

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

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THE UNION COMPLETE.

THE action of the Democratic city convention completes the union of the two party organizations in a joint effort to purge and cleanse the government of San Francisco. The steps taken follow closely the plan by which Oakland has risen superior to political partisanship in securing a municipal government, separated from national politics and constituted for the business of running a city on clean, modern and enlightened lines.

With such a government Oakland has prospered. The population has received great additions every year. The progress of building for residence and business purposes has been extraordinary. Expenditures have been economized and the Council finds itself able, without extra taxation, to recently inaugurate important projects for beautifying the city. Lake Merritt is to have park and boulevard surroundings worthy of that sheet of water, which is in itself a scenic and sanitary asset possessed by no other city in the world. In like manner, and without extra taxation, the park land on the former marsh in West Oakland is to be improved, the main lake sewer reconstructed and the marsh on its north side filled.

These and other important and valuable results have come to Oakland through having a city government devoted to business and not to inapplicable politics. The methods which secured such a government there should secure it here, and the leaders of the two party organizations in San Francisco have honored themselves by divesting themselves of partisanship and investing their organizations with local patriotism. They cease to dissipate their great power in useless political contention and join it in a worthy effort for the common good. The Call has preached without ceasing the high needs of this city, and the way of their attainment, and both parties have heard the sermon and heeded it.

The platform of the Democratic convention makes these high declarations of purpose: "We have no hesitation in expressing our firm conviction that the general welfare of our citizens and the prosperity, good name and destiny of our city depend in a large measure upon the separation of municipal from State and national politics. In all issues, therefore, which directly concern San Francisco, we believe there is greater and more immediate need for good citizenship than there is for partisanship." The platform statement of the needs of the city and the benefits to follow united action to meet them cannot be excelled, and this demagogic part has the right ring: "We believe that organized and united action of our citizens will put an end to the complete and nefarious system of graft that has enriched some men beyond the dreams of avarice, that has given equal treatment to all men only upon the basis of equal pay, while it bestowed with lavish hand special privileges upon those who could contribute a special price—that complete and nefarious system of graft that now fosters any vice for a percentage, permits the violation of any ordinance or law for gain, and retards the development of our city by holding up legitimate enterprises until it has levied the tribute of a fee."

The leaders of both parties and their followers, constituting the great Grand Jury of the people, have now joined in a terrible indictment of the present municipal administration. The counts are many, the proof abundant, and the trial will proceed to the verdict and judgment in November. There can be no doubt of the verdict if all men do their duty and crime be driven from the polls. The supporters of the administration, the grafters and the vicious classes who pay over a percentage of the profits of crime as the price of immunity in its commission have done their worst in false registration. But the eye of detective vigilance is upon them, and the heavy hand of public vengeance is over them, and all their craft and cunning will be ineffective in securing the authority of law for lawless use, if every citizen do his duty, in voting right and urging right voting upon others.

The public officers in charge of registration have mostly shown their sympathy with the machine in which they are cogs. In the crowding of the last days and hours of registration the grossest favoritism has been shown to their own partisans. Illegal voters, wearing the graft button, have had the preference over legal voters in the line who are the enemies of graft. Every art and trick has been tried to secure for crime an undue advantage over decency, but the register is a public document, it cannot be hidden, and the splendid organization of the Republican League and of its allies, the Democratic patriots, will sift the tens of thousands of names, and the chances are good that the sifting will start some more stuffers on the way to join their companions in stripes who have gone before them to the penitentiary.

There is exhilaration in the very air of the conflict. It is the first time that a straight and unmistakable issue has been made between decency and graft. No citizen need err. Every voter knows exactly what he is voting for and what against. The cohorts of decency have to meet and overcome every one of the agencies of government, now in the hands of the enemy. It is the storming of a fortress, and the guns and ammunition paid for by the besiegers are turned against them in battle. But they will prevail, and the stronghold of vice and crime will be captured and cleansed.

THE TRAINED SOCIAL WORKER.

