you ever done in oil? The Countryman—No, but I was done in copper once.



UP TO DATE. First Playwright—What are you working on now? Second Playwright—I'm dramatizing the "Congressional Record."



LOOKING FOR A HUSBAND. Tramp (at back door)—Ah, fair lady, will you— Old Maid—This is so sudden.