UNSCIENTIFIC philanthropy is so prone to do harm when it intends only good, and to do good clumsily and half effectively, that schools for specially trained social workers will have a wide field of usefulness. The country is soon to have three thoroughly equipped schools for that purpose. One has been established a year, the Simmons College, in Boston; the University of Chicago is preparing to establish an Institute of Social Science and Art; and in New York the School of Philanthropy opens in October.

These schools come into being in recognition of the fact that philanthropy must be something more than emotional. When the power of kindheartedness gets its training for precision of effect in the systematic way that other sciences are undertaken we may confidently expect far greater results in the betterment of social conditions. A recent number of "Charities" shows to how extended a class of workers the education of such schools would be useful. They will not only be good for those who wish to devote themselves wholly to philanthropic duty, but all aspirants to administration work, and teachers, preachers, managers of charitable societies and physicians can thereby get the fundamental training for wise social activity.

The Boston Transcript is authority for the statement that there is a distinct market for these social workers upon their graduation from this scientific training, and that numbers of young men and women now going through college are attracted toward this philanthropic work. There are young men who are thinking more about making over conditions rather than to bend their whole energies to accumulating wealth under present social defects, and while there is so much wrong and suffering in the world.

The Ohio minister who called the Governor of that State a monkey has been asked to resign. Be charitable, brethren. There are so many monkeys that the dominion may have become confused.—New York Herald.

Among other extenuating circumstances, it should be charitably remembered that Mrs. Taggart has never claimed that she was one of the members of the original Florodora sextet.—Denver Republican.

Paris papers say that a French woman chased a mouse and found \$1000 in gold. Anybody who can believe the first half of this story will have no trouble with the rest of it.—Chicago Post.

That Pennsylvania man who was run over by an entire freight train without being touched is just the person to describe China's feelings at the war's end.—Washington Times.

OCCIDENTAL ACCIDENTALS

By A. J. Waterhouse

NO LAW NEEDED. (Governor Folk put himself close to the hearts of his hearers by telling them that he and his party were so impressed with the beauties of California that he believed a law should be passed compelling every one in the country to visit the Golden State.—From The Call's report.)

WHEN it comes to judging beauty all of us out here agree. That Missouri's honored leader is the expert on the subject. He knows where Nature's kindly dame, ne'er wears a chilling frown, While every day's a princess 'neath a sunshine-gilded crown.

Take from the grace of every land the charm it loves the most; Add beauty unto beauty in a love-compelling host; Pile grandeur upon grandeur, hang the summit o'er.

Here the grape eye turns to amber, and the olive's slyer's told; Here the orange stores the sunlight in its globe of yellow gold; Here the autumn merges in springtime, and the winter none doth know.

Save in added bits of gladness or a little touch of sorrow, And if any law is needed man to lure and hold him thrall, He should find it not in Dame Nature, or should find it not at all.

Long our hearts have half forgotten all the rigors of the cold. For our bluestreak of winter blooming roses doth unfold; And we've walked so long in sunlight, breathing white throughout the year.

But though we are recreants proven, yet we know, and know right well, Happy is a favored mortal in this Eden-land to dwell. Still the law that lures men westward is enwrit where submeans play, And if some man needs another, he had better stay away.

BRIGTH YOUNG MAN'S ESSAY. Once there was a Bright Young Man who, after much reflection, decided to write a paper on the subject of "Thoughts for the Journals and thus elevate and praise the Thoughtless Public. So he sat down and thought and thought, and after he had thought long enough he wrote the Brilliant Essay from which I quote.

"We are too prone to feel that wealth is the greatest thing in life. In the bright scintillant splendor of youth's brief morning hours, the glitter of gold is low metal allure us and we find it difficult to say of it, 'This is enough.' If this finds favor with the editor I shall continue the discussion in another treatise. Thoughtfully yours for the right, K. RUPUS POGGS."

So the Editor went to work. First he blue-penciled; then he blue-penciled some more, and then he blue-penciled again, and yet again. Then he measured and said to himself, "The derb thing still is too long for the space." Much he pondered, and he and we snap at the yellow. The next day young Mr. Poggs' Brilliant Essay appeared in the Journal, and this is the way it read:

"Wealth is the greatest thing in life. Go with a snap. Much has been written on this subject and more might be written, but this is enough. Thoughtfully yours for the right, K. RUPUS POGGS."

But you should have heard the Bright Young Man's essay. It was awful! Moral: Mr. Poggs is not the only Bright Young Man who has concluded to elevate and praise the Thoughtless Public, only to fall with a Dull, Sickening Thud.

A WOEFUL CASE. The woeful case of Edyth Jings has of appeared to me. For though she has some rings and things Her plight is plain to see; She has of gowns a score or more, And rich are they and fair, But—oh, your pity I implore— She's not a thing to wear!

Though she has closets raiment-stored, And cloaks and hats, a goodly hoard, Yet more her woes abound— She's not a thing to wear! I here admit I had not guessed The woe poor Edyth knew Until I saw her mourning breast, And heard her tell it, too. Her destination's past belief; It comes from lack of pelf; For—shed some tears to show your grief— She told me so herself!

Oh, world of woe and world of care! With gowns galore and jewels rare, Poor Edyth lacks a thing to wear— She told me so herself!

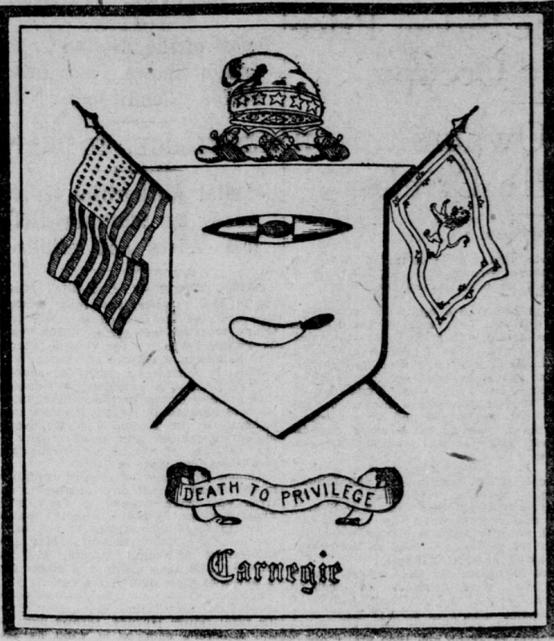
ALFALFA PHILOSOPHY. When I hear a feller say that all men has their price I alters know 'at lies right—'st fer es he's concerned. All things has their uses. I s'pose 'at fean an' skeeters was made to help folks to be patient an' perseverin'.

Probably they ain't no such crime as stalin' without the law, but fire neep-fellars 'at c'd mighty near make you think they was. After some reflection I've eluded 'at the man c'd woman 'at's hardest on a sinner 's his feller sinner 'at hain't ben ketcht at it.

When a feller sees some o' the critters 'at 'entend they're goin' to heaven, it sets him to wond'rin' w'at's best fer him.

The church allures us, sacred place, Our spirit's hunger feeding, But, oh, it is a sad, sad case!— A rest just then we're needing.

ANDREW CARNEGIE DESIGNS A COAT-OF-ARMS.



UNIQUE COAT-OF-ARMS DESIGNED BY THE STEEL MAGNATE.

IN addition to many other belongings, Andrew Carnegie is the possessor of a coat of arms. It was not, to be sure, granted to an ancestor for prowess on the field of battle nor for any deed of valor. It has a much more interesting history. Any one—almost any one—has a coat of arms, which has been handed down to him like any other heirloom. Mr. Carnegie had none such, but like the man of enterprise and originality that he is, he went to work and devised one and then he got an artist to paint it high up on the walls of his splendid library, not the library he gives away every other day, but his own, in his fine New York mansion.

Upon the escutcheon there is a weaver's shuttle, because his father, William Carnegie, was a weaver; there is also a shoemaker's knife, because an ancestor not very remote worked at his trade of shoemaker. They say plainly that he has no desire to ignore his humble beginning and that he wishes to honor the memory of the weaver and the shoemaker, his forebears. He boasts not of Norman blood, and honest hearts are more to him than coronets.

Mr. Carnegie has a coronet, or a crown, for a crest, but it is reversed and surmounted by the cap of liberty. The supporters are the American and Scotch flags, and the motto is "Death to Privilege." It makes no difference, of course, seeing that the arms are unique, that according to laws of heraldry, coronets and supporters are only allowed to the peers, baronets and knights of the garter. Upon his own particular copies of his own books, "The Gospel of Wealth" for one, the arms are emblazoned in blue and gold. Apropos the arms of the Carnegie family, "Burke's Heritage" describes half a dozen such. One, that of the Newgate family, Scotland, is or, an eagle displayed azure, and in chief a buckle between two amulets of the second. Great, two dexter hands granteled, issuing out of the clouds, conjoining and supporting a flaming heart proper. The motto, "Arms et Animis"—by arms and by courage.

So the arms of the Earl of Northesk, who is of this family, show an eagle displayed charged with a naval crown and over it the word Trafalgar. There are two crests, the first the stern of a line of battleships on fire. The second, out of a naval crown, or a demy-leopard. Supporters, two leopards, each with a banner charged with the cross of St. George and inscribed "Britannia Victrix." "Tache sans Tache"—duty without spot—is the Northesk motto. Other Carnegie mottoes are: "Video Alis Sequorur"—I see and follow high things; "Alis Aspicio Astra"—flying he looks to the stars. A dexter hand holding a thunderbolt winged is the crest of the Carnegie arms, with the legend "Deum Timeat"—Dear God, or "Dread God," as it appears upon one coat of arms. The Carnegies of Lindsay have for crest an ostrich with a horseshoe in his mouth, with the motto, "Endure and Suffer Bravely." Mr. Carnegie, it may be mentioned,

makes liberal use of mottoes. Upon the walls of his library are seen the familiar lines, "He that dare not reason is a slave; he that cannot is a fool; he that will not is a bigot." "The present moment is our aim, the next we never see." Is another legend. Upon the leather lounge where he takes his afternoon siesta is painted, "Rest awhile, while above, upon the will, we see the rollicking line, 'There's a good time coming, boys.'"

Caln, or carne, a heap of stones—a Druidical heap of stones—is given as the word from which Carnegie is derived. The name also appears as Carney, Carnie, Carnage and Carbegy. The Carnes, of Glamorgan, Wales, take their name from Pen Carne, the birthplace of the first of the family. But this, too, goes back to the original meaning of Carne.

The Carnegies have been seated in Fife-shire for centuries. Andrew Carnegie's family came from Dunfermline, borrowing eleven shillings from a friend to allow them to emigrate in 1847. The story is told regarding this loan that recently an American firm, doing business in London, asked its patrons to suggest ideas for the distribution of Andrew Carnegie's wealth. Mr. Henry D. Lennox, of Glasgow, advised that the millionaire repay a loan of eleven shillings made by his aunt to the Carnegies when they needed help. Mr. Lennox computed that, with interest, 49 was due.

Mr. Carnegie has investigated and found that the facts of the case had been correctly stated. The debt was not only paid, but Mrs. Lennox's (the aunt) children have been endowed with a sum sufficient to keep them in comfort as long as they live.

Mr. Lennox said, regarding the matter: "When the Carnegies left Dunfermline they were so poor that they had to borrow money to take them to the United States. My aunt, though a poor woman, helped them out to the extent of eleven shillings, but the promise to return the loan eventually escaped the memory of the beneficiaries, for they never repaid the sum borrowed."

"My aunt is dead, but she left two daughters, one the wife of a humble tradesman, the other a maiden lady, engaged in a small drapery business in Edinburgh." It seems that Mr. Carnegie called in person on the children of his benefactor and thanked them for the generosity of their mother. From minus eleven shillings to plus \$50,000,000 is a story. It is a twice told tale how the young Scotch boy began life as a bobbin boy at \$120 a week. He was then 12 years old. At fourteen he was messenger in a telegraph office. He was the third operator in the United States to read the Morse signals by sound. At fifteen he was an expert telegraph operator; at sixteen he was a telegraph messenger; at twenty-four a railroad superintendent. At thirty he began his career as an ironmaster. He is now "seventy years young."

THE FARMER IS KING

OH, the mines may be rich with deposits of ore, With nuggets of silver and nuggets of gold; And iron and copper, from shore unto shore, From the depths of the earth may be constantly rolled. But the wealth of the world is an atom compared With the millions of dollars that annually spring In the track of the plow, and the trail of the rake, And the path of the hoe, for the farmer is king. His throne is a stack of the sweet-smelling hay, His crown is the gold of the carrot and corn, His scepter a sheaf of his newly-cut wheat, His audience chamber the meadows of morn. Their slender green spears from the darkness to bring; The orchards drop apples of gold at his feet, And all nature proclaims that the farmer is king. Columbia stands at the head of the world, The goddess of liberty, plenty and peace. To the farmer she owes it that year after year Her riches, her power and her glories increase. May his furrow be straight and his harvest be great, The scythe and the sickle long, long may he swing, Hats off as he passes, a monarch of men, All hail to the farmer, the farmer is king! —Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

SAME HAT



AWFULLY SIMPLE SIMPLY AWFUL —LONDON PUNCH.

THE "WORTH" OF TO DAY

JEAN WORTH, the present head of the great Parisian dressmaking house, is thus described by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd in her article on "The Artist Dressmakers of Paris," in the October issue of Everybody's Magazine: "Worth has a splendid trade, but a serious one. The great English and French Drovers go there; and Jean Worth, the present active head of the house, wears more or less comfortably, the halo of his illustrious grandfather. "The Drovers call him a charming boy and says to him, 'M'sieu Jean, when your famous grandpa was alive he made for me a light blue broadcloth that was most becoming. I would like something of that kind'—and M'sieu repeats for age, the light blue broadcloth. He creates an extremely beautiful light blue broadcloth, and he charges for it his famous grandpa. He is old school by heredity, but he has modern commercial instincts, this charming boy."

"SHOFERS"

The keen observer who is interested in man's cars cannot fail to notice the number of handsome "shofers" employed by some of Pittsburgh's millionaires to pilot their wives and daughters around the town and country, and the query, "Who is your handsome chauffeur?" is giving way to the question, "Who is your handsome chauffeur?" says a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. I noticed a smart car drawn up in front of one of our big dry goods houses yesterday afternoon and I recognized the pretty woman who is the wife of one of Pittsburgh's wealthiest men. I noticed, too, that her chauffeur was undeniably handsome and well groomed, and that he manipulated his car with the ease and grace of an expert. While he waited the return of his mistress he reached into his pocket for some change to purchase a paper, when he carelessly dropped a quarter into the gutter. After five minutes' diligent fishing he recovered the piece of silver. In the meantime quite a crowd gathered. They thought something had gone wrong with the thing of throbs and smells. When they discovered the object of the digging every one of them began to wonder at the idea of the handsome driver of that machine fishing for a quarter. The idea!

UPS AND DOWNS

F. P. Clairmont was up from Spring Hill yesterday. E. B. Williams was down from Montgomery on business yesterday. Hon. Elliott Northcott came up from Huntington yesterday. Professor A. L. Rymer was up from Winfield yesterday. W. P. Hite was up from Huntington yesterday. Captain W. H. Howard was up yesterday from Point Pleasant. George Lawton was down yesterday from Clairmont. Chas. J. Cabell was down yesterday from North Carolina. H. H. Lowery was up from Huntington yesterday. C. P. Champe was down yesterday from Montgomery. C. L. Ballard was up from Huntington yesterday.—Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette.

AN ANCIENT MOTTO

"While I was up in New Hampshire the other day," said Hon. John W. Yerkes of Kentucky, at the Raleigh, "I went through a historical house famed throughout New England. It was built in 1620, and every visitor to Portsmouth makes a pilgrimage to the ancient structure. I was greatly interested in all the pertains to it, and among other things, was struck by a toast carved on the walls that I do not remember to have ever seen stated in such pretty phraseology. "The motto was: 'Here's hoping that you may live as long as you want, and that you may never want as long as you live.'—Washington Post.

JOKE ON THE DOCTOR

A Baltimore physician says that recently he boarded a Chesapeake street car that was sadly overcrowded, relates Harper's Weekly. He soon observed a big German sprawled over an area sufficient to seat two persons at least, while just in front of him stood a poor man, leaning against a strap. Indignant at this exhibition of selfishness on the part of the German, the physician tapped him on the shoulder, saying: "See here! Why don't you move a little, so that this tired woman may have a seat?" For a moment the German looked dazed. Then a broad smile spread over his countenance as he answered: "Say, doc's a joke on you, all right! Doc's my wife!"

ROCKEFELLER

Especially favorite of the modern magazine space filler. Good for those for Chautauque lectures before mixed audiences. Enthusiast in golf playing. Very valuable in all discussions of tained money. Synonym for "the system." It is related to the deep mystery of his father. Makes a specialty of frenzied finance. Living illustration of a simple life. Has a new wig. Chatter member of the Funny Fellowship Union. Incidentally, he is reputed to be rich.—Chicago Review.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

SEA SONGS—A Subscriber, Berkeley, Cal. For a good book containing sea songs make inquiry at any first-class music store.

QUOTATION—Subscriber, Oakland, Cal. The quotation "See above and a devil at home" is from Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, part I.

RECORD TRIPS—Subscriber, City. The record trips of the steamer L. L. Capita of the Cunard line were: From Queenstown to New York, October 21-28, 1894, in 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes, and from New York to Queenstown, Sept. 6-14, 1894, in 5 days, 8 hours and 45 minutes.

GLACIERS—L. A. W. City. Glaciers are not peculiar to any country or zone. Wherever there are mountains of sufficient height they may exist. In Europe they are chiefly confined to the Alps and the mountains of Norway. Having their origin in the region of perpetual snow they reach far down into the valleys. The largest pushing themselves furthest down. That of Bossou at Chamounix, comes from the highest part of Mont Blanc and reaches a point 5000 feet below the snow line. The Himalayas has its share of glaciers, and others are met with in the Andes that are flanked by such Iceland and Spitzbergen abound in them and there are also glaciers in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

THE SMART SET

Miss Carolyn Williamson of Oakland and William Deal of this city were married last evening amid a thicket of tiger lilies at the home of the bride's brother, William Forsythe Williamson, on Washington street. This beautiful flower garden, every room, hall and staircase, being still more heavily massed in the drawing-room about the altar. The effectiveness of a pink color scheme formed the key note of the details.

The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Munro Williamson, wore a bridal robe of messaline satin and lace, crowned with a long flowing tulle veil and carrying a shower of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. Her train was of pink silk, with which she carried a fluffy bouquet of maidenhair fern.

Three bridesmaids, Miss Roberta Deal, Miss Bessie Filmore and Miss Edith Williams were gowning in pretty contrast of white and pink. Miss Deal looking very smart in white net, the other maids in pink tulle, with little Mrs. Loma Williamson as flower girl in pink and white. The groom was Ritter Wilkerson, Rev. Frederick Clampt reading the ceremony. A large reception followed with scores of guests from both sides of the bay.

At the bride's table were, besides the bridal train, Miss Jeannette Deal, Miss Gladys Deal, Miss Ethel Crellin, Miss Della West, Miss Eva McElrath, Miss Louise Stone, Miss Maria Ross, Miss Henderson, Pomeroy, Brickell, Taylor and Brown.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Deal, and well known in San Francisco, as are his sisters. After a wedding trip of some weeks Mr. and Mrs. Deal will reside in this city.

Another extremely pretty wedding last evening was that of Miss Ethel McCormick and Naaman McCormick, who were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas McCormick, on Washington street.

The house presented a charming scene of decoration with the mingling of autumn tints, with American Beauty roses and tiger lilies. The latter were veiled in asparagus fern, and from their fragile fronds twinkled tiny pink lights, forming an ideal bridal bower. The service was read by Father Robert Benson of Oakland.

In a gown of heavy ivory satin and rose point, the bride was a winsome thing, and fair as the roses that stood about her. Attending were Miss Estelle Speyer and Miss Nora Oliver, bridesmaids. St. John McCormick performed the offices of best man with George M. Scott and George Townsend ribbon-carriers.

The ceremony at 8:30 included only the families and very close friends, but the reception brought nearly 500 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Cresset have gone south for a few weeks and upon their return will keep house in town.

Miss Bernice Owens entertained sixty or more of the younger set at a five hundred party yesterday in honor of Miss Anita Davis. The new home of Mr. and Mrs. Owens on Pacific avenue was very handsome in its lovely furnishings, to which was added the beauty of a quantity of cut flowers, and the maids had a merry day.

Miss Jessie McNab was hostess at a telephone tea Tuesday afternoon at her home on Broadway and Fillmore. The affair was one of the jolliest sort, as all are engaged in the cause—even though the sexes were mixed out. Nearly 100 guests dropped in for the afternoon wishing the dashing maid all happiness upon her engagement to the young jurist, Judge Frank Kerrigan.

The occasion had been carefully planned for the announcement of the betrothal, but men have such long tongues that the story leaked out—a friend of the lucky woeer telling another friend in a burst of conversation. The whole town knew it.

Miss Jessie McNab assisted her sister in receiving, both most becomingly gowning in white, while the house was filled with cut flowers in pretty profusion.

Among those noted were Miss Beatrice Fife, Miss Bessie Bates, Miss Lavinia Hoffacker, Miss Bernice Owens, Miss Helen Sullivan, Miss Belle Lipp, Miss Stella Fortmann, Miss Naomi O'Brien, Miss Misses Kennedy, Miss Jean Moraghan, Miss Anita Gonzales, Mrs. Harry Nathaniel Gray, Mrs. B. J. Hoffacker, Mrs. Bernard Bredsen, Mrs. Harry Sullivan and Mrs. William Lange.

Miss Katherine Wright, daughter of Governor Wright of the Philippines, arrived yesterday on the Korea. Mrs. Malcolm Henry and Miss Florence Henry met out on the tug Slocum to meet Miss Wright, who is to be a guest of Mrs. Henry. After a short visit—which it is hoped she will extend until after the Charty Ball—the charming young woman will go East to wed her suitor.

Last night Senator and Mrs. N. B. Scott—just off the Korea—Miss Wright, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, Mrs. Malcolm Henry and a few other friends made a merry dinner party at the Palace.

It is thought that Senator Scott's visit in San Francisco will be rather curtailed by his desire—and that of Mrs. Scott—to return to Fort Casey, where their son, Lieutenant Scott, and his bonny wife and babies are stationed.

Mrs. Scott Jr. is remembered as the beautiful Lelia Voorhies, who, with her sister, was renowned far and wide for her cleverness as well as her beauty.

There is quite a flutter of interest regarding the reception for Miss Ethel Barrymore to-day at the clubrooms of Sequoyia, which will be filled with many friends of the favored young actress, who was widely entertained during her last visit to San Francisco.

The Alden Club is anticipating a very delightful card party on the day of October 7, when the white and gold room of the St. Francis will be filled with a lot of maidens fair, bona upon making scores.

The work in this club far most unting, their efforts of charitable dispensation having brought them noble and well-deserved recognition from the public.

The International Sunshine Society accomplishes a life of good deeds unapproached by other organizations of philanthropy and in this city a great number of society girls lend time and endeavor from their small store of leisure.

The scheme of entertainment on the 7th will be in the hands of Miss Jennie McFarland, including refreshments, tickets, etc., including refreshments, which may be obtained of the St. Francis or from the members of the Alden Club. Townsend's Daily News Office, 100 California street, New store now open 77; Market street. Special information supplied, daily to business men and public men by the Press-Cutting Bureau (Allen), 30 California Street, Telephone No. 1044.